EUROPEAN NEWS.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE

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Our London Correspondence.

LONDON, May 16, 1851.

Great Race between Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur—The World's Fair—Additional Contributions—Theft—Royal Pageant—Mr. McCurdy, the American Charge to Austria, at the Queen's Drawing room—Opera—Sentence of Capt. Somerset—Foreigners in London—Portugal, &c. &c. &c.

The great event of the week has been the long anticipated match between the best two horses in the world, which came off at the York spring meeting, last Tuesday. On that day, the disputed point was to be decided as to their respective speed and powers of endurance. Flying Dutchman, Lord Eglinton's horse, had been the victor in every race, until he encountered Voltigeur last year, when he was beaten at Doncaster. His backers were not convinced by the losses they then sustained, and it was resolved to test the merits of the two horses this spring. Voltigeur, like Flying Dutchman, stood very high, having carried away every race; and being only four years old, that is, one year younger than the Dutchman, had the benefit of being lighter weighted. The weights were—Flying Dutchman, 5 years, 8 stone 8½ lbs.; Voltigeur, 4 years, 8 stone; match one thousand guineas, half forfeit. It is no exaggeration to assert, that modern history furnishes no instance of so vast a concourse of people assembled together to witness a race—every class furnished its quota, and when the victor came in, a cheer rose from a hundred thousand pairs of lungs, that shook the heavens. Both horses ran fairly. There was no humbug or jockeying. Voltigeur took the lead, but fell back towards the close, and Dutchman won by a length. The distance, two miles, was performed in three minutes fifty-five seconds. There were faster races that day, and either of these horses could have covered the ground in quicker time, therefore you should not judge of their powers by the above result. Large sums changed hands, for Voltigeur was evenly backed up to the time for starting. The railway lines reduced their fares for the occasion, granting return tickets, thus swelling the huge mass who congregated to witness one of the greatest races ever run in England. No accident occurred to mar the sports of the day, as in the case of the Chester races, when half a dozen persons were killed outright, and forty wounded, by one train running into another in the Sutton tunnel.

The weather during the last week has been raw and ungenial. A warm sun with a piercing east wind is unfavorable for the promenade, and checked the influx of visiters to the Exhibition. The amount received at the doors from the five shilling visiters has averaged £2,000 per day—a warm day sending the receipts up to £2,200—a dark cold day lowering them to £1,700. Independent of these sums, the season tickets find a ready sale; and, including the exhibitors, there are frequently forty to fifty thousand people in the Crystal Palace at one time.

Each day unfolds some article from the continent which the eye detects as a new arrival. The French department has been liberally recruited with some charming specimens of jewelry and brocade. From India, the contributions of the week are of unsurpassed magnificence. Diamonds worth incalculable sums, gorgeous emeralds, rubies, and pearls, set in armlets, bracelets, and even in saddles and bridles; arms of rare and elaborate workmanship, garnished with gems of sparkling brilliancy; but the most cherished article furnished by the East India Company is the celebrated diamond known as the Durria-i-noor, or Sea of Light, a worthy rival of the Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light. Special precautions are adopted to provide for the safekeeping of these precious commodities. The risk is not slight, for notwithstanding the swarms of visible police and invisible detectives, some small thefts have been perpetrated; the last act of the kind having been committed in the American department. So much depends upon the taste of the visiter, his habits of thought and action, and tendencies of his mind, that you may conceive that some quarters are comparatively deserted, whilst others attract crowds, especially of ladies. For instance, the specimens of carriages are varied, and elaborately worked out—every form of vehicle constructed with perfect indifference as to cost and finish, so that the tastes of the most fastidious could not fail to be appeased. Exception has been taken to the practical uses of the American light wheeled vehicles, as not being adapted to the stone pavements of large cities, and the *Times* repeats the absurdity. Broadway is paved with as firm and solid a granite as any in the world; and if the buggy or the light wheeled wagon can travel over the Russ pavement without detriment to the vehicle, the inductive reasoning is, that the London pavement presents no obstacles. It will be some time before the London coachmakers alter their mode of building. They receive large prices for their heavy carriages—the ordinary charge being four hundred guineas for such a one as a man of three thousand pounds a year would require. It may sound absurd in the ears of the Western farmers to hear it said that two thousand dollars is the ordinary price for a family carriage, and that a new one is requisite after every half dozen years of London wear and tear. Such are the actual facts. The nobility pay much higher, and the exhibition contains several specimens of the costlier variety, where the price rises to three thousand dollars. The sleighs from the other side of the Atlantic draw constant visiters—many of whom have evidently been in America, as may be gathered from the tenor of their remarks, and one is always certain of encountering a fellow countrymen when visiting the national quarter. The Russian department still remains vacant, but hopes are held out that the contributions will speedily be forthcoming; and it is said that the collection will embrace rare and curious specimens of arts, drawn from the distant regions of Russian Asia. The variety and abundance of warlike weapons scattered throughout the Crystal Palace would arm a regiment. Each nation has furnished its quota, and those races who have made the least progress in the use of the steam engine are the very people who turn out the most exquisitely fashioned swords and other weapons of offence. There hangs upon the wall a coiled silver serpent, under the flag of Spain. Approach, and examine it; a partially drawn sword may be seen, and then you ascertain that one of the flexible and beautifully engraved sword blades of Toledo is sheathed in the coiled serpent. Some of the material illustrations of national customs and pursuits are ingeniously worked out. Thus Spain exhibits a miniature model of an amphitheatre, with its assembled thousands, and the bull fight in progress. Each character is faithfully represented, and thus, at a glance, you gather a correct impression of a scene you may never behold. You see the various ranks ranged in accordance with Spanish etiquette—the combat between the matador and bull—the slaughtered animal dragged off—the fashion of dress of the peasantry, and the form of the vehicle employed. The idea of reproducing in miniature model scenes of celebrated localities has been realized in several cases. You have the Alps and Switzerland, with the isolated mountain cottages, and the villages in the valleys are so faithfully portrayed that you can follow any route for leagues, and recognise familiar localities. It is as if some skilful painter had been elevated miles into the air, and, hovering over Switzerland, had reproduced, on his return, a faithful model of the mountain country.

