New-York Tribune.

VOL. XXVI.....No. 7,889. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1866. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

DYSPEPSIA.

"Great grief and uneasiness of mind, intense study, drinking to excess, particularly of spirituous liquors, and the use of tobacco, opium, and other narcotics, are the causes which usually occasion dyspepsia, and it is principally met with in those who devote much time to study or who lead either a sedentary or irregular life. The treatment of the disease is to be attempted by tonics, which supply deficiency of bile or gastric juice. To restore the tone of the stomach, and enable it to throw off and dismiss forever all the tormenting and dangerous symptoms, you can place the utmost reliance in HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. It is a preparation emanating from one of the most celebrated practitioners of modern times, and one of the greatest writers Germany ever produced. This article is now prepared carefully and skillfully, and the most respectable classes of society freely testify to its superlative merits—Members of Congress, Judges, clergymen and merchants. In appending certificates, I would have it distinctly understand that they are genuine.

We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

WILL PAY $1,000

to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine.

REMEMBER

that this is offered as a medicinal preparation, containing no

RUM OR WHISKY,

AND CANNOT MAKE DRUNKARDS.

But is the greatest strengthening tonic in the world—purely vegetable, and is taken by adults and children with perfect safety.

READ WHO INDORSES THE ABOVE STATEMENT.

From the Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.

* * * * * *

I have known Hoofland's German Bitters favorably for a number of years. I have used them in my own family, and have been so pleased with their effects that I was induced to recommend them to many others, and know that they have operated in a strikingly beneficial manner. I take great pleasure in thus publicly proclaiming this fact, and calling the attention of those afflicted with the diseases for which they are recommended to these Bitters, knowing from experience that my recommendation will be sustained. I do this more cheerfully as Hoofland's Bitters is intended to benefit the afflicted, and is "not a rum drink." Yours, truly, LEVI G. BECK.

From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

GENTLEMEN: I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters" whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,

W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon st.

From the Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles, I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

From the Rev. William Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches, Philadelphia.

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, especially adapted to remove the disease they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health. Yours, truly, WILLIAM SMITH,

No. 966 Hutchinson st.

From the Rev. Thomas Winter, D. D. Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church:

DEAR SIR: I feel it due to your excellent preparation, Hoofland's German Bitters, to add my testimony to the deserved reputation it has obtained. I have for years, at times, been troubled with great disorder in my head and nervous system. I was advised by a friend to try a bottle of your German Bitters. I did so, and have experienced great and unexpected relief; my health has been very materially benefited. I confidently recommend the article where I meet with cases similar to my own, and have been assured by many of their good effects.

Respectfully yours, T. WINTER,

Roxborough, Pa.

From John B. Wickersham, esq., firm of Wickersham & Hutchinson, the celebrated Manufacturers of Fancy Iron Works, No. 259 Canal st.

I am the recipient from you of one of the greatest favors that can be conferred upon man, viz., that of health. For many years I suffered from one of the most annoying and debilitating complaints that the human family can be afflicted with—chronic diarrhea.

During the long time I was suffering from this disease, I was attended by regular physicians, giving me but temporary relief. The cause seemed to remain until I was induced to try Hoofland's German Bitters. After the use of a few bottles of that valuable medicine, the complaint appeared to be completely eradicated.

I often inwardly thank you for such a valuable specific, and whenever I have an opportunity, cheerfully recommend it, with full confidence in its reliability.

Truly yours,

JOHN B. WICKERSHAM.

NEW-YORK, Feb. 2, 1864.

From A. McMakin, esq., No. 663 Broadway, March 29, 1866.

DEAR SIR: I take great pleasure in testifying to the extraordinary remedial qualities of the Hoofland's German Bitters, procured at your establishment.

A member of my family has been for many years a perfect martyr to Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, and other distressing offsprings of a torpid liver, until persuaded to try the above celebrated remedy, which in a few weeks resulted in making her (to use her own words) "a new woman."

You are at liberty to make any use of this you see fit, or to refer similar sufferers to Yours truly, A. McMAKIN.

H. T. HELMBOLD, esq., No. 594 Broadway, New-York.

CERTIFICATES IN GREAT NUMBERS OPEN FOR INSPECTION.

PRICE,

SINGLE BOTTLE, $1, OR A HALF DOZEN FOR $5.

Should your nearest druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY,

No. 631 ARCH-ST.,

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For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States.

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594 BROADWAY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEPOT,

NEW-YORK.

EUROPE.

Detailed Accounts of the Great Battles in Bohemia.

THE CRUSHING DEFEAT OF AUSTRIA.

THE FEELING IN VIENNA.

Details of the Agreement Between Austria and France.

