OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM PARIS.

France and Italy—Plans for Altering the Map of Europe—Diplomacy to Avert War—The Fair of 1867 not to be Postponed—Extensive Preparations—Cosmopolitan Garden—American Contributions—The Paris Salon—American Exhibitors.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, May 18, 1866.

Prince Napoleon, who has just returned from his long visit to Italy, tells the Emperor that Italy must go to war, with or without allies, unless soon assured of the recovery of Venetia by peaceful cession from Austria. It is evident to Italy might as well go to war and done with it as to keep up indefinitely an army so disproportionate to her means as the one she has kept up since 1859. Bankruptcy would seem the inevitable result of a continuance of such enormous bills. It is idle to argue to the Italians that they had better wait for Venetia to come to them in the course of events, by the force of things, and mean time develop the material resources and perfect the union of the rest of their country. They want Venetia and are not argument; they will never be at rest till they have made one great effort to have it. An Italian Government that should give up the purpose of ever struggling for it might as well abdicate in favor of Garibaldi. In one chief respect the situation is what it was before 1859. The national feeling expressed by the motto, "Italy for the Italians," was not satisfied by the partial fulfillment of Napoleon's programme, "Italy free from the Alps to the Appennines." Although by free, Napoleon meant Italy independent of Austria, not united Italy, and did his utmost to prevent unification, he must still have sustained Cavour in 1859, if he had foreseen all the results of the war, for it was a choice between Cavour and Garibaldi, between war in regular form and revolutionary democratic form. And Austria, as without French help Austria would probably have retained controlling power in Italy, so she would be able now to crush Italy if the latter were unaided. Besides, France has been paid her price in Savoy and Nice for her "generous" work of 1859. She earned it, you know. I mean in *practical* honor, let her work be undone. Italian reasoning well enough backs up Italian feeling when it argues that by the nature of the case France must stand by Italy in the impending war. That Napoleon will see to it that this "idea" pays, no one doubts; else he himself might have to pay, the French people having granted full credit for "detesting the treaties of 1815."

The most comprehensive "article" on the situation that can be consulted is the map of Continental Europe, as a composition of the great questions of the day, much more satisfactory than any able newspaper articles. In solution These last abound, but the solutions don't solve. Here, for example, is a pretty one: Venetia is the chief knot of the actual war tangle. Let Austria cede this to Italy, making Venice a free city. Then we have the Franco-Austro-Italian alliance, under whose pressure Prussia shall give back to Austria the whole or a part of Silesia (much to Mr. Carlyle's disgust), and give up to France a part of her Rhenish Provinces, she in turn being allowed to annex the Elbe Duchies and go to the sea. You see in this way war is avoided, the three parties all obtain large gratifications of national feeling, and Napoleon can quietly pass out of Mexico and over the general election of 1869.

There are current half a dozen other recipes under this general title, how to cook a new map of Europe, varying in proportion of ingredients and diversely spiced with the inventors fancies. Then there are, as always in such a crowd of cooks, spoilers of the broth, protesting a ruinous excess of Italian maccaroni, or Austrian sauerkraut, or Prussian pumpernickle. And this one asks: How will Europe relish it? But that is caviar to the multitude here. Some thoughtful ones, however, observe that Prussia is quietly working up her enormous army to a war footing, and shakes her head at Prussia's double ambition of getting to the open seas and absorbing the lesser powers and principalities (pretty much all brothers or sisters or sisters-in-law of the Romanoffs) of Northern Germany. To meet the call of this outside row, the readier political geographers of Continental Europe offer a slice of Italy, and advance seaward in that direction to Russia in advance to Prussia a annexation of the port of Kiel and the ship canal route across what was Denmark. And for the bones us to consideration of the next outside row—the Poland—and what makeweight she will demand so as to keep out from this highly commoved dance-a-diddleum balance in Europe!

Bothers people till weekly several acres of printed superfluous with the laying out of their plans and views on these matters. The telegraph wires are quivering over all Europe with news highly contradictory and mostly false. Persons in what is ironically styled the "enjoyment" of what are drolly called "fixed incomes," watch with anxious solicitude for the report in the evening papers of the oscillations of their "values" at the Bourse. Already, in Prussia, the mere military preparation for what its ruler solemnly declares is only a state of defense against preparations which Austria's ruler as solemnly asserts are purely for defense, is drawing unwilling men from fields that need laborers, from productive workshops and mines, and shops of trade and houses of commerce. The direct and indirect cost of this preparation for war in Europe, for the past fortnight, has been as great as our expenditure in any one fortnight of our lately-closed fierce fight in the United States. The insufficiency of principle—nay, in large part, the utter absence of any principle that most of the preparatory combatants have the face to avow—is great.

