line of forts and fortifications, all apparently strong and well garrisoned. These he would have been compelled to carry, one by one, in succession, on to Venice.

It certainly was not an inviting undertaking, especially if, as is reported, there was a large Prussian army ready to march upon his flank or rear. And so, very wisely for his case, and very opportunely for his fame, he considered the victory at Solferino satisfactory, and proceeded to consummate the peace of Villafranca, without even asking permission or advice of England—an indignity which caused the English lion to growl menacingly, and for which John Bull can hardly pardon the Emperor of France.

Beyond, after a little distance, we reached Verona, in a charming region of country, delightfully situated in itself upon an eminence, with the river Adige near by. The city, the river and the country combine to form a picture of surpassing beauty, finely set off by the mountains in the back ground.

This was about the last of our sight-seeing along the way, as night (unfortunately) overtook us. We slept till near Venice; awoke in time to observe our railroad leap from the land into the sea for miles from the city. Kept wide awake by the novelty of navigating the sea by rail, we looked out upon water and islands at first on all sides, but at length upon the water only; water all around us, as far as the eye could reach, and we in the midst of it, at night, thundering forward in a rail car. The strangeness of this experience relieved it of unpleasantness. We were absorbed and excited by the novelty. At 10:50 P. M. we reached this most wonderful of cities, this off spring of the sea, delivered up our passports, rushed down to the grand canal, and were beset by gondoliers as noisy and eager to secure us as cabmen in the city of New York.

Took an omnibus gondola, and amid the silence of this city, so different from all others, moved along in our floating omnibus on the Grand Canal, beneath the famous Bridge of the Rialto, blazing with light, up to our hotel—Grand Vittoria—where we were glad to alight and commit ourselves to sleep and rest.

Our Milan Correspondence.

MILAN, Sept. 10, 1859.

Journeying in the Swiss Valleys—Guides and Guides' Anecdotes—Trip Up the Great St. Bernard Mountain—Reception by the Prior of the Hospital Monastery—The Monks, their Appearance and Mode of Life—The Hospice and its Sagacious Dogs—Drawing Firewood for the Winter—Keeping of the Dead Bodies for Recognition—Going to the Simplon Pass—The Great Road of the Hills—the Italian Lakes, &c.

After leaving Interlachen our party kept up the Kander creek, *en route* for the Gemmi. The road was pleasant the entire way, for the first part lying along the shores of the beautiful lake Thun, and then running up the thoroughly Swiss valley, with its picturesque cottages and green pastures, in full view of the Blumlis Alps, with their eternal snows. Our guide had a long story to tell of this veteran peak—how that many years ago it was covered with the most fruitful trees and verdant pastures, the grass of which was so nourishing and full of milky matter that the cattle which fed on its sides were obliged to be milked four or five times a day, and that every blade of grass which was bitten off would at once ooze over with the rich substance; and that how, after a long time of this abundance, some break in the machine of the universe caused the hill to assume its present north pole aspect. He evidently strongly believed what he said, and to confirm the truth, asserted that a piece of board with these facts carved on it had been thrown off by one of the glaciers on the hill. What was the use of doubting the poor fellow's tale, or to prove to him its rashness, and thus deprive him of the pleasure of repeating it to all future travellers who may be accompanied by him over the same route? Each Swiss guide has his stereotyped story for every point, and to deprive one of them of the feeling that he is telling the truth—for tell the tale they must—would be quite too unkind. On our way up the Gemmi, just before reaching the top, we encountered a severe storm of snow and sleet. It was of course not the most agreeable adventure to be met with, even in summer; but to partially recompense us for our cold bath, we had a round at snow-ball with freshly fallen snow in August. The clouds were so thick upon our reaching the summit we could hardly see a rod in advance, much less the fine view said to be gained from this spot. The road or path down into the Valais is really very wonderful. From near where it commences I have no doubt but a plumb-line would fall 1,600 or 2,000 feet, and it is right in the face of such a rock that the path runs in very short and steep zigzags. It is almost entirely a gallery cut into the solid rock, and is carried along a sort of terrace raised on some projections below. Arriving down, we were shortly at the baths of Leuk. These baths may well be called a "peculiar institution." The water is quite warm, and is collected in several large vats of different depths, and there tempered for a particular class of invalids. It is very amusing to walk around in the sort of gallery running around the bath room, and notice the people clad in a thick sort of flannel, sitting up to their chins in the water, on stools or benches fastened to the bottom, and chatting away, or busy at a game of chequers or chess. This part of the bathing is what is most peculiar, and arises I suppose from the tediousness of a sit of eight hours daily—the prescribed length of a bath—with nothing but conversation to while away the time. The tables holding the games, with oftentimes a cup of coffee or glass of wine, float around on top.

