VERY LATE FROM EUROPE.

Arrival of the Prince Albert at St. Johns, N. F.

NEWS TO SATURDAY NOON, MARCH 31.

The Questions on the Other Side of the Atlantic.

INTERESTING DETAILS BY THE NIAGARA.

The Diplomatic Settlement of the Savoy Question.

Important and Significant Movement of Switzerland.

The Probability of a Congress to Settle the Swiss Question.

THE MOROCCO WAR.

Treaty of Peace Between Spain and Morocco.

Approaching Settlement of the San Juan Difficulty.

Our London, Paris and Berlin Correspondence.

THE "INTERNATIONAL" FIGHT, &c., &c., &c.

The steamship Prince Albert, Capt. Prowse, arrived at St. Johns, N. F., on Monday last. She left Galway on Saturday, the 31st ult. Her news is one week later than that by the Niagara.

The mails by the Niagara reached this city early on Tuesday morning. Our despatches by her give us a photographic view of affairs in Europe to the 24th ult.

Our London Correspondence.

LONDON, March 23, 1860.

English View of the Italian Question—Popular Contempt for Papal Bulls—Interesting Facts Concerning Bulls of Excommunication Against Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth—Lord John Russells' Reform Bill—A Dissolution of Parliament Anticipated—Speech of Mr. Roebuck Upon White Slavery in England—The Sayers and Heenan Mill.

The *status quo* yet remains in Italy. No man in England believes for a moment that there will be any chance at all for the Grand Dukes to resume the reins of power in Tuscany, Modena, or Parma, or that the Pope can hold his temporal power in the Legations. The prospects of war, too, seem more and more remote. Public opinion now seems to be settling down into the conclusion that King Victor Emanuel and the Emperor have understood one another from the start, and that this is the way they have taken to bring about certain results, to wit, the annexation of Nice and Savoy, and the consolidation of the power of Victor Emanuel over Italy. Near by 400,000 votes from that number of adult male Italians, with scarcely one hundredth part as many for any other ruler, show to all rulers past and present what must be met if their wishes are thwarted in their choice of a sovereign. Next to the campaign by a second Napoleon in Italy, this constitutional and peaceful gathering of the people and their silent but expressive voices for a new head to the States is the great event of the period.

The Pope has excommunicated the King of Sardinia, but neither he nor his priesthood will pay any attention to the bull. But did not Pope Paul III. enunciate against Henry VIII.—in the language of a historian of the period—"a terrible thundering bull," such as was never used by his predecessors." And did not Pius V. excommunicate "Elizabeth, pretended Queen of England," declaring "this very woman" to be "cut off from the unity of the body of Christ," and "to have incurred sentence of anathema." He "declared" her "deprived of her pretended title to the kingdom aforesaid, and of all dominion, dignity, and privilege whatsoever." He also did "command and interdict all and singular the noblemen and people," "that they presume not to obey her, or her monitions, mandates and laws," and if they did he declared he would "involve them in a like sentence of anathema." To use a modern phrase, that sort of game has been "played out." Temporal power the Pope has none beyond the city of Rome. It is a very important historical, legal and political fact that in the reign of Henry VIII., before Pope Pius excommunicated the King, the question was put to the assembled bishops of the State church (Catholic) twenty-four in number, whether "the Bishop of Rome" (the Pope) had any power at all in England, ecclesiastical or otherwise, more than any other foreign bishop; and every one, except Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, voted in the negative. The King or sovereign was the head of the church then, as he is to day in England, France, Russia and other countries; and it has been only operating on their fear, in a spiritual and ecclesiastical sense, that the Pope has, during the last one or two centuries, come to hold a certain sway over Catholic potentates. Louis Napoleon and Victor Emanuel are superior to that contemptible balderdash. Old women of both sexes, blind bigots and idiotic sovereigns, who are under the mental and political thraldom of priests and females—characters like the Queen of Spain, Ferdinand of Sicily and the Emperor of Austria—will come under its influence, but sovereigns of any force of character, as fit to rule at all, will rise superior to it. Let these be fairly understood, and both Catholics and Protestants will see that the head of the Romish church is still to have all the power he is legitimately entitled to.

I doubt if there is to be any war at present in Italy, except that glorious peaceful war of opinion that has been so effectually displayed at the ballot box, and that, too, from all accounts, with less excitement than usually attends an English Parliamentary, or an American Presidential election. I have a friend in Italy who writes that it is impossible to imagine greater calmness and dignity than were displayed by the citizens of Italy at this crisis in their country's history. They seem to go to work as the fathers of the American Revolution did, peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must. Their Washington is Gen. Garibaldi, and if the sword has to be drawn they will have a leader worthy of their cause.

Parliamentary proceedings are dull but important. They are discussing Lord John Russell's reform bill, but they will not come to a division before my letter is in the post. Carried or not, there will be a dissolution of Parliament in all human probability. If the government is defeated I understand Palmerston intends to appeal to the country; and if the bill passes, there will be a general election in the autumn to inaugurate the new régime.

