of that seductive *bijouterie*, composed either of trinkets or sugar plums, for which Paris at this season has from immemorial time been famous, and which the rapid revolution of years seems to present somewhat too often for the purses of domestic affection. When everybody must give to everybody, but one class is a gainer—that which produces the *cadeaux* and sells them at a handsome price. And it would certainly be a custom more honored in the breach than the observance if some one would have the moral courage to make a resolute stand against this system of new year's gifts or *etrennes*. A bachelor cannot have dined twice at a house in the course of the year without some part of the family having a claim upon him for a *cadeau*—all the world must give one to all the world's children—every servant, butcher and baker's boy, seamstress, laundress, charbonnier, water carrier, lamplighter, postman, &c., begins to *bouder* forthwith, and scowls all sorts of ominous threats if not recollected, and the worst is that the expectation of each is so exalted and exaggerated that few are really satisfied, after all, with the amount or quality of the gift; and the unhappy mortal who is the source of all this compulsory generosity, has not even a look of sympathy or gratitude to compensate him for the miserable inroads the dawning year has made upon his pockets. On the contrary, it will sometimes happen that a torrent of wrath and displeasure, which for some time past has been dammed up, and has only not been let loose on his devoted head because the *etrenne* season was approaching, is suddenly, by his compliance with the custom, released from its self-imposed bondage, and twenty-four hours after, as if its barriers were no longer able to contain the foaming flood, down it will come, a moral tornado, compared to which great Niagara's waters are a penny squirt, and the unfortunate patron finds, perhaps, in addition to the loss of his money, his cook has renounced him, the *nourrice*, or wet nurse, has spat in his wife's face, and will have no more of his brat, and the *concierge*, or porter, has given him to understand that he is the most troublesome, most disagreeable, most illiberal tenant in the house. If he call at a friend's house for consolation, he sees his *cadeaux*, which, with so much pains he has selected for this friend's children, broken to pieces or thrown aside as inferior to those made by more generous neighbors. Altogether, his only consolation is that the close of the year cannot be very much worse than its inauspicious inauguration. I am somewhat anticipating, however, for heaven be praised, there are yet twelve more days of the old year to pass before everybody is to plunge everybody into a vortex of congratulation; but coming events have naturally a tenency to cast their shadows before them.

Diplomatists are flying about like fireflies at St. Domingo. Would to God they may prove, as they progress, angels of peace and goodwill at a season when we are more especially reminded of the importance of such blessings to mankind. Much stress is laid upon M. de Bourqueney's visit to Paris, his long conferences with Count Walewsky, the Emperor's favorable inclination towards the views expressed by him—that the elements of an honorable and durable peace were at hand, that the military difficulty being settled as to whether Russia or the allies were the strongest, nothing now remained but to declare the neutrality of the Black Sea—and the fact that Austria would withdraw her ambassador from St. Petersburg if Russia did not accept such a basis of pacification. It is even averred that an ultimatum has been sent to Russia in words to this effect—"Exclusion of all vessels of war from the Black Sea; dismantling of the fortified places on the coasts of that sea; renunciation of the protectorate of the Principalities, as well as of all the old rights of intervention in the States of the Sultan; cession of that part of Bessarabia in which are situated the mouths of the Danube."

Will Russia accept such propositions? I doubt it. Negotiations will drag on through the winter. The French Emperor wants to have the credit of desiring peace. Russia will go on talking about her holiness, *usque ad nauseam*, and making tons of gunpowder; while Lord Palmerston, with an eye to a dissolution of Parliament, will talk of nothing but a peace, "honorable and durable," which he well knows means a bloody campaign for the year 1856. I do not see, I confess, that we have arrived at the period when the sword can be returned to the scabbard, where for forty years it had been so tranquilly sleeping. Nevertheless, pacific talk just now is nonsense, and sturdy thinkers, not wont to be hurried, look posed.

In the meanwhile, we hear from St. Petersburg that the Russian Generals and diplomatists are busy taking part in deliberations respecting the situation of the Emperor, and have commenced proceedings in the shape of meetings either at the admiralty or at the residence of the Minister of War. The anniversary of the foundation of the Order of St. George, instituted by Catherine II., was celebrated with great solemnity on the 8th inst. Early in the morning a religious service was performed, where a crowd of superior officers and dignitaries in brilliant uniforms, and ladies in the old Russian costume, were present. Many of the ladies had first assembled at the Winter Palace. The knights of the Order dined in the afternoon with the Emperor. Admiral Novoselsky, recently nominated to the post of Commander of the port of Cronstadt, was there. As he filled a similar office during the whole of the siege of Sebastopol, he is reported to possess great experience. It remains to be seen if he will be obliged to act at Cronstadt next year as at Sebastopol, destroying his ships. General Todleben, whose engineering works at Sebastopol are the theme of such enthusiastic encomium by the French and English, who now are enabled to inspect them at their leisure, set out for Cronstadt almost immediately after his arrival at St. Petersburg. The cold was so great that no works of any kind could be executed. Since the Czar's return the official relations between the capital of Finland and Moscow were exceedingly active. As far as Finland is concerned the communications relate to military measures for next year, whilst for Moscow fortifications and public works are the principal objects in view. Between Odessa and Ochakoff and the camp of Nicolaieff the militia are leaving their positions and marching towards Bessarabia.