Now it is odd but none of those "eminent publicists" who were so eloquent to develop their them favorite theses in those days that "Democracy was on its crucial trial," now speak of Monarchy as on trial. There is no Republic in Europe, except the equally peaceful and prosperous one of Switzerland and Andorre. Louis Napoleon assured us in 1852 that the era of revolution was closed, and that the empire was peace—that is, European peace. And now, leaving alone Greece and Poland, and Spanish insurrections, and insane Spanish bullyings, and brutalizings of Spanish American States and the Schleswig-Holstein war—and Chinese, Cochin-Chinese, Algerine and Mexican bloodsucking expeditions—we are in this second decade after 1848 on the eve of a third great war of an essentially revolutionary and terribly destructive nature.

It is understood that Russia and England are at work with France, to prevent war, if possible, by diplomatic means. They may be—like enough are—sincere in their effort. Diplomacy is a clumsy, slow-working instrument at best. If anybody could recall any instance where diplomacy had prevented a war, in the preparations for which three great nations were so far forward as Prussia, Austria and Italy now are, he might ground more hope than people here do in this present effort. The Ambassadors of England, Russia and other nations have been frequenting at Drouyn de Lhuys's office this week. I was in there—don't know a soul or diplomatic body who was, as for a "correspondent of a leading journal," curiously exempt from confidential intimacy with parties in the diplomatic line, but can give you the essence of what was said and done there all the same. Everybody, speaking for his Government and personally, was super-desirous of preserving peace, and delighted at Russia's occasion to express the assurances of the highest consideration, etc.; suggested his plan of a way out of the most difficult situation—least says a preliminary sketch of a tentative plan for a way of arriving at the bases of agreement that might lead to a Congress. Nobody accepted anybody else his suggestions except in their preliminary parts, and with reservation of right to further consideration of them. It is patent: Russia is as ready to be one of a Congress that shall decide the destinies of Poland by a majority vote, and so with the rest—Prussia and the Duchies, Italy and Venetia. And yet this attempt at peace-making on the part of the three great powers is not altogether a vanity. In the first place it is an approach on the part of Russia and England to France; it is interpreted here very generally as a sort of apologetic step on their part, as a sort of acceptance in principle of Napoleon's invitation to a general Congress, which they rejected in 1863. And this, if I may so express myself—and I think I may—good humoredly for His Majesty.

Beside the diplomatic intervention of the three great powers, the other two straws that those who yet hope for peace, clutch at, are: the apparent great unpopularity of the war in Prussia, coupled with the unpopularity of its leader, Bismark, and the possibility that Austria will consent to some more or less complete cession of Venetia to Italy.

As there has been frequent rumors here that, in view of the threatening aspect of international relations, Government would adjourn the Great Exhibition or World's Fair of 1867 to the following year, it may be well enough for your readers to be assured that the rumor has no foundation. War or no war, the Fair will open as nearly as possible to its appointed time. The central building and the very extensive accessory works of engineering, etc., are all under contract and going on regularly. Should war wear out, Italy and Germany would still contribute handsomely, and Government here would zealously facilitate their contribution under difficulties. But without their contributions, the Exhibition can be made, what, in case of a war in which France was engaged, it will be—Napoleon's special ambition to have it. I should say it would be almost more likely to be put off for a year in the case of future assured peace than in case of certain war. It has always been one of the decent boasts of France that the World's Fair of 1856—a great success from beginning to end—was held in spite of the Crimean war and short crops.

The accompaniments, the extras, the outside fixings, the "bonne amionds gratis" that will be added to the full-course of what may be styled the official exhibition will be marvelous and past counting if but half the various preparations in preparation are carried out. There are to be Congresses of all sorts, except such as require free speech for their proceedings. The Academy has put time itself in debate, and adjourned its centennial celebration for a year. There is to be an International Dog Convention; there is to be a Historical Convention—that is a Congress of historical writers and students—set forward by an old established historical society in France. There is to be, in the garden park, into which the Champs de Mars is to be transformed, an immense International Club Room, to which all exhibitors will have membership right of entry—diverse national victual and drink to prop their respective carnal natures, and remind them, through the stomach, of home—smoking-rooms, talking-rooms, newspaper-reading in all languages rooms. Owing to Rinderpest and Trichina the design of an International Bovine and Porcine consociation is put in quarantine for the present. In this same Garden-Park, largely surrounding the Elliptical Palace of Industry and Art, will be room and verge enough granted to each nation to set up buildings exhibiting in themselves and their contents such sample ends of its proper manners, customs, etc., as it is proudest of. The Sultan, the Shah and the Egyptian Viceroy are arranging to put Western Christians to the blush on these grounds. The last named potentate—very presently put at ease, as his subjects may well be, by a firman issued permission from Constantinople that succession in the viceroyalty be henceforth hereditary, and by direct descent, not collateral (which qualifies his need and greed of diligently squeezing an iniquitously enormous personal fortune for himself and children out of the wretched subjects of his life rule), this wealthy barbaric party, I say, purposes showing to Paris and its world guests not only the best specimens of the products of modern Egypt, but the curious Vice-Royal Museum of old Pharaonic Egyptian art. And the Sultan is to set up Turkish kiosks with their characteristic furnishings. And the Shah is to show us shawls and silks and sword blades of Sheeraz, with bulbuls and tam-tams and popcocks for anything I know. It has been said that the United States will plant in its part of the garden a specimen of its best, and altogether peculiar product, a model Yankee school-house, the material part of that wide spreading tree of knowledge that has protected and nourished our nation's growth, up and on, from that primary, pesky, Plymouth planting, over the Alleghanies, over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific coast, where, thanks to it, we are so suddenly become boldly fruitful, omitting the intermediate *blushing* stage of blossom. See rather, in proof, that quintessentially American book of Samuel Bowles, the racy book of his letters, written *currente calamo*, "Across the Continent." None but an American could have written it. None but a graduate of a New-England school-house could have so written it, so vividly, so sympathetically, so artistically even. Its classically literary defects are its realistic merits, regarded merely from the point of view of art. Verily, one need read that volume this side of the water to relish, to *sense* at their full quality, to appreciate with justly complete thankfulness, its special and eminent choice American bouquet.

