NEWS FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE INDIAN AT FARTHER POINT

FOUR DAYS LATER NEWS.

Our London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Genoa and Florence Correspondence.

VERY LATE FROM CHINA.

The Losses of the Chinese at the Battle of Taku.

IMPORTANT RUSSIAN DESPATCH FROM PEKIN.

The Reported Arrival and Confinement of Mr Ward, the American Minister, at Pekin.

The French Force to be Sent to China.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

Resumption of the Zurich Conferences.

THE PROBABILITIES OF A TREATY.

The Proposed Congress and the Probable English and Austrian Representatives.

Doubts as to the Departure of the Great Eastern This Month.

THE SAN JUAN DIFFICULTY.

Another Soothing Article in the London Times.

STATE OF THE MARKETS,

&c., &c., &c.

The steamship Indian, from Liverpool, at 11 o'clock on the morning of the 28th ult., passed Farther Point at half past three o'clock yesterday afternoon, and will reach Quebec about five o'clock to-morrow morning.

Her dates are four days later than those already received.

The steamship City of Washington was also to sail from Liverpool for New York on the 28th, and the steamship Ariel was to leave Southampton for the same destination on the following day.

The steamship Africa, from New York, arrived at Liverpool at seven o'clock on the morning of the 25th ult.

The American ship Charles Buck, nearly loaded for Liverpool, was burnt at Bombay on the 23d of August. She was a total loss.

The ship Benefactor, from Foo-chow-foo for New York, had put back for a survey, having been ashore.

It was stated that the Zurich Conference was again progressing.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says, that the task of the Plenipotentiaries has been diminished by despatches from Vienna, and that it is believed the conferences will be terminated in a few days unless fresh instructions should be received. The amended programme is stated to be as follows:—A definitive treaty of peace will be signed by the three Powers, when another treaty will be drawn up, by which Austria will cede Lombardy to France, who will make it over to Sardinia. The most difficult point in the double transfer is the debt, and on this head it is believed Austria will moderate her demands. Documents will be brought up respecting the Italian Confederation, the restoration of the Dukes, and other unsettled questions, but they can only be signed by the Austrian and French Plenipotentiaries, as Sardinia utterly rejects the restoration of the Dukes, and will not agree to a Confederation under the present circumstances.

Spain has requested to be represented should a Congress take place.

The gossips of Paris and Brussels state that Prince Albert will represent England, and the Archduke Maximilian Austria, at the proposed Congress at Brussels.

The repairs on the Great Eastern were going forward actively at Portland, but it was considered doubtful whether the ship could be got ready for sea during the month of October. The fittings and all matters connected with her sea going equipment had been placed entirely in the hands of the marine department of the Board of Trade, and this, it was supposed, would increase the expected delay. It was thought probable that in a few days the ship would proceed to Southampton for convenience of receiving materials from London and for the gratification of excursionists, who continued to visit her in thousands.

The telegraph cable between Malta and Sicily had been successfully laid, and business had commenced upon it.

The London *Times* has another editorial on the new boundary difficulty with the United States. It laments that the former treaty should have left any pretext for the question which has arisen, and says that is a case for the earliest possible settlement. It points out the absurdity of going to war for so trivial a matter, but argues that England must nevertheless assert her rights, if they are plain. The article concludes with a description of the intimate commercial and other relations existing between the two countries, and laments the effects that war would have upon both.

Thomas Persse has been formally approved as a United States Consul at Galway.

The official gazette contains an order extending the time for the payment of bounties to seaman until the 30th of November.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science has terminated its annual session at Aberdeen. The members, to the number of 200, were entertained by the Queen at Balmoral.

Earl Derby had carried out his threat to clear his Doon estate, in Ireland, so far as to have every tenant served with a formal notice to quit. The incentive, it will be remembered, was the difficulty experienced in tracing out a murderer, and the conviction that——

The remainder of the news by the Indian will be found on the third page.

Our London Correspondence.

LONDON, Sept. 23, 1859.

The New York Herald and the San Juan Island Dispute—Opinion and Tone of the Press—Good Effects of Mr. Buchanan's Policy—The China War and Its Difficulties—The Sir John Franklin Discoveries—Crowds Still Run to See the Great Eastern—Scott Russell's Explanations of the Late Disaster—She Will Make a Seven Days' Trip to Portland—Is the Italian Question Settled?—End of the Trade Strike—City Life Very Dull—Chilly Weather—Theatrical Preparations, &c.

Numerous quotations from the HERALD have been made here the past week on the subject of the new boundary dispute between the two countries. The uniform tone of the journals has been moderate and friendly, presenting a striking contrast to the manner in which such topics were handled by the press in this country in former years. It is the settled and universal wish of the people of England to cultivate the most intimate and kindly relations with the United States, and consequently both the press and government now a days seek by their language and acts to give expression to the national sentiment. Not the least apprehension, therefore, is entertained of any prolonged misunderstanding between the two governments, and great confidence is expressed here in the ability and moderation of the President, whose cautious and astute policy thus far has made a strong impression in this country. The Washington correspondence of the HERALD, per Vanderbilt, was published in all the journals yesterday, and its semi-official tone commanded attention. The absence of any harsh or irritating expressions, coupled with the statement that the President was fully master of all the details of the subject, deepened the general belief in an early and mutually satisfactory adjustment of the dispute.