From Leuk to Martigny was a most uninteresting ride of six hours. Here we again took to our feet, for Chamounix by the Col de Balme. The view from the top of this pass, if taken on a fine day, is, I believe, not to be equalled or at least excelled, by any other pass in Switzerland. Mont Blanc, with its entire chain, stands directly in one's front, in full view from top to bottom, while away back loom up those ever-lingering but gorgeously grand and beautiful peaks of the Bernese Oberland. The day we crossed was magnificent, the air as clear as a bell, and the unsullied Yungfrau and sister peaks towered up with a beauty and brilliancy not unlikely to be compared with the very battlements of heaven itself. The view of the hoary old giant Mont Blanc cannot be excelled from any other point; but the height is too great to be taken for a point from which to get a good idea of the stupendousness of that mountain. After visiting Chamounix, Geneva and its beautiful lake well, I found myself once again at Martigny, ready for a trip up that very interesting mountain, Great St. Bernard.

The pass from the Swiss side is long, but not difficult, and presents no very fine scenery compared with many of the other Alpine passes. Until arriving within a very short distance of the hospice its buildings are completely hidden by the great bare rocks which enclose the little basin-like spot at the summit where the hospitable and large stone buildings stand. Upon arriving at the steps we were politely invited into the great drawing room, where was a flaming large fire in a moderate sized fireplace, (snow was lying in patches all around, out-doors,) throwing out its cheering heat. In a moment afterwards the prior of the establishment entered and greeted each of us with a hearty, and at the same time most polite manner. He at once ordered warm refreshments for us, and all during the meal was most entertaining. He showed, as well by his questions as his answers, that he was a man possessing a large fund of learning and a very good acquaintance with the world generally, as also a desire to become still more familiar with it. This, I think, is different from what most persons imagine, supposing that monks give up all intercourse, and with that all desire to know of men and their affairs out of their own profession. The "old monks" here are all young monks—many of them quite so. They usually enter on their duties here at eighteen or twenty, and after the severity of the climate and their calling have worn their constitutions nearly out, retire to the valleys or some less exposed similar establishment. At present the number of monks belonging at the establishment is eleven. This number is always increased by a few who are making temporary stays, either on business or visiting.

The drawing room devoted to visiters is large and neatly furnished. Its walls are hung with drawings and engravings, and its sides and floors furnished with conveniences—mostly presents of travellers who have experienced the hospitality of the occupants. Among the finest of these are a fine piano, well supplied with music; an elegant marble fire-place casement and mantel-piece, and several finely bound volumes.

The hospice would be very incomplete without its dogs. At present they number eight old dogs and some puppies. It is quite true that they have a very intelligent face. Their eye is peculiarly large and brilliant, in fact quite sharp looking. They look at a stranger with such a steady eye that I was a little shy of them at first; afterwards, however, some of them became excellent friends. Thirty or forty years ago all the dogs were lost while out with the monks assisting some travellers, and but for a pair being at another establishment the breed would have been lost. The prior, in answer to a question, said that the dogs never went off alone in the snow to hunt up travellers in need, but only accompanied the monks when they were out, and he also said that quite contrary to the popular notion of their life, they themselves never roamed out to find and assist travellers, but always went upon any intelligence of their being needed being received, and afforded all possible aid to those who arrived at the Hospice. The cold is so intense and perpetual at the Hospice that a large amount of fuel is necessary for their use, and they keep a large number of horses who do nothing all summer but transport wood on their backs from a forest belonging to the Hospice, some eight or nine miles down the mountain. I passed a team of nine or ten horses laden with it. They carry only from six to ten sticks each at a load; so it must keep them pretty busy all summer to get enough to last until the path is again practicable for horses. It is seldom that the ground around is free from snow four months in a year, and it freezes every night the year round.

A very sad, and at the same time horrible sight connected with this place, is the Morgue, or place where the dead travellers who are found are put. Most of the bodies when found have been stiffy frozen, and are put in this building in the same posture in which they perished; hence you see them in all positions. Some are standing against the wall, others leaning on one side, still others sitting or lying in the most despairing attitudes and exhibiting the most horrid expressions. The clothes of many still cling to them in shreds after many years. A heap of skulls and bones in the centre of the room are the remains of those whom the pure mountain air has failed to dry up or wither like it has their fellow sufferers, or are the pieces found after the snows of winter are gone. The last body unclaimed and left in this place was placed here about three years ago. The cold, pure air passes freely through the open but grated windows of the building, and so pure and drying is it that not the least unpleasant smell is experienced. It is a melancholy sight, and he who has once seen the *Morgue des Morts* at the great St. Bernard Hospice will long remember the sight.

Returning to Martigny at the end of two days, I took the diligence up the Rhone valley to Brieg, at the foot of the Simplon Pass. I think a more uninteresting valley than that of the Rhone, from its mouth to Brieg at least, is not to be found in Switzerland. The country is almost entirely marshy, or so rough and barren as to be a real eyesore after those many other verdant meadows of most Swiss lowlands.