I have diverged something farther than I meant from what we were talking of. I read in a number of THE TRIBUNE, that came to me the other day, a list columns long of things that had been sent in to the American Commission as candidates for exhibition at the Paris World's Fair of 1867. It would have been laughable, if it had not been so sad, to have read the list—in the which, for the rest, were, the names of specially good American things. But, my dear, hopeless country men and old women: what do you ever mean by provoking comparisons that are worse than odious, by offering for example "colored photographs," in contribution to the World's Fair at Paris in 1867. The colored photograph is at best such a condemned bad thing, such a hopeless, sham imitation of art—and then in that sort of sham imitation of art, the third class French fabricants (nobody except themselves grant them the title of artists), so far surpass our mechanical stainers. Really, seeing how "our folks" talk and write about photography as "pictures," and "works of art," and photographers as "artists," when, in matter of fact, the author of a well fitting boot or coat, or shirt even, proves himself in kind and degree so much the better, higher "artists" in any rational sense of the word. One must become patient of the otherwise rather laughable impudence of newspaper criticism exhibited by cleverish American portrayers of the high art Strawberry.

Here is good occasion to say a word of the *Salon*, open now these three weeks. Without setting up for a critic, which I should not pretend to—though there is no brisk trade that one can carry on so well without capital as that of art critic—I might say an interesting word or two in the way of description of the Salon this year. I have, however, only room now to congratulate your New-York Union League Club on its ownership of May's capital portrait of Laboulaye, which is on exhibition in the Salon, and of the equally excellent portrait of Count Agenor de Gasparin, which he has brought back this week from Geneva. Babcock has an admirable flower piece and a vexatious *genre* picture in the Salon this year. The flower piece is an almost perfect rendering of nature by art. The *genre* picture undertakes to represent a mother (or other female) washing two children—all natives of a purely fanciful country. But that is no objection. In the matter of drawing, it is, without being faultless, a great advance on Babcock's previous works, and there is over all a delicacy, a *morbidezza* of sentiment that a realist will tell you is false, but that you feel to be charming. Where the picture fails, offends, is in the exaggerated importance given to its details, and the spectator quarrels with the artist for distorting his attention from the intended subject and suggested sentiment of this charmingly false interior, to the excessively cleverly overworked playthings of the children. The eye is not permitted to escape there. There, in an honest, unpretentious little canvas, by another countryman, John Ware of Boston—"Irish Squatters on vacant lots in upper New-York:" a portrait in crayon by Miss Gore, very like and admirably modeled; an altogether modest and unpretentiously bad landscape by Woodbury Langdon—these, I believe, complete the list of American exhibitors at the *Salon* this year. A word about Gerome's failure this year, and Doré's phenomenal canvases, and the works of one or two other French artists, with whose names and productions Americans are familiar, I will try to crowd into my next.

FROM GENOA.

England and Italy—An Analysis of the Quarrel—Efforts to Secure Peace at any Price—Prospects—Distrust of Napoleon—Effect of Red Shirts with Men in them—From the Front.

From Our Special Correspondent.

GENOA, May 15, 1866.

The English hostility to Italian aspirations has been the chief topic of conversation in the pause of events which has marked the last week. To be entirely just to England, her opposition to us does not so much arise from traditional affection for Austria, or traditional disrespect for Italian character, as from the belief that France favors us in order to aggrandize herself. They fear, not the growth of Italy, but the aggrandizement of their neighbors across the Channel, as the result of a war.

England may be excused for this feeling; but at the end of the account it does not much change the facts. If Italy is obliged to cede Sardinia—supposing that to be the price of French favor—it is primarily because England gives Italy only a barren sympathy, and her diplomacy has for six years sneered at the protests of Italy against the Austrian occupation of Venice. If England were sincerely and warmly in favor of independence, Italy would either have it now by peaceful cession, or in the war to come would trust her own sword, and the English intervention to secure fair play. She—Italy—is obliged to treat for her life on the best terms she can make, and, if she cedes Sardinia to France to secure French aid, she only conforms to necessities which English policy goes far to create.