THE INTENTIONS OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

A New Proclamation of Kossuth

Correspondence Between Kossuth and Ricasoli.

OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The mails of the Africa arrived here last night. We give below some extracts on the great events in Europe.

LONDON.

A SENSATIONAL WEEK'S NEWS FROM THE CONTINENT—SUMMARY OF EVENTS AND PRUSSIAN VICTORIES OVER AUSTRIA—THE OFFERED CESSION OF VENETIA BY THE LATTER POWER TO ITALY THROUGH NAPOLEON III.—PRUSSIA REJECTS THE PROPOSED ARMISTICE—ITALY FAITHFUL TO HER—THE CAUSE OF THE PRUSSIAN TRIUMPHS—THE NEEDLE GUN AND ALL ABOUT IT—HOW THE BELLIGERENTS FOUGHT AND HOW THE AUSTRIANS WERE SLAUGHTERED—ENGLISH POLITICS—THE NEW-OLD TORY MINISTRY AND ITS PROSPECTS—THE MASS MEETING IN FAVOR OF REFORM AT TRAFALGAR SQUARE—HOW THE FOURTH OF JULY WAS KEPT IN LIVERPOOL AND LONDON—ITEMS.

From Our Special Correspondent.

LONDON, July 7, 1866.

Another sensational week, with large matter for the future historian—the Carlyle as yet unknown, or in his long clothes of babyhood, and more interested in Mother Goose than in his predestined subject, which we are all discussing, as it were, inch by inch, in our every day fashion. A week, indeed, of pregnant and remarkable import, such perhaps has hardly been paralleled in Europe since the "crowning carnage" of Waterloo, the stupid butchering work of which the last seven days has repeated with a vengeance. What a record! At the date of my last letter every second Englishman—particularly if he happened to be of the "swell" class or affected its sentiments—was, as we say, "hollering" on Austria, bragging of her drill, discipline, mightiness and invulnerability, and insisting that she would thrash both Italy and Prussia—and now, behold her collapse! It is like the overthrow of the great statue in Daniel with the legs of brass and the feet of clay, only the destruction of the colossal modern empire has been effected not by "a stone hewn without hands," but by the Prussian needle-gun, which, metaphorically, is now in everybody's mouth. Rent into shreds, or made over to Dryasdust and the trunk-makers, are the treaties of 1815—those evil documents which parceled out nations and countries at the will of the crowned despots of Europe—there is fierce exultation in Berlin, wailing in Vienna, plucky discontent in Italy, and Napoleon the Third is grand master of the situation, having thereby attained a higher power than ever was wielded by his great uncle—and all by biding his time and waiting the march of the inevitable. Allow me the briefest summary of events, useful to those who want to read rapidly and "take in" the position: On the 22d of June the Prussians began hostilities in Silesia. On the 23d Prince Frederick Charles entered Bohemia from Zittau, and descended upon Turnau and Münchengrätz. About the same time the Crown Prince entered from Glatz on Josephstadt. Here they were met by the Austrians, for whom the earliest telegrams claimed a success. Further advices, however, proved that Benedek had sustained a defeat—the dispatches reading like the words of Job's messengers. On the 27th, 28th and 29th, the Austrians were beaten at Nachod, at Münchengrätz, at Trautenau; and between the 26th of June and the 2d of July their losses in killed and wounded were estimated at no less than from 30,000 to 40,000 men. Some of the regiments were all but annihilated by the terrible needle-guns, the Prussians firing five or six shots a minute, while the unlucky Austrians had only muzzle-loaders. About the first of the present month, Benedek took up a position between Koniggrätz and Josephstadt. On the 3d, the Prussians, commanded by the King in person, attacked the Austrians, who were concentrated on the right bank of the Elbe. At first, as on former occasions, the Austrians appeared to have the best of the struggle; but after 10 a. m., they began to give way. The battle raged for eight—some accounts say twelve hours—and ended in the utter rout of the Austrian army. The losses on both sides were frightful. Fourteen thousand unwounded Austrian prisoners were taken into the Prussian headquarters at Horzitz. Benedek attributes his defeat to the enemy's having succeeded in obtaining a position which enabled him to pour a heavy fire into the Austrian flank and rear—a maneuver effected under cover of the smoke, which was prevented from rising by the rain, then falling steadily. Disastrous as everybody allowed the defeat to be—following, too, upon a series of similar calamities—nobody was yet prepared for what followed. On the 5th, the French Imperial organ, the *Moniteur*, announced that the Emperor of Austria was willing to cede Venetia to France, and to accept the mediation of Napoleon III. for the making of peace between the belligerents. An immediate communication was accordingly made to the Kings of Prussia and Italy for the purpose of procuring an armistice, England and Russia, according to the *Patrie*, being called upon to participate in the necessary arrangements. And this morning's telegrams inform us that Prussia *rejects* the proposed truce, and that "no conditions will be accepted which do not satisfy her claims, and the sacrifices she has made to sustain them." While Italy resents the second-handed acceptation of Venetia through Napoleon III., declares she wasn't half as much hurt as folks say in her recent reverse, would rather fight than not, and any way determines to hold faithful to Prussia. And that is how the powers stand at present—i Austria is still entitled to the name. Unless, therefore, the French Emperor throws his imperial baton into the lists, as the potentates of old did at tournaments, to stop hostilities, the tide of Prussian victory may still roll onward, and sweep up to the walls of Vienna. Benedek is powerless to retrieve his losses, and the bravest soldiers in the world can do nothing with the old-fashioned muzzle-loader against the needle gun.

