FROM FLORENCE.

The Danish Question in England—The Queen and the English People—Italian Affairs—French Difficulties—Russia—The Principalities.

From Our Own Correspondent.

FLORENCE, May 2, 1864.

After the storming of Düppel and the evacuation of Fredericia, the fortress of Jutland, the continental portion of Denmark, and even the Islands of Alsen and Fuhnen, are at the mercy of the Allies. The Danish army is demoralized, and unable to withstand the superior forces of Austria and Prussia, whose numbers, rifles and rifled ordnance cannot be matched by the Danes. It is under such circumstances that the Conferences meet at London, and the first proposition of the neutral Powers, that of an armistice, is delayed, if not shelved, by the Plenipotentiaries of the German Powers. They will not, before Alsen is occupied, grant a truce to the defeated Danes. But even this is only a question of time, and Messrs. Bismark and Rechberg must soon give a decided answer to England and France, and tell what their intentions are. It is possible that Bismark wanted to copy Napoleon's proceedings in Mexico, and by some dodge and sham-ballot transform the original occupation into a conquest. But neither England nor France will stand such a shameful trick, and even Austria would not consent to an extension of the frontiers of her German rival. It is true that until now England remained in the strictest neutrality, in spite of the general sympathy with Denmark, but it was exclusively the obstinate opposition of the Queen which prevented the war. True to the sympathies of Prince Albert, she sides with the rights of the Prince of Augustenburg; and neither Lord Palmerston nor Lord Derby—for even he had to explain the desire of England to her—could induce the Queen to sanction an intervention in favor of Denmark. Her popularity has greatly suffered by such a policy; the English feel a tender compassion for her, but she no longer represents their principles. The nation is like grown-up sons, eager to fight for their ideas and sorry for the weakness of their widowed mother. Lord Palmerston hopes still to give a favorable turn to Denmark, through his diplomatic skill at the Conferences, but if he should not succeed, the pressure of public opinion might soon override the obstinacy of the Queen. So far as the Danish question influenced all the others that public feeling has undergone a remarkable change. Formerly the English would have been furious if Louis Napoleon had attacked the Rhine provinces; now he may have them whenever he likes; everybody would feel that it served the Prussians right for their conduct to Denmark. Even the long visit the Prince of Wales paid to Garibaldi was, to some degree, connected with the Danish question; the Prince wanted to spite Austria and Prussia. Garibaldi, who had to leave England in order not to embarrass the Conferences, is soon to be again at Caprera, and it is not entirely impossible that even in Venetia some insurrectionary scheme will be attempted. The Ministry, at least, watches the men of the party of action with greater suspicion than the supporters of the Pope and the conspirators against Italian unity. Anybody who has taken part in Garibaldian expeditions, and has not joined the so-called *moderate* party, is exposed to all the vexations of an insolent police, to arbitrary arrests, to the overhauling of his correspondence, and those petty annoyances which make life a burden. But the Ministry has lost the confidence of the nation, though it still commands an overwhelming majority in the Chambers. All the new elections belong to the Opposition, and discontent is rampant in the provinces; the finances are in disorder, though the taxes have been increased, nearly doubled, within four years. Even at Turin, in that most favored and most loyal capital, there were street demonstrations, the students of the University being in a feud against the pedantism of the Minister of Public Instruction. The King openly expressed his displeasure to the Ministers at one of the last Cabinet Councils, and charged them with ruining the country. Accordingly the Government officials in the Chamber, who command the balance of power, already begin to turn against the Cabinet, and it is quite clear that within a month or two we shall witness a Ministerial change; but we do not see how a new Ministry may weather the storm. Nothing short of a war against Austria can change the situation, since it is principally the standing army which preys upon the vitals of the country; and as long as Austria holds Venetia, it is not easy nor safe to disarm, unless Government should abandon the alliance with France, and make an alliance with Garibaldi and the revolution.

France at the present moment is likewise in great difficulty. While her troops are engaged in Mexico, in Cochin China, and in Rome, the tribes of the Sahara in Algeria rise in revolt against the French. It seems even that a deep-laid conspiracy of all the Arabs is at the bottom of the hostility of the Desert tribes, for at the same time that in the south of the province of Oran French detachments are attacked, the Bedouins of Tenis revolted against their Bey, who is protected by France, and defeated his troops. One single reverse of the French arms might once more rouse all the Arabs from Morocco to Tripoli.

The Russians have been more fortunate in Circassia; the insurgent tribes have now all been subdued, and are emigrating to Turkey; but the insurrection of Poland continues with unabated vigor, though the work of hanging, shooting and imprisoning continues as fiercely as ever by Berg, Annenkoff and Muravieff. Thirty thousand Poles have already been banished to Siberia or Eastern Russia, but the country still refuses to surrender.