The following day I crossed the wonderful Simplon to Domo d'Ossola. This great and deserving road has received the extollings of travellers of all nations. It is a noble monument to its great builder—more fitting than any statue by the most accomplished artist. It is said that the construction of a road over the Simplon was determined upon by Napoleon immediately after the battle of Marengo and his own remarkable passage of the Great St. Bernard. It took six years to complete it, and at times employed more than 30,000 men at once. More than six hundred bridges have been found necessary to its perfect completion, while constructions of massive masonry, forming huge terraces, run along the face of rocks for distances perhaps miles in length. Ten immense galleries, either cut through the solid rock, or built of enormous stones, and twenty houses of refuge, to shelter people passing, or the laborers on the road, add greatly to its completeness. A great writer has said that the "peculiar character" of the Simplon "is to be the greatest of all those monuments that at once dazzle the imagination by their splendor, and are subservient to general convenience." Its original cost was about $30,000 a mile, but the numerous and extensive depredations caused on it nearly every year, by avalanches and storms, have increased its cost very materially. The scenery along it is for the most part extremely fine. I doubt very strongly whether the famous, Via Mala, of the Splugen road, surpasses the wild and terribly grand gorge of Gondo. As I came along I noticed some small but very effective fortifications near the great Gallery of Gondo. They had evidently been very recently constructed, probably on account of the Italian war. Small as they were, they would give their possessors—the Swiss—complete command of the pass from the Italian side.

After thoroughly visiting the many and often described beauties of the Italian lakes—Maggiore, Lugano and Como—I came to this city. Nothing I saw along these lakes pleased me so much as that anomaly, Isola Bella, in Lake Maggiore. Everybody is aware that it once was a barren rock, and now, after its soil has all been transported to it from the shore, a long distance away, supports its lemon and orange groves, and every variety of tronical fruit and flowers, in full sight of the eternal snows of the neighboring Alps. It seems that doctors will disagree on all subjects. This beautiful little island has called forth a shower of opinions from both great and small men, quite as widely at variance as its own barren aspect of a couple of hundred years ago was to its present rich beauty and luxuriance. One calls it a "magic creation of labor and taste—a fairy land, which might serve as a model for the gardens of Calypso;" another at seeing it is struck with the idea of "a huge perigored pie, stuck around with the heads of woodcocks and partridges;" while yet another has said it is "like an old court lady in silks, laces, diamonds, hooped petticoats and white satin shoes, by some mischance squatting down all alone upon a rock in the midst of a highland loch."

Our Florence Correspondence.

FLORENCE, Sept. 24, 1859.

A Visit to the Field of Magenta—Trade in War Relics—The Trees Green and People at Work—Effects of The Horrible Affray—the Graves and Crosses—Repairing Damages—Going to Solferino—Mark of Austrian Retreat—Going to the City—Enthusiasm for Garibaldi—He Is Not Bound—Royal Congresses, &c.

Before taking a final leave of Milan I paid a visit of a few hours to the late battle field of Magenta.

Leaving by the early train, my friend and self were an hour later on the station platform at Magenta, bargaining with a parcel of ragged boys and girls for bullets, brass eagles and various other warlike trinkets they had picked up from the battle ground. After purchasing a handful of bullets, &c., we proceeded to look about us a little. As far as a casual observer could distinguish, the aspect of the spot so lately the scene of a terrible battle, and the graves of so many brave men, did not essentially differ from the country adjoining. I imagine that could a man totally ignorant of date events in that region be taken through the locality of the fight, he would scarcely be attracted to any especial sight denoting the sanguinary event, unless it might be to inquire what could have demolished a wall here, or laid open the side of a house a little farther on. The trees, excepting here and there a branch, look just as green, and the people in their fields at work look just the same as though nothing had occurred to disturb the harmony of the community. It was very wonderful to me how a battle of so great extent and so destructive to human life could take place and leave so few permanent general marks of its occurrence; and in fear lest the guide did not understand my limited stock of Italian, I continued repeating the word battle field and the question where it was; he would wave his hand around over a field of growing vines and mulberry trees that looked quite undisturbed if not carefully viewed, and then point to a huge grave, which told the plain and not to be concealed truth. He began at length to see our wants, and to show us traces, which we probably, in our expectation of seeing a general devastation, would have passed quite unobserved.

Then we began to understand how to catch the traces, and soon found enough to engage our thoughts and eyes to the fullest, in the torn asunder vines, the frequently barked trees, with occasional drooping withered branches, smoothly trodden ground, thickly strewn fragments of knapsacks and hats, and very many—alas! how often—freshly made mounds of earth, marked sometimes by a rude cross, constructed of slight broken tree branches, but more often by not even that, with nothing to tell their name, their country, or their numbers. Arriving at the bridge over Buffalora creek, we found marks which will last as long as the bridge stands, in the battered brickwork forming the abutments.

After spending two or three hours in various parts of the field we returned to the town, and discovered many traces which had escaped us at first, and which are plain enough, if low laid stone walls and Bullet riddled buildings can be called such. One large stone dwelling house, but a few rods from the station, must have been the scene of very hard fighting. Its south and west sides were completely shivered to pieces; many great gaps made by cannon balls and thousands of less effective indentations by smaller balls told the tale of a hard won contest.