It will be satisfactory to the friends of the American Minister, Mr. Mason, resident at this court, that the state of that gentleman's health continues to improve daily. He may be seen out of doors constantly, and his general appearance, though not quite so hale as formerly, denotes the condition of a man "picking up" apace. His left hand is still slightly affected by the severe visitation he suffered, and in his gait he halts a little. The state of his intellect—I very much regret to say for the sake of certain individuals who, on either side the Atlantic, are said to be burning with the patriotic wish of giving their country the benefit of his great abilities, and of replacing Mr. Mason's diplomacy by their own—is even more satisfactory, if possible, than that of the honorable gentleman's body. I say I regret, because, knowing nothing about the present American Minister, one naturally feels a sympathy towards those flowers which are blushing unseen, and which only want air and space and a handsome vase, or place to attract the admiring eyes of the world. Besides, ere the Pierce administration is gathered to its native dust, one would like to see a pet Marcy appointment of the true republican simplicity, warranted to look bum-bailiffs in the face, eat bread and onions like the Pilgrim Fathers, wear fustian, and drink nothing but the limpid element. One would be glad even to see the honorable gentleman bare himself, and hear from his own lips a homily on what is expected from the conscript fathers of the Union. But the season of Christmas is over, when we should be full of all sorts of contrary sensations—joy for those that do well, regret for those that can't get rid of their envy, malice, backbiting, &c., and pity for those whose mot is the stupid word will persist in doing injustice to: and that it is joy and sorrow, and compassionate, all in the same breath, is no reason, for to say the honest truth, if any unfortunate aspirant is building his hopes on the deterioration of that gentleman's mental qualifications, he had better take himself to California and turn himself to other pursuits, for his chance is not worth a dump. A few evenings ago, being in a house where gentlemen do congregate, and having no companion to talk to, I ensconced myself within ear shot of the American Minister, when a lively conversation was going on, and from the animation thrown into it, I felt that in such a place I could not be accused of eavesdropping, however closely I listened. State secrets are not usually uttered *en rotundo*. I was the more disposed to do this, having heard it roundly asserted in company only a few days before, that the paralysis which had, at one time, so seriously affected the American Minister, had, whatever might be said to the contrary, greatly lowered the tone of his mind.

The conversation I heard, embraced all sorts of subjects—anecdotes relating to American and English statesmen; the distinctive feature which marked the citizens of the two nations; the growing importance of America; the present prospect of peace between Russia and the allies; the press in France, America and England; geographical speculations; the Isthmus of Suez, of Panama; China and its trade, &c.;—upon which subjects Mr. Mason boldly threw himself and took the lion's share; and I state the fact, without hesitation, that after a sitting of two hours I rose from it more instructed, more delighted, and more thoroughly impressed, than I ever remember to have been from the conversation of any public man before. Mr. Mason, I should imagine, must be a first rate conversationist. He speaks neither too quick nor too slow; his words never outrun his thoughts; and if he hesitate, for a moment, it is only to repay you by an expression more than usually apt and appropriate. He must have a memory of no common tenacity; for though I observed that he frequently made long parenthesis, and sometimes repeated involutions, he not only never lost himself, but what is more, never gave you reason to suppose he was likely to do so. After departing from his theme ever so widely he always came round to it with admirable facility, clenching his argument or "capping" his remarks with a neatness and finish that filled the hearer's mind with a sense of such entire completion that he left him nothing to desire. I followed him through names, dates, geographical boundaries, &c., not one of which seemed to give him a moment's trouble, and therefore your readers may take my word for it, that if he fails in any thing required of him, it is not because of any deficiency of brain. If in fact he is not a very superior man, in the full possession of very superior mental qualifications, all I can say is, I never sat within hearing of a man for two hours, and was made such a fool of before.

I find nothing but pleasure manifested in all circles at the manner which the breeze with England has apparently blown over. I hear statesmen, both French and English, say that it is greatly to be hoped something will be done by the two Anglo-Saxon nations to remove all difficulties and bring about the most perfect understanding between them. Old causes of quarrel, such as those connected with Central America, and others, that since the last war have been kept open as festering sores, should now be got together and administered to by the ministers of the two countries, and set at rest forever; so that the respective people may reasonably look forward to a century of good understanding. If the Pierce administration would go out in the odor of sanctity, a nobler object of ambition it could not have than that of an attempt to settle by one act, as it were, all difficulties of this kind. Public opinion in England would compel Lord Palmerston to meet it half way in so laudable an object, and Americans and Britons might date from the close of the Presidency of General Pierce another link in the chain of kindred which once bound them as fellow citizens of the same kingdom. BERTIE.

PARIS, Dec. 20, 1855.

The Swedish Treaty—Its True Significance—The United States Looked on as the Secret Ally of Russia—The Public and the Foreign Debts of the Latter Power—The English and French Press on Peace Probabilities—Curious Article in the Constitutionnel—The War only on its First Legs—Court Gossip, &c., &c.

The weather has again changed. At six o'clock yesterday morning the thermometer of M. Chevalier marked 21½, and at noon 25½; to-day it has been a shade lower.

You will have received by the regular channels the text of the Swedish treaty. This compact is in fact one offensive and defensive. It is impossible that the war can go on without Russia being drawn in to make trespasses on the Swedish territory, when the excuse for hostilities will be furnished.

The position of Russia certainly has an ominous look about it. But America has the credit of being her secret ally. "Not a day," says a letter from Copenhagen, of the 12th inst., "passes without French and English vessels passing, on their return home. The English steam frigate Proserpine, which brought Gen. Canrobert to this city, and which has since remained at anchor in the roadstead, has at length left. She has, however, not proceeded to England, but to Helsingfor, in order to watch the Russian vessels which are in this port. Some astonishment is felt at seeing a large and deeply laden American vessel remaining in this port for some time past. It is said that the English government has received information of an American vessel having left Boston laden with arms for Russia, and this is supposed to be one.