An important movement has taken place in Moldo-Wallachia. The Ministry introduced a bill for the abolition of feudal rights and the emancipation of the serfs, but the gentry rejected at once the liberal proposition of the Prince and his Cabinet, and carried a vote of want of confidence. The rural population thereupon made noisy demonstrations all over the country against the Chamber and in favor of the Prince, who, encouraged by the public feeling of the oppressed classes, introduced a second bill into Parliament, giving the franchise to all the male Wallachians of age, whether bond or free. We have no details as yet of this most important revolution, which cannot fail to change the turbulent, aristocratic character of the Danubian-Roumain principalities, and will prove the corner-stone of prosperity in the East of Europe.

FROM PARIS.

The Suppression of the Shakespeare Banquet—Shakespearean Library at Stratford—French Translations.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, April 26, 1864.

The suppression by Government of the Shakespearian banquet at the Grand Hotel and performance at the Porte St. Martin has anything but tamed the shrewish tongues of Liberals. As You Like It, say they; Measure for Measure, yours is nothing so energetic as that of the old revolutionary régime which changed the calendar and abolished Sundays for the sake of preventing the celebration of the Christian religion, which survives all the same. All is Well that Ends Well. Our Love's Labor to honor a great dead and a great living poet, is not lost. With your Much Ado About Nothing but a déjeuner and a theatrical entertainment you have confessed your over-weakness, recognizing dangerous elements of political storm in this Tempest in a Teapot. And yet Government was logical in its suppressive action of this banquet and scenic performance, which, untasted and unseen, have been for the last three days far more universally partaken of and applauded than if they had been gobbled and gazed at. Had the banquet taken place on Saturday there is little doubt that veiled allusions would have been made by ingeniously prudent speakers, none that allusions would have been discovered by ingenious auditors, to political matters. These being suffered, bolder ones would be made any next occasion for uttering and applauding them—and occasion would not be far off. These very soon would become openly dangerous. It was safest, easiest, best, if the present régime be good, to nip the "rat smelled in the rising breeze, in the bud."

The formal programme of the *déjeuner* carefully excluded politics. There were to have been about five hundred guests. Each one would have found by the side of his plate a copy of verses by Emile Deschamps, author of a singularly excellent literary translation of Macbeth, a stage adaptation of which had great success at the Odeon ten years ago, and a photograph portrait of Shakespeare, surrounded with medallions of Æschylus, Dante, Molière. The chair would have been filled by the spirit of Victor Hugo—some say left otherwise eloquently vacant, but others more probably say occupied in person by Alex. Dumas. Jules Favre would have read the letters and toasts sent by Hugo, George Sand, and others absent, and delivered a discourse of his own. Afterward all hands were to go applausive to the representation at the Porte St. Martin of versions from Shakespeare by Paul Meurice.

This was to have been the French *déjeuner*, ended at a sufficiently early hour to liberate the numerous theatrical artists who would have been present for their evening engagements. In another room of the Hotel, later in the day, there was to have been an Anglo-American dinner, with English Lord Gray for President and Minister Dayton for Vice-President. This was not absolutely prohibited by the Police Prefect, but so hampered by considerations and exceptions, and strictly ordered exclusion of dangerous French diners, that the managers wisely gave it up.

But though solitary Paris shines by the forced absence from the world-wide Shakespearian tercentenary fête, she gives abundant silent honors to his name. The illustrated journals teem with engravings of and about the poet more or less like likenesses and scenes from his works. The print-sellers have brought out to their Boulevard windows their whole stock of finer engravings in the same kind—among these a new impression of the full set of Delacroix's Hamlet. The original impression of these lithographs was long ago exhausted. At the Delacroix sale Paul Meurice bought the stones, sixteen in all, three of the drawings on which had not until now been printed. Journal letter-press has not been behind hand—and among its productions the feuilleton of Paul St. Victor in *La Presse* of April 25 is very noticeable. For a brief, genial, ingenious appreciation of Shakespeare and his work you rarely see its like or will again. Victor Hugo's letter and accompanying toast that were to have been read at the banquet that was to have been, were published here in the Saturday evening papers, to which I refer you. His large octavo volume entitled *William Shakespeare*, I believe I have already mentioned in a previous letter. With all its faults and defects—of which it has many—it has, considering its title, some extraordinary merits. It does not wearisomely repeat what little we know of Shakespeare's history nor voluminously fail to tell us what we don't know about him; wastes no pages on his printers' blunders, nor on his portraits, nor on his private library, nor on the orthography of his name, nor in abuse of other commentators. It is not a commentary on his liberal text, but a series of discourses suggested by his spirit; and remotely enough suggested at that, except we remember the universality of Shakespeare's spirit and that any theme may be introduced "*apropos de Shakespeare*." For Hugo says at the very opening of his volume, it is rather apropos of, not on, Shakespeare that he writes.

Paul Meurice has also published the versions that the strong Government thought it unsafe to let be played. I believe it permitted a lecturer to say something about the English poet last Saturday evening at the demi-safe lecture-room in the Rue de la Paix, though it forbade another lecturer of feared free opinions to utter his about Molière in the same room a few evenings ago. Also, if the bill posted on the door be proof, some scenes from "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Hamlet" were suffered to be breathed in German at the little box of a German theater in the Salle Beethoven, where and when "Madame Kelty Blunt" (doubtless our compatriotic Mrs. Key Blunt is pointed at) also was announced to do in English Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking remorse.

