EUROPE.

Preparations for the Ecumenical Council in Rome.

THE LONDON DRAMATIC SEASON.

French and American Newspapers.

The Great Storm in Germany.

The budget of foreign correspondence which we publish in this morning's HERALD from our specials in some of the principal cities of Europe will enable our readers to become acquainted with the details of events that are about to transpire, or have already taken place in their respective sections. From England we have a *resumé* of what is being done at the London theatres; the Roman letter treats particularly on the preparations for the coming Ecumenical Council, at which representatives of the Christian Church from all parts of the Christian world are expected to be present; the letter from Spain describes the present situation of the country generally and also gives an interesting account of the fruit and wine trades. The letter from Paris will also be found of interest, drawing, as it does, a parallel between the French and American press, and also throwing some additional light on the recent Baudin manifestations, which during their existence threatened to disturb the peace of the French capital. The violent storm which visited Berlin on the 8th, and spread over the greater part of Germany, is described in full in the correspondence from the Prussian capital. Our Vienna letter reviews the condition of Austria and Hungary, and shows what is being done for the army and navy of these two countries.

ENGLAND.

Novelties at the London Theatres.

LONDON, Dec. 9, 1868.

While the old and the new Ministries are engaged in changing places, like the dancers in a State quadrille, and while the new Lord Chancellor is preparing the draught of the very brief Queen's speech that is to suffice to adjourn Parliament until next year, and while there is a lull and calm in general politics like that which follows a Presidential election in America, let us look in at the theatres, where changes and busy preparations are also going on, and see what novelties are presented or promised for the Christmas season.

That elegant little theatre, the Prince of Wales', will open the new season next Saturday with a new comedy, by Edmund Yates, of which great things are expected. It is to be called "Tame Cats," and I am fortunately able to give you the plot a week in advance of its production. Mr. Waversham, a young gentleman of fortune, is beset by two harpies, one a poet and the other a female second cousin, who live upon him and endeavor to ruin him. These two people, with another old mystery called Mr. Tweedle, are the "tame cats" of the comedy. Hedgewood and the cousin succeed in inducing Waversham to invest his money in bogus shares and to doubt the fidelity of his wife. Tweedie, like a guardian angel, suppresses the letter ordering the shares and vindicates the wife's innocence. This is the plot; but a number of amusing and pathetic incidents are skilfully developed and the dialogue sparkles with brilliant epigrams. All the best artists in the company will play in "Tame Cats," and its success is a certainty.

Let me take you behind the London scenes for a moment and show you why this new comedy is considered of so great importance that it now almost monopolizes the attention of the London literary and dramatic worlds. By his comedy of "Society," which you have seen at Wallack's, Mr. Tom Robertson revolutionized the English comedy as Mr. Dion Boucicault had previously revolutionized the English melodrama by the "Colleen Bawn." Mr. Robertson followed up his success by "Ours" and by "Caste," both of which have been acted in the United States; but at "Caste" his genius seemed to culminate. He has done nothing since at all worthy of his fame. His dramas have been failures; his comedy of "Play" did not draw. But having once seen the Robertsonian comedies the patrons of the Prince of Wales' theatre would be satisfied with nothing less, and the management cast about to find some other comedy writer to relieve them from the necessity of being monopolized by Mr. Robertson. Byron was tried and failed. Boucicault entered the arena with "How she Loves Him," and that failed. Now comes Edmund Yates, a new dramatist, but the son of an actor and already a celebrity in literature. What will he do? How will he succeed? These questions are dividing the town. Permit me to predict that he will prove a rival to Robertson, although in a different style; and by next week's mail you will see that I am right.

The Haymarket, newly and richly decorated, has already begun the new season with a drama called "Pietra," by Mosenthal, the author of "Leah." Miss Bateman, of course, plays the principal part and has a curse as usual. Briefly, the plot of "Pietra" is a German adaptation of "Romeo and Juliet." The drama is written in blank verse, and is often very stilted and stagy. Some critics declare that it is a great success; others that it is dreary, dull and dismal. I take a more moderate view, and think that the drama is not quite good enough to hold the stage. Miss Bateman, as the heroine, acts in her customary style and with her usual popularity. It would be as useless to criticise the one as to deny the other. Her engagement will end on the 24th, and then Mr. Sothern will reappear in a new comedy, by Mr. Tom Robertson, originally written for Jefferson, the title of which has not yet been fixed.

After this comedy "The Marble Heart," newly adapted by Dr. Westland Marston, who ruined "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," will be produced, with Mr. Sothern as Volage, the light comedy part. This makes up a strong programme, but Mr. Buckstone is determined to cut down his expenses and reorganize his company, nevertheless. I hear that Miss Ione Burke is to retire from the Haymarket. Perhaps her numerous admirers will soon see her in New York; but I am sorry to add that the mannerisms of the English stage have greatly injured the former freshness of her acting.