It requires considerable faith in the principles which we suffer to guide our judgment not to give way to the popular belief that peace is at hand. If the accounts that reach us through such journals as the *Emancipation*, of Brussels, the *Post Ampt Gazette*, &c., can be credited—and I know of no reason why they should not—Russia is driven to extremes. It is a notorious fact, says one letter in the former, that there is a general desire for peace in Russia, from the highest down to the lowest classes, only a few fanatics still persist in calling for the continuance of the war, although it will complete the ruin of their country. The following fact will give you an idea of the want of money. The Imperial Princesses of Russia have sold their diamonds, and paid the amount received for them into the coffers of the State. All the Russian families living at Vienna, most of whom belong to the nobility, complain bitterly of the war, and loudly call for its cessation, well aware of the terrible consequences it may lead to, if continued another year. Were I at liberty to inform you of what (the party is writing at Vienna,) I have heard respecting a certain condition prescribed by the adversaries of Russia, namely, the neutrality of the Black Sea, I could tell you that that clause, although rejected by Prince Gortschakoff at the Vienna Conference, no longer appears unreasonable to the Russian plenipotentiary. Had Prince Gortschakoff, I wonder, any definite object in view in expressing that opinion before some high personages at Vienna? I do not know. I mention the fact without examining it: for, in diplomacy, words often have an opposite meaning to that generally understood. The public debt of Russia since the war, the *Post Ampt Gazette* asserts, has been increased by 326 millions of silver rubles, whilst the foreign debt, with a sinking fund, has only been diminished by 18 millions. Count Esterhazy, the Austrian Minister at St. Petersburg, is now at Vienna on leave of absence. He is to return to St. Petersburg on the 24th.

Now, it may be questioned, supposing the fact to be as asserted—that the princesses have sold their jewels—whether such a circumstance does not evince quite as much for Russian resistance as distress. It cannot be pretended that the ladies are so hard up that they had nothing for it but to have recourse to so painful an expedient; and it is more natural to suppose that an ostentatious sacrifice has been made to demonstrate to the allies the undaunted, unflinching nature of the fox they have got to deal with. As for what a few nobles say at Vienna, or some lusty lungs cry out at St. Petersburg, the same may be said of the same parties in London and Paris, whose governments haughtily talk of dictating a peace.

The tone of the press in England is not such as to warrant any well grounded hope of peace. The *Post*, Lord Palmerston's organ, declares Russia must say "yes or no," to the terms—that there must be no trifling, no shally-shally, &c., &c. Such is not the language of hope for reconciliation. Nor have I much better faith in the language of the semi-official journals of France. The *Constitutionnel* yesterday, it is true, created quite a sensation on the Bourse, by an article which is too long for me to extract, but the salient points of which I give:—

"All that the Eastern war could give to France, either in moral or political results, in strength, consideration, or influence in the Councils of Europe, it has granted. Why, therefore, if the precise aim for which this war was commenced has been accomplished, should not France agree to a peace on the conditions proposed, provided such is the wish of Russia?"

This is mere jargon; the *Constitutionnel* knows perfectly well that Russia cannot yet be so humbled as to accept such conditions as the allies have proposed. But now comes the excuse for getting rid of the treaties of 1815—always the darling ambition of Napoleon, as expressed in his work, "Les Idees Napoleones":—"France could not desire the continuance of the war, unless in the view of passing beyond the aim stipulated in the treaty of April 10, when it would become a question of dismembering the Russian empire. Would not France then require compensation? be justified in exacting it? in having a reconstruction of the map of Europe, and a revision of the treaties of 1815? Certainly, if it could enter into the thoughts and policy of England to propose to France a similar measure, and it could be found convenient and proper to France to entertain the proposal, the continuation of the war with that aim in view might be desirable to many * * *." What is all this but a concealed threat? And had one not long ceased to be surprised at the capricious oscillations of the Bourse, the fact of the exchanges rising after such an article would startle one. But Russia knows well enough that the possibility of a contingency such as is here hinted by the *Constitutionnel*—that of reconstructing the map of Europe—is the secret of her strength: that the moment the allies abrogate the treaty of the 10th of April, the sword which they suspend *in terrorem* over her head, their difficulties will begin, and Russia may win the race, with the whip in her mouth, after all.

I confess to you, however, solid men, whose judgment I respect, are sorely puzzled what to think. For myself, presumptuous as it may be, I believe the war is only on its first legs.

You see Mr. Bright holds out small hopes for England in the race with the United States. The member for Manchester is a powerful speaker, but his counting house view of national duties will never persuade the people of England. If he thinks so little of the chance of Great Britain, it is a pity he don't emigrate at once, to get the United States to adopt him. If America had reasoned as he does now, would she ever have extorted her independence from England? She did not sit down and count the cost. She said, better is a dinner of bitter herbs and freedom, than a stalled ox and British tyranny. England may be mistaken in her policy, her dread of Russia's aggression be a bugbear—that is a matter of opinion; but having decided that she has an enemy who was preparing to circumvent and crush her; she, too, girds on the sword of independence, and with the same indomitable spirit that upheld the glorious sires of free born America in their terrible struggle, will the Old Country show herself worthy of her Anglo-Saxon kindred? Is she to be swayed by such an argument as that America, carrying less weight of taxation and exceeding her in population, is beating her in the race of nations while she is thus employed? America would be the first to cry shame upon her, if she was. The indomitable energy of the English character will only be more developed by this war. It will tend to dissipate many internal abuses; and though it is quite possible her sufferings may be great, she will finally come out triumphant—much more so, I suspect, than her greatly lauded ally, France; and for this reason, that despite of her feudality and her monarchical influence, the popular base is larger, much larger, than is generally supposed. Mr. Bright is right in his admiration of America. England, as a nation, partakes it with him, and in a far greater degree than is believed; but Mr. Bright, with his undoubted talent and great power of speech, is, after all, as narrow a bigot as ever wore a broad brimmed hat.