There is a rumor afloat that the Chinese governmen have offered ample atonement for the late outrage committed on the Peiho, but it lacks confirmation. The Celestials are no doubt in lively apprehension of the terrible vengeance that will be wreaked upon them by France and England, and nothing that subtlety or stratagem can effect but will be ingeniously employed to stay the storm. Nothing positive has yet leaked out as to the intentions of the Allies. No expedition is ordered, and a singular mystery shrouds the intentions of both governments. It seems taken for granted that if England should employ a military force, she will make use of the abundant and well disciplined forces of India, instead of sending out the raw levies picked up by the recruiting sergeant in country towns. It is thought and admitted here that both the English Minister and Admiral were too precipitate in their movements on the Peiho; yet the condign punishment of these crafty barbarians is considered on all sides an imperative necessity.

The sad tidings of poor Sir John Franklin's fate are published this morning, and will be widely read in the States, where the interest in his heroic efforts and probable destruction has been as deep and ardent as in this country. All doubt is now removed of his unhappy end, and it is to be hoped that any further attempt to struggle with the gloomy mysteries of these lifeless and impenetrable regions will be scouted at as impracticable and absurd.

The Great Eastern continues, in spite of her late disaster, to be an object of universal curiosity. Her decks are encumbered the live-long day by vast crowds from all parts of the country, who flock to her present abiding place at considerable expense and inconvenience merely to contemplate her majestic proportions and speculate on her future achievements. An admission fee is demanded, and the receipts reach the large sum of $2,500 daily. The inquest of the jury, who sought to investigate the causes of the late accident, has not disappointed any one. No other verdict was possible. The evidence, however, was most conflicting; but no doubt is entertained here that Scott Russell, the maker of the paddle engines, has been guilty of the grosse's shuffling, in seeking to elude the responsibility that attaches to him. Several letters have appeared in the *Times* from persons present, which prove indisputably that he was in sole charge of his own engines from the starting of the Great Eastern up to the time of the accident. This he at first denied, under oath, but in yesterday's journals he seeks to explain that he was only partially in charge of them. His reputation as a machinist and a straightforward man is seriously compromised and he will be held answerable in the public mind, for the fate of the unfortunate stokers. All traces of the late misfortune are rapidly disappearing, and the mammoth vessel will soon be "newly caparisoned" for the race. She is advertised again to start for the United States, and the 20th of October is the memorable day selected. If, however, care and vigilance can prevent further accident, you may safely count upon hearing of her arrival in Portland on the seventh day from England; but less anxiety is expressed here as to her speed than as to the promised immunity from sea sickness. Should this miracle really be one of the results of her enormous bulk, then may we certainly expect to see her colossal decks swarming with hordes of travellers that the dreaded nausea of a sea voyage has hitherto kept at home. It is stated that the recent *contretemps* has sensibly diminished the ardor of many enterprising individuals who originally meant to have a ride in the Great Eastern and a peep at Yankee land at one blow and for the same money. It is thought now that hundreds will reconsider so feasible a project, and calmly abide at home the results of the first great trial trip across the Atlantic.

The news from the Continent to-day is of a very tranquilizing character, but what it is founded on is known only to those sagacious pundits, the stockbrokers. They declare the Italian question is settled, but they sensibly forbear to explain in what manner. The French Emperor seems firmly resolved to settle it after his own fashion, and not call in the officious aid of a congress. It is, by all odds, the knottiest point he has ever undertaken to solve; but he has quietly overcome so many difficulties that people here seem quite persuaded that he is adequate to the occasion. Certain it is, that the funds in Paris and London remain firm on this supposition.

The strike of the operative builders is approaching its final phase. Large numbers of workmen, wearied by idleness and annoyed at the loss of their daily gains, which average about $1 25 per day, have signed the pledge not to join any trades unions hereafter, and returned to their work. Some thousands of the more refractory still remain on strike, and to supply their places the master builders are importing workmen from the provinces. If this is successful, it would be a fatal blow to the London operatives, and they are making desperate efforts, by persuasion and menaces, to prevent the men that daily arrive from joining the masters against them. They surround the railway stations in great members, and beslege their new rivals as they come in with earnest entreaties not to combine with "capital" against "labor." In some cases they carry off their converts in triumph, but in others they fail. There is little doubt that the common sense of the workmen generally is beginning to operate, and they are waking up to the plain fact that they are only the dupes of certain designing rogues, who derive a fat living out of their credulity by playing chairmen and secretaries of trades unions, which are only got up to furnish them with salaries. There is not the least attempt to disturb public order, which would end by the chairmen and secretaries being locked up in jail, to the great advantage of the working class they prey upon.