One of the most interesting monuments to Shakespeare's honor, founded on occasion of this tercentenary anniversary, is the Shakespearian library to be placed in his house at Stratford. It is to be composed of copies of all the Poet's works in all editions, original and translated, of commentaries, portraits, engravings, etc., etc. The Committee engaged in carrying out this plan has appointed a receiving agent in Paris who makes appeal to French authors and publishers. These can, if they will, make large contributions to the library. Shakespearian times in France have hardly changed since 1761, since the days when Voltaire apologetically introduced to Paris salons one "Gilles Shakespeare," the "drunken savage," the "barbarous harlequin," trying to cover his uncouthness with grotesquely ill-fitting fashionable perruque and court-silk dress. Diderot took truer measure of the monstrous genius, but measured him still as monster: "I will not compare Shakespeare to the Apollo Belvedere, nor to the Gladiator, nor the Antinous, nor to the Hercules of Glycon, but to the St. Christopher of Notre Dame, a misshapen, disproportioned, rudely sculptured Colossus, but *dans les jambes duquel nous passerions tous sans que notre front touchât ses parties honteuses*." There is a metaphor for you, course indeed, but strong, itself colossal—standing vigorously out and above the pigmy dry or dilettanti feeble appreciations of contemporary English critics. Letourneur "traduced" our poet entire. It was a translation with death, ashes the only sign of fire. A little later Ducis naively states in the preface to his adaptation of Hamlet, "*Je n'entends pas Anglais.*"

Since 1851 there has not been a Winter passed, during which, in one or more of the city theatres, a more or less faithful translation, imitation, adaption of one or more of the poet's plays has not been performed. His plots more or less distorted, and his personages more or less disguised, figure equally on the lyric stage. His name has grown so familiar and popular as to have reached one of those reserved summits of fame, such as Souwarrow and Wellington arrived at in boots, Bolivar and Jenny Lind in hats. A few years ago my next-door neighbor, the grocer, had displayed in his window gayly labeled bottles full of spiced and sweetened watered alcohol, entitled Liqueur Shakespeare.

In an allegorical composition painted on the vault over the entrance to the *Theatre Historique*, established under the auspices of Alexander Dumas—it afterward became the *Théatre Lyrique*, and was torn down ten years ago)—Shakespeare's was the presiding figure. On the front of the newly-built *Gaieté Theatre*, Hamlet and Pasquin are set up as symbols of the drama presented within instead of the old sham-classic tragedy and comedy.

During this same period since 1851, a cheap popular edition of Laroche's translation of our poet's complete dramatic works has found ready sale. Young Hugo (Francis Victor) is on the last volume of his prose translation, the incomparably faithfulest of all, of the complete works, to which his father's work mentioned above is to serve as a sort of grand general introduction and elevating parallel course of reading. The so-called Guizot translation was first published in 1821; it was based on the paraphrase of Letourneur of 1776, so much written about in the Voltaire and La Harpe correspondence. In this, Guizot revised six of the tragedies, ten historical dramas, and Hamlet, in which last he was aided by historian Barante, also young in those days, the rest were done over by Amedée Pichot. In 1860, Ex-Minister Guizot, aged 74, undertook a thorough retouching of his youthful work, and brought it some time since to a literary and pecuniarily successful termination—a rather formidable labor for a septuagenarian to enter on! but what else should be expected of the vigorous old man, seeing that in his young apprenticeship to literature he prepared himself for the translation of Gibbon by reading over the Decline and Fall six times, in the original? For a purely French Frenchman, quite ignorant of English, Guizot's translation is the best of all extant; for any Frenchman who knows something of the English language, and appreciends anything of the genius of the literature and genius of the English people, young Hugo's is past comparison better.

Of translations, imitations, paraphrases, &c., of separate plays, made during the brief period in question, for the stage and closet, the list alone would be too long to give in this letter; to say nothing of the prefaces to them, and the notices of and critiques on them in journalism. Next come volumes of essays and studes on and about the English poet, him and his times and his what-nots. Guizot, Mezières and others being authors; then essays and studes of briefer compass in reviews, latest among which is a noticeably ingenious one on Shakespeare's religion—aiming to show that it was less than Catholic, only Roman Catholic—in the last number but one of *Le Correspondant*. Then—but space fails to enumerate further proofs of French familiarity and real acquaintance with Shakespeare. Not perhaps that his name has yet become quite a household word. Two young unprotected ladies made funny remarks at my elbow the other day, while they stopped with the crowd to look at Kaulbach's scenes, from "Macbeth," exposed in Goupil's Boulevard window. My artist friend J. (now fighting in one of the Union armies), at work copying in the Luxembourg long gallery, was nearly thrown off the center of his stool, involuntarily listening to an English-speaking *vieux de place* who had stopped his English party of inquisitive travelers before Muller's Lady Macbeth (in the somnambulic scene): "This is Lady McKensie, and *that's* her doctor." In 1855, the International Exhibition year, when all the world and his wife came to Paris, an indifferent company of London actors came also, and deformed some of the "Divine Williams's" dramas at the *Italiens*. There was at the time, hanging in the Fine Arts department (American section) of that same Exhibition a very queerly-executed picture, which its author had entitled a picnic. One night a friend of mine went to the Italiens to see the English troupe murder Duncan and Macbeth, and to see the composition of the house. Next him sat two Frenchmen. One of these, much puzzled to make out the meaning of the witch-cauldron scene, asked the other for an explanation, to which he in few: Ma foi je n'en sais rien; c'est une espèce de pique nique Americaine je crois.