Carpenters were busy at work, and soon all traces which it bears will be removed and covered up. The small railroad office near the station, which was quite demolished, had been rebuilt, and workmen were engaged in plastering and fitting up the interior. The railroad track had been entirely relaid, and ere long all of the few traces remaining at this time will be concealed. From Magenta we returned to Milan, and after a few hours stay took the late train for Desenzano, which was the farthest station to which the mended portion of the destroyed track by the Austrians had yet been finished.

From this place, in company with a party of English and Americans, we took a carriage to Solferino, and so around to Peschiera, where the railroad again commenced. Arriving at Solferino, we found much the same state of affairs, and went through much the same process of bargaining for bullets and the like that we did at Magenta. Although the battle here was considerably later, the traces were scarcely so satisfactory, or at least not more so at any one point, than at Magenta.

Accompanied by an old man, who seemed very familiar and correct in pointing out localities, as a guide, and with maps and descriptions of the battle field numbering legion, we ascended the lately familiar heights of Solferino to the oft-mentioned town. Once up, we had the whole extent of the battle ground, from the towers of Mantua in the distance to Cavriano and the village of Solferino near, with Pozzolengo and San Martino on our left, laid out finely before us. Here we traced the ground over on our maps many times, and after locating the principal positions of the armies, the respective positions of the Emperors, &c., we started to examine the ground near us a little more minutely. The same appearances of smoothly trampled ground, knocked over and battered walls which marked Magenta, were here to be seen. The high and tolerably strong wall enclosing the cemetery bore the most marked evidences of the battle that were to be found at Solferino. This had been used by the Austrians as a strong defence, and holes had at first been made by them to shoot through at the ascending and rapidly approaching foe, but were shortly outnumbered by the breaks produced by the French cannon and the attacking soldiers, until it was, as it now shows, riddled almost as thoroughly as a sieve. The large breach or round hole, about the height of a small man, made by the affrighted and beaten Austrians to escape through, and the high wall, serving as a vine terrace, down which they were obliged to leap upon their exit through the breach, were all easily distinguished; and from the broken vines and mulberry tree branches below, could at once be recognized the numbers and disorder of those who here were fleeing. Here, too, those sorrowful monuments of fifty or sixty thousand slain men were prominent objects in one's path. Occasionally one would be found marked by a rude cross of two slight pieces of board, with the name of one of the poor unfortunates lying beneath, put on in rude letters, by some surviving friend probably.

There, too, the fragments of garments lying about in the greatest profusion everywhere where opposition was met, added very sensibly to the feeling of sadness inseparable from a visit to such a sanguinary field as was Solferino on the recent date of the 24th of last June. As unsatisfactory as the conditions of the late peace may be to many, I hardly think any one, after a visit to Magenta and Solferino, could wish that a state of affairs productive of such scenes should be continued except for the most imperative reasons, and not for an "idea," which it seems by late declarations was what France made war for.

The position that the Austrians held at the commencement of the conflict has justly been described as one of great natural strength. That they relied too much on the natural strength of the heights at Solferino, and hence left a comparatively inadequate force to protect it, is not to be so much wondered at, even though the error was committed by men who had made the position their study for a battle-field for years. As we neared Peschiera the preparations made before the peace to repulse a foe were to be distinguished. Every large tree within cannon shot of the forts was cut down, so as not to serve for a defence to any attacking force. Fresh earth fortifications completed, and others with many laborers at work at present, running out from old fortifications or forming new and distinct ones, were to be seen.

From here we proceeded on with nothing worthy of note to the "City of the Isles, Queen of the Lagoons," there to lay off on our oars and enjoy the romance of its silent watery streets, its snake-like gondolas, its Rialto and Bridge of Sighs, under the influence of a clear September sky and silvery eastern moon. It seemed there to be the general impression, and I have seen it since confirmed, that some high member of the royal family was about to make Venice his permanent residence. By many this was looked upon favorably, both as regards giving increased activity to business, always attendant on royalty, and the granting of liberal concessions to be administered under the eye of the throne itself.

From Venice we returned as far as Padua, and there took the diligence for Ferrara. Arriving at Pontelagoscuro, the frontier town between Venetia and the papal states, while waiting at the guard house for the Austrian commandant's *visé* to our passports, the soldiers told us terrific stories about what we should encounter as soon as the Po was crossed and we got among Garibaldi's men. They evidently feared him very much, and a story was told by one of the men to the effect that a detachment of his troops with great and invulnerable shields, which protected their bodies from all bullets, were directly across from where we were. I respected the fellow's story, but was not especially frightened. It is quite enough to say that no troops with "invulnerable shields" were met. We however did meet several detachments before reaching Bologna. They were probably on their way to meet Garibaldi with the main army, east of Bologna, or perhaps to occupy the frontier bordering on Venetia. Garibaldi is now reported to be at or near Rimini, with a large force prepared to meet any force sent out by the Pope from Ancona, where it is said a large Popish force, of discharged Swiss from Naples, and all others they can enlist, is being collected. It seems to me improbable that the Pope should attempt force, at least until it becomes a little better known what the action of the great Powers is to be in the affair.