Whether the military capacity of the Austrian General has not been immensely over-estimated is hereafter to be discovered, but there seems no doubt that the overwhelming character of his defeats is mainly attributable to the weapon in question. Accordingly, as before intimated, we are talking of it as engrossingly as Englishmen did of armor-plated vessels after the fight between the Merrimac and Monitor off Hampton Roads, Virginia. Our civil war has left Americans not much to learn about breech-loading small arms; in fact, in some of the newspaper disquisitions on the subject, it is suggested that our weapons are as far superior to the Prussian *zund-nadelgewehr* as is that to the muzzle-loaders—the Cochrane patent (just imported here) and the Spencer seven-shooter being especially mentioned. But, as a matter of curiosity, you will like to know what this needle-gun is, which has made such exceedingly short and sharp work of the poor serfs of Kaiser Francis Joseph in the fields of Bohemia, and as I had the chance to inspect a sample in the studio of an artist-friend, here is my report: It is not half the size, and certainly not a third of the weight of the Enfield rifle. It has little or no stock, a small rifled bore, and, altogether, looks something like an air-gun. Its peculiarities are its breech-loading apparatus and its needle. The cartridges are primed in the making and fit tightly to the chamber, and the needle explodes without a percussion cap. As a breech-loader it loads rapidly, as a needle-gun it shoots rapidly, and as a "shooting-iron" pure and simple, it is light enough to be handled like a toy by the soldier. There never was a sharper rebuke to official stupidity throughout Europe than the homicidal success of this weapon, which has been for years known to the continent only to be reported against by professional "big wigs" in England, France and Russia. The Austrians pooh-poohed it, though they might have learned its value at Düppel, in the Schleswig-Holstein war; now they expiate their obtuseness in the loss of two-thirds of their army. The secret of the invention is, like efficiency in other matters, a return to first principles—the ignoring of all complication, which commonly gets out of gear, but is especially beloved by circumlocutionary dunderheads all the world over. Its Prussian patron, the Baron Manteuffel, who, about 20 years back, placed it in the hands of his soldiers, was content that it gun should be a gun, and nothing else, and did not ask it to do anything but shoot, and shoot *well*. Elsewhere the "big-wigs" wanted it to serve as a club or a pike, carrying such a shape as should fit it for the first or a bayonet for the second, ignoring the obvious fact that what it gained in one respect it lost in the other. It never occurred to them that, if the needle-gun were so sure, so light and so rapid as to kill off most of the enemy at the beginning of a battle, there would be no necessity for "bayonet and butt" practice. And this was just what occurred in the late Bohemian battles. According to Benedek's orders, the Austrians fired and charged; but, when they got within 150 yards of the Prussians, they encountered such a ghastly return volley as to stretch them in winrows upon the ground, like wheat after the passing of the reaping machine. The Prussians, confident of their weapon, stood in three ranks, the first kneeling, taking aim, and firing their five or six shots a minute—some say eight—until nothing human could stand before it. The poor Austrians, stupidly brave, as when surprised by the rifled cannon at Solferino, had to succumb, fighting and dying with a heroism worthy of a nobler cause than their unlucky Kaiser's—who has, however, one's sympathies in this part of the quarrel, against bully Bismark and Prussia. Finally, to dismiss the needle-gun for the time being, British officiality is greatly moved at these awful accounts of it, and has ordered 20,000 of the formidable breech-loaders for the English army. They are to be delivered "shortly," and will probably be forthcoming just before it shall be discovered that we have something infinitely better. I can assure you that the great bulk of the English people is extraordinarily obtuse about our nation, war, and all its belongings—more so than most Americans would think possible.