Mr. H. Berkley has brought forward his little annual farce of "The Ballot or Not the Ballot," and he finds his supporters in his unpopular *rôle* grow few by degrees and beautifully less. Several who were formerly in favor of the ballot withdrew their votes, and went against it. He counted on 230 in its favor, but when they came to a division there were less than 150 out of a house of more than 400. *Sic transit gloria* Berkley! The ballot will be adopted in Great Britain in the year 2060, when Cade the Second is King—not a moment sooner. Then Berkley (not Barclay & Perkins) the Fifteenth will be the Grand Duke of Doodledoo. The ballot is a very good thing in a country that has a very wide suffrage and a very large number of voters; but here in England they do not want it. The whole affair is in the hands of a few of the smallest of small beer politicians in and out of Parliament. These are the great lights of the nineteenth century, who were expecting to bring republican measures into this monarchy; but a majority of between one and two hundred showed a formidable opposition, while not a member of Parliament of any note beyond the little knot of politicians known as the Manchester school felt the slightest interest in it.

The Reform bill, if it passes, will work quite a revolution in boroughs and small constituencies. It will drop about fifty members in representations where there have heretofore been two or three, leaving but a single one, or two where there were three; and these will be added to such constituencies as thriving towns and Parliamentary districts, like Glasgow, Manchester, Middlesex and the Tower hamlets. It will also do more than that. It will give the franchise to a vast number of six pound householders—poor men, who pay as much as $30 house rent—and this will, in many localities, double, and in some instances treble the number of voters. A Reform bill has been promised, and a Reform bill must be had, though there is no feeling on the subject at all; and all conservative men in Parliament would like to see the bantling buried, or, at least, strangled in its birth. Lord John is the wet nurse, Palmerston stands godfather, and the friends of the (whig) family are standing round to see if the child is strong and well proportioned, and able to draw a couple of breaths before its vitality escapes. The wings of the telegraph will tell you the result of the accouchment ere this sheet reaches you.

Those who get the English Parliamentary reports will see a magnificent speech of Mr. Roebuck's in favor of a bill limiting the hours of labor in works where bleaching and dying are carried on, the same as now in factories by the act of Parliament known as the Factories act. Mr. Roebuck said:—I hear great talk of humanity—lip humanity—(hear, hear)—about the American slave. No man can view with more indignation than I do the horrible condition of the blacks in America; but I cannot help regarding with at least equal indignation the condition of the white slave in England. (Hear, hear.)" He quoted cases of little girls fourteen years of age working twenty-three, twenty-four and twenty-five hours in succession, and compared the case of the "hard worked members of Parliament" with them. He said, "We complain bitterly of the hours of this House; and if we come at four, with liberty to go away and dine at seven, and then don't get home till two in the morning, we say, 'what a terrible night's work we have had!' (A laugh.) Well, then, think of the poor child between thirteen and fourteen, or between ten and eleven, not able to go away to get a good dinner—not sitting while at work upon three soft cushions, but standing upon her poor, tired little legs for hours and hours together. (Hear, hear.) Think of her, and compare her work with ours. We complain of the labors which we undergo; but as compared with our life, hers is the life of the damned. (Hear, hear.)" Mr. Roebuck cited the case of one person—a lad, thirteen or fourteen—who worked once three days and three nights, and again for thirty-seven hours, without ceasing. "Now," says the honorable member, "I ask you, the gentlemen of England, if you will bear this." And they did not seem inclined to bear it, for he got 226 votes in favor of the bill, and only 39 against it. Every man of a spark of humanity must rejoice that the measure is to become a law.

The Sayers and Heenan "mill" is taking such a hold of the public mind that a farce has been got up in its honor called "B. B.," after the Benicia Boy. The ludicrous situations turn on the mistaken identity of Mr. Benjamin Bobbin for the veritable "B. B." of Benicia. It is said that half of the House of Peers and as many of the Commons will be at the fight on the near approaching 16th of April. I have not yet been informed whether the Archbishop of Canterbury or Lord Shaftesbury will be one of the bottle-holders. There are vast numbers that deplore such an event, and wish that it could be prevented, but the arrangements as to time, place and line of railway are all arranged. It is said that £5 will be the price of admission to the ring to witness the affair. I wish I could write on higher and more enlightened and enlightening topics; but we do not guide events, only narrate them.

The International Fight.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, March 24, 1860.

Heenan's Colors—Sayers' Training—Cheap Chance for Fame—Another Challenge to the "Benicia Boy"—The State of the Odds—What One of Heenan's Backers Thinks—Select Character of the Fight, &c.

Since I last wrote you nothing particularly new in relation to the coming fight between Heenan and Sayers has transpired, with the exception, perhaps, of a more fully confirmed belief that it will certainly take place, and also that it will come off before the time set—namely, the 16th of April. The pecuniary interests of the backers of the two men are so great that the "mill" will be fought, though it take place in the parlor of some country inn, with no one present but the parties themselves, half a dozen witnesses and the referee. Under any circumstances it is intended that the affair shall be conducted with as little display as possible. This seems to be particularly to be the desire of Heenan, who says he has come over here to fight for his own money, and not to make a show of himself. With this view he has refused a thousand invitations of every description which have been offered him, and has set himself determinedly at work to prepare himself to win if possible.