When one is thus occupied and amused examining and admiring the industrial efforts of the civilized world, the hours pass unheeded by, and at the close of each day, you confess to yourself that you have before you the labors of a year, ere you can pretend to master the subjects submitted for inspection. You will perceive by the altered tones of those protectionist journals, which, at the inception of the projected exhibition, extended towards it chilling patronage, that they have cast aside prejudice, and frankly confessed that the exhibition is a magnificent spectacle, and worthy of all the eulogy which has been lavished upon it. In some cases all men turn prophets. Now I predict that the Crystal Palace will enlarge each month its circle of admirers and supporters, and that the number of visitors will be greater in August than any other month. Impartial statements from credible sources will soon reach all quarters of the world, uttering in words of truth, some of the marvels which the eye has seen, and students will wend their way from all regions to gather practical information in this great school of nations. The pecuniary affairs of the project are flourishing beyond the most sanguine hopes. The receipts are rising to $15,000 per diem, and as the expenses are moderate, funds will soon be received, sufficient to discharge all obligations and leave the Palace a legacy to the nation. Its future destiny may be that of a winter garden, combined with educational purposes, after the manner of the Polytechnic.

Yesterday was a gala day in London, for the Queen held her drawing room, and her procession in state from Buckingham Palace was a pageant worth looking at; so at least thought the assembled thousands. The sun always shines when Victoria has a state day; at least so frequent have been the instances of fine days in this fickle climate, whenever she is compelled to appear in public, that people identify her with fine weather. The drawing room was numerously attended by the *élite* of the aristocracy, and an admirer of female beauty would be puzzled to make a selection from the bevy of lovely women. The toilets were set off by a profusion of diamonds, worn, in many instances, wrought into bouquets. The effect was charming. The gems glittered and sparkled among the flowers, rendering the ornaments natural, and relieving them from all stiffness. The American Minister's wife introduced the Hon. Mr. McCurdy and Miss McCurdy, Lieut. Parrott, and Mr. James Lawrence.

In the evening, the opera of "Don Giovanni" was performed at Her Majesty's Theatre, when Sontag sang. "Don Giovanni" never wearies or disappoints you. There is in that opera such stores of treasure for every fancy; such wit; such pathos; such unequivocal comedy, and intense tragedy; such unity of purpose; such minutia in details, that it receives the unquestioned homage of the audience. Sontag sheds a radiance upon Her Majesty's Theatre, and her finished performance in the part of Zerlina was acknowledged by the plaudits of the house. Some of the airs of this opera are treasures of music, that one especially beginning