However, and here is the humor of it; if Shakespeare's name had not quite grown to be quite a household word up to last Saturday, his expulsion from the Grand Hotel has given a fine advance since, which it will hold.

The Gulio-Rebel Pirates—The Mexican Resolution in our House of Representatives—The U. S. in Europe—Emperor Max.—The Algerine Disturbances—French Finances—Deaths of Artists—Renanian Literature.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, April 29, 1864.

Two of the four steamers contracted for by agents of the C. S. A. with Messrs. Armand & Voruz, members of the Corps Legislatif, are afloat. The fact is thus announced in the *Union Bretonne*, a paper published at Nantes, where these two were built—the other two are at Bordeaux in the ship-yard of Mr. Armand: "At full tide this morning the screw packet steamer Shanghai, of 400 horse power, was launched from the ship-yard of Messrs. T. Dubigeon & Sons. This is one of those vessels that has been spoken of as destined for the Southern Confederate Navy, and have served as a pretext for certain denunciations in which a correspondence, which was either counterfeit or stolen, was made to figure." (*Un. Bret.* of Saturday last.) "The second of the steamers 'that have served as a pretext for accusations, in which a false or stolen correspondence was made to figure,' was launched on Saturday evening. This steamer, which seems to greatly alarm the American opposition, is called the San Francisco." (*Un. Bretonne* of Monday.) The "American opposition" means the opposition parties in French politics, who are all friendly to American liberty and the Union. The effect of the "denunciations" was the withdrawal of the authorization granted by Government to Messrs. Armand & Voruz, for arming and sending to sea four war vessels "intended for the Pacific trade." The "denunciations" were made to Drouyn de Lhuys by Minister Dayton, and may be read in the diplomatic documents accompanying the President's last Message. The "correspondence that figured" in the case, contained the figuring of Messrs. Sidell, Erlanger & Co., Capt. Bullock, Voruz & Armand, indicating the proportions and armament of the ships, the moneys to be paid for them and the *commissions* to be sweated out of those moneys by interesting parties.

You can guess as well as I whether these vessels, when completed, with boilers in, etc., will be suffered to leave port; whether the "denounced" proofs will cease some day to convince the French Government of their warlike destination; whether Government will wink at a false sale of them to peaceful traders. One thing is certain, that they will not go to the service of the C. S. A. without the assent, formal or informal, of Government. Deputies Armand and Voruz would not dare to send them thither under any never so ingenious false pretenses in despite of the Emperor's known will. Whatever his Majesty's real will is regarding them, that will be fulfilled; there are no legal trammels in his way. If we only could spare a little time from England, it would be worth the while to give a glance now and then to this "friendly Power," all the political opponents to whose administration are significantly styled the "American opposition."

The ostensible reception which the Mexican Resolution, voted in the House of Representatives on the 4th of April, has met with from this Government, we have not to complain of. I mentioned a week ago the turn that the *Constitutionnel* aimed to give to the resolution. The *Moniteur* kept perfect silence on the subject till the next steamer brought news that the Senate declined to discuss it; then it spoke, to say that the Senate vote (was passed in conformity with a wish expressed by (the U. S. A.) Government(!).

In the Bulletin of its next number the *Moniteur*, returning to the subject, refers to its fuller treatment in the New-York Correspondence published on the next column. The *Moniteur's* New-York Correspondence is written in Paris. The letter dated New-York, April 10, says: "People in Europe would be mistaken if they were much impressed by the resolution voted by the Federal House of Representatives on the fourth of this month, relative to the establishment of the Mexican Empire. It gives evidence, indeed, of a certain mistrust excited in the Northern States by the favorable results of the Mexican Expedition, but its bearing and consequences must not be exaggerated. And first of all: in a practical point of view the resolution of the House is not susceptible of application. The Senate itself was the first to recognize its unimportance by indefinitely postponing its discussion. It is a protest made for party purposes, but destined to remain powerless. Its explanation is to be looked for in the Presidential campaign now about commencing, or in the prejudices of the masses."