Mr. E. T. Smith closed the Lyceum in a hurry, last week, in order to get rid of his present company and prepare for his Christmas pantomime. Mr. Bandman and Mr. Fairclough were the tragedians at the Lyceum when the doors were suddenly shut. As I long ago prophesied, Mr. Bandmann's career in London has been exactly the same as his career in New York. He opened at Niblo's Garden in "Narcisse," and made a hit; attempted Shakspearian parts and did not succeed; appeared in an adaptation of Bulwer's "Night and Morning," and Manager Wheatley bought off his engagement, so decided was the failure. In London he opened at the Lyceum in "Narcisse," and made a hit. All the papers were full of his praises. Then he tried Shakspeare in the provinces, and it would not draw. Next he appeared in Bulwer's "Rightful Heir," and the critics threw him over, took back all the fine things they had said about him and let him drop. He recently essayed the part of Othello at the Lyceum, and none of the leading papers mentioned the performance. Mr. Bandman will probably return to American a sadder and wiser man. *On dit*, that he is to marry Miss Milly Palmer and star with her through the States. Mr. Fairclough is also ready to go home. He could hardly be any sadder and he will never be wiser than he is now. His faithful friend De Guest accompanies him. The experiences of these gentlemen in England ought to be a warning to ambitious American actors. The Lyceum pantomime will be called "Harlequin Humpty Dumpty; or, Dame Trot and Her Cat;" but it is not the New York "Humpty Dumpty," and will not be such a success. There is no such clown as Fox in London.

The two great pantomime theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, are getting up their Christmas novelties upon a scale more magnificent than ever. That at Drury Lane will be called "Grimalkin the Great," and is a new version by E. L. Blanchard of "Puss in Boots." That at Covent Garden will be called "Robinson Crusoe," and is an adaptation from a poor burlesque which H. J. Byron wrote for an amateur dramatic company. William Beverly will paint the scenery for Drury Lane and Matt Morgan, the cartoonist of the *Tomahawk*, paints that for Covent Garden. Harris, the theatrical agent, is having special dresses made at Paris for the Covent Garden piece, and Brunton, the artist, is designing comic masks for the Drury Lane piece. So you see the rivalry will be stronger even than in former years, and most of the smaller theatres have prudently refused to interfere in this battle of the giants and will produce no special Christmas novelties.

The Adelphi will go right on with "Monte Cristo;" the Princess', with "After Dark;" the Strand, with "The Field of the Cloth of Gold;" the New Royalty, with "The Loving Cup." The Queen's theatre, however, will produce a new extravaganza by William Brough.

Mr. Wilkie Collins and Mr. Fechter are writing a play together for the Adelphi, but it will not be ready for several months, having to be carefully cut down to reasonable dimensions after it has been written. Madame La Ferte is about to open the St. James' theatre with a new comedy and one of Planché's old burlesques. Miss Kate Reignolds is in town, having finished her provincial tour. The Sadler's Wells theatre is closed until Christmas, and Miss Celia Logan has declined a re-engagement there. Boucicault's farewell to the stage at Dublin has occasioned great astonishment in London; but I forewarned you of it six months ago. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews are at home without present engagements. The rumors that Webster is about to lease the Adelphi to Manager Shepherd, of the Surrey, are unfounded. The Olympic, however, is to lease, but nothing pays there since Robson. The Surrey theatre may also be had for money. None of the London theatres are doing well at present. The fag end of this season is remarkably dull and all business is flat and heavy.

ROME.

Religious Festivals in the Eternal City—Preparation for the Ecumenical Council—The Pope's Monumental Memorial to the Council of 1869—Feeling Over the Recent Executions.

ROME, Dec. 8, 1868.

Yesterday afternoon being the eve of the festival of the Immaculate Conception, his Holiness repaired with his customary state to the Church of the Holy Apostles to attend vespers, and this morning was present at the grand service in the Sixtine chapel in honor of the Holy Virgin, "*sine labe concepta.*" It now wants exactly a year to the convocation of the general council of the Church summoned by Pius IX.

The *Civilta Cattolica*, the Jesuits' periodical, has been appointed by the Pope to be the official organ of the Council, and it has already commenced its series of articles on the subject with an "*avviso importante*," announcing to the Christian world that in its columns will be found the most authentic "chronicle of the Council." The *Civilta Cattolica* will comprise two distinct departments of information—the one argumentative, treating of the doctrinal difficulties to be discussed, and the other historical, giving *in extenso* the acts of the Holy See and the Catholic Episcopacy, the preparations going on in Rome, with commentaries on all works published about the council, and narrations of whatever may take place in Christian States for or against it. Meanwhile the *Civilta Cattolica* is preparing the faithful for the approaching important event by the publication of a series of articles explanatory of the object and organization of ecumenical councils. In its impression of Saturday the Jesuits' review treats at some length the following propositions, and develops them by historical traditions and doctrinal maxims:—

1. To whom does it belong to summon a council?
2. Who has a right to assist at a council?
3. What authority have the bishops united in council?
4. To whom belongs the presidency of the council?
5. What is the authority of the council?