I told you in my last letter that Sayers had issued his "colors." Heenan has done the same, and his flag may now be seen in the windows of the sporting print shops. His symbol is the eagle, bearing in his beak the laurel wreath of victory, with the motto above, "May the best man win." The bird's wings are extended, and on his crest is a shield, containing horizontal and vertical stripes. In his right claw is another sprig of laurel, and in his left a bundle of arrows. The border is red, white and blue. These colors are furnished on the same terms as are those of Sayers; that is, a guinea each is paid for them, with the understanding, however, that if Heenan is defeated the money is to be returned.

Both the men are getting into excellent condition. Sayers is working very hard at Newmarket, and his daily exercise is as follows:—At six o'clock he rises, and after taking a cold water bath he walks two miles before breakfast, which consists of eggs, mutton chop, beefsteak and other nutritious food. He then rests till ten o'clock, when he starts off on a walk of thirteen miles, which he does in about three hours; then, at two, he eats a hearty dinner, after which he spends the afternoon and evening leisurely and comfortably.

An enterprising print seller in the Strand, whose windows are filled with full length pictures of the prominent pugilists of the day, in fighting costume and attitude, offers persons who intend being present at the fight a cheap opportunity to immortalize themselves. He proposes to publish, as soon as possible after the occurrence, a grand pictorial representation containing fifty portraits of patrons and supporters of the ring, which will be photographed free of charge, and he requests "gentlemen who desire to figure in this historical picture to send in their cards." By the way, the pictures of Heenan in this window have a little biographical sketch beneath them in which it is stated that the "Boy" was born in "Troy State, New York."

Sam Hurst, known as the "Stalybridge Infant," has issued a challenge, offering to fight Heenan, whether he win or lose with Sayers, or any other man in England with the exception of Sayers, for £100 a side, or any foreigner for £200 a side. It is not unlikely that after the termination of the match with Sayers, Heenan will have plenty of invitations to test his powers further, and should he win the Champion's belt, he will of course feel bound to accept them. Under any circumstances, he intends remaining in England till June, attending the principal races, and enjoying himself, and seeing something of England and English life, as of course he cannot now do, while working as hard as he is, to prepare himself for the coming encounter.

I have just had a conversation with a gentleman thoroughly familiar with sporting matters, and who is taking the odds on Heenan. He says, however, that although there are such quotations as six to four, he cannot get them, and has never been able to get over five to four. Sayers, he says, is a hard fighter, but he has been once defeated, and may be again; and he considers that if he is beaten by Heenan it will be no disgrace to him to be defeated by a man five inches taller, three stone heavier than himself, and a man in the full vigor of youth, as Heenan is. The fight, he thinks, will be of short duration, and Sayers' game will be to keep "the Boy" as far off from him as possible, not allowing him to close and overcome him by his superior size and weight, if he can avoid it. Nat Langham, the only man who ever whipped Sayers, has been giving Heenan some lessons in sparring, and says he has improved wonderfully.

The fight is going to be a very select one. The price of tickets for the "excursion" will be put at such a price as to exclude the "roughs" who usually gather on such occasions, and the locality of the "mill" will be made known only the day before it comes off, so as to prevent them from reaching it in advance by the ordinary means of conveyance. Still it is altogether probable an immense number of persons will be present. I shall send you a full account of the affair.

Our Paris Correspondence.

PARIS, March 22, 1860.

Austrian Attitude Towards Sardinia—Enthusiasm of the People of the Provinces—Firmness of the French Emperor—Jealousy of the Great Powers—Attitude of Russia—Victor Emanuel and the Pope—The Inhabitants of the Roman States Petition Victor Emanuel for Protection—A Bloody Struggle Anticipated—Warlike Preparation in Austria and Russia—Proposed Visit of Prince Napoleon to America—The Pope Excommunicates Victor Emanuel—Threatening Attitude of Switzerland, &c.