All along our route, from the time of entering the Legations to this city, the road has been lined with Sardinian flags from nearly every house, public office or church. Placards are posted on every corner bearing "Long live Victor Emanuel II., our chosen King." "We will have Victor Emanuel II. for our King;" and many others of like import. I wish that, instead of paying so great deference to the power of the great Powers to revise his acts, Victor Emanuel would either take upon, or refuse to take upon himself, the government of these States requesting it. They are bleeding to death by this long uncertainty, in maintaining a large army on a war footing. I have no doubt but that eventually there will be serious fighting. If the Powers refuse to reinstate the dukes, they will, without doubt, attempt through their great wealth to do it alone; and if Europe attempts to force them back on the people, then surely there will be fighting. Garibaldi and his supporters are not bound by the action of Europe, and they in advance have sworn to defend themselves against a restoration of the deposed dukes.

What is to come out of this state of affairs seems hard to be foretold. I think it is becoming pretty generally the opinion that the Zurich Conference is unequal to its task, and that a different plan for regulating the disputed points must soon be adopted.

Our St. Petersburg Correspondence.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 24, 1859.

The Imperial Birthday Fêtes—Grand Programme and Fine Weather—Crowds of People and Plenty of Diplomatists—The Great Notabilities Present—The Czar Enters the Church—Clergy Present—Swearing the Cesarevitch—Illuminations—Expecting Schamyl—The Czar Gone to Moscow—Diplomatic Alliance with Prussia—Effect of the War News from China—Reply to British Newspaper Charges.

The coming of age of the Grand Duke Cesarevitch was celebrated on Tuesday, the 20th instant, with all the pomp and circumstance which our Court is accustomed to display on such festive occasions, and which derive their origin from the traditions of the ancient Byzantine empire.

The programme of the ceremonial had been published some days before, and coincided in every particular with that observed at the majority of the present Emperor, just twenty-five years ago. The *fête* was favored by the most splendid weather, which is quite a rarity in this climate so late in the season, and was the more welcome, as early in the month it had become cold and autumnal, and we had even had a considerable fall of snow.

With the first dawn of morning a dense crowd of spectators began to line the streets leading to the winter palace, who waited patiently till eleven o'clock, when the regiments of the guard were seen advancing slowly to take up their stations in the vicinity of the imperial abode. Towards noon the great dignitaries of State and the diplomatic corps made their appearance in their gala equipages, amongst which were to be noticed the carriages of Princes Menschikoff and Gortschakoff, of the French and Spanish ambassadors, and of Colonel Reille, aide-de-camp to the Emperor Napoleon, who had been sent here by his master to present the *grand cordon* of the Legion of honor to the Cesarevitch.

At the appointed time the Emperor left the palace, attended by his sons and brothers and several foreign princes, and surrounded by a brilliant retinue of generals and officers. He was received with deafening acclamations, and after having reviewed the troops, who were drawn up in an interminable file, proceeded with his whole suite to the imperial chapel, where the ceremony of the young Grand Duke's swearing fidelity to the Sovereign and to the laws of the empire was to take place. To this sanctum only the *élite* of society were admitted—the representatives of the clergy, including the Roman Catholic Archbishop and the Protestant Bishop, the members of the council of the empire, the senate, the ministers, the foreign diplomats, the superior officers of the army and navy, and deputations of the nobility, the cities, and the vassal nations of Asia, of which the recently subdued Kirgherz from lake Aral and the Chinese portion (Transilensia), made their first appearance on this occasion.

At the moment when the oath was administered to the Cesarevitch, a discharge of three hundred and one guns from the citadel announced the fact to the assembled multitude, whose shouts re-echoed the thunders of the cannon, and these expressions of loyalty were redoubled when the Emperor, his youthful heir and the whole Imperial family, again emerged from the palace, where they had been receiving the congratulations of the Court, and drove through the principal streets of the city, which by this time (for it was now evening) were brilliantly illuminated. The public and private buildings of our capital, which are distinguished for their enormous size, shone radiantly in a flood of light, and the beautiful quays of the Neva presented a magic spectacle, as their many-colored lamps were reflected in the waves of the river, over which they threw long streams of fire. Some of our grandees, such as Princess Kotchoubey, Count Sheremetreff, Count Shouvaloff, and the Armenian millionaire, Ruadzé, are said to have spent fabulous sums for the decoration of their mansions, and M. Godillot, an enterprising Frenchman, who came from Paris on purpose, with illuminating apparatus and devices of the newest and most approved construction, must have made a good thing of it, although all patriotic Russians are unanimous in affirming that his efforts were more than equalled by those of the native artists. Unfortunately the festivities did not pass off without some accidents, attended with the loss of two human lives; an old man was squeezed to death in the crowd, and the railing of a bridge on the Nevsky Prospect giving way to the pressure, thirty or forty persons were precipitated into the canal, and one of them, a female, expired soon after she was drawn out. The people behaved on the whole with great order and decorum, and none of those scenes of riot and drunkenness were noticed which are usually inseparable from our popular festivals.