In consequence of the Empress' interesting state, there are to be no receptions on the 2d of January, as usual, of ladies in Manteaux de Cour and the Tuileries. It will be remembered that last January the gentlemen, from some cause or other, were not admitted, and the ladies—about a hundred of them—made a night of it in the splendid apartments of the Tuileries, all superbly lighted up as for a royal reception, by themselves. In my fox hunting days we used sometimes to give a guess as to the course the rogue had taken by seeing a flock of sheep closely huddled up in a corner of a field, where, in fright and tribulation, they had repaired at sight of the long tailed varmint; and certainly to peep at those one hundred ladies on that occasion, fluttering in silks, satins, flowers and diamonds, but crooking up in little knots at all corners of the great rooms, as if afraid of the gigantic chandeliers which flung over them such lustrous light, you would have been much inclined to think some terrible animal had fallen foul of them. Extremes, however, produce like effects, and in this case it was simply the absence of the terrible animal—the villain man—which caused all the panic! Never was a cluster of Eve's daughters so uncomfortable, I was going to say so dismayed. And if the Emperor had only heard a tithe part of the expressed wrath that I did, at such a tame affair, he would have walked in fear of scratched cheeks the remainder of his life. God made us male and female, and monarchs, who are fond of aping the titles, had best remember the laws of the Creator, and not seek to have receptions of one gender without the other. BERTIE.

Our Genoa Correspondence.

GENOA, Dec. 5, 1855.

Sardinia Under its Constitutional System—Italian Natonality—Liberty of the Press in Genoa—The Democratic Element in Italy a Snare and a Delusion—The New Treaty between the United States and Naples.

Well, after escaping from the robbers and the cholera, one has reason to be thankful for a sojourn in Genoa. It is beyond a doubt one of the most beautiful cities of Italy, and very properly called by the Italians "*Genoa la superba*." In architecturau grandeur it far surpasses any other city of Italy except Venice, and its republican spirit has not been quenched as that of Rome, Pisa and other cities mer commonwealths. Genoa, though sharing the vicissitudes of other Italian cities, has still preserved some of its ancient spirit, and is now at the very head of the movement part in Italy. It has been which are now but so many monumental ruins of for its good fortune to become a part of Savoy—the only State of Italy which seems to have a future—which has the courage and power to maintain its freedom.

I shall not trouble the readers of the HERALD with a description of the town, its sights, historical palaces, galleries, &c.—not even with the statue of Columbus—a mere modern creation—in the City Hall, his manuscripts and so forth and so forth. Almost any book on Italy contains more on these subjects than I have room to describe in one of my letters. What I propose to do is to give you an outline of what Genoa now is under the benign influence of an honest constitutional government. Savoy has been a military monarchy up to 1848, and in its own way as much of a despotism as all other Italian governments. An idea, however, has always prevailed in Turin that Savoy, or Sardinia, as it is now called, since the annexation of that island, has a mission to fulfil which is to unite Italy into one State by driving out the foreign despots who rule in Naples and Lombardy, Modena, Parma, &c., merely by the barbarous right of conquest. Though the Savoyards are scarcely Italians, and though they cannot boast of having contributed much to the arts and sciences of Italy, this consciousness of an historical calling has saved Sardinia and its people from that drowsy lethargy into which the other Italian States were plunged, up to the time of the first French revolution. Savoy gave signs of life—it maintained a certain degree of independence, and was always ready to take a part in the great questions which agitated Europe. The country was comparatively poor, but its people were robust, frugal and industrious, and made these virtues respected at home and abroad. In the midst of very great difficulties, and surrounded by powerful neighbors, Sardinia maintained its influence as an European Power; it was the only State of Italy which had a policy not dependant on others, and the will, if not the means, of entering on the road of national progress. It is a great fault of Mazzini and his followers, who really seem to be entirely inexperienced as to the practical working of liberal institutions, to undervalue the honest endeavors of the Sardinian government to establish something like a national nucleus in Italy, and especially the courage and honesty of the present King, who, in the midst of defeat and disasters, laid a very solid and, as I honestly believe, enduring basis of a constitutional government. Attacking the man who, after the re-establishment of Austria and the fall of the French republic, still adhered to his liberal convictions, still preferred being a constitutional king rather than an absolute despot, is not only ungrateful, but unwise. It is calculated to disgust the prince, who is really willing to sacrifice his own prerogatives to the national elevation of his subjects, and leaves to the liberal party no other hope of success but the very doubtful arbitration of the sword and popular insurrection. Under the present government Sardinia has taken rank among the States of Europe. It has obtained a rational constitutional government, democratic institutions, and absolute liberty of the press. If all Italy has not got similar institutions it is not the fault of Sardinia and its King, but of the position of things which makes Austria and France preponderate as European Powers in the affairs of Italy. A part, too, is undoubtedly the fault of the people—not of this or that period, but of centuries. And suppose Sardinia were now to be blotted out from the list of Italian States, what hopes would there be for the people for achieving their independence? Has the thing not been tried by Milan, by Naples, by Rome, by Venice, and failed through the intervention of France or Austria? In the present state of dismemberment of Italy, one of the other of the *disjecta membra* must necessarily take the lead; and whether the civilization of Piedmont is as old as that of Tuscany or Rome, in a stroke for national independence she alone has the power to accomplish anything.

Let us not forget what Metternich said of Italy, at the Congress of Vienna. "Italy," he said "is nothing but a geographical term, indicating an assemblage of States on the map of Europe." The history of the Italian States, unfortunately, corroborates this view; for the people of the different States of Italy, not to say towns, have never been accustomed to look upon each other as having interests in common, until the wars of the French Revolution. Even Napoleon, as King of Italy, did not subject the whole peninsula to his sceptre. The word "Italy" was for the first time used in a political sense by Murat, when, in his last extremity, he sought refuge under the national sentiment. There was, indeed, a man at a much earlier period in history who thought of the union of Italy, as a means of securing greatness and national independence; but when that man laid down his views, in his great work, "The Prince," so little were the Italians accustomed to look upon themselves as a nation, that they did not understand the author, and traduced both his work, his reputation as a patriot, and his memory as a statesman. Macchiavelli first, of all Italian statesmen, conceived the idea of the union of Italy under a great prince, who should have the power of putting down the city aristocracies, (which were the principal obstacles to that union,) and he laid down the principles on which such a prince ought to act, and what virtues he ought to possess to make himself cherished by the people. His work was looked upon as an attempt to overthrow the effete Italian commonwealths, (which have all since ingloriously perished, and which were, indeed, ripe for the reaper,) and to raise on their ruin the prince of the house of Medici. Italy did not heed the advice of this patriot statesman; it calumniated his policy, and fell a prey to foreign princes and despots. The fall of the republics was inevitable, as was the fall of the Roman republic at the time of Julius Cæsar; but the building that Macchiavelli would have raised in lieu of them was never attempted till 1848, when the architects failed from both want of design and proper material to build with. The changes introduced at that eventful period have all since again disappeared, with the exception of those wrought in Sardinia, where the King himself set the example of patriotic devotion to his people. The attempt to weaken his government now, to arrest the progress which it has made on the road to freedom, in order by a common misery and sense of woe to stimulate the people of all Italy to insurrection and revolt, without counting the means and chances of success, may suit the imagination of fiery youth, but has no claim to statesmanship, and scarcely to respect.