At all events, we do not propose to pay much heed to the growl of the British lion, for we know the beast is barricaded round merely with logs, and can only growl. The gist of what is said on the subject here is the above, with the addition that the Italian Government is not run for the sake of the English bourse or any other. If Englishmen lose money because we fight, it is very bad, to be sure; but the time was when Italians lost their money, and lost it by English wars.

Doubtless it is very unpleasant for English diplomatists that a word of theirs no longer outweighs the decisions of continental princes, but we cannot die to save them from mortification.

We have sprung no surprise upon Europe. We have said for six years, Venice is ours by right, and we shall take the first opportunity to drive the foreigner out. We created an army and a navy, avowing the conquest of alienated provinces as our leading object. The auspicious moment seems to have come, and we simply redeem our pledges.

The only diplomacy particularly active is that of England. I almost think she might induce Austria to cede Venice to us, but that she cannot also accommodate the affair of the Danish Duchies. Italy and Prussia have made common cause, and both must be contented in their demands before either will disband her armies. This military alliance is the real obstacle to a diplomatic triumph which would probably work with your compromise measures of 1850—a big thing, until time showed what a stupendous folly it was.

While this tremendous effort to secure present peace at any price is being made, it is curious to remark how utterly uncertain everything is. La Marmora said, a day or two since, that he had no control over the situation; *that* depended upon Austria. I think he said just what he felt, and I doubt if any man in Italy can say more. Beyond some indifferent details of diplomatic efforts in favor of peace, any man who can read a journal knows as much as the King. We have called out our troops, called for volunteers, made ostentatious display of our strength and our desire to use it. We have really tried to provoke or frighten Austria into attacking us, because we prefer to fight on the line of the Po, and do not propose to butt our heads against the forts of the Mincio.

For any bolder campaign, La Marmora lacks nerve. There is still another reason for a pause, and that is the desire to allow the friends of peace to exhaust their efforts and voluntarily retire, leaving the field to Mars.

Within a few days the situation will be this: All Germany and Italy in arms. The French Emperor encouraging each of the parties "to pitch in," and England, and possibly Russia, confessing that they cannot bring either of the parties to reason. I say *possibly* Russia, for I am not able to see how Russia can be very deeply interested for peace, especially how she could share in a plan for compensating Austria for the loss of Venice by Danubian provinces. I do not think the other arguments weigh much. Jealousy of France may count for something, but I do not think it of sufficient force to enlist Russian bayonets for Austria. And powers who come to this question with olive branches alone cannot move either party a hair's breadth. That is the folly of British solicitude on the subject—they own beforehand that they have no powder to burn over the matter.

It is painful to see the distrust of Napoleon which is felt here. A well-informed man—whose sources of information are the very best—told me yesterday "if I were asked whether Napoleon expects this war to complete our unity or destroy and force us out on the old system, *I could not respond yes or no.* It is impossible to tell anything about it.

We are straining every nerve to get every available man into the field. Beside calling out all the contingents, I happen to know that the next coming recruits—who would be called in their order next year—are being looked up and notified to be in readiness for sudden call. Not much has been done to put the volunteers under Garibaldi into line; but that results from questions between him and the Ministry.

Garibaldi wishes to have an independent command, while the decree on the subject subordinates him both to the ministry of war and the commander-in-chief of the army. I think he would carry a musket sooner than be a general under the orders of La Marmora. He has written a few words of encouragement to some volunteers, of which at least the one-third relates to Napoleon, whom he describes as an "oppressor, who does not wish Italian unity." I doubt if he has been entirely satisfied, or can be, on the relations of France to this matter.

Two movements of a political sort deserve special attention. The Liberal journals of a very ultra type use the language of menace to the Ministry: "Either you fight Austria or we fight you. If you palter as at opportunity you ruin the dynasty of Victor Emanuel. Either let the revolution go peacefully or rather normally forward under Victor Emanuel, or prepare to see a real insurrection that will sweep away the throne, and perhaps, destroy Italy itself. If you falter now, we are lost; but we can die like brave men in a desperate struggle to plant democracy where monarchical liberalism has so signally failed." This is exaggerated language, and is not really meant to be simply an intention to rebel. But it will be quoted to prove that we are all at loggerheads. For an earnest war, the King can count on the whole nation, and his Government is strong enough—to be castardly.

The other end of the political line is not idle. That bit of conspiracy at Naples proves to have been gotten up by the Austrian-Bourbon-Clerical-Roman persuasion, for the express purpose of creating distrust; and the paper battalions of new brigands are frightfully strong. Now I calculate that six red shirts with Liberals in them, to each Commune, would make all the South as quiet as heaven. The bills of mortality might run up, but Bourbon-Clerical stock would go down to zero.