This same well informed New-York correspondent (writing from the Quai Voltaire) returns to the subject to-day, in a letter dated April 11, insisting on the explanation given in his favor of the 10th. The explanation is worth noting as being the one that Government now chooses to give to and have accepted by the public. It is also noteworthy that the manner as well as matter of this explanation, or interpretation, of the resolution in question, as given in the official land, with variations of words only, in the inspiredest of the semi-official journals, is not gratuitously irritating. Complimentary to the resolving House it certainly is not. But whose the fault if foreigners do regard our so-called deliberative, representative, legislative assembly as little better than a political "meeting," or less? If it will spend day after day in President-making and talking to Buncombe, and adjourn for holiday on occasion of a member's death (a wasteful ceremony utterly unknown to French Chambers who, however, are not pressed with business nor ever wanting in real respect for the dead), and let United States credit go down till it meets Confederate Loan going up (as it did in London two days ago), and will not pass a war-tax bill—flaring into a sort of hysterical pyrotechny of ardent oratory and flaming devotion to the Union when Long or Harris prophesy, or wish an ignominious close to the war, instead of providing the sinews of war that should choke in one deadly embrace the Rebellion and the throats of prophets and wishers of evil—if, in fine, these representative men will continue to do the futile things they ought not to do and to leave undone the patentest practical work effective to the consumption of the war that ought to be done this year—with what right can they complain, or we, the thin-skinnedest of us, complain if foreign Government writers (to say nothing of foreign Government writers' inspirers) speak of them as, at this distance, they seem to them to do? Is it unpatriotic to see these things? to not wear blinders? to not hide our heads in the sand, having swallowed all sorts of innutritious, easy-windy, well-intended, oratorical and "resolved" paving stones, and expose our shameful parts to the world's ridicule and ostrich-wise? Why not at last, while even yet it is not too late, O ye politicians and the rest, learn to look facts as frankly in the face as our soldiers look death in the face? Why not read your history books? Had you read them, most intelligent of peoples, three years ago, you would have known and profited in full then by your tardily and even to-day imperfectly, acquired, dearly paid, and now but partially useful knowledge that "neutrals will fight." Would you read them yet, saving knowledge is to be learned. From the historical and prophetic books of the Old Testament (e. g., Ezekiel, chapters 22 and 28, in especial) down to Carlyle's Cromwell and later parallels, all are pregnant with one instruction. Unscale your eyes of this accursed sham "prosperity" of the North—not even in the gross mercantile scale sense is it of true weight—get rid of the besetting flattering false notion that the South is on its "last legs" in the matter of material sustenance—it need not be in the next fifty years of continuous war. But mainly read your history books, especially the old Biblical ones and Carlyle's, and Minister Motley's on the Rise of the Dutch Republic, and Bancroft's on the rise of our American one, with a reflection of religious light. It is nothing for or against the force of a religion that its object be good or bad. The voluntary victims of Juggernaut yield in nothing of self-sacrifice and zeal to the martyrs of Christianity. In the South the Rebellion has become a religion; they call it holy—we mad, fanatical, what not—and so has got a force that can only be overcome by counter-religious patriotic zeal, which they shall call mad Abolitionism, Puritanism, fanaticism, what not. The names don't matter; but if the North does not, cannot rise to the hight of the thing, to the religious spirit and intense purpose, way above percentages and real or sham, positive and shoddy prosperities, the South will win—as according to all historical law, it ought.

Emperor Max. is at last gone past the pillars of Hercules, on his way to Westward Empire. So latest Gibraltar telegrams tell us. He and the Empress stopped on their road at Rome, as you know. A correspondent there, of the ultra montane journal *Le Monde* here, writes, among other memorabilia of their visit, that the Protestantly-brought-up Empress, contemplating the Vatican Church, exclaimed: "It is to Rome—it is sure that we shall return if Providence should visit us with reverses!" Rather remarkable how permanently clings in the tenacious imperial minds the notion that theirs is an experimental, not an assured, adventure; and this, too, after the Conventional guarantees! The same authority, which should be good in this case, reiterates that Max. dropped 40,000 francs by way of Peter's pence into the Pope's temporal poor-box. Holders of the new Anglo-French-Mexican 10 per cent loan are to be congratulated that Max.'s generosity is not to be appealed to at any other stopping-place between Rome and his future ministry of finance.

It would appear from credited newspaper statements that the successor of Montezuma and Iturbide (ominous forbears, your majesty) exercised one royal privilege some weeks before it became his right, and designed so early as at his visit to Paris to decorate several French officious journalists and others with the knightly Mexican order of Our Lady of Guadeloupe. The New Mexican National Hymn, the words by Senor Aguilar, former Republican Mexican Minister, now Imperial Mexican Envoy to the Court of Rome, is to be set to music they say, by Composer Auber. Now for something graver in the Mexican way. It seems—seems at least to watchful opposition members of the Corps Legislatif—that an important part of the expenses of the Mexican Expedition have all along been disguised and charged to the account of Algeria. It is certain that a very considerable portion of the troops sent to Mexico were drawn from Algeria; and appearances, running close on to absolute certainty, are that the book-keepers of the War Department have continued charging their cost to the Algerine account. There is like to be a rumpus made in the Corps Legislatif about this hocus-pocus book-keeping that palters in a double sense of African entry and Mexican outgo.