To give you an instance of the liberty of the press as it now exists in Sardinia, under a royal government, I quote from a paper called *Italia e Popolo* (Italy and the People) of the 5th December, now before me. It treats the question of the future of Italy in a manner completely to exclude Savoy and its King, by allotting the country a place in the Swiss confederation (where the King would, of course, be *functus officio*), then reminds the King that he too is a stranger in Italy, and can only dictate law as a "domestic tyrant:"—

"It is said that constitutional Piedmont might aid the other Italian provinces to achieve their independence, and to chase away the stranger. This is a soap bubble, such as Alphonse Karr speaks of, but no serious argument.

"Who is the stranger whom we must chase from Italy? Is it he of Modena, of Florence, of Venice, of Chambery, of Naples, or the cosmopolite of Rome? What is the meaning of 'a stranger in Italy?' Don't let us make this a question of citizenship, or of birth, for all have staid long enough in Italy to be considered Italians. Don't let us make it a question of language, for the Lords of Milan speak Italian, as those of Turin, and at the Palazzo Pitti (in Florence) better Italian is spoken than at the Castello (the King's palace at Turin). Perhaps the Austrian Lord is the stranger because he possesses Vienna and other provinces not Italian? And yet it seems that the Savoyard dynasty possessed Chambery, and that there is upon the map a province not Italian, called 'Savoy.' * * * If the nationality of Italian dynasties depends on their estates and armies being exclusively Italian, that of Turin has less right than that of Naples. If it depends on relationship, who more than that of Savoy is connected with the House of Hapsburg? The Lord of Naples was never an imperial servant. * * * All the dynasties into which Italy is divided are the work of foreign conquest, they established themselves by conquest, and maintained themselves by it. The French and Spanish tyranny has a good right to be called domestic; because it became nationalized with the conquest of the national union. In Italy monarchy has not only been incapable of establishing a union, but it has always been opposed to it, and has impeded its foundation, because the Italian union would put an end to the dominion of the stranger. Thus tyranny has never become domestic tyranny in Italy—it remained the tyranny of the stranger. If it be objected that we are too severe in our judgment on the ruling family, it will suffice to quote few of its most illustrious names, which by its partisans are especially claimed as Italians. Thomas Philbert and Eugene of Savoy, were generals in Austrian pay."

These few extracts of the leading Mazzini paper in Genoa will suffice to give you an idea of the scope of his partizans. One would suppose that it was an Italian Know Nothing sheet, instigating the people to proscribe the foreign dynasty, which, soberly considered, is the only one worth a button in all Italy. But the best comment to this childish violence, and at the same time the best defence of the King, is the fact that such things may be printed and publicly sold here in Genoa by newsboys—characters whom I had not known since I left New York—without either disturbing the public peace or diminishing the respect for the ruling dynasty. Before the people of Sardinia throw away what they have got, they will look to what they are likely to receive instead of it.

I am one of the last men to despair of a people or a nation. I believe in its recuperative faculties, and I believe especially in the capacity of the Italians to live under a respectable government, a united—nay, more, a great nation. A people with such a language, such a literature, such historical reminiscences, and such a taste for the sublime and beautiful in poetry, in story, and in the arts, cannot lack the elements of regeneration. But with my best wishes and my highest regard for Italy, I have not been able to discover those elements of democratic power here or in other cities of Italy—and I have been here before, and have sojourned in "the garden of the world"—as would justify the hope that the union of Italy can be established by democratic means. Not that the democratic element is not necessary to the success of that union; but that, by itself, it is not strong enough to accomplish its ends. Sismondi has very properly said that the Italians have always been able to master their own tyrants; but there are other tyrants, not Italians, whom they have not been able to master, because they were no match for the physical power brought to bear against them. The democratic element in Italy, though devoted and patriotic, is not strong enough to cope with the aristocratic elements and the foreign despots at the same time, leagued as both are with the power of the church within. Aristocracies have always first been broken down by a single ruler, before civil rights could be guaranteed to the people. Philip the Handsome, Louis the Eleventh and Cardinal Richelieu had first to establish the unity of France and break down the power of the nobles before the revolution of 1789 could do its work, and the British commonwealth would have been a mere ideal conception, without the levelling work of Henry the Seventh. Italy, as far as its national union is concerned, is at this moment not better off than at the close of the fifteenth century, when Macchiavelli wrote his "Principe." At that time the "Medici" were fully looked to as the only family that might successfully undertake the task of breaking down the municipal aristocracies of the cities, and unite the different States into a powerful empire. Such a task cannot now reasonably devolve on the lord of Tuscany, nor can it be expected from Naples. What, then, is left to build the hope of national union upon, if not Sardinia, with its liberal institutions, and its brave army of sturdy mountaineers? Even now liberal institutions could not be maintained in Sardinia herself, against the aristocracy and the clergy, but for the firm will of the King and the honest and good men with whom he has surrounded his throne. There are men who, like Mazzini, believe in political nostrums, applicable to all countries in all ages and conditions. I believe in specific remedies for specific cases.