September is usually the dullest month of the year in London, and this year the hegira has been universal. The splendid harvest and prosperous condition of the country have inspired a general relish for a "bit of fun" in some direction, and a majority of the middle class have followed their betters and abandoned London for a time to its fate. Yet a stranger would hardly have suspected such a wholesale desertion from its crowded thoroughfares, that, like the ocean, never shows any diminution that may befall them. The autumn weather is setting in, and clouded skies and chilly nights give token that holiday weather is gone. The Cockneys are taking the hint, and signs of renewed animation are appearing in the "city" and West End.

The theatres, too, temporarily closed at this time of year, are painting up their exteriors, and elaborate preparations are announced for their early reopening, for all which enticing matter "see the bills" on a future occasion.

Our Paris Correspondence.

PARIS, Sept. 19, 1859.

Sunday in Paris—Hospital de la Pitie—Jardin des Plantes—Pere la Chaise—Cheap Living in Paris—Cheap Bill of Fare—"Pain à Discretion"—Short Crop in Burgundy, &c., &c.

Your regular correspondent keeps you so thoroughly posted upon all matters of current news which centre in Paris, that it seems almost superogatory for an "outsider" to write you from here; and yet there are so many phases of Parisian life, so many things strange, funny and admirable in Paris, which it is impossible for one engaged in keeping himself familiar with the great events now transpiring to find time to attend to, that perhaps you will not consider it presumptuous in me, who have more leisure, to drop you an occasional line, treating not upon politics, diplomacy and war, but upon lighter matters of interest in this curiosity shop of the world.

The HERALD has always occupied an advanced position on the side of the laboring people of the great cities, whom Parisian bigotry would seek to prevent from getting a breath of fresh air, and a sight of green fields and trees and blue sky and sparkling water, on the only day of the week which they can call their own. Here you know they have no "Sunday laws," and, according to the ideas of the straight-laced, aristocratic Christians, who ride to church in their carriages, while they would prevent the rail cars from running, the Sabbath is "broken" into frightfully small pieces in Paris, and this city is often cited as an example of the terrible consequences of a non-observance of the first day of the week. Last Sunday being a clear, sunny day, and the manner in which it was spent by the majority of the people here affording a fair sample of the way in which fine Sundays are usually passed, I thought that it might not be uninteresting to your readers to know what even such an humble individual as myself saw and did on Sunday last, that they may judge whether it is so very horrible after all, the manner in which Sunday is spent in this land "without the Sabbath."

In the morning at eleven o'clock I went to the American chapel and listened to a very edifying sermon, and saw a large number of nice looking American ladies and gentlemen, and contributed two francs toward the "stated preaching." In going back to my hotel I saw thousands of neat looking people pouring out of the churches, whither they had been to derive spiritual consolation, and I should never have suspected, from their appearance, that they belonged to the army of his Satanic Majesty, and were, as part of his forces, employed to break the Lord's day. And yet these same people went from church into the various public gardens and squares of Paris, or mounted the cars for Versailles or St. Cloud, or rode on the omnibuses out among the beautiful suburbs, or strolled through the museum and galleries of art, which are all open on Sunday so that the people, whose whole time during the week is devoted to labor, may see these wonderful works as well as the upper classes, who have nothing to do.

After lunch I took a walk with a friend towards the Jardin des Plantes. On our way we stopped at the door of the Hospital de la Pitie, and seeing people going in, we followed them. And here we walked through the wards of this immense asylum for the sick, where they are gratuitously furnished with the best medical attendance, and nursed and watched over by the Sisters (angels they ought to be called) of Mercy. And here, on this Sabbath, which is the general visiting day, there was scarcely a sick man's bed which was not surrounded by friends, mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts who were administering consolation to the pale and worn sufferers, in the form of kind words and pleasant smiles, and cheerful faces, and sometimes in the more substantial one of wine and little niceties which they had been allowed to bring in with them. Surely, I thought, such a breakage of the Sabbath as this cannot be supposed to entail any very serious consequences; and yet the bigoted spirit which would pen up the workman on Sunday in the narrow streets and stifling air of a hot city, would doubtless equally object to making it the day for thus visiting the sick in their affliction.

In the Jardin des Plantes were thousands of people, principally of the working classes, admiring the works of the Creator, in the beautiful flowers and shady trees and wonderful creatures which he has made, all looking happy and thankful for the return of this day, which is to them literally a "day of rest" and relaxation from the cares and labors of the week. From here we went out to the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, which was crowded with people, come to visit the graves of the loved and lost. It is a beautiful custom, keeping alive pleasant memories of the departed, this going to the graves of friends on the Sabbath, as we would go to altars, and strewing flowers upon them, and making the burial ground a pleasant, cheerful place, instead of the desolate, ghost-like spot it too often is among us.