The Arab insurrection in Algeria is serious enough to have called for large reinforcements from France, but cannot be styled alarming. Embarrassing it is, however; for, whatever are its deeper causes, just this diminution of Algerine garrisons to support the Mexican Expedition was doubtless the occasional cause of its outbreak, and, being looked into by vigilant opposition folks, will lead to questioning by them latter not easy for Government to satisfactorily answer.

What, or whether any, relation exists between the Algerine insurrection against French domination and the graver contemporaneous rebellion in Tunis, it is not easy as yet to say, in our present lack of knowledge. Judged from mere ostensible—say, rather, Ostended—motives, the two movements would seem only accidentally simultaneous. Algerine insurgents have taken the opportunity of reduced French garrisons to make another utterly mad attempt at throwing off their conqueror's yoke. The subjects of the Bey of Tunis are provoked to insurrection by a recent threatened addition to imposts already nearly intolerable. But there is an ugly fact which the French press carefully ignores. The fact is that, since the subjection of Algeria to French control, especially after the surrender of Abd-el-Kader, and again after the suppression of the insurrection of 1856, the emigration from Algeria to Tunis was very considerable. That communication has been kept up between the immigrant subjects of the Bey and their Mohammedan brethren groaning under Christian rule in Algeria—not because it was tyrannical so much as because it was Christian—is matter of course. The largeness of the precautionary measures taken by France, Italy, and England, in view of the Tunisian rebellion and of the military movement toward Algiers on the part of France, would indicate a strong suspicion, at least on the part of this Government, that the branched open insurrections unite somewhere below.

I wrote a week ago that the three per cents had finally passed above 67, the "war and tax rate." I could have been more mistaken. Three per cents closed yesterday at 66,65. The Bourse has been feverish with trepidant "canaries" all through the week; and though some financial causes, or seeming causes, quite independent of political ones, have had their influence on the febrile dispositions of speculators, "their politics" has exercised the chiefest depressing effect. The London Conference from which so much was hoped don't get on, does get on even to an armistice, threatens to be a fiasco. It is not worth ink and paper to set down the whistling rumors of the day: How, on one hand, Napoleon congratulated Prussia on the fall of Duppel, when in fact Napoleon only acknowledged courteously receipt of Prussian Prince Frederick's telegram announcing the glorious deed at arms to the Tuileries; (could the Tuileries do less, remembering late telegrammatic Prussian congratulations on occasion of the equally glorious conquest of Puebla? Shall hawks, let alone eagles, gathering over carcasses, pick out each other's eyes?) how on the other hand France and England are agreed, since Clarendon's visit and Garibaldi's departure, to close this Dano-Germanic business, forcing Prussia, if her obstinacy won't assent; how etc. et ceteralissima.

The season has been a sad one to the friends of the fine arts. Hardly done with the funeral honors to Delacroix, the greatest modern colorist, we have been within a month called to mourn, in quick succession, the deaths of Hippolyte Flandrin, one of the two or three ablest continuators of Ingres and the classic school of truthful design; of Troyon—not bodily dead, indeed, but condemned by paralysis of the brain to death of his genius—the rival according to some tastes, the superior I must think, of Rosa Bonheur as animal and landscape painter (past question, superior as to landscape and atmosphere), and, lastly, of Dubufe the elder, who enjoyed a deserved eminence, though far below Flandrin, as portraitist and historical painter.

I have not left myself the room it needs for a list of the new Renanian literature, published since my last bulletin in that kind. The mere list, and I cannot presume to give more than that, is quite worth noticing, if for nothing else, at least for a proof contradicting the stale stupidity that charges this present age, especially perhaps this present French age, with the dull, cloddish crime of interesting itself only in questions of material interests. Renan's *Life of Jesus*, good or bad, has this merit, that it does not treat of per cents, or gains, or losses by buying or selling. Well, the cheap edition alone has been sold to the extent of 70,000 copies, and one of the ablest answers to and refutations of its teaching, Father Gratry's, has also been sunk in rising to a cheap popular issue, from a rich man's svo. form, and is selling as fast as a new novel. Curious, by the way, that as Renan began his life with intent to devote it to the Catholic priesthood, and so was once a pupil in the priest-seminary of St. Sulpice, so Father Gratry began with conceived vocation for the military career, and passed honorable examinations at the *Ecole Polytechnique*.

The Evening Moniteur—The Rebel Steamers Again—French and American Newspapers—Louis Napoleon Managing Editor—Slavery in Our War—Items.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, May 6, 1864.