The King of Sardinia has met with a splendid reception in Paris and London, and the people of Sardinia feel that the honor reflects also upon the nation. There is, however, a feeling here, as in Paris and London, that the war is drawing to a close and a desire that it may not be deceptive. I believe my advices as regards the peace movement in Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg have reached the HERALD before they found their way to the London press; and that, though a mere traveler, my information has been quite as correct as any you might have received through official sources.

The war bubble between the United States and Great Britain has already blown over. No sensible man on this side of the water believed in the sincerity of the administration at Washington, or was frightened by the bullying letters of Mr. Attorney General Cushing. If, as a leading European paper has lately expressed it, the Lord has taken care that the trees do not grow up into heaven, He has also had a care not to allow shrubs to grow into trees.

The Italian papers have just published the text of the treaty concluded by Mr. Robert Dale Owen on behalf of the United States with the government (such as it is) of the Two Sicilies. The gist of the treaty is, that free ships shall make free goods. F. F. J.

Our Pisa Correspondence.

PISA, Dec. 12, 1855.

Political History of Tuscany—Its Present Condition that of an Advanced Austrian Post in Italy—The Press in Tuscany as Compared with that of Sardinia—Gratification Experienced by the Sardinian People at the Enthusiastic Reception of their King in England and France—The Probabilities of Peace Reviewed.

I have seen nothing in Tuscany so emblematical of the condition of the government as the Leaning Tower of this city—a thing that every one looks upon as a wonder, because, with its tendency to fall, it still resists the laws of universal gravity. Tuscany is one of the most flourishing States of Italy, compared with Naples, Sicily, Modena, Parma, Piacenza, &c., but it exhibits no strength and no capacity for improvement. The inhabitants of Tuscany, even under the flourishing Medici, were more industrious than warlike; they aimed at wealth only, and hence fell an easy prey to the martial spirit of their northern neighbors. Mere trades people form but poor materials to recruit armies from, neither are they considered by themselves the best custodians of public liberty. I shall not detain you with reflections on the history of the Italian republics of the middle ages, but I cannot help adverting to the circumstance that the people of Tuscany, after having several masters, were at last traded off by France for the Duchy of Lorraine, by which bargain France became consolidated, the Duchy of Lorraine having separated the Province of Alsace from the rest of France, while Austria, to whom Tuscany was traded off, gained by it nothing but an appanage, for one of its younger princes. The treaty stipulated that the ruling Emperor of Austria should never be at the same time Grand Duke of Tuscany. Emperor Leopold and Emperor Francis of Austria were born in Tuscany and are Tuscan princes, but when succeeding to the throne of Austria surrendered the Dukedom to the *fils* cadet of the family. The Grand Duke of Tuscany is nevertheless far more proud of his imperial descent than of his dukedom; for in all public documents he styles himself Imperial Prince of Austria, Royal Prince of Hungary and Bohemia, after which comes the title of Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The allotment of Tuscany to an Imperial Prince of Austria has had great influence on the political condition of the Duchy, which was thus made to share all the vicissitudes of the House of Hapsburg and all the consequences of its foreign and domestic policy, without sharing the advantages of union with a great confederation of States. It received Austrian conservatism second hand, while as a frontier post, it was, more than other provinces of Austria, exposed to the revolutionary influences which, ever since the first French revolution, have agitated the Italian peninsula. The Grand Dukes have generally been good natured, humane princes; but since the revolution of 1848, the paternal Grand Ducal government has yielded to one of a more positive, though far less liberal character, as a means of resisting the tendency of the age. Tuscany has become merely an advanced Austrian post in Italy—an apendage to the kingdom of Lombardy and Venice. The police has become more vigilant, the censorship more oppressive—even as regards books, and among them the book of books, the Bible; while the physical condition of the people has suffered from disease, stagnation of trade and bad harvests. Compared to Sardinia, Tuscany is plunged into complete inanity, with no signs whatever of popular movement, and no aspiration that is not sanctioned by the police. Neither is there any considerable under-current visible, indicating a national direction of the public mind, so that it may truly be said Tuscany is the most quiet and contented State of all Italy.

The reason of this quiet, however, is easily understood. In Lombardy and Venice the revolution has been put down by the iron hand of Radetzki; and if Lombardy and Venice were unable to resist Austrian arms, there can be no hope for Tuscany. The Grand Duke, as an Austrian prince, will always be able to dispose of the whole power of the empire to crush any popular movement in his own State; and it must be admitted that the internal administration of Tuscany, though deficient in any substantial progress, is still so much superior to that of the Papal States adjoining Tuscany, or to that of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, that the people have reason to be thankful that their lot has not been cast further south among the Romans or Neapolitans. If the despotism of Naples were an honest despotism, like that of Russia; if the government of Rome were even as honestly administered as that of Russia, the agents of Mazzini would not succeed in fomenting troubles. It is only with chronic diseases that quacks may tamper with impunity.

Here in Tuscany one can realize the vast strides in advance Sardinia has taken among all the Italian States. And whether the dynasty of the House of Savoy is purely Italian or French, it cannot be denied that it has taken the lead on the road to progress. In one country there is absolute liberty of the press, with every manifestation on the part of the conductors of the press to use that boon with moderation and discretion; in the other, you find that species of public indifference in regard to all questions concerning the State which can easily dispense with newspapers altogether. In the public houses at Leghorn I found no papers, except such as were read by strangers; and when in one of the principal coffee houses—the *Café Americano*—I asked for the *Journal des Débats*, which was brought to me from some dark hiding place, I found to my discomfort that I had become an object of some surprise and attraction. There is, however, a good reading room in that city, where for a *paulo* I could read the *Times* and London *Punch*; and as a special *bonne bouche*, the New York *Courier and Enquirer* of 1st of May last. The extreme liberty enjoyed by that establishment is probably owing to its high entrance fee, which precludes the ordinary inhabitants of the city from indulging in such choice literature. What little privilege of motion is enjoyed here is in the nature of a special allowance to foreigners; but they are taxed in every possible way, for being thus made the objects of a governmental exculpation.