After dinner I went into the garden of the Palais Royal, where a military band was discoursing most excellent music to a crowd of quiet, orderly and delighted people. In the evening I went out among the working people beyond the barriere Mont Parnasse, and here they were having lots of fun in the way of dancing and music and puppet shows; "in short," as Micawber would say, "enjoying themselves, and having a good time generally." Twenty thousand people, it is said, went to St. Cloud, it being the second Sunday of the annual *fête* held there. Thousands more strolled among the shady labyrinths of the Bois de Boulogne, or sat under the trees of the Champs Elysees. Sunday here seems to be emphatically the laboring people's day, and giving them an opportunity thus to enjoy it seems to be attended with the happiest results. There was no rowdyism, no drunkenness or disorder to be seen anywhere, but all appeared determined to compass the largest amount of reasonable enjoyment into the smallest posible space of time, and thus prepare themselves for the labors of the coming week. This is my experience and observation of a Parisian Sunday, and I must say that although educated in the "strictest, straightest sect," I not only saw nothing in it to shock me, but everything to please. Those whose notions of "Sabbath breaking" are hopelessly mixed with ideas of drunkenness, noise and riot and debauchery, which they seem to think must be the necessary attendants, cannot, of course, understand the quiet and peaceable character of the Sundays in Paris.

I received a letter a few weeks since asking for some information as to the cost of living in Paris, and I presume such information might be of interest to numbers of your readers in different parts of the country, who hope at some day to visit this king of cities, but who have been heretofore partly deterred by the expense. Now, I have been trying some experiments in cheap living recently, and as "how cheaply," and not "how expensively can a man live in Paris?" is the question to be answered, I will give you the result of my experience in trying to live at as little expense as possible, and at the same time live like a white man and a Christian. Soon after receiving my friend's letter I left the "Grand Hotel," where I was paying six francs a day for my room, and went across the Seine, among the students, where I engaged a very respectably sized and furnished room for thirty francs a month. To be sure, it was on the fourth floor; but then, that gave me the benefit of the air after I got to it, and the exercise in going to it. In the street just below my house was a neat little "cremerii," where you get the universal Paris breakfast, a large cup of coffee, with rich hot milk and a roll, for the reasonable sum of five sous. This establishment secured my undivided custom for several days' breakfasts. For the second breakfast, the "*dejeuner a la fourchette*," I patronized a traiteur, just beyond. Now a traiteur is not, as his title might seem to indicate to one not familiar with the language, a blood-thirsty, unpatriotic enemy of his country and his king, but an accommodating individual, who keeps a cookshop, and who keeps chops and steaks ready cooked, or who will allow you to select one to suit you from his stock of provisions, and cook it for you before your face. For seven sous he will furnish you with a nice chop, and another sou laid out at the baker's provides you with a roll, and completes your breakfast, which you transport to your room and eat. If you are fond of the juice of the grape, a very respectable article of Burgundy or Bordeaux may be had at a neighboring wine merchant's for from sixty centimes to one franc the litre (from forty-eight cents to a dollar a gallon) and a glass of which, added to the chop and bread, makes a sumptuous breakfast.

A man who makes two such unpretending meals ought to eat a good dinner, and still anxious to combine economy with comfort, the question "Where shall I dine?" becomes an interesting one to him. Bent upon my researches, I deserted the magnificent *salons* of the Maison Doree, where anything from ten up to a hundred francs may be expended for a dinner; eschewed Very and Vefour and the Trois Freres and even passed by the less pretentious dining rooms of the Palais Royal, where one gets a tolerable dinner, with a half bottle of wine, and *pain à discretion* for twenty-six sous. I like to try extremes, and so I slid by the connecting links, between extravagance and what some might be inclined to call parsimony, and with a card in my hand, which had been kindly presented me by a man on the corner, who seemed disposed to aid me in my researches, I found my way to the Grand Restaurant de ——. (All the hotels and restaurants in Paris are "grand," particularly when they are of the size which we should call "one horse.") The card which was presented me, and which determined me to patronize this establishment made the following announcement:—

"Grand Restaurant de ——. Breakfast at fourteen sous—you have a plate of meat, a plate of vegetables, a dessert, a small bottle of wine, and bread at discretion."

Dinner at sixteen sous—a soup, a plate of meat, a plate of vegetables, a dessert. These are the cheapest meals. For seven sous more one may have two plates of meat instead of one, and a double quantity of wine. The dishes are very nicely served; a snow white napkin is furnished every day, and everything appears to be neat and clean. I am not inclined to believe the story told of the restaurant keeper, who satisfied a curious customer who wished to know how he could afford to give *pain à discretion*, by showing him several broken pieces which were left on the tables and going through a pantomimic motion, signifying that by some process these were all conglomerated again to make *pain à discretion*. Among other things which surprised me at the Grand Restaurant de ——, was my meeting, the very first day I went there, my friend Blougher, who was, when I entered, busily engaged in discussing a *filet aux champignons*. Now Blougher promenades the Boulevards in white kids, and is a man whom I supposed never dined except at the most fashionable places, and in fact he had on two occasions recommended two of the most expensive ones to me, and had even volunteered to show me the way, and when arrived there had accepted without the slightest hesitation an invitation to stay and dine. Blougher never returned the invitations, and never informed me where his room was; but I always met him where our countrymen were congregated, and among whom, being well "posted," he is an oracle upon Parisian matters. I find, however, that, like myself, he was making investigations—or at least he said so—and that was the reason why I happened to meet him at the Grand Restaurant de ——. But it was certainly a rather singular coincidence that I should find him there the very first day I went, and should meet him there every day afterward as long as I continued to patronize the establishment; for, having satisfied myself of how cheap a man can live in Paris, I have returned to the "flesh pots" of the Boulevards, which I must confess, having a weakness that way, I prefer to my sixteen sou dinners.