There is also in the same journal an important article as demonstrating a wish to emancipate Popes from subjection to ecumenical councils, entitled "The doctrine of St. Antonine, Archbishop of Florence, on the infallibility of Popes and their superiority over councils."

The Pope is providing beforehand for a monumental memorial of the approaching general council. It is a poetical maxim that "coming events do cast their shades before," and in the present case the shadow assumes the solid shape of a colossal marble column, recently disinterred from its twenty centuries' repose on the wharf of the ancient emporium. Baron Visconti, who has the direction of these excavations, had the honor of exhibiting all the marble "treasure trove" on the bank of the Tiber to his Holiness, who visited the locality on Monday last. The dimensions of the recumbent column of African marble, still in its rough state, having excited the Pontiff's admiration, the Baron immediately suggested the advisability of getting it finished and polished, for erection on the Janiculum, before the Church of St. Peter *in memoriam*, in eternal memory of the general council of 1869. The base of this proposed monument would bear the sculptured names of all the bishops present at the council. Pio Nono is said to have been charmed with the proposition and to have authorized the immediate preparation of the site and materials for the monument.

Count Trapani yesterday—the eve of the festival of the Immaculate Conception—had the honor of presenting to his Holiness a very elegant volume, in large quarto, containing on parchment leaves and beautifully written in Gothic characters the text of the "Dogmatic Definition," illustrated with vignettes by the talented miniature painter, Gioja, in imitation of the illuminated missals of the *quattro cento* period. The exterior appearance of the book corresponds to its internal beauty, its gorgeous binding having been executed in Paris.

The execution of Monti and Tognetti has excited the most virulent accusations and rejoinders between the Italian and Pontifical periodicals. In foul language it is difficult to say which journals are the greatest adepts.

The most extraordinary dodge on the part of the clericals is that of representing the two culprits as saints in their last moments. I quote the following expressions from the last number of the *Correspondance de Rome*:—"At the last moments Monti and Tognetti appeared transformed by repentance and penitence. The hand of God was truly in this transformation—*'hoc mutatio dexterae Excelsi!'* They showed the true triumph of human justice united to the triumph of divine mercy, and God seems to have manifested himself in accepting the temporal expiation which was to precede the eternal recompense. * * * Italy and hell have received a new defeat by the death of Monti and Tognetti. This defeat, although purely moral, reminds us, we dare to affirm, of the defeat of Mentana." Monti's widow, a pretty young woman of about twenty-six, with her baby boy, has thought fit to abstract herself from the too urgent protection of the Pontifical government, and has succeeded in getting out of the dominions of his Holiness into those of Victor Emanuel, to return to her relations at Fermo. One or two efforts had been made by agents of the government to get her into a convent in Rome, but as she had no vocation for that secluded life she did not wait to be forced into it, but made her escape at once. Of course she and her son will be well provided for in Italy.

A great deal of noise has been made about the letter which Monti is said to have written to the Pope before his execution, in the presence of twelve witnesses, among whom were Roman princes and prelates. The Pope has sent the manuscript to the Jesuit editors of the *Civilta Cattolica*, who have reprinted thousands of copies. Monti attributes in this letter his ruin entirely to having become a Freemason.

Count Trautmansdorff, after presenting his credentials as Austrian Ambassador on the 30th ult., left Rome to rejoin the Countess and escort her from Germany to the Eternal City. Fuad Pacha was received in audience by his Holiness on the same morning as Count Trautmansdorff, and the interview appeared highly satisfactory to both parties.

There have been lately some very unpleasant interferences on the part of the Dominican monk holding the office of censor of the press and all public inscriptions, with respect to epitaphs placed by Protestants on the gravestones of their defunct relatives or friends who are buried in the Protestant and schismatic cemetery within the walls of the Eternal City.

It seems to be an established maxim with the Master of the Sacred Palace—such is the censor's official title—that no heretic has a right to any epitaph expressing a hope for future rest or happiness, it being contrary to the dogma of the Catholic Church that any one dying out of its pale can be saved from eternal perdition. A niece of Mr. Longfield, member of Parliament for Cork, and a young English gentleman named Foster, died in Rome last winter; but before getting the simple epitaphs "Blessed are they who die in the Lord" and "Grant, O Lord, that he may rest in peace" engraved on their respective monuments, their relations, who are now in Rome, had absolutely to make appeal to the Pope himself, who fortunately proved more indulgent than his Dominican censor.

FRANCE.

The American Press and Canards—The Baudin Demonstration Explained—Death and Wit—The Emperor's Regime—Victor Hugo's Paper—The Marseilles Poisoners.

PARIS, Dec. 8, 1868.