Of a republican spirit I have seen nothing in Tuscany, neither among the higher nor lower classes, though I once passed a whole year in Florence. On the contrary, no people in Europe seem to me to be more thoroughly accustomed to, and satisfied with, monarchy than the Tuscans. Republican sentiments must first be instilled into these people before they can be expected to cherish republican freedom; nor do I see the materials with which and on which to work in such a process. It seems to me that the Florentine spirit was never ultra-republican, and that a national Italian sentiment never existed either in Pisa or Florence, except in the heart of the historical genius, Macchiavelli, who was so far ahead of his time, that his countrymen did not even understand him. The principal merit of Florence still consists in having furnished Dante, the poet of exile and of hell, the chief characters for his Divine Comedy. If the Italian patriots wait till the people of Tuscany rise to shake off the Austrian yoke, they will descend to the grave without seeing their hopes realized. The Tuscans did not share in any of the great movements that agitated the Italian peninsula, and to this day pride themselves more on their superior civilization, language and appreciation of the arts, than on being an integral part of the Italian nation. You can realize here more easily than anywhere else in Italy, that Metternich was right when he said that the word Italy was merely a geographical term, conveying no political meaning, and that that which exists in the minds of a few poets, literati, or men of superior education, requires yet years of apprenticeship and experience before it can ripen into anything like national consciousness.

The best thing, the providential thing for Italy is the present liberal government of Sardinia, under a sovereign who is not likely to take back what he has promised to his people and to the world. He that does aught either to lessen the confidence of that prince in his people, or of his people in their constitutional sovereign, is, in my opinion, a traitor to the cause of Italy, or a man so devoid of political judgment as to be utterly incompetent to conduct a national newspaper, much less a national movement. There is no hope for Italy, in her present condition, but in the example of Sardinia, and in the increased power and influence of that state. The Italians have not only to learn a great deal, but they must also forget much of their former history, their former laws and institutions, their prejudices and mutual hatreds, to be able to unite—not again, but once—since the name of Italy appeared on the maps, as the people of a common country. Italy has not to go through one, she has to go through twenty revolutions to effect such a change in public sentiment, and who shall say that these twenty revolutions will be successful, and that, when accomplished, they shall not fail of their common object?

The people of Sardinia have been much pleased with the reception their King has met with in England, and the papers dwell upon that circumstance with much greater complaisancy than on the attention shown him in France. His reception in France was more of an official nature, the honor done him due to his rank and station. In England the people and the press vied with each other in expressing their approbation of his course as a constitutional sovereign and a firm and impartial ruler. The Sardinian press has laid great stress on these manifestations, which contains, to say the least, a negative criticism on the state of public liberty in France. The French press, without noticing the fact, has nevertheless ventured to predict an amelioration of things in France, and the *Journal des Débats* went even so far as to hint that after the conclusion of peace, the French nation, who was willing to make great sacrifices in a great national emergency, may reasonably expect a partial revival of that *régime* under which it has lived for forty years, and which it has not yet forgotten, in spite of the pressure of the times and the glory that attaches itself to the national arms. The conclusion of peace would, indeed, serve the cause of freedom more than the continuance of the war. The manner in which the Emperor of the French conducted the war has won for him the good opinion of the conservative party in Europe, and concluded his peace with all the sovereigns, including that of Russia. It is time now that he should do something to secure the confidence not only of the French, but of the people of Europe; and in this he can only succeed by introducing some substantial changes in his mode of government. Let the measures which for the most part have been found discreet and salutary remain, but let the *modus operandi* be changed; let the Chambers be a lightning rod, through which the ambitious talent and that activity which is inseparable from capacity may be conducted harmlessly to the ground, instead of striking the edifice of state and producing periodical conflagrations. A people which has reached that state of civilization to which the French have attained cannot continue to be governed by absolutism without deteriorating in strength and capacity, and declining as a nation. The 2d of December may have had its stern requirements, but that time is now past. The nation has given the Emperor strong proofs of its confidence and attachment, and is well deserving of his confidence in return. I believe that these things have been considered in the Tuileries, and that the suggestions thrown out in some of the Paris papers are not without some degree of official sanction.

France and all Europe want peace; and the people want it now more than their sovereigns. When the Emperor Napoleon appealed to the public opinion of Europe in his speech at the close of the Paris Exhibition, he knew sufficiently the weight of that opinion on the respective governments. He knew that public securities could not be multiplied forever in Germany, Prussia, Austria, and even Russia, without destroying public confidence in the governments, and that the people, who have to pay the interest of the accumulated debt, cannot continue to do so with the avenues of trade and industry choked up in every direction.

Austria, who desires peace as much as France, is again active in procuring an approbation of her conduct by the Germanic Diet at Frankfort; but fearing to be thwarted by Prussia, she herself has instigated the smaller States of Germany to memorialize Russia on the subject. Prussia, too, is, as I informed you in my last, actively at work in softening down the pretensions of Russia, and so peace will either be concluded, or the Allied Powers, and especially France, will reopen the campaign in the spring, justified, in a very large degree, by the public judgment of Europe. That judgment, you may well conceive, will be an element of power, and Louis Napoleon is not the man to forget to use it. Should he then make a move in a popular direction, he will conjure up different spirits from those over whom he has hitherto exercised such absolute control.

The Russian organ, *Le Nord*, published at Brussels, attempts to deride the hopes of peace expressed in the French and German papers; but it does so in a manner not absolutely to exclude such an event. The London *Times* imitates the same warlike tones, with the same restrictions in certain cases; while stocks are going up, not only in Paris and London, but in Vienna and Berlin, where, until lately, the most gloomy feelings governed the Stock Exchange. In view of all these facts, and the positive information I have from Paris and Vienna, I again repeat my predictions of a speedy peace. F. J. G.