La Marmora does not expect to fight Austria, the Liberals and the Clericals all at the same time. He has found the last two about a match for him in time of peace, and for a war he proposes to employ all the forces of the Liberal party. He would be a fool if he dreamed of success on any other plan. But the Liberals grow now because they have not yet got all they want and are treating for more. As for the black party, it will be the worse for it, if it shows its head in the midst of a war.

So many Venetians have come over to help the national cause that it has been found necessary to make a place for them in the regular army. The direct admitting recruiters into the line regiments is chiefly for them.

I have trustworthy information from the front. Details would not help you to a knowledge of the situation. The army is stretched along the railroad from Alexandria to Bologna. It is heaviest between Piacenza and Bologna, and two heavy bodies are there found at Cremona, and toward Ferrara from Bologna. Everything moves with great order, and all is so quiet that the people scarcely realize that so heavy a force is among them. There is not simply a good state of feeling in the troops, but more a steady enthusiasm. They are good for their whole weight in a conflict with Austria, and they share the national impatience. The army is practically in the hands of Cialdini, and the King is on a visit, probably, to his headquarters. It is no mere parade. A very slight inspection of the lines shows that. Take one small fact: In addition to the ambulance and baggage-train wagons, of which there is a good supply, a large number of teamsters, with their teams, have been enlisted in Piedmont and Tuscany, and are constantly moving to the front. Another: Fifty or sixty vessels are known to have been chartered to rendezvous at Ancona and Ravenna. Neither of these are wanted for a military demonstration.

Count Persano left here yesterday to join the fleet which he is to command, now lying at Taranta.

Since writing the above, some facts about the negotiations for a Congress have transpired. Italy makes, it seems, the terms which I predicted in a former letter. She will refer her dispute with Austria to a Congress on two conditions.

First: That she remains under arms while the Congress sits.

Second: That the cession of Venice to her, *on some conditions*, be a part of the Congressional programme.

Now, I do not believe a Congress can assemble on these terms, and Italy can make no other terms.

We do not here attach much value to the rumors about a Russian alliance with Austria—they are all from the Vienna political Bourse. But all things are possible. Austria has made a suggestion, in a roundabout way, that she would cede Venice to Italy if the latter will *restore* to the Pope Ancona and the Marches; but I think it only a bit of *smartness*, which is wasted on us. We do not recognize the Pope's right to any earthly sovereignty, and cannot see the point of any charge that we have stolen his Provinces. We hold our title from the people of these parts of our domain, and we believe their signature better than that of all the Popes and Austrian Emperors that have ever reigned.

All this smart wit about our inconsistencies does not move us. We are fully purposed to hold and possess every acre of Italian soil as soon as we can bring it about. Much less are we responsible for the inconsistencies of Napoleon. If the great advocate of nationalities persists in governing Arabs, Italians and Germans, why, let those who object mend that if they can. We have enough to do to settle our account with Austria.

FROM FLORENCE.

Europe in Arms—Presages of a Long and Bloody War—The Political and Financial Barometer—A Review of the Field.

From Our Own Correspondent.

FLORENCE, May 14, 1866.

Europe is in arms! Austria has raised her army to 600,000 men, Prussia to 500,000, Italy to 400,000. All the German States are mobilizing their smaller forces, which, together, may amount to 200,000. Switzerland, in order to guard her frontiers, calls 15,000 men under arms, and now we hear that Denmark, Spain, Belgium, France, Russia and Turkey prepare for war. The continent seems to have become giddy, and three millions of men in their full force are taken away from the plow, from the factory, and from the counting-house. All the finances of the States are deranged, and the ominous words of the French Emperor seem to be the presage of a long and bloody war, terrible principally for Germany, where it must assume the character of a civil war. Austria, which for a moment seemed to be doomed in her isolation, is, after all, not so badly off as was believed, all the minor States of Germany, with the exception of Mecklenburg, Oldenburg and Electoral Hesse, being ready to back her. Thus the opposing forces are nearly equal, and France becomes once more the umpire in Europe.

Now, Napoleon is not the man to go headlong into the abyss of a terrible continental struggle, and at the eleventh hour he makes the greatest efforts to stay the war, seconded in that errand by England and partially by Russia. He proposes once more, and for the last time, a peaceful settlement by a Congress upon the basis of the cession of Venetia to Italy, and of the North Albingian Duchies to Prussia. His diplomacy has for a moment caused a lull in the brewing storm. Garibaldi received a letter from the King not to stir from Caprera until he is called. The order for the completion of 200,000 red shirts at Pavoja was yesterday evening suspended. Ricasoli is not yet Minister. An autograph letter from the King of Prussia to Victor Emanuel was yesterday presented at the palazzo. Pitti, and Bismark hang fire, though the Federal Diet at Frankfort, by a vote of 10 to 5, accepted the complaints of Saxony about the violation of Article II. of the Federal Constitution by Prussia.