The politico-literary event of the week is the appearance of the threatened evening *Moniteur*. The semi-official evening journals, after twelve years of nominal laudation of Government measures, break out into wailing over this of a cheap opposition that defies competition. The *Moniteur du Soir* sells at five centimes, though the stamp alone costs six, and the paper, composition, commission to vendors, etc., amounts to twice as much. The theaters, where the proprietors of the *Entre-Acte* had bought at a high price the exclusive privilege of selling their sheet for three sous—unhappy proprietors who, on the Emperor's complaining the other night at the Gymnase of the poor print, had just paid for a new font of type—the theaters, I say, have received orders from the Minister in whose department they are ruled, to let the *Moniteur* at one sou be sold within their walls. Whatever objects, beside the declared one of putting itself in closer communication with the people, the Government have in view in going into the cheap newspaper business, it evidently regards the venture as a gravely important one. No less than three Ministers assisted last Sunday at the delivery from the press of the first number of the penny *Moniteur*.

With such high sanction for the careful editing and proof-reading, the following, translated from a prominent place in the first column of the official journal of the Empire, are worth notice on several accounts: "The Government of the Emperor has received from the Government of the United States satisfactory explanations of the meaning and purport (*le sens et la portée*) of the resolution voted by the House of Representatives at Washington in relation to the affairs of Mexico. It is known, moreover, that the Senate had already indefinitely adjourned consideration of this resolution, to which in no case would the Executive power have granted its approval." Observe, in passing, that this remarkable statement, as remarkable for its manner as its matter, has not been printed in the morning *Moniteur*. What had appeared on the subject in the bulletins and "New-York Correspondence" of two preceding numbers of the *Morning Moniteur* was referred to in my last week's letter. Ordinary French readers of the just quoted statement must understand that it is authorized by a formal communication from the United States Government through Minister Dayton to the French Government through Minister Drouyn de Lhuys—must understand that and nothing else. If American readers are to understand it so, then it is to be hoped that the French Government, with equally voluntary and prompt communication, has enabled our Government, before this reaches them, with equally plump positiveness and in equally official form, to declare that the latter has received from the former "satisfactory explanations as to the meaning and purport of the resolution." M. Armand and the Emperor have arrived at respecting the Confederate war steamers at Nantes and Bordeaux.

There is as yet in these parts a "plentiful lack" of satisfactory, or indeed of any, government explanations on the subject. You might suppose that the recent launching of two of these steamers, contracted and paid for by agents of the C. S. A. Treasury, and a formidably truthtelling article on the matter in the *Opinion Nationale* of last Friday, would have provoked explanations. They have not provoked in morning nor evening *Moniteur*, nor in any inspired nor semi-inspired journal, one word of attempt at explanation. Mum is the word, and it is the *mot d'ordre*, which sufficiently accounts, under the present regime of the press, for the equally absolute silence of liberal journals, that fain would comment, if not explain. That these vessels were contracted for by the C. S. A.; that two of them, since the withdrawal of Government authorization last Autumn, have been launched at Nantes; that the others are fast getting ready to slide from the stocks at Bordeaux; that public talk at Nantes and Bordeaux respecting them all drifts unmodestly to their original destination; that Deputies Armand and Voruz do not deny—though encouraging others to cast doubt on the authenticity of their letters published in the *Nationale*; these are facts as well-known to the conductors of every newspaper in Paris as they are to Government. Strange then that they do not articulate on them! It would be considerably stranger if they did, seeing none of them are strangers to the legalized arbitrariness of the *Organic Law on the Press*. O happily ignorant American stranger to that law!

For one given to laughter in these sorrowful days, nothing so shakes the midrib as to hear American readers of *The Express* and *Daily News* whine at Lincoln's tyrannic suppression of free speech and print.

To return to *The Moniteur*, "Official Journal of the Empire." According to this eminent authority, the moment that the Representatives of the American people vote a resolution which seems calculated to wound the susceptibilities of a Friendly Power, our Government with thoughtful courtesy, dispatches by first steamer a soothing, balsamic satisfactory, explanatory healing plaster. This is wise as well as courteous. All the good things go together. Polite firmness is just as firm as rude firmness, and more impressive—if it is duly firm. Apart from a certain impertinence of tone, let us hope that the averment of the *Moniteur* is authorized, and let us trust that it has been responded to by explanations that, *apropos*, will prove satisfactory to us. If you *sift* out the polite rhetorical chaff from the explanations hitherto given by this Government to ours (see, and see that you do *see*, the letter dispatches of Minister Dayton, published in the Document accompanying the President's last Message), you will discover that there is not enough left of the explanations of last year to cover satisfactorily the new phase into which the C. S. A. steamers are now launched.

But the above quoted statement from the *Evening Moniteur*, and the labored efforts of the "New-York correspondent" of the *Morning Moniteur*, and of inspired semi-official editors of *La France*, *Le Pays*, and *La Constitutionnel*, to persuade the public that the House vote of April 4 was mere east wind and unmeaning vanities, have, perhaps, a more special significance. Your readers, if any there are of my correspondence, may have thought, may think, that for the last two or three years I have ridden too hard the Mexican hobby. But I must mount it again to comment from that elevation a new view of the drift and purpose of the remarkable treatment which the House vote of the 4th of April has received here from official and semi-officious editorial pen-holding hands.