Our Vienna Correspondence.

VIENNA, Dec. 17, 1855.

Opinions in Vienna on the New Peace Negotiations—The Subscriptions to the Austrian Credit Mobilier—Extraordinary Success of the Scheme—Reported Departure of Reschid Pacha from Constantinople for Vienna and Paris—His Mission Said to be Connected with the New Negotiations—Pranks of the Bashi Bazouks at Smyrna—Accident to the Empress of Austria—Court News, &c.

Since I last wrote to you there has been a great deal going on in diplomatic circles. Austria has been negotiating with France and England upon the basis of such peace propositions as the former Power is willing to insist upon at St. Petersburg—be this hereafter in the shape of an ultimatum or otherwise. It appears that difficulties had to be overcome, especially in England, before the said three great Powers could agree upon the tenor of these propositions, involving, as it were, their joint action. We now learn that a perfect undertanding has been finally arrived at, and that Count Valentine Esterhazy, the Austrian ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg, left here last night for the Russian capital, taking with him full and ample powers to open earnest peace negotiations at St. Petersburg upon the basis of the joint understanding come to by Austria and the allies. It now remains to be seen with what success these negotiations will be conducted. Opinions vary hereon. In certain political circles it is averred that Russia will now be the more inclined to give way, since the military honor of her arms has been saved by the victorious reduction of Kars. And doubtless if Russia bows to the superiority of the Allies in a moment of victory, it may fairly be said that her dignity is fully secured. But many persons opine that on account of this very victory the war party in Russia will assuredly leave nothing undone to prevent the Emperor Alexander from lending a willing ear to peace propositions satisfactory to the Western Powers. You are probably aware that the terms of peace which England, France and Austria are supposed to have agreed upon, are reported to be the following: The Black Sea is to be declared neutral territory, open for merchantmen of all flags, but closed to the ships of war of all nations. All the Russian strongholds in the Black Sea are to be reduced, and a certain portion of Russian territory on the Lower Danube is to be ceded and annexed to the Danubian Principalities for the purpose of satisfactorily securing the free navigation of the Danube. I have reason to believe that this version is entitled to credit, although, of course, I cannot vouch for its entire correctness. The question of the war expenses, I am given to understand, remains at present in abeyance. It has been very pithily remarked that the fall of Kars, mainly attributable to the blameable negligence of the Porte in not sending ample reinforcements and provisions for the relief of that ill-fated garrison, will be the touchstone that will test the value of those hopes of a speedy peace in which Europe has been somewhat remarkably indulging for some weeks past. Russia's sincerity, in entertaining the propositions that will be now offered to her, will soon be got at. Nor must sight be lost of the fact that, besides Prussia, also Bavaria, Saxony, and one or two other of the minor German States, have latterly coalesced in strongly urging upon Russia the necessity of a pacific policy. All these endeavors for the restoration of peace, will, doubtless, carry their due weight with them at St. Petersburg. At all events, we may expect, in the course of the present winter, to hear a great deal more of pacific negotiations.

The past week was a very busy one in Vienna. Public attention was almost exclusively absorbed by the subscriptions that were opened at the National Bank for 75,000 shares, at 200 florins each, of the Austrian Credit-Mobilier. The founders of this new credit institution had resolved, as previously reported to you, to let the public thus participate in the profits of their future operations, to the extent of fifteen millions of florins—of one-fourth of their present working capital. But such has been the extraordinary interest manifested by the public in this new undertaking, that up to Saturday evening, the 15th instant, at 6 P. M., when the subscriptions were closed, 644,666,000 florins were subscribed by 25,076 separate parties. This proves beyond doubt the extraordinary degree of favorable opinion which commercial men throughout the continent of Europe entertain of the probable success of this new institution. Of course these subscriptions were not limited to Austria, but came also from France, Prussia, Holland, Belgium, and other continental States. At the same time it is worthy of remark that, during the whole of last week, many thousand individuals of the poorer classes literally beleagured the doors of the bank by day and night, for the purpose of securing admission to the subscription rooms, and there to make application for smaller amounts, either for themselves or for those by whom they were hired. This circumstance led to a good deal of confusion, and the police had enough to do to maintain order. But it is satisfactory to be enabled to say that no disturbances took place, although it was impossible to avoid a certain amount of abuse with the certificates of subscription for single shares, the more so as there is a notion abroad that, whilst the larger subscriptions can hardly calculate upon more than 2½ per cent in the final apportionment, the subscriptions for single shares will enjoy an exclusively favorable consideration, for the sake of the popularity of such a measure.

We hear from Constantinople that reports were current in that capital, at the departure of the last Levantine mail, to the effect that Reschid Pasha, the Turkish Plenipotentiary at the conference of Vienna, was making preparations for undertaking a journey to the courts of Vienna and Paris. His mission was understood to be in connection with the negotiations now in course for the restoration of peace.

Prince Calimachi is said to have been nominated to the post of Ottoman ambassador, in the place of Arif Pasha. The imperial firman had not as yet been completed, nor will it be finished until M. Brockerst Von Orten shall have been consulted respecting the opinions of the Cabinet of Vienna on the subject.

From Smyrna, we learn that the Bashi Bazouks have on a late occasion made themselves somewhat conspicuous there, and afforded thereby a topic of conversation which will break the monotony of Smyrna life for some considerable time to come. It appears that one hundred and eighty of these eccentric fellows, belonging to the Anglo-Turkish corps, arrived off Smyrna from Beyroot on the 30th ult. Having nothing to do, and no opportunity of displaying their gallantry towards the fair sex, for which they have rendered themselves so famous, they fell to bullying a number of Greeks whom fortune, in a somewhat capricious mood, had appointed to be their fellow travellers. The captain, endeavor-