Batti, Batti, O bel Masetto,
La tua povera Zerlina,

was given by Sontag, as Zerlina, with a felicity of expression, a melody of voice, that thrilled the house. Her softest warblings when leaning on Masetto's breast were heard in every quarter of the vast building, and listened to with rapture. Her delineation of character is very perfect—nothing strained or unnatural. Coletti, as Giovanni, performed so well that Tamburini had a worthy successor. Coletti has a fine figure, an easy and unrestrained manner, and though suffering from influenza, sang with great spirit and feeling. Old Lablache, as Leporello, was inimitable. That ton of a man, as *Punch* called him, is a perfect mine of wit and humor, and despite his bulky figure, he converts the shaking of his fat sides into a source of merriment. Donna Anna was represented by Madame Fiorentini. Her figure is good, and her voice betrays great training, but Sontag's warblings eclipsed any inferior star. Madame Giuliani, as the neglected dame, was at times very impassioned and touching; and the trio sang by her, Fiorentini and Calzolari, was admirably delivered. At the Italian Opera, the Huguenots was repeated before a very full house. The scenic departments are exceedingly gorgeous, and Grisi, Castellan, Cotti, and Angri, with the unsurpassed Mario, are attractions sufficient to satiate the most exacting. Castellan has visibly improved since her tour to America, and she retains that graceful modest deportment which is not the least charm of her acting.

Mr. Hackett has intimated that he will perform on the 21st at the Haymarket, for the aid of a benevolent society. He has selected the character of Sir John Falstaff, in the comedy of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and is promised the support of Hudson, Buckstone, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and the vocalist, Miss Poole.

In the local events of the week, the only occurrence that ruffled society, was the committal of Captain Somerset, of the Guards, to the House of Correction, for having assaulted a policeman. He had been in trouble previously, hence the harshness of the sentence. The police are all dominant, and no people are more thoroughly police ridden than the English. As to resisting the military, no mob dreams of such an act, and ere they do so they must receive a large infusion of military educated men. In France, the mob accepts a conflict without the slightest hesitation. Here, a hundred men would fly from one trooper.

The Portuguese revolution furnishes an example for imitation, which must astound the despotic kings of Europe. The defection of the army is a contingency against which there is no resource. Russia, with her million of soldiers, is weaker than the Ottoman empire, if her troops acquire the dangerous knowledge that they are the true depository of power. The journals publish a manifesto of Mazzini's, upon which discredit is thrown. It is a curiously worded document, and rather vague than satisfactory.

The number of foreigners in London must be small, to judge by the forces seen in public. About four thousand of the French National Guard, with the band of the Ninth cavalry, are preparing to visit the Exhibition. The low-price tide has not yet set in.

The Parliamentary news is at zero. They are doing nothing, and wish to do nothing, until after the new House has been elected. The whigs will then bid for power by turning half Chartists, and each year will bring England closer to a republic. Men say that Victoria will be the last sovereign of England. Certainly events tend that way. B.

LONDON, May 16, 1851.

Opposition to Statuary by a Purist—The Amazon Group, by Kiss—Dinner to the Sculptor—The Fancy Ball to be given by the Queen—The Progress of the Exhibition—Additions of Precious Stones—Visitors, &c., &c.

The very respectable clergymen who protested in your city, some years ago, against the immorality of Harper's family Bible, because one of the plates represented Eve in a state of nudity, are quite outdone by Mr. George Rochefort Clark, in London. Mr. Clark has written a public letter upon what he calls the indecent and superstitious imagery of the great Exhibition, upon "the naked men and women, the crucifixes, and the superstitious rubbish," which, he fears, will make a woful breach in the chastity, the moderation, and the spirituality of this christian people. Perhaps there are no better tests of feeling, taste, and character, than the mode of looking at any given object, and the class of associations which the observer usually connects with it. The first exclamation of the Parisian, on entering one of the finest of the Egyptian tombs, was, "*Quelle place pour un billiard!*" The lady who commended Dr. Johnson for having omitted all naughty words from his dictionary, fell, in his view, under the same law. "I see you have been looking for them, Madam!" Swift said that "your very nice people must have very nasty ideas!" And surely none but a mind haunted by the obscene could descrate by foul ribaldry, under the odious disguise of cant, those exquisite models of grace, beauty, and purity, which adorn the great Exhibition. Idealize female beauty as you will, let the cold stone be the embodied spirit of modesty, let it act as an antidote to all gross and earthly feelings in every well constituted heart and mind, these purists, *par excellence*, will see in it nothing but a studied excitement to unchaste wishes.