To English matters proper, and first, to politics. For the last ten days the country has virtually been without a Government, and got on as well as with one, like the tortoise from which the French surgeon, Le Vaillant, scooped out the brains, when it went on eating cabbage leaves without apparently experiencing any inconvenience. I remember that Mr. Parton, the biographer, had a curious theory that a model newspaper ought to dispense with editorials, and, on a similar principle, persons of a logical turn of mind have speculated Emersonically, whether or not a Government were a necessity of national existence. An inquiry of this nature involves so much "desolating skepticism"—as orthodox divines term everything that tests their dogmas by common sense—that people ought to feel relived by the knowledge that a ministry of some sort has at last been formed, though like the unmarried nurse's baby, it is a very little one. Even in quiet times the administration with which Lord Derby proposes to rule England would be pronounced singularly weak; in 1866 it is little better than a burlesque upon government. The trenchcrous Adullamites won't risk compromising themselves by connection with it. Perhaps these political bats found themselves as unfitted for the society of the beasts as the birds; or, to drop metaphor, that they were as much too liberal for the Minister who sought their aid, as too tory for the Government that had ignored and defied them. Perhaps Lord Derby found that Lane and his colleagues would prove as troublesome colleagues as they had been useful allies. Where the hitch lay there is little use in inquiring; anyway we are to have a Tory Government, pure and simple—as thoroughly Tory as Paul Louis Courrier's model conservative, who cried out, at creation, "*Mon Dieu! conserve chaos!*" or the gentleman who, according to Douglas Jerrold, never looked with satisfaction at the new moon, out of respect to that venerable institution the old one. It is, in fact, the old Tory Ministry which England has known twice before, and much better known than trusted. It enters unstrengthened with fresh blood, and incumbered with all the discredit of its former blunders. It is characterized by two great defects, want of experience of official life, consequent upon the long exclusion of the Tory party from power, and utter lack of confidence from the nation. Its only two new members are, if I do not mistake, Lord Cranborne and Mr. Gathorne Hardy. The former has obtained his eminence by unscrupulous bitterness of speech and hatred of Mr. Gladstone; the latter represents the ignorance and bigotry of the University of Oxford. For them and the rest, not a man of them but is a descent and a deterioration from the late Ministry, who will now be trebly strong in opposition. Of course the Tories intend to hold on as long as they can stick to the Treasury bench—but for how long will that be? Their "little game" and plan of campaign is as follows: To finish the present session by an application of the winding-up act, and a promise to introduce a Reform Bill next year. To placate commerce by an enforced reduction of the bank rate. To provide for themselves and all their hangers-on. In the recess to get Lord Derby to have an attack of the gout of unusual severity, when his physicians will advise a total cessation of official labors, and Lord Stanley may become premier. To introduce an emasculated Reform bill, and to trust in the chapter of accidents generally, for their protracted existence. *Sic* the Tories—"Hope told a flattering tale," etc. Men of the present generation have never yet seen the liberal party in opposition. I believe it to be simply overwhelming.

We had our mass meeting in favor of Reform last Monday, in spite of Sir Richard Mayne, who didn't dare to interfere, but judiciously backed down in a mild pronunciamento. There was a dense crowd around the Nelson monument, and swarming up about its sculptured base; a dense crowd lining the terraces in front of the National Gallery, and spreading down to Charity Cross—not a pillar nor post unoccupied. The numbers, estimated at 30,000 by some, at 5,000 by others, seemed to me to be from 10,000 to 12,000. Perhaps about 20 per cent might be idlers and sight-seers, and to say there was not a slight sprinkling of blackguards would be to assert that the crowd was utterly unique—unlike any other that had assembled in London or elsewhere. The bulk of the meeting, however, undoubtedly consisted of *bona fide* workingmen. A very large proportion of them had taken the trouble to dress themselves, for the occasion, in their Sunday clothes, as it to show the West End that these from the East were not the ruffians and savages described by Wolfe of *The Times* and Caine. As for his "drunkenness and violence, there was simply nothing of the kind. Detachments from the suburbs came marching in, headed by their own bands—skilled workmen, most of them—engineers from Maudley's and other great manufactories, men who are known to be far more fearless and independent in their sentiments, far more intelligently interested in the politics of the day than many and many of the classes who concert themselves above them. Some of the speakers used rather strong and bitter language—but less so than that of the Hon. Bob Lowe. As regards the behavior of the entire assemblage, it contrasted very favorably with that of the Tory opposition during the recent session, in an after-dinner debate; there were fewer howls, fewer farm-yard imitations, and a great deal more sobriety. Quiet, thoughtful, determined earnestness was the characteristic of the meeting, so very plainly recognizable that only those could fail to discern it who were willfully blind to its existence. That the crowd might easily have been led into mischief is true, but only by one thing—the willful and unnecessary interference of the police. We are going to organize another mass meeting—an enormous one, to include deputations from the provinces—to be held, if practicable, in Hyde Park.