Thus the political barometer rises to *fair*, the telegrams become peaceful, though the commercial intelligence is as bad as possible. In England, a terrible crisis, the failure of Peto & Betts, and of Overend, Gurney & Co., with the discount rate at 10 per cent, amount to a national calamity. The Austrian *metalliques* of 5 per cent are quoted at 49, the Italian Rente at 39¼. Gold rose at Florence to-day to 7 per cent, at Vienna to 30 per cent, and at St. Petersburg to 25 per cent. You know from your own experience that this means ruin and a stand-still of all legitimate business; trade becomes gambling, and hoarding a measure of prudence. In Saxony the King has removed his jewels, and the principal pictures of the gallery, to the bomb-proof vaults of the castle. The papers assured us that the church treasures of Prague had been sent to Vienna, but the official paper of Austria indignantly denied the statement, which would imply the possibility of Prussia's conquering Bohemia.

Still, even at Vienna discontent is rising: people openly blame the Emperor for his pig-headedness in refusing to listen to any French proposal for the ceding of Venetia to Italy, and in losing time in coming to terms with Hungary. At the present moment, Chancellor Majlath is indeed at Pesth, but, according to our advices up to Friday last, he has not yet met Deak, the only man who really represents Hungary.

But, if Austria's position is not enviable at all, Italy, too, has her difficulties. Relying upon Prussia, she appealed to the enthusiasm of the nation, and at the greatest sacrifice mobilized her army, and 200,000 men are already concentrated on the Mincio and Po.

If, now, Prussia should prove false, Italy could scarcely retrace her steps, but would be forced to encounter Austria single-handed. It is, therefore, with full reason that La Marmora said in the Chamber, "We must advance, for behind us is an abyss." The war enthusiasm would turn against the monarchy if the army should once more have to return without striking a blow, and every Italian would indorse Mazzini's words, that monarchy is unable to achieve the unity of the nation.

The same uncertainty which troubles us in Italy reigns likewise in Moldo-Wallachia. Prince Charles of Hohenzollern has not accepted the throne, but he has not refused it, though the Paris Conference declared against a foreign prince, and for the separation of the two Principalities. In the mean time, Russia is arming and pushing her regiments to the South.

AN APPEAL FROM THE COLORED METHODISTS.—At the Conference of the Colored M. E. Church, which met on Tuesday (the ninth day of the Conference), the Rev. John P. Washington, a colored clergyman, presented the following appeal to the Conference:

We, the undersigned, present this appeal to the Christian public soliciting aid to carry on the Missionary operation now in progress by the Baltimore Annual Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church. Their Missions are located in Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and other Southern States, where we have a large number of Missionaries and Teachers laboring for the good of the Freedmen—not religious instructing them only, but establishing Free Schools for the education of them and their children. Notwithstanding every effort is put forth by our Churches to secure funds for this object, the demand for Missionaries and Teachers is so great that we are obliged to solicit the aid of our friends.

Therefore, the Rev. John P. Washington, the bearer, is hereby authorized as our Agent, to solicit and collect subscriptions for this purpose, all of which will be faithfully appropriated to the object herein referred to.

The appeal was signed by Sampson Talbot, Bishop of the Baltimore Conference of the African M. E. Zion Church.

Reports were current at Chattanooga last week of the murder, near Resaca, Georgia, of a Union man named Wills, on his way home from church with his wife. Six men, armed with guns, suddenly appeared on the roadside and ordered him to halt. One of the villains leveled his gun, when the wife caught the assassin's hand and the ball passed over Wills's head. The rest of the scoundrels immediately fired, all their shots taking effect, killing him at once. After jeering and abusing Wills's wife, the murderers fled and are still unapprehended.

MISSOURI.

The Presbyterian General Assemblies—Eighth Day's Proceedings—The Louisville Presbytery Case—Speech of Dr. Thomas—Remarks of Dr. Breckinridge—Reunion of the Old and New School—Dr. Van Dyke's Position—The New School on the State of the Country.

From Our Special Correspondent.

ST. LOUIS, May 25, 1866.

The evening session last night and the morning session to-day of the Old School Assembly, were mainly occupied in a speech delivered by Dr. Thomas E. Thomas of Ohio, in support of the report of the Committee, recommending the dissolution of the Louisville Presbytery. Prior to the resumption of the speech this morning, there was some routine business, consisting chiefly of reports on bills and overtures concerning new and old Synods, Presbyteries, &c.

The argument of Dr. Thomas was exhaustive on the subject, even more so than the report of the Committee itself. He defined very clearly the legal position of the case, and the right of the General Assembly to take the action proposed. The Louisville Commissioners were invited yesterday afternoon to defend their case, but sent in a note last night declining to have any further connection with the Assembly. But it seems they were to be defended by Dr. Brocker and others, so that the argument will not lack spice or length. Dr. Thomas, last evening, sought to show that the case was properly before the Assembly, and must be decided on its merits. It was no ordinary case. These men had not only defiantly threatened the Assembly, but had threatened to undermine the foundations of the Church by withholding support from its benefices and institutions. Not only had they done this defiantly in their homes, but they flung this defiance into our faces by sending us copies by mail before we came here. He believed that it was useless to defer decision until next year. We must not experiment in reconstructing the Presbyterian Church, and thought the true way was to meet it manfully. If this schism was not healed now by the firmness of the General Assembly, it never would be. Each year that it is put off will only deepen the wound and render the cure more and more impossible.