Well then, here is the result of the day's expenses: Room, 20 sous; breakfast, 5; lunch 7; dinner, 16—making a total of 47 sous, or a little less in federal currency than that number of cents. But many persons live here at a much less rate than that. I do not, of course, refer to the laboring people—men and women who live on half of it—but to clerks, students, artists, men about town, and the like. It is not considered disgraceful here to be economical, and I have often seen very gentlemanly men coming out of a baker's shop in the morning with a small roll in their hands which cost one sou, and which they ate as they passed along the street. A very distinguished professor in the college of Sarbonne was pointed out to me, a few days since, engaged in this economical combination of locomotion and mastication. I know a student whose entire expenses here for the last year have been but two hundred dollars, and he is enjoying the advantages of the thorough course of medical study which may be obtained here, and which will yet make him one of the brightest ornaments of his profession. Many of the students—and indeed most of them—spend a great deal more money; but these, I am sorry to say, generally have an adjunct attached to them, or whose meals and dress they are obliged to pay as well as their own. If a man has sufficient confidence in human nature to eat sausages, he may make a lunch at the charantiers from one of those savory compounds with a roll of bread for three sous, and thus reduce his daily expenses. Rooms may be hired in the vicinity of the Luxembourg for twenty instead of thirty francs a month, and a man might get along—and many do—with two instead of three meals a day, and so the cost of living might be made cheaper still.

Now that I have gone back to my good dinners, and my coffee at Tortoni's, I am screwing up my courage and my stomach to a still deeper investigation of cheap living in Paris. Laboring men and girls who earn but from eight to twenty francs a week, manage to live on it. In the course of my investigations, I made the acquaintance of an interesting little grisette, a book stitcher, (and being a man whose head is as white as the frosts of any one of the sixty winters which have passed over it, I may be supposed to have a grisette friend without any impropriety,) who has promised me a good deal of interesting information upon the manner in which this interesting portion of the Parisian population get along with their hard work and poor pay.

The most melancholy things, making us forget for a moment the sorrows of Italy, reach us from Burgundy. The vintage, it is said, will be a little more than half what it was last year. This will affect you however more than it will us, for a well not only raises the price of the genuine article, but of those delicious compounds which are as sure to kill as a Minnie rifle, and are fatal at about the same distance, which always go up when the vintage fails anywhere, on the principle of the man who raised the price of mock turtle soup, in a season when there was a short crop of turtle.

A number of Americans still linger in Paris, waiting for colder weather to be off for Italy. There is also the usual quantity of queer looking Englishmen, and particularly queer looking women, who come across the Channel with their changes of dress in a reticule, and who, in those horrid coal scuttle hats, and dowdy-shaped dresses, promenade the galleries of the Louvre, "the observed of all observers."

Our Berlin Correspondence.

BERLIN, Sept. 21, 1859.

Serious Difficulty Between Prussia and Austria—The German Question and Disunion—Austria will not Permit Federal Changes—The Reform Agitators not Alarmed—Tariff Reductions—Duties on Raw Iron, &c.