The most important event of the past week has been without doubt the protest of Austria as regards the acceptance by King Victor Emanuel of the annexation of the Duchies. The King has not only accepted, but he has signified his pleasure at so doing and Austria, loudly protests, putting at once an end to all diplomatic relations between Sardinia and herself, and showing by her attitude that she is ready for another war. I shall further along notice the tremendous preparations now going on in Venetia, although it was supposed that nothing more could be done in that line than had already been duly attended to. Herewe have excitement enough. The King of Sardinia having ceded by treaty Savoy and Nice to the Emperor Napoleon, or rather to France, the people of those provinces are pleased and take every occasion to show it. But this will not answer for England. Her ranting House of Commons does not see fit to allow France and Sardinia to settle amicably a matter that regards only them; so discussions of a most vexing nature for the country are kept up, to the disgust of even the English journals. But this does not stop the Horsemanns, Peels and such fry; they, like the war horse, smell the battle afar off. They see the Rhine torn from Prussia, Belgium becoming the property of France, and then they quake for themselves, with the same insane fears they have so often and so ludicrously betrayed during the last few years. The consequences of such a course of conduct are inevitable. Germany takes the alarm and thinks seriously that she is menaced, and so a feeling of unnecessary uneasiness has been raised. The Emperor Napoleon is pledged to the French people, that in case of the formation of a great Power in Central Italy, he would by annexing Savoy protect his frontiers, and he now has no other course to pursue. The country in dispute has been ceded to him, and he will take possession of it. It is worthy of notice that no alarm was created when Austria ceded Lombardy, but forsooth, because Sardinia cedes Savoy and Nice, the alarmists at once predict no end of unhappy consequences. All this is but the result of a jealous fear that is felt by the meaner intellects among England's statesmen.

There can exist no doubts upon the intentions of the Emperor Napoleon. He finds it impossible to please all, and so he will begin by pleasing his own people. This is wise, the more so as he is perfectly justified in the course he is pursuing. A deputation of Savoyards is now here, and was received yesterday by the Emperor. The deputation presented an address to his Majesty, respectfully protesting against the dismemberment of Savoy, as it was well known that his Majesty, with a desire to preserve a perfect understanding upon the question, was willing to cede that portion of Savoy that Switzerland claims.

Upon this point will now hinge all the difficulty. Austria has already protested in favor of Switzerland, while England is but too anxious to do so, in case she can succeed in getting Russia to protest with her. But it will all be useless. The Emperor has but one course left: he must annex. As for Russia, she will not interfere in a matter that is of such little importance to her. She is slowly but surely getting ready for the prosecution of her intentions as regards Turkey, and will most probably rejoice when the impending struggle between Central Italy and Austria is commenced. Now that the annexation is decided on, is *au fait accompli*, the French troops are leaving Lombardy on their return movement to France; but you may rest assured they will not go far from the scene of their late exploits. At a moment's notice the victor of Magenta and Solferino will return unto the plains of Italy, and again will the stolid Germans be routed by their fierce onslaught.

Of course all eyes are now turned towards Central Italy. The Catholics of Europe are anxiously awaiting the action of the Pope as regards the Romagna. King Victor Emanuel accepted the vote of the people of the Legation as he did that of Tuscany, Parma and Modena, but he added an expression of his devotion to the Pope, whose independence he was ready to defend, and to whose sovereignty he was willing to render homage. Will the successor of St. Peter be satisfied with these sentiments? I fear not. He will, with his twenty thousand mercenaries, attack the Legations, and will bring about a most fearful state of anarchy and confusion. From Umbria and the Marches the last accounts are not reassuring. The people betray the most intense exasperation, arising from the arbitrary procedure of the Pope's government. The inhabitants of Rome, Umbria and the Marches have presented to Victor Emanuel an address soliciting his protection. The commencement of the document is remarkable. I shall cite it, as well as the end, which is quite as much so:—

"Sire, on that solemn day when the people of Romagna attach themselves by their vote to the States of your Majesty, the people of the other Roman provinces (up till this time their companions in misery) feel the more profoundly their condemnation to a long and unmerited martyrdom. We present ourselves before you, sire, to declare that the Romans, the Umbrians, and the people of the Marches, though not enabled themselves to deposit their votes in the urns, are nevertheless prepared to give triumphant welcome at the fitting time to the victor of Palestro and San Martino. * * * * * * If, in the midst of the sufferings that tyrannously overwhelm them, these people can only learn that your Majesty has generously consented to listen to their prayer, they will support their burdens with greater firmness till the hour shall arrive for them to break their chains and unite themselves to that army which your Majesty will lead to the conquest of the independence and freedom of the Italian nation."

Let the annexation go on—let the foreigner be at last driven definitively from the land—let the Italians arrange, as it is but fair, their own affairs; and I declare that, before ten years are over, Victor Emanuel will proceed to Rome to find the kingly crown of regenerated Italy.

His Holiness displayed a few days since an inclination to get rid of the French troops at Rome, and he informed the French government that he could henceforth take care of himself. But he has somewhat changed his mind since, as I am now assured on good authority. The King of Naples was to furnish the Eternal City with a sufficient number of troops to keep the people quiet. But it seems that upon due reflection Francis II. came to the conclusion that the experiment was too hazardous a one, and he now hesitates. Should France order her troops away at once, the Holy Father would be in a most embarrassing position. The King of Naples has trouble enough of his own to look after. His whole kingdom is in a state of feverish anxiety and excitement, which the foolish severity of his police may at any moment cause to break out into open rebellion. The London journals publish a correspondence from the English minister at Naples to his government, confirming the statements I made in my last letter as to the numerous arrests at Naples of persons of the highest rank and influence. The list sent to the British Cabinet by Mr. Elliot is precisely the same that I forwarded a week previously to you. It is now evident to all Europe that war is at hand. The armaments of Austria, Rome and Naples have opened the eyes of the most blind, and one and all feel that the war cloud, with its load of tyranny and oppression, must soon burst.