It was rumored that the solemnity I have just described would be graced with the presence of Schamyl; but the great Imaum was not forthcoming, and we are still in expectation of his arrival. It appears now that he has been taken sick on the road, at the small town of Tchugooyeff, in the Ukraine, where he will remain until he is sufficiently recovered to resume his journey. In the meantime, his portrait, and that of his conqueror Bairatinsky, are in all the shop windows. The old palace of Taristder, the former residence of Penskin, has been put in readiness for his reception, and he will be treated with all the honors due to a captive prince. A detailed report of the assault of his mountain fortress, Ghoonib, is published in the *Kavkaz*, which shows that the old chief did not yield till after the most obstinate resistance, and after repeated refusals to surrender by capitulation. Of the four hundred Murids who formed the garrison of that stronghold, which is perched on the brow of an almost inaccessible precipice, only forty-seven were taken prisoners—the rest fell bravely fighting to the last extremity. The casualties on our side, too, were pretty heavy, amounting to twenty-one killed and about one hundred and sixty wounded, and it is only owing to the truly admirable strategical combinations of Prince Bariatinsky that they were not still more severe. The Prince's services have been rewarded by a highly flattering autograph letter of the Emperor's, accompanied by the insignia of the order of St. Andrew.

The Emperor left our capital yesterday morning for Moscow, from whence he will proceed to Kieff and Warsaw, where it is thought he will have an interview with his uncle, the Prince Regent of Prussia. There is no doubt that the most cordial relations have been established between our Court and that of Berlin, and if the European Congress, which has been so long talked of, but which has met with so many obstacles, should at length be concluded upon, we may expect to see Russia and Prussia pursue the same line of policy in reference to the various questions submitted to its decision. With Austria, on the contrary, we are still on terms of most decided coolness, although since the dismissal of Count Buol the Cabinet of Vienna leaves no stone unturned to bring about a reconciliation. Negotiations to that effect have been going on through the medium of Baron Sulech, ambassador of Saxony at Paris, and son-in-law of our late minister of foreign affairs, Count Nesselrode, who arrived here recently for the ostensible purpose of congratulating the Cesarevitch on the attainment of his majority; but the general impression is that he has completely failed in his endeavors. The Emperor has a predilection, very natural in crowned heads, for the cause of legitimate monarchy, and would be quite willing to lend his influence to the reinstatement of the Italian sovereigns in their possessions, if it could be done by pacific means, and with the consent of the population, but he will certainly object to compulsory measures, which would confirm the power of Austria in the Peninsula and obliterate the memory of the lesson she has received during the late war. It is whispered that Prince Gortschakoff favors the erection of an independent State, composed of the duchies of Tuscany, Parma and Modena, and thinks the Duke of Leuchtenberg stands a fair chance of being elected to the throne of the new kingdom. I can hardly believe, however, that so experienced a statesman as the Prince should be blind to the insuperable difficulties such a project would have to encounter. The Duke of Leuchtenburg would never be considered in any other light than in that of a Russian viceroy, and if even the Emperor Napoleon, who is related to him through the Beauharnois family, should consent to his nomination, there is not the slightest chance that either England or Austria could be induced to sanction it.

The accounts of the repulse of the English at the Peiho have created a great sensation in our political circles, and fears are expressed that it will lead to fresh complications in Eastern Asia. People are not sorry to see British arrogance humbled by the despised Celestials, but on the other hand it seems likely that the latter, elated with their victory over the barbarians, may pluck up courage to oppose the progress of their Northern neighbors in Mongchooria, of which they have hitherto remained passive spectators. The insinuations of the English journals respecting the alleged co-operation of Russian auxiliaries in the defence of the Peiho forts are indignantly contradicted by the *Journal de St. Petersburg* and the *Invalide*, and only show how little the real state of things is understood in Western Europe. Intelligence is anxiously expected from Count Mouravieff Amourisky, who had undertaken a expedition to Japan and the Pechelli, from whence he would probably make an excursion to Pekin, for which he is already said to have obtained a permit, and when his diplomatic tact and the respect with which he has succeeded in inspiring the Celestials may, perhaps, enable him to act with effect in the capacity of mediator between China and the European Powers.

EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA—SPEECH OF THE CZAR.