Dr. Thomas this morning resumed his argument upon the legality of the present proceeding, and quoted the action of the Kentucky Synod, on the motion of Dr. McMillan to exclude the Louisville members from the Synod until their case was disposed of.

The Synod then declared that those who had voted in the affirmative had prejudiced the case, and declined to call on them to vote again on the guilt of the accused Presbytery. Among others charged with voting was the Rev. Mr. Smoot of Kentucky, one the members of this body.

Mr. Smoot rose in his place, and said if his name was there it had no business there.

Dr. Thomas thanked him for his apology, and then continued his remarks. He claimed that the case was the same as if the Louisville Presbytery had declared the confession of faith and creed false and heretical. Would the General Assembly hesitate in that case? No more should they do so now. It was our duty to purge out the old leaven in the Church, and render it free from the leaven of Rebellion and Slavery. The world should know that the Assembly is not a mere convention, and its government not a nullity. Upon the close of these remarks there was loud applause, and some hisses. The Moderator called order.

Dr. W. L. Breckinridge of Danville, Ky., said he occupied an anomalous position. Opposed to the majority, he was also against the minority. He had expressed his opinion freely in opposition to the Declaration and Testimony movement, and was certainly against harsh measures toward that Presbytery. In the Kentucky Synod he offered resolutions censuring the Presbytery for their conduct, but he was out-voted. He then went into an elaborate argument to prove that the General Assembly cannot stretch their arms over Synods to reach Presbyteries. If they could, why can they not reach individual churches over Presbyteries, and Sessions as well. There are elders here from Louisville whose congregations would unanimously indorse the Declaration and Testimony, if they had a chance. Now, can the General Assembly touch them? In his opinion, nay. He read several cases where it had been necessary. Yet will the idea be tolerated at all that the General Assembly can go into the churches and inquire into individual conduct. He dwelt particularly on the Philadelphia case, where the General Assembly dissolved it. The fact was, this case was one which came through a synod and not upon "common fame" or "rumor" report. The Presbytery dissolved in Philadelphia, moreover, had never been regularly admitted. Technically speaking, they were turned out because they never were in.

Dr. Krebs suggested that, notwithstanding the implied ground of the decision, the Assembly in 1846 formed a General Assembly in Wisconsin, aside from any synod. This contradicted the assertion of Dr. Breckinridge that the General Assembly never formed Presbyteries.

Dr. Breckinridge continued in this line of remark until the hour arrived for the expiration of the morning session.

This p.m. the subject of a "Reunion of the Old and New School Churches" was brought up, and the occasion gave Dr. Van Dyke of Brooklyn another chance to show his partiality for our dear Southern brethren. The Committee on Bills and Overtures reported a series of recommendations as follows:

First. This Assembly expresses its fraternal affection for the other branch of the Presbyterian Church, and its earnest desire for reunion at the earliest time consistent with agreement in doctrine, order and policy, on the basis of our common standard of faith, and the prevalence of mutual confidence and love, which are so necessary to a happy union and to the permanent peace and prosperity of the united Church.

Second. That it be recommended to all Churches and Church Committees, and to all our ministers, ruling elders and communicants, to cherish fraternal feelings, to cultivate Christian intercourse in the worship of God and in the promotion of the cause of Christ, and to avoid all needless controversies and contentions.

Third. That a Committee of nine Ministers and six ruling Elders be appointed (provided a similar Committee be appointed by the other Assembly now in session in this city) for the purpose of conferring in regard to the desirableness and practicability of reunion, and if, after conference and inquiry, such reunion shall seem to be desirable and practicable, to suggest suitable measures for its accomplishment, and report to the next General Assembly.

As soon as these resolutions were read, Dr. Van Dyke rose and proposed an amendment, to include in the negotiations the 850 Presbyterian Churches in the Southern States who were never excluded from the Church. He said he could not remain in his seat and hear this proposition reading without seeking to remedy the injustice done to the Southern Churches. He regarded it as a Christian duty to try and bring back these brethren into the Church, from which five years of war and bitterness had excluded them. Dr. Van Dyke seemed to have much feeling on the subject, and after his amendment had been laid on the table he gave notice of a protest—the third he will have had the honor to present.

The resolutions reported by the Committee were then adopted, and a certified copy ordered to be sent to the New School Assembly. Subsequently the nominations to chairs in Theological Seminaries were in order, and consumed the rest of the afternoon.

In the New School to-day the report of the Committee on Education has been under debate. A supplemental resolution was adopted, requesting the Committee to take action to assist the brethren in East Tennessee, and especially to preserve, if possible, the seminary at Maryville, now threatened with forced sale.