A great dinner was given on Monday, to M. A. Kiss, and other foreign artists in attendance on the Exhibition, by English sculptors and connoisseurs. Upwards of one hundred of the latter were present, and, besides Kiss, some eighty of the former. Kiss, as your readers will remember, is the author of the celebrated piece of sculpture known as "The Amazon Group," a work that has created more excitement in London than the whole wonders of the Exhibition. Sir C. Eastlake presided at the dinner, and Scott Russell, Monsieur Vichbahn, Monti, and Kiss were the principal speakers. In alluding to M. Kiss, Scott Russell pronounced the genius of the man who could execute that Amazon group, possessed not only of the highest attributes of human nature, but also of the divine. He said that when he was in Berlin, a year ago, he had felt himself in the presence of some superior being, while gazing upon that piece of statuary—the Amazon and the lion—and had, after some difficulty, discovered the sculptor working hard as a teacher in the School of Design. He had assured him that in England such a work of art would be appreciated, and the astonishment which the "group" had already created has amply confirmed his opinion.

This piece of sculpture is, without doubt, the most remarkable of all modern, if not of all ancient, time. There is nothing among all the contributions of the Exhibition—nothing in England or Europe—that compares with it. Prince Albert attempted to purchase it, but was too late. So, also, did the Marquis of Westminster; and both, failing of that, have ordered copies to be made, allowing ten years time for the two pieces. The group, as it now is, goes to the United States at the close of the Exhibition. M. Kiss became convinced, after conversing with several of our countrymen, that his own fame would be far more surely secured by this course than by suffering it to remain in Europe. I do not learn whether it is by sale or consignment that it is put into American hands. But I congratulate my friends on the other side of the water, that the opportunity is to be presented them of studying a work of art, which, for boldness and originality of conception, correctness of design, and perfectness of execution to the most minute details, is unsurpassed, if not unequalled, in the world.

The great talk among the court circles is the approaching fancy ball, to be given by the Queen on the 13th proximo. The original announcement was, that the costume adopted should be that of the reign of Charles II., extending over a period of some five and twenty years. For some reasons, to be found probably in the laxity of morals which has a close affinity to dress, this announcement has been changed, and the *Court Circular*, this morning, announces that the costume is to be that worn at the time of the Restoration. It will be a wonderful and brilliant affair, over three thousand invitations having been already given.

Yesterday, the receipts at the Crystal Palace amounted to the highest sum that has yet been received. So great was the influx of visiters, that £3,200 was taken in money at the doors; and the sale of season tickets also rose so high that the funds of the commission had, during the day, an accession of altogether some £4,000. The French exhibitors still continue their preparations, and the goods forwarded from Turkey are not yet arranged. Professors Royle and Soley are busily engaged in the distribution of the large and valuable additional consignment within the last few days received from India. Several of the most valuable of the articles have been placed in stalls facing the nave, and so great is their value conceived, that they have been surrounded with a railing, as if they were State prisoners. In addition to the Lahore jewels, the East India Company now exhibit the "Durria-i-noor," or "Sea of Light," an immense diamond, set as an armlet, with ten smaller stones about it; a necklace of 224 large pearls, and a smaller one of 104 pearls; a necklace of four large rubies, a pair of emerald armlets, a carved emerald and diamond turban ornament, an emerald and diamond set bridle and martingale; a gold mounted saddle, set with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies; a magnificent brocaded robe, richly decorated with pearls; and an emerald girdle, the stones of which are of immense size, and most of them of a very fine quality. This list of jewelry will serve to give you some idea of the manner in which the eastern empire of Great Britain is represented, and will recal at least some of those visions of fabulous wealth and splendor with which the name of India used in former days to be connected. Everything now within the building is orderly and decorous, but when the one shilling days come, and the mob of London, with whetted appetites, enter the building, the temptations to disorder, if not to theft and outrage, will be great beyond precedent.

There is no political news of any importance. Parliament drags its slow length along, doing nothing, and saying everything. The continental news is a mere recapitulation of what you had by the last steamer. The great offer contained in your paper, having reference to speed in ocean steamers, is copied into all the London papers, but no comment is yet made upon it. D.

Our Paris Correspondence.

POLITICAL MATTERS.

PARIS, May 15, 1851.

Political Affairs—Fusion of the Bourbon and Orleans Parties—The Republic—Louis Napoleon's Ministry—Louis Napoleon—Italy—Fortifications—Hungarians in Turkey—Hungarians leaving Switzerland—Political Gossip, &c., &c.