When the deputation of the nobles of Russia, who lately arrived at St. Petersburg to discuss the first part of the proposed law for the emancipation of the serfs waited on the Emperor at Tsarskoe-Selo, on the 28th ultimo, his Majesty addressed them as follows:—

GENTLEMEN—I am most happy to see you. I have called you to assist in a work which interests myself not less than you, and of which you desire the success as much as I do. The future prosperity of Russia depends on it. I am certain that my faithful nobles, who have ever been devoted to the throne, will zealously second me. I considered myself as the first noble in the empire when I was yet but an apparent. I was proud of the title. I am proud of it still, and I continue to look upon myself as terming part of your class. I have undertaken this work with entire confidence in you, and with the same confidence I have summoned you here. To enlighten you as to your duties I have had instructions drawn up, which have been communicated to you. They have been misunderstood. Those that all misunderstandings have now disappeared. I have read your letter which was presented to me by Iakov Ivanovitch, (Count Rostovzoff.) My answer has already been communicated to you, without doubt. You may rely upon it that your opinions will come to my knowledge. Those of your opinions which coincide with that of the commission will enter into the regulation drawn up by it; all the others, even those which may not agree with its opinion, will be presented to the central committee, and laid before me. I am well aware, and you are convinced of it yourselves, gentlemen, that this work cannot be accomplished without sacrifices, but I wish those sacrifices to be made as light as possible. I will endeavor to aid you, and I rely on your assistance in the firm hope that you will justify my confidence in you, not only by words, but by deeds, adieu gentlemen.

The San Juan Difficulty.

EFFECT OF GEN. SCOTT'S MISSION IN ENGLAND.

[From the London News, Oct. 5.]

The government of the United States shows how much importance it attaches to the firm and prudent management of the difficulties which one of its officers has raised at San Juan by sending the first soldier of the republic to the spot. General Scott, who has before this superseded the impetuous Harney, is a man whose reputation stands in no need of theatrical *coups*. He is no sentimental writer, but has been trained in the school of warfare and in the responsibilities of high command to respect the great interests of civilization, and to look to the consequences of public acts. The appointment of this distinguished officer must be flattering to the people of Oregon, who may fairly indulge the reflection that nothing short of the folly of their leaders could have induced the veteran to undertake in haste the long journey to the Pacific. At the same time the General's mission *is a token of the right feeling of the Washington Cabinet towards this country*. After his arrival we shall hear no more of the ostentation of throwing up earthworks, and planting useless cannon, and calling for volunteers. Pending his arrival, General Harney has received orders to be more circumspect in his conduct, and the instructions of the President to General Scott are, it is said, of the most conciliatory character.

Now that the Washington Cabinet has so far done all that lay in its power to neutralize the effect of the heedlessness of one of its agents, it is to be hoped that the question may be taken up by the two governments in an amicable spirit, and speedily settled. This is peculiarly a matter for diplomatists. Absolute and peremptory assertions in the journals, followed by appeals to national sentiment, are on this occasion altogether out of place. *The construction of the treaty is exceedingly doubtful. The men who made the instrument, and, as they thought, settled the boundary, were ignorant of the locality.* They declared that the boundary should be the "channel," and knew not that there were two navigable passages which might properly be so described. The looseness of the treaty had placed the two governments in a difficulty before General Harney executed his senseless movement. His armed occupation of the coast of San Juan has immensely aggravated that difficulty. We are much more inclined to believe, with our New York correspondent, that the island is "not worth sixty rounds of ammunition," than that it is, as we have been told, a possession without which our American gold colony would be worthless. But General Harney has made it impossible for us to estimate the value of San Juan by a merely economical standard. There is no spot in this empire which would not become unspeakably precious from the moment that we were called to surrender it to force, in disregard of law and right. This is the kind of value San Juan has just now in the eyes of Englishmen. The days are gone by when this nation would consent to be led headlong into a war, blinded by an unmixed sentiment of nationality; but in proportion to the increased respect we pay to the rights of others is the tenacity with which we are disposed to defend our own. The armed occupation of San Juan has taken place in defiance not only of right, but of express stipulation, for it was formally agreed that neither party should take bodily possession of the island until the decisions of the Commissioners was known. Our New York correspondent, whose intercourse with American society is extensive, and in whose judgment we place unbounded confidence, writes to us:—"There is an immense class in America of honest, upright men, who love justice better than territory, and who never make their voices heard in politics except in great crises, but always exercise at such times an overwhelming influence; and there is nobody in London who appreciates an honest, straightforward and peace-loving course on the part of Great Britain more than this portion of the American people, and they may always be relied on to sustain her in it. And in spite of the daily assertions to the contrary made in English journals, this class is yearly increasing in numbers and influence." We fully believe it, and hold it to be one of the first duties of the English journalist to make the voice of this class heard in this country, amidst the clamors raised by the organs of "rowdies" and "plug uglies," which too easily gain audience here. But these honest Americans must see that England cannot be always making sacrifices, still less can sacrifice the interests of those abroad whom she is bound to protect in order to facilitate the course of politics in the republic. As they value our esteem and the interests which hang on the preservation of peace between the two great English speaking empires of the world, let them consider whether they may not be carrying political epicureanism too far when they abandon their interests to men who will run the risk of plunging us all in war for the sake of being thought smart and getting a cheer from the dregs of the population. We learn with intense satisfaction that their party is every year increasing in numbers and influence, and shall be glad to learn that their activity increases in the same proportion.

[From the Manchester Guardian, Oct. 5.]