As foundation for these alarms, I may state that the Austrian military authorities are displaying a marvellous activity. Quantities of boats, of a light structure, lined with iron and mounting a single gun of long range, are being constructed at the arsenals at Venice, to be employed on the Lago di Garda. A correspondent from Italy says they purchase, with a like object, considerable numbers of the stoutest fishing boats of Chioggia. These, when transported by rail, are to be stationed at Riva and at Peschiera. Thousands of workmen are employed night and day on the new fortifications of Peschiera. Forty new detached forts are in course of erection at Mantua. Verona is crammed with troops; a numerous staff is also concentrated in that city, comprising the Lieutenant Marshals Degenfeldt, Lederer, Wernhardt, Mezzini and Stadion, besides a number of generals of brigade and colonels; all the military *personnel*, as well as the troops, being paid and maintained upon the war footing. Numerous regiments are stationed in the Tyrol, along the entire course of the railway. The masses of Austrian cavalry and artillery are concentrated between Rovigo and Padua. In less than six days, 100,000 men can be thrown into Central Italy from the other side of the Po. The only thing which embarrasses the Austrians is the difficulty of obtaining provisions for this vast army. The Venetians have been too long exposed to continual spoliation to afford any further resource, and the other provinces of the empire, such as Croatia and Hungary, are themselves suffering too much from scarcity to be able to render any material assistance. As a further symptom of approaching rupture, they now begin to refuse, though without any avowed motive, the passage of the Mincio to all Lombards desirous of proceeding into the Venetian territory on private business, though provided with Piedmontese passports. The mixed Sardo-Austrian commission sitting for the limitation of the frontier has separated, after a series of stormy debates, without arriving at any definite conclusion. The Venetians await the commencement of the struggle with the most intense anxiety; the Lombards anticipate it with the utmost ardor. One of the principal organs of the Milanese press, the *Perseveranza*, thus expresses itself on this important subject:—"The nation will accept the combat without braggadocio, but with becoming firmness. We have a valorous army, habituated to victory, a proud and energetic government, and a people who can be capable of every sacrifice. A defensive war has nothing in it which should alarm us, and if, in the event of a war which we have not provoked, France chooses to cross her arms, and remain supinely a spectatress of the struggle, we shall not seek to make her partake our perils a second time. We hope, on the contrary, to prove to her that we have not forgotten all she has done for us during the late war, and that we are worthy to appertain to that Italian nation which she so powerfully contributed to create."

To add to the universal uneasiness, Russia is commencing a movement of troops towards Bessarabia and the southern parts of the empire. That is, to say the least, most ominous when taken in connection with the alteration of steam commercial vessels so as to serve as transports for troops. It is also asserted that the attitude of the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople is such as to inspire great distrust. The public is now awakening to the truth of the alliance between Austria and Russia, as announced some time since by the *Morning Chronicle* of London, and which I assured you in my correspondence was really a fact, having been so informed by persons whom I have always found to be correct.

In Prussia a feeling of irritation and distrust also pervades. The new military law has thrown the people into a state of great excitement. Coming evil is foreshadowed; the liberal party is disappointed thereby, for they feel that the augmentation of the army is dangerous to their liberties and beneficial but to the petty nobility. The heavy taxation consequent upon the increase of the standing forces is ruinous to the financial system and national credit. The bill authorizing this augmentation has not as yet passed, but the Prince Regent and the Ministry have identified themselves with the measure. Prussia, in view of her troubled internal policy, has not as yet protested in the Savoy affair. She fears that Napoleon III. will be vexed enough at her increasing armaments, let alone annoying him by interfering with his policy. To resume: the chief point of discontent with the Prussians is the fact that the whole male population is subjected for years to come to martial law in case the military bill passes.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States and Canada is now decided upon, and the squadron that is to accompany him ordered to assemble at Spithead. This visit will no doubt revive the desires of Prince Napoleon as regards his intended journey some time back to the United States. I am told that more than likely his Highness will be in America during the ensuing autumn. He would of course be quite a lion, but the interest of such a visit would fall far short of that created by the visit of the Prince of Wales.

We hear from Madrid that the Spanish government has determined to continue the Moorish war, as the Moors will only consent to pecuniary sacrifices as conditions of peace.