There is no important thing in politics now to be mentioned; but a few items, which may, perhaps, after awhile become interesting, shall be given. The fusion of the two branches of Bourbons, with the aim to return to France after the Republic shall be "done brown," is always the most important *point* of every one's conjecture—and this new phase of politics finds many partisans in the ranks of the statesmen who are at the head of the Legislative Assembly. It has been decided by the majority to oppose the re-election of the President, and the remodelling of the constitution; having thus a purpose to overthrow the present state of affairs. In order to attain this aim, meetings of all sorts are held in Paris and in the departments. A grand dinner party was given last night, at the house of Mme. Pozzo di Borgo, at which were present General Changarnier, Guizot, Duchatel, Vitel, Dumon, Salvandi, de Noailles, Partoret, de Lavalette, and many other distinguished servitors of the Bourbon and d'Orleans families. Though the greatest secrecy has been observed on the result of their conference, I am informed that political war has been decided against the republic, and that nothing will be spared to effect a change, as soon as possible, in the manner of our government. I am told that the partisans of the fusion have such a belief in the success of their cause, that one of the leaders has already prepared everything for the ceremony of Henri V.'s return to his good city of Paris. The programme of the most influential men is designed, and the speech to be delivered to the king, by the President of the Committee of Arrangements, is written with the utmost eloquence and *châleur* of feeling. When will it be delivered? That is the question.

Whilst the fusionites are thus dividing France into shares, to be distributed among themselves by way of prefectures and governorships, the republicans are still at work. The ultras are in the hope that M. Ledru Rollin will be elected by the party, and it has been said that the intention of this refugee was to return to Paris, a few days before the election, in order to deliver himself as prisoner, for he could not be elected, according to law, if he was still a *contumace*. This, I fear, will not take place, for M. Ledru Rollin would play a very dubious game, and would run the risk of losing the party. It would be too bad for him thus to expiate the dream of a "night at the Elysée."

The true republicans are still putting forward General Cavaignac, who is, I may say, the more honest candidate of the party. As for M. Nadaud, who is the candidate of M. de Girardin, through the journal *La Presse*, I consider his nomination as a mere *jeu d'esprit* of the able publisher, who is a man of humor, and never retrogrades in presence of an argument.

In the meantime, some discontentment seems to exist at the Elysée, between Louis Napoleon and his ministers. I was told last night that an understanding had taken place between M. Veron, publisher of the *Constitutionnel*, and M. de Lamartine, editor of the *Pays*, by which the two ministers, Messrs. Leon Faucher and Baroche, would be blamed by those papers, and then be obliged to send in their resignations. They would be replaced by Messrs. Bixio and Lamartine, or, perhaps, M. Odilon Barrot.

The cause of this plot of Louis Napoleon against two of his ministers is, that he has seen, by the result of the sessions of Tuesday and Wednesday last, during which M. Leon Faucher was so much blamed by the Chamber for the telegraphic despatches, and the state of siege of the Department *de L'Isere*, how unpopular their statesman and his colleague were to the majority of the Chamber. I may say, with confidence, that Louis Napoleon cannot avoid his fate. He seems to me like a man who is drowning, and who, in his despair, takes hold of everything which comes under his grasp. Alas! all these supports are of rotten wood, and they cannot save him from ruin and perdition. It is in vain that his agents are trying to obtain demands in favor of the prorogation. It is said that M. De Broglie will present the proposition to that effect on the 9th of next month.

In the session of Tuesday last, the elections for the Presidency of the Chamber took place, and M. Dupin was re-elected speaker, by 350 votes against 128. General Badeau obtained also 328 votes, and was proclaimed Vice-President.

General D'Hautpoul has been replaced in his command of Governor General of Algiers. His successor is General Pelissier, a man of much talent, to whose capacity the war against the Arabs is intrusted. General D'Hautpoul, it appears, is angry, and calls the President a very ungrateful man. Why?

The most curious and inexplicable orders were given a few days ago to the fourteen regiments belonging to the First Division. It is said that confidential orders were sent to the colonels of each regiment, to be ready to march to Paris as soon as they will be summoned to do it. This news having been published by the newspapers, has not yet been denied by the Elysée. What does it mean?

Riots of a very serious kind have taken place in the department of the Gard at Aimargues, on the occasion of a bull fight. Many persons were arrested and taken to the prison of Nimes.

In Italy, the league of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, together with the King of Naples, is decided. They will occupy the Papal States with an army of 30,000 men, who will be under the Neapolitan flag.

Letters received from Garda, in Lombardy, announce that the Austrian army is busily engaged in fortifying the fort of Pescaire. Within two years the city will be so strongly fortified as to receive within its walls an army of 110,000 men.

All the plenipotentiaries who were at Dresden, left that city on the 3d inst., and returned to their States. The aim of their return is to obtain from their government the sanction and approbation of the proposals which were discussed and adopted during the last session.

It is decided that the Kings of Prussia and Austria will meet at Warsaw on the 20th instant. No doubt the politics of Europe will be much spoken of during that interview.

King Otho has returned to Greece. He embarked on the 7th inst. at Venice, on board of the steamship Volcano.