It will be a pity if all this forbearance, added by the precautionary step which the American government has taken, should fail to avert bloodshed, but it is scarcely less undesirable that the people and the officials of the Union should escape hearing from England a strong and firm remonstrance against their systematic trifling with the elements of international strife. The necessity for a representation of this kind is quite independent of the merits of the present controversy, in which, however, it will, we doubt not, be conceded by the Cabinet of Washington that the right is on the side of this country. Apart from that question it was the clearest dictate of decent politeness—and had, indeed, been laid down by Mr. Secretary Marcy as a principle of obvious fitness—that the title ought to be fairly discussed and settled before either party should attempt to exclude the other by force; and the pretence that American subjects had been arrested on the island, as if we were savages for whose legal and equitable dealing no pledge could be obtained except by force, is simply an aggravation of the original offence. To the lawless insolence of his first proceeding General Harney has now, we are informed, added the further outrage of bringing fresh troops into the disputed territory after his right to assume possession of it had been formally challenged. For this course no conceivable motive can be found but that of displaying the importance of the American commander, or wilfully provoking a collision, before the controlling power of the central government could be brought into play, because he must be perfectly well aware that he would be as little able to hold the island with five hundred men as with fifty if the representatives of Great Britain on the spot should think proper to employ against him the force at their disposal. Until we receive a confirmation of the statement that this has been done with impunity, and some account of the attendant circumstances, we refrain from giving an opinion as to the conduct of the English Admiral in allowing such wanton audacity to pass unchecked, even for the sake of avoiding the serious consequences which would be too likely to ensue from an actual conflict. But we trust the Palmerston government will feel assured of the support of public opinion in insisting that General Harney's whole course of proceeding, from first to last, shall be disavowed and condemned by his superiors.

[From the London Daily News, Oct. 12.]

There is good reason to believe that the difficulties which were created by the sudden and uncalled for action of Gen. Harney in the Island of San Juan will speedily be abated. The language held by the United States government towards this country is fair and honorable, and free from any desire to raise obstacles in the way of a settlement of the points in dispute. General Scott, we are informed, will take for his guidance the arrangements sanctioned by Secretary Marcy in 1855, which have been so often referred to, and according to which neither party is to claim exclusive rights in the disputed territory while the question of territorial sovereignty remains undecided. There is no doubt that the general moderation and temperance of the press of both countries—all the more conspicuous for a few exceptions—has facilitated this desirable result. Nothing would have been easier, and few things would have been more wicked, than to discuss this delicate question in a manner which would have aroused passions and jealousies only to be quenched in blood.

If we are correctly informed, there is also a good prospect of a peaceful solution of another question in which our interests are concerned, although we are not principals in the contest. The government of Morocco, it is said, is disposed to concede what is demanded by Spain, a result to which the exertions of Lord John Russell have greatly contributed. In the same friendly spirit the noble Foreign Secretary is exercising the influence of England to preserve peace in the Plate river, without, however, intending to commit this country to active interference between the Argentine Confederation and Buenos Ayres, should warlike counsels prevail.

Interesting from Italy.

PROSPECTS OF A FRANCO-SARDINIAN THRONE—UNION OF TUSCANY AND PIEDMONT—AUSTRIA'S REPLY TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL—NEWS OF GARIBALDI'S TOUR—THE CHURCH AND THE REFORMERS.

A Paris letter in the *Nord* says:—A Belgian journal has pretended that the Princess Clothilde was likely to be called to the throne of Etruria, and that Prince Napoleon would stand in the position of Prince Consort. Putting aside altogether the denial given by the Emperor Napoleon to such reports, it is astonishing that any journalist can imagine such an absurdity. When the passage detailing this fine project was mentioned to the Princess Clothilde, she expressed her wonder that any French writer could be so little acquainted with the laws of France as not to know that they did not admit for a husband, even if he had the rank and title of a prince, such a condition of relative inferiority. In fact, the principle of the Salic law prevails throughout all the French legislation, and the Princess Clothilde, when she became the wife of Prince Napoleon, became French, consequently she could not occupy a position which that legislation does not allow women to assume.

A Turin letter says:—An interview has taken place between the Dictator Farini and Baron Ricasoli, head of the Tuscan government, at Villgara, on the frontiers of Romagna and Tuscany. The object of this interview was to determine in concert what measures were best calculated to make the union with Piedmont a *fait accompli* as soon as possible. It was decided that the four provinces should elect a regent to govern them all, in the name of Victor Emanuel. I have even heard the name of the future regent, but do not think proper to mention it, for reasons you will readily understand.

AUSTRIAN OPINION ON UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE IN ITALY.

The *Ost Deutsche Post*, of Vienna, of the 29th ult., in an article on Lord John Russell's speech, says:—It is necessary to say that Austria accords no legal value to the pretended votes of the populations of Central Italy. Austria represents in this question legitimate rights, and in doing so is for the advantage of all existing governments, whether monarchical or republican. If such events as those which have taken place by violence in Central Italy could overthrow