I have just ascertained that the Sardinian troops have commenced the evacuation of Savoy. The first detachment of the French troops returning from Lombardy will arrive to-morrow in Savoy. We have just received the reply made by Austria to the circular note presented to Count Rechberg by M. Steiger, the Swiss *chargé d'affaires* at Vienna. In the circular the Federal Council protests to the Powers that guaranteed the treaties at Vienna against any measure having for its object the incorporation of Chablais and Faucigny with the French empire. Count Rechberg answered that Austria reserves her definitive reply until she had ascertained the disposition of Europe; but he reminded M. Steiger that last year, when the French troops were conveyed by railways from Culoz to Chambery, the Austrian cabinet in vain represented to Switzerland, as well as to the great Powers, that the neutrality of that part of Savoy ought to be respected. By the passage of the French troops that neutrality was openly violated, contrary to the treaties of 1815. Thus M. Steiger has been snubbed, as was Lord Loftus, the English Ambassador at Vienna. I recounted to you in my last letter the mishaps of the British diplomat. It is now reported here that a formal excommunication of King Victor Emanuel has been sent by the Pope to Turin. The King coolly handed the document to the Council of State, and there, for the present, ends the bugbear. Truly the days of priestly power are passing away, and common sense and reason are fast putting down bigotry and superstition.

IMPORTANT POSTSCRIPT.

I have just received a piece of most startling information which will sadly complicate affairs here in case it is correct, which I believe it is:—*The Swiss government is said to have sent troops to occupy Chablais and Faucigny.* This is, of course, a defiance of France, which is so daring and irrational as to force the conclusion that Switzerland is acting in reliance upon some great Power at whose instigation the act was undertaken.

PARIS, March 22, 1860.

Annexation of Savoy and Nice to France—Excitement on the Bourse—The Opera in Paris—Gallantry of Napoleon III.—Splendid Improvement in the Champs Elysees—Lamartine's Views upon the Savoy Question in 1847—Condition of Naples—Speculations of the Murat Party—The Trial of the Bishop of Orleans—The Prince Imperial Nearly Fires the Tuileries, &c.

The annexation of Savoy and Nice has ceased to be a question. It is now a historical fact. Yesterday, the Emperor, with all due point and circumstance, formally welcomed the "cradle" of Victor Emanuel as an appanage of his domestic household. "I hope," are his words to the deputation of provincial and municipal councillors, "soon to consider you as members of the great French family." His Majesty says nothing about the consent of the great Powers, but that he is authorized in believing they will inquire into the matter in a favorable spirit. "*L'accueil fait aux communications adressées par mon gouvernement aux puissances représentées au Congrès de Vienne autorise pour le plupart d'entre elles la juste espérance d'un examen favorable.*" The *Moniteur*, likewise, this morning gives us M. Thouvenel's long expected despatch, addressed to the Imperial ministers at foreign courts, as also another addressed to the French Charge d'Affairs at Berne, in reply to the solemn protest of Dr. Kern. I will not enlarge upon these documents, interesting as they are, as you will of course publish them *in extenso*.

The money market is, of course, very sensitive. That was to be expected. Indeed, of late the lamentations and bitter mournings that have issued from that temple of Mammon, the Bourse, have been quite heartrending. "Peace! peace!" is the cry; "when will our Emperor let us, as he promised, sit every man under his own vine and his own fig tree?" and, unquestionably, the gorgon head of war seems forever mocking and jibing the unhappy *Agent de Change* as he steps forth to perform his wonted daily labor. It is observed also that with respect to what has taken place in Central Italy, notwithstanding the hundreds of leading articles published on the subject in the Paris journals, few or any of them venture to comment on the King of Sardinia's position. Of course the clerical organs have their say; but the *Pays*, the *Courrier de Paris* and the *Constitutionnel* are perfectly dumb. The *Patrie* says a word or two, but in such a shape that it can recall it without difficulty. The fact is, whether we judge from such public organs as still make a show of representing opinion, or from what we see and hear in diplomatic and well informed circles or among the more general class of citizens, we can but accept one condition, namely: that while all Frenchmen, as Frenchmen, are sincerely gratified at the acquisition of Savoy and Nice, and at the great principle of glorious resuscitation involved in it, they do not disguise from themselves the conviction that new struggles await France. "We shall have war, sir; we must have war," is the reflection of every man you meet; "and we are not afraid of it."

The Emperor himself speaks very unreservedly of affairs, and apparently with a firm conviction that all things will find their level without further violence. But it is remarked that when an habitually silent man takes to talking he is only seeking to augment his power of concealment; and few believe the Emperor says what he thinks when he expresses such hopes of a pacific solution. The troops you will perceive are already withdrawn from Lombardy, but only to take up their quarters at Nice and Chambery. There is to be no dismemberment, and Switzerland, despite her energetic protest, must bide the Emperor's pleasure. The words of M. de Lamartine, in 1847, are quoted by the *Patrie* to give additional zest to France's new acquisition. "Savoy," says the poet, "is entirely French in its language, its race and its manners. In all the great commotions of the world Savoy must detach herself from Italy, and of her own self fall on our side. The Alps are a frontier too necessary for the two people to belong to one alone. If their southern slope is towards Italy, their northern is towards France. Snow, sun and water have marked this division of the Alps betwixt the two people. Policy cannot long prevail with impunity against nature." The *Patrie*, while complimenting the author upon his eloquent language, takes occasion, however, to observe that policy would, notwithstanding, have very long prevailed against nature but for Napoleon the Third.