Whenever an American paper is unguarded enough to give any gross misstatement of a European event this *lapsus* of the pen is magnified here into a gigantic American canard—it is enjoyed, unmercifully commented on and becomes quite a joke against the misinformed organ. It is a great wonder to correspondents and to those whose business it is never to make a mistake that the American papers are so seldom to be caught canarding, when one considers that the London and Paris papers make a point of contradicting one day what they maintained the eve before, and not only that, but when events which take place in open daylight in the public streets are so misrepresented by eye witnesses that all the evening papers give a different version of what took place. The following extracts will illustrate the difficulties to which readers are exposed and moreover prove why an American paper, which has not a corresponding Argus at command, must lead its subscribers into error. We read the forthcoming official despatch addressed by the Minister of the Interior to all the prefects and under prefects in France. It is reproduced in the governmental organs:—

PARIS, Dec. 3—6:45 P. M.

The intended manifestation which was to take place on the anniversary of the death of Baudin has failed. Groups and gatherings of people formed round the Montmartre Cemetery were easily dispersed by the intervention of the police agents. Several leaders were arrested. The most perfect tranquillity reigns over every point of the capital.

I refrain from altering this version for the present by the relation of what I witnessed round the Montmartre Cemetery, the result of my optical perceptions being totally different, but first proceed to another version in print, signed T. Richard, a political writer. He says, after giving the above extract:—On logically analyzing the above we find—

1. No manifestation was ever projected.†
2. Consequently, no manifestation failed.
3. The gatherings and groups were formed round the Montmartre Cemetery by very polite agents than curious pedestrians, and these agents had, therefore, no difficulty in getting dispersed.
4. Among these knots of people there were plenty of lookers-on, but no leaders.
5. That as the most perfect tranquillity reigns on every point of the capital it was useless to promulgate a despatch.

Now comes the question, which of these two versions is reliable? Neither. A manifestation was projected, only the democratic papers warned the ringleaders thereof not to make any tumult or demonstration, for the sake of taking the detectives in and of forcing them to do all the honors themselves round Baudin's resting place. The said manifestation did fail, because seventy-two suspicious parties were arrested, and out of this number only seventeen are to be sent to Mazas, the others, after trial, having been set at liberty again. Ringleaders there were, but the Quartier Latin stopped at home and the workmen in their factories. The *cafes* all down the outside boulevards which skirt the city were full of ringleaders quietly reading the newspapers (turned for the most part upside down), while their holders superciliously eyed detectives in disguise sitting next to them, or in front or behind. There were two policemen to a man, and five on some points to two men; for secret agents, may do as they like, they are betrayed by their clothing, the soles of their boots and the shape of their hands. Whatever part of their garments may be out of repair, however sullied the whiteness of their linen, students know the undeniable cut, and are never mistaken.

The most diverting part of the manifestation was performed by parties who remained at home. They had all made up their minds for a fusilade, and visitors went from house to house with big tales of the frays they had been through, of the attitude of the army and other sensational items, so that the rush to the kiosks for papers in the evening was like the breaking out of a torrent. The funniest thing I heard was exchanged between a journalist and a young doctor who had left the Ecole in a hurry, and came, breathless, up to his friend with a "Well what has happened?" "Nothing." "What, no arrest; no one taken up? Nothing stopped?" "Well, for the matter of that, the police have stopped their watches, so as not to go back to their stations while anything is going."

An idea can be conveyed of the apprehension felt in high quarters on this occasion when it is known that the military dignitaries at Compiegne had to leave the chateau and repair to their quarters in Paris; that the forts were all manned and every soldier in the barracks held in readiness. This display of militia will greatly decrease after the 1st of next January, when the sergents-de-ville are all to have Chassepots. It was about ten when I reached the cemetery, and the access to Baudin's tomb was then easy. Piles of wreaths had been thrown on it ever since early morn, but at eleven it was guarded and none allowed to approach; as the tide of people ever came pouring on, the gates of the church yard were closed at half-past twelve, and even the dead were carried to Pere Lachaise, there to be deposited until the following morning. This cemetery hubub coming after all the illustrious deaths which have struck Paris so suddenly and in such quick succession, has of course given rise to lugubrious *bons mots*. Among the number some are almost profane and do not bear repetition in your columns, but a few definitions have appeared in the shape of a catechism, and I give them because Paris gossip is always echoed in the HERALD. "What is a burial?" asks a Boulevardier. "A morning occupation," answers the disciple. "What are tears? The blood of the soul," is the reply. "What is widowhood?" A deception like many others. "What is the meaning of this Latin *requiescat in pace?*" A happy journey to you; good by. "And what is a funeral oration?" A literary tournament?" Such are the items *a la mode*.

Before leaving this subject I will add one on the deaths of Rothschild and Rossini which is not generally known. Madame Rossini used to send her card every day during the Baron's illness and a servant to inquire how he was. On the day he died the servant carried the card as usual to Rue Laffitte. It was after a few seconds returned, with the word "Dead" written on the back by Madame de Rothschild. The following day the Baroness sent her card to Madame Rossini and a servant to inquire about the maestro's health. His widow, for he had just expired, pencilled "Dead" at the back of the Baroness' card, and thus it is that the story was told to both.