The difficulty between Prussia and Austria, of which the German question is the ostensible pretext, appears to be assuming quite a serious character, and may precipitate a rupture which, though long deferred, must inevitably take place at no distant period. Prussia and Austria are not only natural rivals, who for the last century and more have been struggling—sometimes with arms in their hands, sometimes with the pacific weapons of statemanship and diplomatic manœuvring—for the ascendancy in Germany; but they are antipodes in religion, in political institutions, in historical tradition, and even in race. Austria regards Prussia as an insolent upstart, who endeavors to juggle her out of the influence and authority due to the representative of the old German Kaisers, and we have just seen that she has preferred concluding a disgraceful peace, which costs her one of her finest provinces and the fruits of forty years of astute policy in Italy, rather than purchase the assistance of this country at the price of concessions that would have damaged her position in Germany. In a circular note, addressed to all the States comprising the Bund, with the significant exception of Prussia, the Cabinet of Vienna now express their firm determination not to allow the slightest alteration in the federal institutions as established by the compact of 1815, and to oppose any such attempt, whether proceeding from a member of the Confederacy, or from the "eternal enemies of order"—that is to say, all those who do not approve of the Austrian system of temporal and spiritual despotism—with the whole moral and material force at the disposal of his Imperial Majesty. This is a threat levelled point blank against Prussia, for in spite of the cautious language employed by the Minister of the Interior, Count Schwerin, in his answer to the Stettin address, he did not hesitate to acknowledge that the late events had proved the necessity of "a strong and energetic union, to be obtained by a reform of the federal constitution." He added, indeed, that for the present the welfare of Germany would be more effectually promoted by consolidating the rights already possessed by the various States of the Confederacy, than by premature attempts to develope them; but concluded by stating that "the Prussian government were resolved to devote their energies to the furtherance of these objects, and would find means to reconcile the interests of Germany and Prussia with the dictates of justice and duty." From these expressions, though couched in the obscure and ambiguous style peculiar to Prussian official documents, and which betrays that fatal irresolution that has so often paralyzed the best intentions, it is at least clear that Prussia does not object on principle to the reforms advocated by the popular party, and is willing to promote them as far as she considers it practicable. Austria, on the contrary, stigmatizes them as emanating from "the eternal enemies of order," and declares that she will oppose them "with all the moral and material means at her disposal." Here, therefore, we have an antagonism in the views of the two Powers which can only be removed by a *reculade* on the part of one of them, or by an appeal to those "material" arguments which Austria refers to. We are certainly not warranted in expecting Prussia to display any very great firmness; but the Prince Regent and his advisers must be aware that if they should back out once more from a position the most favorable they would ever hope to occupy—with all Germany waiting, as it were, like a ripe peach ready to drop into their mouths—they will ruin their prestige forever, and completely forfeit that popularity which they have acquired, not by what they have done, but by what they are expected to do. They must know, too, that in the present exhausted state of Austria—with the Italian difficulty still unsettled, the nationalities that compose her worthy empire chafing impatiently under the curb, and her finances in a condition that beggars all description—she is likely to threaten for a long time before she proceeds to extremities; and it is hoped, therefore, that this time, at least, Prussia will show a determined front, by which the Court of Vienna will sooner be induced to abate its pretensions than by timorous submission.

At any rate, neither Austrian blustering nor Prussian vacillation seems to have produced a discouraging effect upon the German movement, which is proceeding apparently, and increasing in breadth and intensity. On the 16th and 17th instant a meeting was held at Frankfort by the same persons who had been assembled at Eisenach, and it was resolved unanimously to elect a permanent committee of twelve, for the purpose of carrying out, by the peaceful propagandism of the tribune and the press, the objects specified in the Eisenach programme, viz: a central government and national representation. Among the twelve—who have been chosen without distinction from the democratic and constitutional parties—there are several veterans of '48, whose devotion to the cause of freedom has subjected them to bitter persecution, such as M. de Bennigser, ex-Premier of Hanover; M. Unruh, ex-President of the Berlin National Assembly; and M. Schultze, of Delitzsch, member of the same; also Dr. Veli, representative of Berlin in the Second Prussian Chamber; Dr. Muller, President of the Legislature of the free city of Frankfort, &c. They will have their headquarters at Frankfort, and communicate from thence with the sub committees which are to be established throughout the country. A couple of years ago such unions would not have been tolerated in Germany; they would have been dissolved by the police, and legal, or rather illegal, proceedings instituted against every one connected with them. The fact of their being allowed to exist is a sufficient proof that the movement has acquired so much strength and consistency that the governments are afraid to interfere with it, and think it advisable to wink at a political agitation which is certainly most unpalatable to them, and which they would put a stop to immediately if they dared. In a great measure, indeed, the impunity enjoyed hitherto by the German patriots is owing to the persuasion that their projects and aspirations are countenanced by Prussia; if this government were to declare against them, it is more than probable that their "peaceful propaganda" would come to a sudden and untimely end.