On July the 5th, Queen Victoria's third daughter, Princess Helena, was married at Windsor to Prince Christian, who should be called Turk from his polygamous tendencies. It is the first time that bigamy has been winked at by the present Royal Family of England. As I have written before, he is "morganatically" married already, and has a family, the eldest a girl, within five years of the age of his present wife. Moreover he is illegitimate, his mother having been "morganatically" married to his father. The match was entirely of the Queen's making, and is furiously unpopular here. Christian is regarded as an adventurer, the Queen pronounced mad, the whole business objectionable. He will probably be Her Majesty's pet son-in-law.

We kept Uncle Sam's 87th birthday rather quietly in this capital this year, Liverpool eclipsing us, if we may believe the papers. There, not only the American ships in port displayed the National bunting, but also the steamers belonging to the Cunard, the Inman, the Allan, and the National Steam Navigation Companies, made a gallant show on the waters of the city, "every brick of which," according to drunken George Frederick Cooke, "is cemented in the blood of a negro." Also the office of Mr. Dudley, the American Consul, was conspicuous for its array of Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes, while all the leading American houses had the Columbian emblems floating from their flagstaffs." In the evening, too, a large number of Americans celebrated the anniversary by a banquet at the Washington Hotel. *Here*, I have no doubt that what Yankee craft there might be in the dingy Pool of the Thames duly exposed the handsomest flag the sun shines on to the gusty, rainy, chilly, flawy day, and perhaps Mr. Morse enlivened the busy seclusion of Dunster Court with the same banner—but we had no dinner at St. James's Hall, no glorification, and, happily, no speeches. But Mrs. Adams issued cards to an At Home of upward of 350 guests, Americans and English—a comparatively private festivity, exceedingly enjoyed by those who had the good fortune to be present. Among the number were your correspondent and his wife, and he would like very much to do justice to the occasion, only that unfortunate adjective he has just prefixed to "festivity" deters him. He can, therefore, only say that the entertainment involved the assemblage of many delightful people, music, and a fine collation, and was as brilliant and as successful as could be desired. Also that the ladies—I can answer for one of them—appeared charmed by the kindness and urbanity of Mrs. Adams. Likewise we may venture to print the names of the few celebrities present, who, as such, are public property: Mr. F. O. C. Darley, the first of American artists, Mr. Story, the sculptor, Mr. H. Sanderson, the pianist, Mr. J. E. Harvey, U. S. Minister to Portugal, Mr. M. C. Tyler, the clever lecturer, Mr. S. W. Weekes, editor of *The Anglo-American*, author of "Indian Idyls," etc., his charming wife, who has also dabbled in printer's ink, Dr. Leeds of Philadelphia, J. McHenry, brother to the Rebel agent, but morally his antipodes, A. Baldwin the expressman, Mrs. A. B. Grant and her sister Mdlle. Bertha Brousil, who played respectively on the piano-forte and violin, and did it admirably.

There is an Englishman going to the United States, toward the end of next month, who deserves a welcome—namely, Henry Vincent, the lecturer, almost M. P., known in this country, through the last quarter of a century, as a Progressionist, and, as the Germans would say, a "world better" generally. From the beginning of our civil war he took the side of the North and the nation, and stuck to it, lecturing night after night, throughout the conflict—I suppose from pure cosmopolitan love of liberty and instructive knowledge that we were fighting other battles than our own in that long four years' agony, which was so dubious, and seems so much a matter of course *now*. I never heard him speak, or saw the man to my knowledge, but have read many of his lectures and wished him God speed. He will go out of a half-vitiated moral atmosphere into a sharp, entirely wholesome one, for the first time in his life, from a country where we are "struggling antagonistically" up to the assertion of our natural rights into one where they are like the air which we breathe without thinking of it, and return to talk stronger democracy than he is probably aware of. At least I suppose so.

PARIS.

THE CESSION OF VENETIA TO NAPOLEON—SURPRISE AND DELIGHT OF THE FRENCH—OPINIONS OF THE LIBERALS—ITALY FREE [FROM AUSTRIA]—DIPLOMACY VS. WAR-TANGLED SITUATION OF AFFAIRS—THE SCALES OF THE BALANCE OF POWER OUT OF EQUILIBRIUM—PROSPECTS FOR A EUROPEAN CONGRESS—THE FOURTH OF JULY FETE IN PARIS—THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AN INVITED GUEST—GEN. BEAUREGARD—THE CORPS LEGISLATIF.

From Our Special Correspondent.

PARIS, July 6, 1866.