The news of the arrival of an American frigate at Constantinople, to receive the Hungarian refugees, was communicated by Mr. Holmes, *Chargé ad interim* of the United States government in that city, to the Sublime Porte. No definitive answer had been given to Mr. Holmes on that subject.

Many Hungarians who were at Çolombiers, in the canton of Neufchatel, Switzerland, have already departed for the United States, under the command of Captain Bekay. They have crossed France in military order, and arrived two days ago at Havre, from whence they will go to New York.

Mr. Ken de Kent, Great Vicar of the Bishop of Troy, was, a few days ago at Arras, on his way to the United States.

John O'Connell's brother has visited Paris, and left yesterday for Germany.

M. Gauldray Boileau, Secretary of the French Embassy at Washington, has been named Knight of the Cross of Honor.

M. Du Breuille, formerly attaché to the French embassy at Washington, has married Mme. De Eylandt, daughter of a celebrated general of Belgium.

Mr. Bond, Professor of Astronomy of the National College of Cambridge, in Boston, Massachusetts, has been named corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences of Paris. B. H. R.

THE GOSSIP OF PARIS.

PARIS, May 15, 1851.

Anniversary of February, 1848—Balls—Mrs. Bingham's Party—The Spring Races—The Egérie of the Elysée—Flower Show—Amusements and Strangers—Ballooning—An Impostor—An Old Anchor—Steamer for Egypt—New Railroad—Mutiny on Board an American Ship—The Theatres and their Novelties—Americans in Paris, &c. &c.

The second *fête* in commemoration of the anniversary of the revolution of February, 1848, which was to take place on Sunday last—having been postponed on account of the bad weather, which occurred on the 4th instant—was no better favored by the atmosphere. As on the first Sunday, it rained incessantly until five o'clock in the afternoon. The wind was chilly, and not many were enticed out of doors. Accordingly, the caterers of public pleasures were obliged to demolish the statues, columns, arcades, waterfalls, and ornaments, which had been prepared for the occasion, and now the places upon which they had been erected are as clean as before. This has been considered, by superstitious persons, as a bad omen for the future of our republic.

The protraction of bad weather has been, with many amateurs of dancing parties, a cause for continuing the winter balls into the spring season. Princess Kallimaki, the charming and beautiful lady of the Turkish ambassador, who gave but two balls during last winter, thought it proper to offer her friends and *connoissances* a third grand party, which took place on Sunday last. It was attended by an immense crowd of fashionable people. The pretext was, that from the balcony of her splendid hotel, her guests could have a sight of the *fête*, and enjoy, at the same time, the pleasure and emotion of a polka or mazurka. As usual at the Turkish embassy, the supper was abundant, exquisite, and *recherche*.

On the previous Saturday night, Mrs. Bingham, the pretty and fashionable American lady from Philadelphia, whose amiability has won many admirers and friends, also gave a splendid party, at which were found the most *distingué* people of Paris. A very curious thing took place at this ball. Mrs. B. decided not to invite any English gentleman or lady. By so doing the *maitresse de la maison* was deprived of a host of pretty women and refined *beaux*; yet this manifestation of nationality was well appreciated by her countrymen. In short, this party was a very fine affair.

The third day of the spring races took place on Sunday last, and, despite the rain that fell in torrents, was attended by all the sportsmen who are the daily frequenters of the turf. Six premiums were distributed. The President, Louis Napoleon, surrounded by several members of the ministry, his aids-de-camp, many prefects and statesmen, arrived on the stand at the appointed hour, and the races began. On Monday last, there was, also, another race, witnessed by a large audience. Fortunately for those who were present, the rain was over and the sun shone a part of the day. Many Amazons were on the spot, and "illustrated," by their peculiar costume, the uniformity and dullness of the manly appearance of the turf. Among the most conspicuous there, I remarked Mrs. Howard, an intrepid rider, who has made there her last appearance for the season. It is said that the *Egérie* of the Elysée is on the eve of leaving Paris on an excursion in Italy. Many reasons have been given for this absence. It is said that her health being infirm, on account of the fall she had six months ago at the Bois de Boulogne, she has been ordered by her doctors to go under the warm sun of Italian skies, where she may be restored to health. Several *mauvaises langues* have also whispered that Mrs. Howard is in disgrace, and that she goes to Rome to accomplish a pious pilgrimage, by which, perhaps, she may recover the former elevated opinion which she occupied in the heart of a beloved one. It matters not what may be the cause of her departure from the magnificent hotel she occupied in the Rue du Cirque; but there will be, in a few weeks, a splendid residence in Paris to let.