Louis Napoleon, the real managing editor of all Government newspapers, must not let the Mexican Empire and his protegé, Imperial Max., of his individual raising, go down if they can be upheld. The Anglo-French Mexican loan was the last invented, most buoyant float. The loan, as announced by Glyn & Co., offered an interest of ten per cent nearly to investers. The prospect was flattering; Paris was to have chance of subscribing to only a portion of it—something like sixty out of three hundred millions, as I am told. At first there was a rush, a wild rush, of subscribers, some of whom, anticipating (after reading the "Convention" guaranties, already mentioned in a former letter) a surplusage of subscriptions, set down their names for larger amounts than they were prepared to take so as to secure on the expected pro rata reduction, their intended share of scrip. But despite the brilliant prospects, the Mexican loan, so a French banker tells me this morning, is a fiasco. Something of doubt, it seems, stood in the way of its complete success, from the outset, and that House resolution of April 4, knocked it and the struggling hopes of its managers down in a most notable way. The fact is, that the sum of the Paris subscription falls lamentably short of the allotted 60,000,000; that the shrewdly calculating Paris subscribers are as much disgusted as surprised to learn that they must pay their subscriptions in full; that the loan has had no better success in London, and that the attempted emission of part of it in Amsterdam just would not emit.

But, as I said, this loan *must* not fail. Hence the satisfactorily assured meaninglessness of the bearish House resolution of April 4, and hence another otherwise inexplicable phenomenon. The Credit Mobilier has long been supplicant to the powers that be for an increase of its immense capital. Just now it looks as though the long rejected prayer would be granted. I run the risk of guessing that if it be granted the rising prayer carries up on its pinions the Anglo-French Mexican loan. Watch.

French three per cents are groveling again down in the centimes below 67. Business men seem to be more hopeless than politicians of the pacificating quality of the London Conference on the Dano-Germanic question, and directly that is solved, if the Conference indeed should arrive at dissolution, the Danube-Principality question, only a phase of the old never-settled Eastern question, is ready to start into European, menacing prominence. It may be worth adding, in passing, that the recent France and England on one side, Austria and Russia on the other, incline to closer union by natural and political elective affinities.

The rapid whirl of current events has left the last number of the *Journal des Economistes* almost on the shores of Ancient History. Three weeks ago I noted for mention in this correspondence an exceptional article in that grave Politico-Economical periodical on the *Derniers Lazzaragists*. Not more for its own qualities than for the place it appeared in was this article generous in sentiment, solid in facts and argument, worth attention. The *Journal des Economistes* is a grave, authoritative monthly, devoted, as its title imports, to the treatment of politico-economical themes—setting aside moral and political themes. But its prudent, thoughtful conductors now find that this American slave war bears very directly on profoundly important material interests, and bears for them just in proportion as it bears against Slavery. And so the writer of the article in question begins: "Let us not indolently believe that all has been said and written on a question like Slavery, nor because the great American War is already three years old, suppose that the subject has been talked and written out. We are already guilty of a part in this bloody struggle, for had we been better informed, or less indifferent, or less selfish, or more skillful, or, above all, wiser, more sincerely friends of right, we might have sent from London and Paris this simple declaration that would have rendered the struggle ephemeral: 'Never will England and France, Christian nations, liberal nations, recognize the existence of a people that means to found its liberty and independence on Slavery.'" After a page more of honest morality and sagacity like this, the writer enters upon the consideration of our civil war from the point of view of the commercial bearing of its results on the material interests of France. His authorities in this part of his article are specially the valuable work of John Bigelow, our Consul at Paris, and the singularly able pamphlet of Mr. F. W. Sargent of Philadelphia, translated into French by M. Elisee Reclus. After going through with these facts, and forcibly presenting the argument drawn from them, he quotes at length from the famous speech of Mr. Stephens, delivered in Georgia, 1860, deprecating secession, and closes thus: "Who says this? Mr. Stephens, now Vice-President of the Confederate States of the South; the man who declares to the world that at less a Government is constituted on the basis of Slavery, a basis physically, philosophically, and morally necessary to the advancement of universal civilization!" [In all Roman Catholic France, in all Roman Catholic, monarchical, despotically ruled, "effete" Europe, can an Episcopal bishop, a high priest, interpreter and servitor of Christ and the humanest of religions, be found who would dare before his indignant, astonished flock to maintain and sustain the holiness and Biblical righteousness of Slavery as our Protestant, republican, Free-State bishops do? It does not enter into the head of our intelligent French politico-economical writer that any argument against Stephens's blasphemy of humanity can be so effective as the simple reprint of the blasphemy. How much are the down-trodden, crushed victims of European tyranny and priestcraft to learn from the teachings of proud and happy, free and independent, Protestant and Evangelical, intelligent and "reliable" American teachers of the world!] And then the writer in the *Journal des Economistes*, never dreaming of the nature of the information just long apis brackets, goes straight on as follows: "And we,