Another meeting—of a character partly political and partly commercial, but wholly official—was held lately at Hartzburg, a romantic village in the duchy of Brunswick, the delegates of the Zollverein having assembled there to deliberate upon a revision of the tariff. They have separated again, however, without coming to an agreement on any point, although proposals had been made for the alteration or reduction of some of the duties which are considered most onerous. There is the duty on the importation of raw iron which is complained of by the shipowners and all artisans using that metal, who are obliged to import a quantity from England, as the mines within the limits of the Zollverein do not yield sufficient for the consumption, and in consequence of the price being enhanced by the duty they are unable to compete with other nations. It was proposed by Prussia to take off the duty, but this was negatived by the other members. Then there is the tax on beet root and cane sugar, the former of which is produced here in immense quantities, the owners of large estates finding it highly advantageous to cultivate the beet on a grand scale, and having built extensive factories for extracting the saccharine juice from the root, dispose of the sugar in the clayed state to the refineries, which are prevented from using the cane by the high import duty. It is maintained now by the refiners that they could export their produce to neighboring countries if the tax paid on the beet were returned on its passing the frontiers. This has been agreed to by Prussia, on condition that the duty on West India sugar should be reduced, so that it might be used for refining on an equality with the home-made article; but here again some of the southern States demurred, and everything had to be left in *statu quo*. The constitution of the Zollverein is probably known to your readers. The delegates do not vote by majorities, but every motion must be agreed to unanimously, and as the League includes nearly thirty members—all sovereign States jealous of their independence—it must of course frequently happen that a proposal, conducive to the general good, falls to the ground if any State thinks it will affect its individual interests. The meetings are generally held once a year, and the officials who attend them on the part of the respective governments are worthy employés of the Ministry of Finance, who look chiefly after keeping up the revenue, without caring whether this object is attained by measures injurious to trade. In the old Prussian provinces, for instance, the merchants have been petitioning year after year for the erection of Chambers of Commerce, such as exist in the Rhenish provinces, where they were introduced under the French *régime* and the Prussian government had to leave them in force along with the Code Napoleon, whereas in old Prussia everything connected with trade must be managed by the bureaucracy. The Prussian functionaries have long enjoyed the reputation of incorruptible integrity, and this belief is fostered by them and religiously adhered to by the simple-minded public, it being considered a high crime and misdemeanor to say a word against the character of a *beamter;* but alas! human nature is the same all the world over—even a beadle is but a man; and a case of fraud was mentioned to me the other day in connection with the laws of the Zollverein, which shows that Prussian officials are no better than beadles. In this country an enormous amount of common spirit is distilled from potatoes, and in order to encourage exportation, a bounty is allowed to the great landholders who have large distilleries on their estates It has been found out now that the casks, after having been inspected by the officers, and certified by the same to contain spirits of a certain strength and entitled to the bounty, are carried across the frontier, when the contents, which are of a nature not to offend the most uncompromising teetotaller, are poured out, and the casks taken back—the officers dividing the spoils with the proprietors. In America such a discovery would cause a great outcry, and the newspapers would be full of it for at least three days; but here the affair is quietly hushed up, and the character of the Prussian *beamter* remains as spotless as new fallen snow. There is a general impression that the Zollverein will have to dissolve if it continues to go on in the present manner; but as the treaties between the States are perpetuals, it is not so easy to get rid of them. Still, if the Prussian Government should be determined to withdraw, it could do so, and in last generality, therefore, its existence will be protracted for some years longer.

Our St. Petersburg Correspondence.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 15, 1859.

The Victories in the Caucasus and Humiliation of Shamyl—History of the Russian Operations and Native Opposition There—Fanaticism and Fighting—The Work Russia Had to Do—An Ethnological Correction—The Caucasians not Circassians, &c.

My last letter informed you of the decisive successes obtained by Prince Bariatinsky in the Caucasus. I stated that after the fall of Nedene, most of the tribes subject to Shamyl had renounced his authority and acknowledged themselves the vassals of Russia; that the great Imaum deserted his followers, was hiding in the recesses of the mountains, and that the war might be considered as virtually at an end. We have now received intelligence that the Abdel-Kader and Osceola of Asia has shared the fate of his African and American predecessors. His adherents having fallen off one after the other, and even his nearest relatives, the fathers and brothers of his wives, having abandoned him, or been delivered up to the conquerers by their own subjects, he sought refuge in a small mountain fortress called Ghoonib, whither he was pursued by the Russian troops and the native militia, and finally overpowered. The particulars are not yet known, the news having arrived here per telegraph; but as it is stated in the despatch that Prince Bariatinsky intends sending his prisoner to St. Petersburg, we may expect to see him here in the course of the winter. He is sure to be the lion of the season; we shall not hang him, as the English do their Indian Shamyls, but treat him with all the courtesy due to a gallant enemy.

The capture of the Imaum is the closing scene of a struggle which has been carried on with various success for over thirty years. When the Russians first appeared in the Caucasus they met with but little resistance on the part of the mountaineers, who were split up into numerous clans, each hostile to the other, and therefore incapable of organizing a common plan of defence. Their occasional forays were easily repulsed, and after being defeated in several engagements by the celebrated General Yermoloff, their princial Khans submitted, swore fealty to the White Tsar, and accepted rank and pay in the Russian army. About the year 1823, however, a complete revolution was effected among them by the appearance of a prophet named Kazi-Molla. He, called upon all true believers to unite against the Gaiours and his fiery eloquence made such an impression upon the warlike inhabitants of the Tchetchmier and Doghestan that, after expelling or murdering such of their chiefs as were devoted to Russia, they chose Kazi-Molla as their leader, and a formidable political and religious league was then formed which gradually spread over the whole eastern portion of the Caucasus. The government instituted by the prophet was a strict theocracy; the doctrine preached by him was called the Tarigat, and its first precept consisted in inculcating a war of extermination against the infidels. Russia was engaged at the time in hostilities with Persia and Turkey, which prevented her from paying much attention to what was going on in the mountains. This enabled Kazi-Molla to extend his influence, and to collect so strong a force that he ventured to descend into the plains and attack the Russians in their fortresses. He burned the town of Kizliar, occupied the Khanat of Tarki, and even penetrated to Derbend, on the Caspian Sea, which was only saved by the approach of a Russian division under General Kohanoff. The Prophet retired to his fortified camp at Gimry, followed by Bawn Rosen, Governor General of the Caucasus, who, alarmed at the progress of the insurgents, had taken the command in person, and hoped to terminate the war by a single blow. Gimry was invested by the Russian army, and after an obstinate resistance it was taken by storm on the 18th October, 1832. Kazi Molla himself was killed in the breach, his faithful adherents died fighting by his side to the last man, and of the whole garrison only one individual is said to have escaped, desparately wounded. This individual was a young *murid*, or warrior priest, a native of Gimry, called Shamuil (Samuel) Effendi, since so famous by the name of Shamyl.