The Champs Elysées will soon add another attraction to their numerous pleasures. A magnificent flower exhibition, to which all the green houses of the department of the Seine will furnish contributions, is under preparation in the Square Ledoyen, and will be opened on Sunday next, and last four days. It is for the benefit of the poor. This floral festival will be patronized by the Society of Horticulture, and, no doubt, the natural wonders presented to the curiosity of the public by the talented and *cognoscenti* gardeners of France, will be visited by all the strangers now in Paris.

The grand capital of France is really besieged by a crowd of foreigners of all nations, and our streets may be considered as a second "Tower of Babel." One may hear all languages spoken at once in our theatres and in our public gardens. Paris has now the cream of London. This agglomeration of strangers is an excellent affair for the managers of our theatres, and all of them are nightly coining money. It is only a pity that the weather is not more agreeable than it is, for it would allow the evening parties *en plein air* to take place, and would give more opportunities for finding new amusements.

Mobille, the Chateau de Fleurs, the Ranelagh, the Chateau Rouge, are, nevertheless, open and frequented by a large society of Englishmen, Americans and *lorettes* of all sorts, and in a few days the Parc Mousseaux, at the Batignolles, which belonged to the regent, then to his son Philippe *égalité*, and lately to Louis Philippe and his heirs, will be open to the public as a *succursale* of the dancing gardens of Paris. It will be called Chateau de l'Egalité. This may be called an Orleanist restoration, and it is a sort of "fusion" of the aristocracy with the democracy.

With the fresh breezes of spring, the aeronauts of France have filled their balloons, and from every department of our country we receive news of ascensions by these daring imitators of Icarus. M. Portevin, whose feats on a white horse rendered him celebrated last year, made his ascension on Sunday last, in the city of Caën, and though his balloon met with an accident at the moment of its departure, he afterwards made his descent in good order; but he was assaulted by a gang of desperadoes, who were near killing his horse and destroying his balloon.

At Angers, M. Margat ascended in his huge balloon, on the 8th instant; and having landed, after an hour's journey, in a meadow covered by the waters of the Loire, he was obliged to remain there during the whole night, freezing and shivering—knowing not, on account of the darkness, where he could proceed in safety.

M. Gedart undertook, also, on the 4th of this month, to exhibit his immense balloon at St. Quentin. The entertainment was favored by the weather, and the Ville de Bordeaux having behaved with much elegance, he returned to the land after an hour's stay in the clouds.

M. Arnault, the able manager of the Hippodrome, has also in his possession an immense aerostat, seventy-nine feet high and fifty feet wide. This mammoth balloon, which is the largest ever made in the world, contains three hundred dollars' worth of gas, and is strong enough to carry forty men. The first exhibition of this balloon is to take place this afternoon at the Hippodrome, and the President of the republic will be present.

The journals received from Berlin dated May 6th, announce that Messrs. Coxwell and Risley (the brother of Professor Risley, of Philadelphia,) were near losing their lives in an aeronautic excursion. They announced that their intention was to leave Berlin from the gardens of Schutzen Haus, and to proceed to Russia, as far as their provisions would allow them to go. The balloon went up at the appointed day and hour, and everything promised the travellers a fine prospect, when their balloon met with the branch of a tree, by which it was cut and opened; the gas partly escaped, and the two aeronauts were precipitated to the ground, where, as if by a miracle, they met with no serious accident. This may be called a narrow escape. Well, despite so many accidents, I am sure that the "ballooning" mania will be very fashionable, and I mean to try at it myself.

The old soldier Kolombeski, of whom I spoke in my last letter, and who died, as supposed, aged 127 years, had, it is said, imposed upon the credulity of his comrades, and was only 91 years old. The birth certificate which he had shown during his life, was that of his father; and when, after his death, the officers of the Invalides looked over his papers, they soon discovered the trick. This has been the cause of the refusal to pay to his memory the proposed funeral honors.

An immense anchor which was found in the channel three miles from Havre, has been carried to Paris, and is now exhibiting at the Champs Elysées. This anchor weighs 3,000 pounds, and has remained three hundred and five years in the sea. It is thought that this anchor was lost by one of the vessels of war of Henry VIII. of England, when he sent his fleet to besiege Havre.

A splendid steamship has just been finished at the foundry of Crenzot for the Bashaw of Egypt. This new man-of-war is to called the Ariel, and may be considered the *ne plus ultra* of magnificence. She is manned as a brig, and she will run upon the Nile. The speed of the Ariel was tried upon the Saône, and she went from Chalons to Tournas in one hour and five minutes, thus accomplishing a run of 35 miles.