"Having saved the honor of his army in Italy, the Emperor of Austria, accepting the ideas expressed by the Emperor Napoleon in his letter of June 11, addressed to his Minister of Foreign Affairs, cedes Venetia to the Emperor of the French, and accepts his mediation to bring about peace between the belligerents.

"The Emperor has hastened to respond to this appeal, and immediately addressed himself to the Kings of Prussia and Italy to bring about an armistice."

The above most unexpected announcement appeared in yesterday morning's *Moniteur*, to the great astonishment and delight of the French world. It was immediately interpreted to mean *Peace*. The three per cents went up like a rocket from 65.40 to 70, and came down as a stick at 69.30. Flags cropped out of windows as on a great fête day, and at night there was a quite general volunteer illumination. Peace! no war loan, no new taxes, the Italian question settled, great accession to French glory—and, let us hope, territory Rhineward—and yet no waste of French blood! Italy liberated by France; France the admitted arbiter of Europe! The policy of "attentive neutrality," all the policy laid down in the letter of June 11, brilliantly approved by success! It is Napoleon's greatest triumph. In their contentment at this seeming assurance of the numerous interests threatened with disaster, at this relief from the wearing anxiety of that constantly impending menace of war; in their fresh enthusiasm of patriotic pride and vanity, the great body of Frenchmen without regard to party lines in domestic politics, are ready for the moment to cry, in unison with the Napoleonists, *Vive l'Empereur*. For this means *Venice acquise! Vive la France! Vive l'Italie!* and even—*Vive Le Pape!* Liberals, however, who persist in keeping their heads cool in this "warm spell" of feeling, can't help seeing that the Italian cause as regenerated by Garibaldi has met with a defeat here; and that the cognate cause of French political liberty may be weakened by this great triumph of the Emperor. If his Majesty were to repeat today the question he put to the French people in 1852—will you have me for your dictator and constitution-maker, Yes or no! I am afraid they would give a yet more numerous affirmative answer.

What is most comforting to-day, is the consideration of the nice proportioning of Austria's punishment to her sins. Had she ceded Venetia in 1859—had she kept out of partnership with Prussia in the wicked war on Denmark—had she vigorously and honestly taken the lead in effectively liberal reform of the German Confederation—had she, six months ago, entered into negotiations for a compensated cession of Venetia; had she even at the last moment, only five weeks ago, acceded to the ideas emitted in Napoleon's letter to Drouyn de Lhuys, that were urged upon her by his diplomatic agents, and come into conference—really the cumulated excess of the case almost reburnishes and justifies repetition of the rathersh mouldy and hard worn, (*Quam Jupiter vult perdere dementat prius* the meaning of which is—I translate for the unclassical—The devil leaves his best friends in the lurch at a pinch.

That Venetia had got to be, nay, best be given up, is an idea that has had some poor entertainment with Austrian statesmen these many years, and for the last few has held its ugly skeleton's place prominent at their baize-covered Tables and in their cabinets. The battle of Custozza, Austria's only victory, made it possible for their pride to yield; the victorious progress of Prussian policy and arms was fast bending her obstinacy to that conclusion; the terrible battle of *Sadowa* quite broke it down. The quadrilateral was taken in Bohemia, and the final order was sent from Venetia to Prince Metternich at Paris to cede Venetia and ask Napoleon's intervention. And so "Italy is free (from Austria) from the Alps to the Adriatic." Sadowa has supplemented Solferino, and the bulletins of the victorious Prussian general has filled out Napoleon's programme of 1859. If Italy has not acquired her independence all herself, it is a comfort to know that she need not fund her debt of gratitude this time in "French obligations," while she has largely paid in advance her debt to Prussia. For, to say nothing of the preceding rapid successes of Prussia, the battle of Sadowa, which was terribly hard fought, and but won, might well have had another issue if Benedek could have had in Bohemia 100,000 of the troops Italy forced Austria to keep in Italy. And, as it has been truly said that Austria lost the Quadrilateral in Bohemia, so it may be truly said that she lost Sadowa in Venetia. And so Shakespeare was right after all, and Bohemia *does* touch on the Adriatic Sea, as he told us long ago in that Winter's Tale—the dark passage of stage directions now lightened up to discontented commentation by this Summer's sun.

From the *theater*—as the spectacle-loving French *will* call what we solider Americans style the *seat*—of this, seemingly the fifth, tragic act of the war drama, we are receiving very voluminous news by the evening and morning papers. But as the English war correspondents—especially for the German side—are fuller, more accurate and, so far as their published letters are concerned, twelve hours' nearer New-York than their French rivals, I may spare you quotations of descriptions of the great battle. I cannot help noticing, however, that the campaign, brief as it has been, has already furnished materials for as fearful a chapter of war horrors—burning of private houses, butchery of citizens, maltreatment of prisoners, etc.—as though it had been carried on in the wilds of uncivilized America. But I do not notice that these little characteristics of all warfare among Christian nations attract nearly that degree of attention and quantity of holy indignant comment in the Government press here that was vouchsafed in so generous a measure to our peccadilloes in like kind a year or two ago.