This great defeat and the loss of their prophet could hardly fail to discourage the fanatics. They chose, indeed, a second Imaum, in the person of Hamzat Beg; but this new leader possessed none of the qualities of his predecessors. Disgusted with his conduct, many of his partisans abandoned him, and it seemed as if the spark kindled by Kazi-Molla was about to be extinguished. The death of Hamzat Beg, however, who was assassinated by his own people, soon changed the aspect of affairs, for he was succeeded by Shamyl, one of the most remarkable men of our age, and who, in other times and under more favorable auspices, might have rivalled the exploits of an Omar or Tamerlane. We have no reason to love him, for he has been the life and soul of a war that has cost us many thousands of brave soldiers, but we have never done injustice to his commanding talents and the rare fertility of his resources. When he assumed the head, the cause of the Tarigat was at its lowest ebb. He infused fresh vigor into it, and introduced a system of military and civil administration among his followers, which enabled him to concentrate and organize their strength without detracting from the wild energy that characterizes the Caucasian mountaineer. In his strategical operations he showed the intuitive genius of an able general, always ready to take advantage of the slightest mistake committed by his adversaries, and himself never greater than when apparently reduced to extremity. His personal courage has been questioned, and it has been remarked that he seldom appeared at the post of danger, but left the most hazardous enterprises to be accomplished by his lieutenants. In this, however, he only acted the part of a prudent commander, who directs the movements of his subordinates without unnecessarily exposing his own safety. The same accusation has been directed, with no better foundation, against Napoleon I.

The Russians soon felt the renewed impulse given to the war by Shamyl. The tribes who had demanded peace again took up arms against them, the Russian outposts were insulted and driven in, and sudden incursions spread terror among the peaceable settlements on the plains. After a series of partial engagements which led to no decisive result, General Golovin, who had succeeded Rosen, as Governor General of the Caucasus, determined to strike another crushing blow, and in 1839, General Grabbe was despatched with a strong corps to attack Shamyl in his stronghold of Akulgo. After a siege of three months Akulgo was carried by assault, and most of its defenders killed or made prisoners; but Shamyl was not among the number. Once more he had managed to escape, and take refuge in another mountain fastness, called Dargo, situated in the midst of the dense forest of Ichkeria. A second expedition was undertaken against this fortress by Grabbe; but while advancing painfully through the gloomy wilderness of rock and thicket, he was surrounded on all sides by the enemy, and compelled to submit with immense loss. This check was attended with the most disastrous consequences. Grabbe and Golovin were recalled, and the chief command in the Caucasus was entrusted to General Neidhard, an old German, who had distinguished himself in the Polish campaign, but was quite ignorant of Asiatic warfare. The rapid movements of Shamyl completely disconcerted him; they were altogether at variance with his theory of military operations, and he remained in helpless imbecility while the Imaum, following up his victory, overran the province of Avaria, put the Russian garrisons to the sword, and established his sway from the Kouban to the Samour, spreading terror almost to the very gates of Teflis. It was at this moment, when the dominion of Russia in the Caucasus seemed to be trembling in the balance, that Count Vorontzoff arrived there with the title of Viceroy, and armed with extraordinary powers to stop the inundation that was carrying everything before it. Thanks to his tact and energy, the tide which had hitherto favored Shamyl began to turn against him. In 1845 Dargo was captured by Vorontzoff after a desperate resistance; Salty and Gherbelil followed, and Shamyl withdrew to Vedene, a position naturally almost impregnable, and which he exerted all the resources of his native skill to fortify. In the meantime, Vorontzoff, by cutting roads through the forests and establishing garrisons at all points of egress, contrived to enclose him in a circle of iron, which kept gradually contracting, excluding him entirely from the lowlands, and driving him further and further into the barren and inhospitable mountains. More than once he endeavored to break through the barriers raised against him; but, in spite of his skilful manœuvres and the heroism of his followers, he was invariably repulsed, and forced to seek shelter in his mountain citadel.

The situation of the brave Imaum was well nigh desperate, when the Oriental war afforded him a temporary respite. A great part of the Russian army in the Caucasus was obliged to be marched to the front