We have very long accounts from Compiegne, the guests of the third series having left, and it is whispered that there will certainly be no fifth batch of invitations, as the Emperor is anxious to return to the Tuileries. One of his recent guests has informed me how he divides his time at Compiegne. He rises very early, and with the exception of one day in the week, which he devotes to hunting, spends his mornings in his study until twelve, when he breakfasts. After this meal, which is his best, he walks out or rides, accompanied by an aid-de-camp. He re-enters his study at four, where he reads until dinner time. This sanctum is close to one of the reception rooms in which guests assemble before meals. It is divided from these gay and courtly adherents by a door, which opens twice a day, and punctually, for the admission of the Emperor and Empress, who thence proceed to the dining hall for breakfast and dinner. The great displays made by the "third" series is a subject of malevolent remark generally, and fashionable circles have been startled by the description of a dance in which four of the Paris stars of the first magnitude appear to have figured more than wildly.

The literary world is on the lookout for a new paper, of which Victor Hugo will be chief editor. It is to be called, says report, the *Vanguard*, and the contributors are to be most of those who wrote in the *Evénement*, assisted by Francois Victor Hugo, Charles Hugo, Paul Meurice, Augusta Vacquerie and Henri Rochefort. The *Lanterne* will appear, or part of it, in every number. This pamphlet has reduced its outward proportions; it is now a small pocketbook, magnificently printed, and can be slipped in a vest pocket in cases of emergency.

The case of the *empoisonneuses*, before the tribunal of Aix, has interested provincials more than Parisians; but why this should be is unaccountable, unless, as a lawyer said before the court, "the guilty are ignorant peasants," and Parisians sympathize in hate or participation but with aristocratic and learned murderers. A Brinvilliers inspires more than the miserable and wretched Joye, who is the *Diabolus ex machina* of the affair of Marseilles. This man was an herb seller, necromancer and physician; he had assumed immense influence over the women of his village, who would have their fortunes told by him, confide their love stories and relate him their conjugal troubles. He would, when once master of his victims' secrets, act as intermediate friend between husbands and wives, wives and their lovers, and, when well paid, would side with the one who held out the finest promises of future payment, if such or such a rival could be persuaded to take arsenic, belladonna or be made to disappear without leaving any traces. Joye undertook what he did not always instigate; but he nearly always instigated crime. He found willing listeners among a company of women "all in love," as he calls it, and unto whom he made crime and poisoning appear the smallest of misdemeanors. Thus he caused the husbands of Mesdames Ville, Salvago and Gabriel to be murdered by their own hands, with the assistance of two other accomplices, the women Lamberte and Flagol. Many are the unknown crimes he has committed, and sensational will be the revelations, for when the president insisted on his giving some detail respecting his past, "Don't make me talk," he said, threateningly; "I know so much about poisons if I don't hold my tongue things would turn ugly." His face is like that of a large baboon, his forehead is low, his gaze penetrating and sharp, his whole appearance sinister, but his intelligence appears to be very limited, though cunning and feline wakefulness assist him through the ordeal of cross-questioning before the court.

GERMANY.

Violent Storm—Great Devastation Everywhere—Police Supervision—The Opposition Against It—Secret Fund and its Immorality—Review of Foreign Legation—Bismarck's Promise and Witty Remark—Press Persecution—New Steamship Line Proposed.

BERLIN, Dec. 10, 1868.

On Tuesday last this city and its environs were visited by one of the most severe storms on record for several years past. Considerable damage was done to buildings, roofs, &c., and telegraphic communication temporarily stopped. Accounts which have since arrived show that it has spread over the greater part of Germany. In the Hessian town of Fritzlar the steeple of a church was blown down through the roof of the building, killing twenty odd of the worshippers assembled for early matins. In Dresden the storm was of such violence that many of the inhabitants actually believed they experienced a shock as of an earthquake. Buildings were unroofed, trees uprooted, and not only private vehicles but also heavy railway wagons turned topsy turvy. Previous to this setting in of this hurricane a most unusual heat for this season of the year was observable, the thermometer ranging at twelve degrees above zero, Reaumur, while to-day it is at its more normal position of five degrees below zero.