The Prussian and Italian responses to Napoleon's mediatory propositions are not known to the public at the time I am writing. It is rumored that Prussia, in the flush of victory, and in the rear of a retreating enemy, does not greedily snap at the idea of an armistice. Truly, nothing is so natural as that she should desire to extend, if but for a day or two, this lucky period of great chances, and bind up, so much as possible, and secure of the great harvest *and of the wide fields*, she has reaped it on in the last few eventful weeks. But that Napoleon will bring such pressure to bear as will speedily bend even Bismark's boldness is hardly doubted. And however erroneous time shall prove the details of the conclusions at which current opinion has arrived here in a tumult of emotions, I must think that in the main they will prove to be correct. *Arma cedant toga, concedat laura lingua*, which means—I still translate for the unclassical—diplomatic gentlemen in tail coats and white chokers will take the place of generals about a baize-covered table, which will take the place of battlefields. The tragic act of the mixed drama is closed; the curtain is to rise on an act or series of scenes of serious comedy. What the denouement is likely to be, it will be time enough to speculate on next week. The "situation" is of the most tangled description still; the diplomatic solution of which requires so much more than even Sadoil's dramaturgic ingenuity that one inclines, with the common sense mass of folly, look for it from common sense this time—from the "historical drift," from *force des choses*, otherwise called "logic of events," Providence,—let us say X. Somehow or other Napoleon transfers Venetia, ceded to him but which he cannot and does not wish to hold, to its owner and long-deprived possessor, Italy. For which Italy will have to pay *something*. Prussia will have the Elbe duchies, and *some* very considerable augmentation of its power out of the conquests it has made within the last five weeks. But Austria can't be permitted to be crushed out, and France must be paid. How? Where the makeweights are to be found, from whom taken? What little powers and principalities are to "go up," followed to *Limbo* by no blessing, before the disconbobulated (not classical, but apt) scales of the Balance of Power in Europe can be got to equilibrium again? These are questions for Time to answer—Napoleon's favorite idea of a European Congress realized being, perhaps, to be its responsible editor.

And now to leave these solemnities with a good poor jest on the Prussian Napoleon who having practically dethroned the King of Saxony, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the Duke of Saxe-Weimer, the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, has had conferred upon him by a Paris wag the historical title of Count Bismark de Saxifage.

The Fourth of July—and here I am back again to the theme I thought to have escaped further talk about, for Austria reached her slow decision to cede Venetia over the shoulders of France, to Italy on the 4th inst.; so that it becomes a sort of birthday of Italian as well as of American Independence.

Well ours, the original glorious, was prettily celebrated by Americans in these parts at the *Pré Catalan*. The weather that not only had been threatening, but fulfilled its threats with water in the early hours of day, kindly cleared up and let its chief star actor appear, for that occasion only, since the day's at and after 2 o'clock. What a charmingly fit place, for anything of this kind, the *Pré Catalan* is—a little garden park of some acres enclosed in the Bois Boulogne—many of THE TRIBUNE's readers know *de visu*, and the rest were told when I described the fête Minister Bigelow offered to 700 of his countrymen last year. The affair this year was got up and admirably managed by a few of the American merchants, bankers, and proper men resident in Paris. The Prefect of the Seine furnished no end of beautiful flowers from the immense municipal garden that supplies the numerous Paris parks and garden squares with their floral ornamentation. The "Star Spangled"—need I mention the rest of its name?—which some of us of late years have come to regard as the symbol of a really United States Union and free country—displayed itself in various sizes and pleasant profusion, and beautifully harmonizing contrast against the background of French green trees and sward, and blue sky and white clouds. There was a large tent where

"—Soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,
And violins did fiddle there,"

pretty girls and young gentlemen, looking as prettily as they could, beating time to the same with quick pulsating feet (which, let me say, I think an improvement on the "light fantastic toe"—a good quotation, that, seeing its length and severity of newspaper service, has a right to retire on pension). Out from this tent were entrance-ways to another tent, into which, at due hungry 6 o'clock, folks were let, where there was

"A nate buffet before them set,
Where lashins of good drink there was!"