The state of Naples is again causing great stir among the Murat party. At the Prince de Wagram's, whose daughter the grandson of Joachim Murat, ex-King of Naples, married, there have been of late frequent gatherings and congratulations. Prince de Wagram, son of Marshal Berthier, is himself a narrow minded man, and who will only be heard of in any political commotion when the division of the spoil takes place, at which time his voice is likely to be loud enough. He is immensely rich, and, though exceedingly ambitious that his only daughter should be Queen of Naples, is by no means inclined to embark any of his wealth in such speculations without tolerably good security. But of late the tidings from Naples have been of so exciting a character that he has been induced to mix himself up in schemes which hitherto he has fought very shy of. What plan of proceeding has been laid down, of course I am unable to tell you; but this I know, that only two days ago there was a *pact de famille* entered into by which the Prince de Wagram bound himself to furnish a million of francs, and that the two Murats (father and son) took the train to Marseilles *incog.* the next morning. On all hands one hears nothing but of sinister hints of the good things that Providence has in store for his favorites; and even at the Tuileries observations have been dropped to the effect that the beginning of the end was beginning.

You may be very sure that the result of the Bishop of Orleans' trial has been most triumphantly received by the clerical party. Indeed popular sympathy was, apart from the Papal question, greatly in favor of M. Dupanloup. It was generally admitted that he had exhibited a gallantry and talent in his championship that ought to have raised him above such lickspittle attacks. The whole thing, too, even the part played by the *Siècle*, was looked upon as a government prosecution, and many, therefore, who are earnest in their wishes for the retrenchment of the Papal temporality are equally earnest in their wishes of a government defeat. Whoever it is that advises these legal proceedings seems generally to lead the government into mischief. Out of the many prosecutions which have occurred here, few have terminated in any definite result. In the present instance common sense absolved the Bishop. The *Siecle* and other journals had more than once intemperately assaulted him, and nothing that he said in return could reasonably be felt to be beyond justification. As for the relatives of the former bishop, whom M. Dupanloup never brought into the controversy till forced to do so by the semi-official *Constitutionnel*—if such relatives are to be indemnified each time as ancestral public character is criticised, there would be an end of all public discussion. I repeat, I have very generally found the verdict of the Bishop's acquittal to be well received.

Since my last the little prince imperial has completed his fourth anniversary. He bids fair to be a sharp boy, and already makes a fair attempt at reading, and even at writing. In riding and military exercise he is most precocious. His best language is English, though he perfectly understands everything that is said to him in German. On Sunday last the young gentleman very nearly set the Tuileries on fire. Even while the nurse was in the room, he had somehow or other possessed himself of a box of allumette, which, having lighted, he placed in a basket with a lid, and then popped it behind the window curtains. Soon the basket ignited, and before the nurse could guess where the smoke proceeded from, the flames seized the ceiling, and ran up the cornice instantly. Assistance was of course quickly at hand and the fire extinguished, but not without one of the footmen being severely burnt about the hands. Nothing has been said about it in the papers, but I heard the circumstances from a gentleman to whom the Emperor himself mentioned it at dinner. On the occasion of the Prince's birthday, his Majesty carried him to pay his respects to Prince Jerome.

The Empress is very busy organizing amateur musical parties. Twice a week at the Tuileries small reunions take place under the direction of M. Juliani. The Princess Chiezkuska has obtained an enormous success, and there is the Count de Prado, the wife too of Dr. Conneau, M. o'Aguado and M. de Menard, who stand in the first rank. The Empress is fond of music and has some judgment. The second empire, in fact, sadly feels the want of a second Josephine. Beautiful she may be, and amiable she most undoubtedly is, but this is not quite enough for the occasion. There are times when a *femme vraiment spirituelle* could give immense lustre to the young dynasty. But Napoleon has no help in this quarter. Mrs. Howard, the butcher's daughter, who during the days of his Presidentship lived with him in the Rue de Cirque, and is now a millionaire and an honest woman living with her husband, could in point of mind have made him a better Empress than beautiful Eugenie.

The Savoy deputation are to dine with the Emperor on Sunday next.

Two carriages ran against one another on Tuesday, near Arc de l'Etoile, which caused the upsetting of one of them, and a lady tumbled out, not hurt, but mortally alarmed. The Emperor happened to be passing by in an open carriage, and at once pulled up and descended among the crowd to offer his assistance to the unfortunate lady. It was a Madame de Belfort, but she was so overcome by the shock as not to be able to express her recognition of his Majesty's gallantry. Napoleon has been rendered conspicuous in a new *rôle*.

Some few days since an auction occurred at the auction mart of an India ink drawing bearing the magic signature of L. N. Bonaparte. It was a little thing, representing the chateau of Arenberg, in Switzerland, with a young shepherd leaning against a tree playing on a pipe, and executed by him for Mme. Recamier, in whose souvenirs allusion is made to it. It was sold for 735f.