The debates in the Lower Chamber are still respecting the budget, and for the last few days Count von Eulenburg, Minister of the Interior, has had the brunt of the opposition. The government, not being able to allow full play to constitutional principles, and continually harping upon kingly prerogative, forces upon the Diet the most careful consideration of this budget question, and more particularly as regards the Department of the Interior, which has now become of more political importance than the military or any other establishment. Hence the great jealousy existing against all demands for interior purposes, and a consequent disposition in the liberal ranks to retain a tight grasp upon the money they have the privilege of voting, the sole right left to them. This was quite evident when the discussion turned upon the *état* of the police, which generally, in towns numbering over 10,000 inhabitants, is administered by the government instead of being in the hands of the community. The honorable member for Berlin, Herr Duncker, complained bitterly in the course of his remarks that one-tenth of the force, about 150 policemen, were employed daily in watching over assemblies in this city. They frequently declared such assemblies "dissolved by order of the law," when it was afterwards abundantly proved that nothing whatever illegal had been spoken or done. For the supervision of the press no less than six officers are daily engaged in reading over some 800 pages of closely printed matter, and it would be the best plan to strike out their pay altogether. Deputy Parrisius sarcastically observed that owing to the skilful grouping of the budget figures he had been quite unable to discover the sum set down for these gentlemen lictors, as they are called, and several times taunted the Minister on this subject. He was at length referred to page so and so of the estimates, where the amount stands, under the heading of "assistants," at 17,350 thalers. To all these and other complaints the Minister replied that the supervision of the public press and of all public assemblies was perfectly legal; for what would honorable members say to his government if it neglected such duties? What should he say to the chief police if he could not give him an account of what the journals said and of what took place at any political or other meeting? Would there not be ground to complain of the inefficiency of the police? (Cries on the left, "No! no!" and bravos on the right.) Still greater opposition was caused by the demand of 40,000 thalers secret service money for the police. While Deputy Lasker spoke in favor of it, it was loudly condemned by Deptuy Dr. Waldeck, who said he would refuse any government such a grant, as it was immoral and corrupt to vote money for purposes which shun the light of a full discussion in the House. The vote, however, on this and other points was carried in favor of the government.

In yesterday's sitting the discussions respecting the Interior having come to a close the next subject under consideration was the *état* of the Foreign Department. It was then proposed to strike out the salaries of the Ambassadors at Darmstadt, Dresden, Hamburg, Oldenburg and Weimar. Count Bismarck took part in the debate for the first time this session, assuring the House that it was the intention of the government to transfer, as soon as possible, the whole foreign diplomatic service to the budget of the North German Bund. With this end in view the whole matter would come under the early consideration of the next Reichstag and be settled to the satisfaction of the House. A majority of the House decided in favor of charging—from the year 1870—the expenses of the embassies to the North German Confederation. Before this was done, however, the demand of 11,70 thalers for the embassy at Dresden gave rise to an animated debate. One of the members maintained that Baron von Beust—(voices, "Count von Beust?")—has lost none of his animosity against Prussia—that would be *contra naturam sui generis*—and it would be desirable on that account, and as a counterpoise, to have an embassy there. Deputy Professor Kirchow thought that the Saxon democrats had some sympathy with Count Beust's well known liberal tendencies, and Prussia could at present profit by the example of Austria. Count Bismarck then observed that he could not well enter into a discussion on the personal merits of a foreign colleague, as that would embrace a review of Austrian policy, for which this was neither the time nor place. As to following the example of that Power, it can hardly be expected that he should vote in favor of an army of 830,000 men for ten years. I do not think that this could have been the honorable member's serious meaning, and, compelled as I am to restrict my remarks, I would only observe that in the matter of liberalism of governments it is just as with the fair sex—the youngest always pleases the best. (Great hilarity.) Austria, by her long conservatism, may to-day make an *eclat* with a liberalism the greater part of which we have regarded as a *fait accompli* for twenty, aye, for fifty, years past.

Hon. Dr. Kirchow promised the Minister that when the Department of Public Instruction should come under discussion he would let him into the secret as to Prussia's right to boast of an advanced liberalism as compared with Austria.

To-day's sitting has been occupied with raking up some old disputed cases of credentials of no general interest, except to show that government had not shrunk back from adopting blamable measures for influencing elections in its favor. One of these—namely, press persecution—has been handled with the utmost vigor, and we find that during the three years from 1865 to 1867 there were no less than 860 trials. Adding to this 1,200 for the years 1862 to 1865, the years of the conflict, we arrive at the total of upward of 2,000 press trials, which, thanks to the efforts of the Attorney Generals, resulted in much tribulation to recalcitrant editors and endless fines and imprisonment. A committee for the establishment of a line of steamers between New York city and Stettin met in this city last Friday at the mansion of Mr. E. Von der Heydt. There were present Messrs. Hart (of Hart & Co.), Cutter, Consul Muller and Captain Von St. Paul, the latter representing the Prussian marine, which promises to aid the enterprise. For the purpose of building four vessels, it is estimated that at least 2,500,000 thalers will be required.

AUSTRIA.

Financial Requirements for the Army and Navy—Significant Speech of the Minister of War—The Eastern Question—Hungarian Railroads—Prosecution of an Editor—The Hungarian Nationality Law.

VIENNA, Dec. 6, 1868.

The second session of that novel experiment in the art of government—the delegations—terminated yesterday, after receiving the thanks of the imperial government for the work they had got through, and the harmony manifested between the two co-ordinate bodies and the speed at which the work was done. To commemorate the success of this second trial of the delegations Baron Beust has been raised to the dignity of count by his present sovereign.