This afternoon Dr. H. B. Smith presented a report on the state of the country, which takes admirable ground in favor of Radical measures on the Reconstruction question. The Committee reported several resolutions, but they were hurried off to the printer's hands so quickly that there was no time to get a copy. One of the resolutions advocates punishment of Rebels for treason as a means of making treason odious hereafter. The Rev. Mr. Gibson from Southern Illinois (Egypt) moved to strike out this resolution, but the proposal was voted down almost unanimously.

It was ordered that the churches be informed that $120,000 will be necessary for the support of Home Missions in 1866-7, and the Board be authorized to proceed on that basis.

The New School will act upon the Reunion resolutions to-morrow. S. R. W.

MISSOURI HOMESTEAD LANDS.

Missouri Fruit and Wheat Land—Schools and Meetings—How to go to Work to have Uncle Sam Give You a Farm—Amount of Land Subject to Entry—Particulars.

From Our Special Correspondent.

DONGOLA, UNION COUNTY, ILL.

DESCRIPTION OF THE LANDS.

Many would make farms in Missouri if they could take up land under the Homestead Act, and in particular, if they knew how to do it. Parties have spent much money in traveling around, and finally have gone home vexed and discouraged. I think I can put all such on the right track. First let us find out what kind of farms they will make.

I will speak more particularly of South-east Missouri, which lies south and east of the Missouri River and the southern branch of the Pacific Railroad, terminating at Rolla, and including 17 counties.

Properly, this may be called a fruit region, because it is so well fitted for it, though other crops can be raised. There is no mistaking the fact that it is rough land, some exceedingly so. In traveling over it one will find a series of hills, in the shape of long ridges from a few rods to a quarter or half a mile broad, and on either side are deep gulls or valleys, the descent in most places being too steep for a road. These ridges wind and twist in every direction, though they often have some direct course, and generally they are connected with other ridges or plateaus, the valleys being from one to two hundred feet below. The timber is oak and hickory, usually enough to fence the ground and sometimes much more, but often the trees are dwarf and knotty, and fencing may be difficult, though it can be obtained from adjoining property. The timber in the valleys is always heavy, and is to be reached by winding roads gradual of descent. The soil is a light clay loam, with some sand, which, if not plowed when wet, works up nice and fine. On these hights all kinds of fruit do well, and everybody tells how successful grapes are, though really they do not know, and one may say, and will say, that most kinds of grapes except the Catawba flourish. For apples, these localities cannot be excelled in the world, and peaches do as well as anywhere.

On the broadest parts of these uplands the settlers made farms which they value at an average of $10 an acre. They also settled on the bottoms which are from a few rods to a quarter and a half a mile broad. Generally the houses and barns are poor and mean, the orchards are of little value, and the whole scene is distressing. Let it be understood that the greater part of these farms are exhausted, and that on most of the upland fields grass is seldom seen, and the soil often has become so poor that clover will not grow. When land is in this state it is as near worthless as it can become. It will almost take one's heart's blood to restore it. I know it will cost us many tears. The exceptions are on the rich bottoms, and where the land recently has been cleared and is called fresh. No human being can tell me anything I do not know about the labor required to restore land worn out under the slave system of farming, or the degradation, poverty and meanness to which one is subjected in attempting to breathe into it a living soul. It is much cheaper and easier to take new land, and by deadening or girdling the timber only a few years are required to have a more fresh farm. I am going to recommend this land, but first I must show the disadvantages and pile up the discouragements.

SCHOOLS AND MEETINGS.

There are few school houses, and it is not an uncommon answer that children have to go four or five miles to school, which will make them 8 or 10 miles apart. During the war there were no schools, and never were they worth much. The meeting-house is the school-house; regular preaching is unknown; how good it is perhaps I am not fit to judge. Of course I am speaking of country places where farmers live, and not as it filtered in a town and had land to sell and wanted to make everything to appear fine. Let no new comer listen to the glib talk of men in St. Louis who now tell what a fine country it is for grapes, as though anybody would educate a man's children and dress up and petticoat his wife. I am perfectly tired hearing them full about grapes when none of them ever raised a bunch, or do they know the first thing about the business. They are like school boys telling about epic poems. Then they harp on minerals, as though iron and lead were anything to the case. The principal town is the county seat, which, even on a railroad, is dilapidated. Country stores are common enough, and they all keep whisky, for which the merchant is likely to be a good customer. All they lugs and towns, unless in mineral regions, have undergone less decay and wretchedness, and though the society is by comparison bad, it is not refined, and much time will be required to make it desirable for cultivated families. Of course the war has put everything back, still there is an unmistakable air of poverty in country and town. The causes tending to this have been two—slave farming and a want of grass. There has never been a surplus of cattle, meat or grain. To tell the truth, the soil is naturally thin, and a few years cropping brings it to the last gasp.

HOW TO DO.

Not for many rubies, sapphires or emeralds should a man, single-handed and alone, take an intelligent family to this country, nor even close to a station, for, though it may look large on the map, it is likely to have nothing more than a platform and a few will looking houses. Not less than five families should go together, and these should settle on one section, which is a mile square, or near