of which last named grateful refreshment I observed no one partake in undue quantity. Then—for are we not Americans, with gift of the tongue and ears greedy of speeches *in urbi et orbi*!—in a very jolly, informal way, three or four divines and as many laymen got themselves on a chair for a platform, and delivered themselves of the faith that was in them. Really half a dozen good little speeches—they were so short!—that of the Rev. Monod, son of the Frederick and nephew of the Monod, being the shortest and best of the sacred, and that of ex-Gov. Cox of Maryland being the most strenuous, even to the bending of his knees, and easiest heard, of the profane specimens of oratory. The Rev. Mr. Thompson of your city, Mr. Jay, grandson of the Jay here among the speakers. I accidentally overheard the private rehearsal of a speech, suppressed by circumstances, in which the purposing orator said he wanted five minutes to develop these two points: Compliment France on her old and steady friendship for the United States, and her Government on the fact that there were no pickpockets in Paris. I concluded that the gentleman had come to Paris by the way of London. Then the dancing began again. Then there were fireworks. Then there was a hearty three times three for the United States Army, and then the company went home to bed "in measureless content." Among the invited guests was the *Prince Imperial*, a rather pretty and eminently well-beloved little gentleman, who took part in one dance, looked on for a while, and went away. He came there on an informal invitation of Dr. Evans, one of the Managing Committee, given on occasion of the Doctor's speaking with the Emperor a few days before about the proposed American celebration. Having heard lately a mob snob, who fancied that all snobbery must run in one direction—and that counter to the current of his—greatly enlarge on the snobbery of Americans in the aristocratic and royal European direction, I am provoked to say that Dr. Evans's professional and social relations with the Emperor leave him, as they found him at their inception, a man, an American man, and a thoroughly, zealously, patriotic American man—of which quality, I may add, he has given rather solid pecuniary proofs, among others. Other guests were the captain and several of the officers of the Miantonomah, and *its* passenger-guest, Mr. Sub-Secretary Fox.

Mr. Fox had a long interview with the Emperor the preceding day, not, by the way, of his seeking, nor yet of his Majesty's seeking, but "kind o' brought about," as such interviews where both parties are gratified by a third party. Naturally in this case the intermediary party was quite other than the one that brought Gen. Beauregard to the Tuileries. That interview, you may perhaps care to know as I now do *know*, was not asked for by the Emperor, as a paragraph in some Paris papers of the next day would intimate. Gen. Beauregard was received as a citizen of the now United States, and in his conversation was sensible enough to present himself only in that quality. Answering to questions about the war, he replied by statements of facts as to military performances and the actual material condition of the South. His political opinions, whatever they may be, I think he had no occasion to enlarge upon. That the Emperor, in accepting the interview, suspected that it should be interpreted, much less intended it as an extra-diplomatic manifestation, is a supposition that seems improbable on a moment's reflection, and that I have special reason for believing to be entirely unfounded in fact.

But to return to the gellorious Fourth of July. Mr Norton, Commissioned Agent of New-York and several other States to the great Exhibition of 1867, picked out that very day of all others to open his bureau—and a fine brand of champagne and the mouths of many guests, even to the drinking thereof and eating of his hand-somely-served victuals and the singing of his praises—his bureau, I say, in the Rue Aubes. It is, if I understand it rightly, a bureau of many drawers—as of banking and general commission business, which there is no reason for THE TRIBUNE to advertise gratis, and so I won't say another word about those compartments—but also and especially a general intelligence bureau and helpful agency for all American exhibitors at the next year's World's Fair. Mr. Norton has made, and makes, and purposes to keep on making it his business, first, to answer intelligently and intelligibly any questions that the newly-arrived American native shall put to him in respect of the Exhibition itself; secondly, to undertake to procure patents, to present to the public, to promote sales of all and every reacting, rotary, self-injecting, or otherwise ingeniously simplified steam engine, cow-milker, or other conceivable gimcrack with which the unsuspecting native aforesaid may desire to endow the unenlightened European public—at a profit.

The only other celebration of Independence Day that came under my observation, and the one that tickled me most, was got up, and going on fast, in an open *nature de place*, wherein sat two jolly-looking Americans, of whom the eminently jolliest and Americanest looking, with his feet raised considerably above the ordinary Paris elevation above the sea, was waving to and fro an American flag as big as a bandanna hankercher. He enjoyed it, and the cochen, who instinctively felt that such a man must give him a generous *pour boire*, enjoyed it; folks along the street, not knowing what it meant, still enjoyed it by force of sympathy; the horse seemed to me to be more cheerful than most hack horses; the citizen standard-bearer evidently enjoyed it, and so did your correspondent.

To touch now post-scripturally on a gravity and be done. It came out a few days ago that Government is devising devices for some considerable political "reforms," which will take shape—in part at least—in the formula of a *Senatres Consult*. There is not enough definitely known