It may fairly be inferred from the above that the government's estimates were not very seriously cut down; and such is, indeed, the fact. The government's estimates for the ordinary military budget amounted to 75,424,000 florins. The sub-committee of the Reichsrath delegation cut this down to 67,759,512 florins, and the War Minister hereupon declared that he could not hold his portfolio with so scanty a provision. The Plenum of the Reichsrath Delegation committee were not inflexible and voted the sum of 72,104,000 florins; the Plenum of the Reichsrath delegation itself were kinder still to the government and voted the sum of 72,892,000 florins. The Hungarian delegation was yet kinder to the government, and the result was, when the two delegations entered into negotiations with a view to compose their differences, which they did by means of a written correspondence, that the ultimate vote of the two delegations was for 72,951,692, or a paring down of about 2,500,000. The extraordinary army budget was ultimately passed just as the Hungarian delegation had passed it, namely, at the figure of 4,739,681—the government having asked for 6,600,000 in round numbers. In the Reichsrath delegation the economists would have had more of their way but for the zealous assistance rendered to the government by the representatives of the upper house in the first place, and by the Polish delegates from both houses in the second. It was Prince Ladislaus Czartoryski who led the van in rejecting the economical proposals of the committee of the delegation. In this way the Galician Poles claim that they are returning the imperial government good for evil; but although they gain credit with the government itself they do not earn the blessings of the German-Austrian taxpayers, who find the rampant military loyalty of the Galician Poles too costly to themselves to be pleasant.

As regards the Navy Budget Admiral Tegethoff was able this year, as he was last, to prevail upon both delegations to be liberal to the arm of the service over which he presides. The sum voted for the navy, ordinary and extraordinary budget together, amounted to 7,750,000 florins in round numbers.

A speech of the Minister of War before the Reichsrath delegation has created some sensation and even sent stocks down on the Bourse. The extraordinary budget contained among other things a sum of money for the fortifications of Cracow. In the course of his defence of this item he said:—

"We must not neglect anything which helps to secure Gallicia and the whole eastern boundary, for we are perhaps on the eve of very important events, and I must take this opportunity to lay the greatest weight upon the speedy construction of the railroads which are intended to connect Hungary with Gallicia, and of all these lines I lay the greatest stress on that strategic line which is to connect Pesth, Kaschau and Przemyst. In Russia the government seeks to bring the railroads as near as possible to the Austrian frontiers. It may be true that this is done for the good of commerce, but commercial roads are likewise military ones."

The panic created by these words in the Stock Exchange was prolonged by the news that the Sultan was about to take stringent measures against the Hellenic government in consequence of the neglect of the latter to prevent the forwarding of help to the insurgents in Crete. Public opinion, however, has cooled down since it has been told that the Western Powers are backing Turkey up in this matter and will take care that Greece will not defy the Porte. The thirst for the continuance of peace in Europe is here so great that Phil-Hellenism at the present moment has few or no friends.

The Hungarian Finance Minister has stated to the Diet that the balance of the Hungarian railroad loan which was not taken up by the public at the commencement of the present year has been recently taken up by the several Vienna banking houses, including Baron Rothschild and the Anglo-Austrian Bank. The whole loan will cost the Hungarian government about seven and a half per cent on the real capital advanced.

The responsible editor of a Sunday paper in this city has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, with occasional hard labor, for writing on "the first and last love of Isabella of Spain" in a way to offend public decency. The case was heard within closed doors as being something too shocking for the public to read about. The reporters of the press were excluded.

A very important measure is now passing through the Hungarian Diet, namely, that entitled the "Nationality law." It is a bill drawn up by Franz Deak, and relates to the concessions in the matter of language which the Magyars are ready to make to the minor nationalities of Hungary (Croatia and Slavonia excepted, whose cases are liberally provided for by the Croatian settlement). This measure provides that the exclusive language of the State and the Legislature shall be the Hungarian. Nevertheless the laws shall be published in authentic form in the languages of all the nationalities settled in Hungary. The language of the county jurisdictions and of the local and inferior law courts is free and may be that which is locally most convenient; but the language of the superior courts is to be Hungarian. This bill did not suit the ideas of the Servian and Rouman patriots, who demanded that the Serbi and Rouman portions of Hungary should be separated from the rest of Hungary, and that the Serb and Rouman tongues should be declared by law to be the legal and dominant tongues in those districts respectively. These "patriots" were also ready to apply the same principle to the Ruthenian and Slowack districts of Hungary. This plan was opposed and successfully opposed by the majority of the Diet. In support of the measure as proposed by Deak, Minister Eotoos made a long and eloquent speech, at the close of which he touched upon a subject lately ably discussed in the editorial columns of the HERALD, namely—the relations of the nationality principle to the levelling and cosmopolitan tendency of nineteenth century civilization. It is seldom that a Magyar speaks from so objective a standpoint in relation to his own much-prized nationality as Eotoos does in the following passages:—"If I contemplate the history of the world I see clearly that that man, who puts his nationality before everything else, cannot regard the progress of civilization without anxiety. With the progress of civilization the number of the nationalities becomes gradually fewer and fewer. Of yore, at the first dawn of civilization, a nationality consisted of a few families. In a part of Australia and America, nationalities consist even yet of only a few hundred members. By union and merging with one another they compose larger and larger nationalities. Therefore the progress of civilization is indeed menacing to the existence of nationalities. To this peril we Magyars are exposed, as also are our Croatian brethren, all the other nationalities of our Fatherland, and in a word all the smaller nationalities throughout the world.