Works are about to be commenced directly for the purpose of rendering the Champs Elysées truly something similar to our notions of a Garden of Paradise. The whole of the right side of the avenue leading from the Place de la Concorde is to be laid out in gardens, terraces, fountains and beautiful parterres. A theatre which is near to the Cirque Imperial, called the Boulles Parisienne, is to be demolished, and a more suitable one erected in lieu. In fact everything is in progress to render the neighborhood of the great arch of Triomphe the *crême de la crême* of Paris.

The agitated state of the political atmosphere has left me small room to speak of theatricals, without which, however, Paris would be no Paris to its denizens. Prince Poniatowski's "Prince de Medicis" has been an extraordinary success. Rossini has himself declared that there are passages in it worthy of any composer, living or dead. Mme. Penco, at the Italian Opera, when performing in "Otello," had her dress ignited while standing too near the footlights. One of the choristers at once rushed forward and crushed out the fire, but her agitation was so extreme at the discovery of her danger that she has since been unable to resume her duties. A very pretty thing has been introduced at the Francais, entitled "Le Feu du Convent." It is by M. Theodore Barriere, and is as gracefully written as it is admirably played. The Count de Saverny, on being left a widower, puts his daughter into a convent and resumes his dissipated bachelor life. Accidentally a fire at the convent returns his daughter to her home, no longer a girl, but a lovely young woman. The father is ashamed of his debaucheries, and was it not for an approaching duel would set down with his daughter and taste the joys of innocent domestic life. While thinking of the possibly unprotected state in which he may leave his daughter, M. de Merriel, a young man, arrives, whom he begs to remain in the house during his absence, appointing him guardian if the worst should befall him. Left alone, the embarrassment of Merriel and the young lady is very amusing, and played as only it could be played on French boards. The *finale* may be anticipated. Hymen steps in between the youthful guardian and his ward, and the father returns unscathed to bless them.

Our Berlin Correspondence.

BERLIN, March 21, 1860.

Prussian View of the Annexation of Savoy and Nice—Lord Bloomfield's Despatch to Lord John Russell—Hostility of Prussia Towards France—The Prussian Expedition to China—Lengthy Debate in the Chamber of Deputies—Scandal in High Life, &c.

The publication of Lord Bloomfield's despatch to Lord John Russell, giving an account of his conversation with M. de Schleinitz on the Savoy question, has thrown the Prussian diplomacy into a terrible flutter. Not that it contains anything discreditable to them, or anything with which the public were not tolerably well acquainted before, but it completely upsets all their ideas of official secrecy to have their negotiations trumpetted forth to the world while they are still pending, or to have opinions fixed upon them which they are not able to act up to, and which, therefore, at some future moment they may think advisable to disown. It is impossible, they say, to pursue any regular line of policy, if England comes with her Blue Book, and betrays everything to the profane vulgar ere the first steps you take have led to any tangible result. It is like discussing your most private affairs in the market place, or discovering your hand at cards to your adversary. M. de Schleinitz vows that Lord Bloomfield has misrepresented his words, and that he did not express his "distrust" of the French Emperor in the offensive manner ascribed to him, but there is no reason to doubt that the statement given by the British ambassador is in the main correct. The Prussian statesmen are excessively alarmed at the annexation of Savoy. They very naturally view it as a precedent that may be used at some future day against their Rhenish provinces, which may be *revendiquer* as the natural frontiers of the French empire in the East, on the same ground as the Alps are in the South. The least they could do, therefore, would be, as M. de Schleinitz intimated, to require France "to take no further action in the matter without calling a conference of the European Powers," and it was of the highest importance for them to prevail upon England to join them in such a course; but events are now progressing at so accelerated a pace that in all probability the annexation will be an accomplished fact before the two governments can offer their joint remonstrances. A formal protest will hardly be resolved upon by Prussia; the French Cabinet will have the rebutting argument ready by referring to the case of Cracow, which was annexed to Austria with the consent and through the co-operation of Prussia and Russia, notwithstanding the protests of France and England. "You were the first to break the treaties of 1815," Louis Napoleon might say, "and you have clearly no right to insist upon my respecting them more than you did yourselves." The cry of "stop thief" comes with an ill grace from the man who has just assisted his confederate in abstracting a purse. But, protest or no protest, it is certain that the annexation will produce an entire change in the relations between France and Prussia, which have hitherto presented at least the outward appearance of perfect cordiality. There will be complaints on one side, and recrimination on the other, till, in spite of the ardent love of peace really entertained by this country, and so often professed by the French autocrat, a rupture will become inevitable. Meanwhile, the public mind is agitated by all sorts of alarming rumors; thus, it was stated the other day that the French ambassador at Munich had already sounded the Bavarian government as to whether they would be inclined to accept a "valuable consideration" for their possessions on the left bank of the Rhine; and, although this is contradicted "by authority" in the official *Munchener Zeitung*, such reports are sure to increase the feeling of anxiety and uneasiness inspired by the dark presentiment of an appro