"How are we, however, to meet this peril? By embalming every nationality in a law, as if it were a mummy, and stowing it away in the vaults of the law courts? In our century that which has no independent vitality has no future. If we wish to secure ourselves against the rising waves of civilization we must clamber up to an eminence. The flood covers the low land, but the lofty cliff towers above it for ages."

The drift of these words, I take it, is that those nationalities that are not strong enough to contribute powerfully to the progress of civilization had better surrender to some great and prominent nation that is an important factor of civilization, amalgamate with it and die out, and he seems to hint that such may be the fate of the proud, historic, and by no means weak nationality of the Magyars.

To come back to the merits of the "Nationality law." It secures to the minor nationalities of Hungary a measure of legal recognition for their mother tongues which Great Britain refuses to the languages of the Celtic populations in the British Isles.

SPAIN.

The City of Malaga—The Fruit and Wine Trades—Charming Prospects Under a Republican Regime—Liberty and Its Consequences—The Spanish Laborer.

MALAGA, Nov. 27, 1868.

Malaga is not one of the prettiest and most stirring of the commercial cities of Spain. It has a certain interest for more Americans than any other place in this country, because it sends to the United States the raisins without which Thanksgiving puddings and Christmas mince pies and even New Year's cakes would be stale, flat and unprofitable. How dreary would be our holidays without the toothsome and indigestible raisin! Where would the American youth find his future consolation in the absence of the dried fruit of Malaga? By its fruit alone should Malaga be judged, because in little else has it claims on the attention of the world. I have said it is not the prettiest city in Spain, but if one views it from the blue Mediterranean or from the lofty summits of the mountains that surround it on almost every side it presents some features of beauty. One day or other in the distant past there must have been a fine bay here frequented by Roman or Carthaginian traders and alive with the quaint craft of those early days. But the shore has rapidly encroached upon the sea, and in the memory of men now living where the beautiful Alameda is the waves of the Mediterranean flowed and small craft rode at anchor. The old Moorish citadel, now 200 yards from the beach and well in the town, was once entered by vessels of small size, which sailed through its elegant portal and unloaded their cargoes within its walls. As it is there is but a little harbor left, protected by means of a small mole, behind which ships lie tolerably secure, moored stem and stern. The city fronts the sea, and beyond the huge cathedral that has come down from the middle ages there is little striking in it in the public buildings. On the lofty heights behind the town are the old Moorish fortifications, picturesque and imposing, with their towers and curtains and battlements, which are now being torn down, domineering over the place. Through the city flows a mountain torrent, at times an irresistible and swift-flowing stream, sweeping everything before it, but generally a pretty brook, scarcely large enough to furnish water for the washerwomen who seem to inhabit its rocky bed. In the short valley through which it comes from the mountain are the summer houses of the Malaganas and the most delightful gardens of Spain in the summer.

At present there is no excitement in Malaga except on the subject of raisins and politics. The season for the former has about passed, and people will begin to pay more attention to the latter, as its season has hardly begun in real earnest. The people cannot complain of the present fruit season. It has been an extraordinary one. The fruit has been abundant, of good quality and flavor and the drying season has been all that could be desired. The crop is mostly gathered and packed and already shipped. Over 1,700,000 boxes of raisins have thus far been sent to the United States, and two or three ships will probably find cargoes yet. America alone consumes over two-thirds of all the raisins grown in this province the balance goes to every part of the globe. England takes all the No. 1 fruit and clamors for more; the second quality goes there also and to the Continent, while the Americans consume all the third and fourth rate stuff, pay handsomely for it and labor under the pleasing delusion that they eat the best, which is as baseless as other delusions they cherish with regard to wines, brandies and many other things to drink and eat. Probably not 1,000 boxes of second rate fruit are sent to the United States, and not a single pound of the best is seen there, except in the shape of a present or a curiosity. The first grade of third quality raisins are sold in the United States as a choice article, but none of the genuine first rate raisins. The raisins cost here about $1 30 to $1 50 per box, ready for shipment. What they are sold for in the United States, at retail, I have no means of knowing, but probably the consumer pays very handsomely for the luxury. The Malaga raisins are always packed in layers, the better qualities having sheets of paper between them, and are generally pretty carefully cleaned before shipping. They are grown in all but the most mountainous parts of this province and Andalusia generally. They are picked before they are fully ripe and are dried on the ground by the sun alone.

The raisins from Valencia and Tarragona and in the eastern provinces are cured by dipping them first in a strong lye, which shrinks them up, and afterwards dried either by the sun or artificial heat. These are never packed in layers, and are unfit for any other than cooking purposes. When the process of drying the Malaga grapes is completed they are laid between boards and pressed in layers. After this they are inspected and the decayed or worthless raisins cut out, but this process is again rep