The railway from Tonnere to Chalons was finished a few days ago, and the experimental journey proved very excellent. In a short time it will be opened to the public, and thus the journey from Paris to Lyons will be accomplished within twenty-three hours.

Brandy made from a plant called *Asphodèle* (a sea weed), has just been discovered by a French chemist. It appears that this new liquid has an excellent taste, and will be of much use for the preservation of fruits of all sorts. No doubt that in the United States the *Asphodèle* is also to be found, and it may soon be changed into good liquor. Alas! this will cause new grief to the Rev. Father Mathew.

A riot took place on board of the U. S. packet William Tell, at Havre, and was quite a bloody affair. The gendarmes were soon on the spot, and under the act of mutiny in a foreign port, they took hold of all the sailors, and brought them to jail. We have not received the particulars.

News received from the island of Rhodes announces that, after the violent earthquake which took place on the 18th of April last, two mountains sunk down, and the rocks were split, as if the effect of a mine. The sea rose six feet high above the usual level, and several masses of stones have filled many valleys of the island, which now presents the real image of destruction and chaos.

The theatres, as I told you before, are much crowded every night, and they offer the public who patronise them a grand variety of new entertainments.

At the Grand Opera, Alboni will appear to-morrow, in the new opera of Scribe and Auber, entitled, "La Corbeille d'Orange," which, if I may judge of its merits by a rehearsal, contains very fine music, which will soon become popular. Mme. Pauline Viardot is giving her last performances before her departure for London. She sang last night in the "Prophet," and met with the utmost applause from a crowded and delighted audience.

At the Comic Opera House, the whole company is busily engaged in the rehearsal of a new work, by Ambrose Thomas, entitled "Raymond, or the Secret of a Queen." I have been told that this opera will be equal, in musical beauties, to those of the same writer.

Mlle. Rachel is on the eve of her departure for Germany. She plays three nights every week at the Theatre Français; and every time she appears she is greeted by a crowded house. Several new comedies are in rehearsal, and will be produced in a short time.

The Theatre of the Ambigu Comique performed, on Monday last, the fourth part of Monte Cristo, called "Villefort," by Messrs. Alexandre Dumas and Maquel. This new drama may be considered as the most interesting of the *quatuor*, and is played by the talented actors of the company with the utmost *ensemble*. M. Arnault, who plays the part of Monte Cristo; M. Chilly, who reads that of Villefort; and Mme. Arnault, who is so pathetic in the *rôle* of Valentine, have won the favor of the public, and will add to the attractions at the Ambigu.

At last the drama of Madame George Sand, entitled "Molière," was performed on Saturday last, and presented to the public with a strong and talented cast. Bocage, the excellent comedian, performed the part of the famed French author and actor, the Shakspeare of France, and was eloquent to the utmost degree. He was well seconded by Lacressoniere, Messier, Matis, and M'mes Lacressoniere, Bendeville, Jonne, and M. Colin. Nevertheless, the drama of George Sand is not to be compared to "Claudie" and to "Francois le Champs." It is but a long biography of the French poet, lacking in interest and incidents. The only thing admirable in this new play is the style, which is the *ne plus ultra* of elegance.

At the Gymnase, a short act, entitled "Mon ami Babolin," was performed last night, and met with public approbation. It is written by M'me Achille Comte and L. Monrose. Numa, the inimitable actor, has in it an excellent part. A company of Spanish dancers have also made their appearance at the Gymnase, and they are really very clever. Senora Petra Camara, a genuine Andalusian beauty, has created much sensation. B. H. R.

AMERICANS IN PARIS.

S. C. Williams, New York.	G. U. Eaglor, New York.
B. M. McConkey, Cin'rati.	H. Yuelin and daughter, do.
W. W. Leland, Cleveland.	R. W. Gilchrist, Lebanon.
A. McLaughlin, N. Orleans.	Lt. M. Adams, U. S. Navy.
E. O. Elfin, Chillicothe.	Lt. W. Gwathney, do.
Oscar Varet, New York.	Lt. J. B. Smith, do.
J. D. Smith, Philadelphia.	T. M. Fairland, New York.
J. M. M. Cline, do.	M. S. Beach, do.
J. Dejonge, New York.	O. C. Lovett, do.
H. Sperry, do.	E. Roussez, Philadelphia.
U. H. G Buttler, Louisville.	C. R. Buking, do.
C. G. W. Comegys, Cin'ti.	Mr. Whilewright, N. York.
D. A Shurtleff, Boston.	F. B. Howell, Lebanon.
R. W. Ubini, St. Louis.	W. M. McClure, Phila.
W. W. Billings, New York.	P. J. Anshutz, Cincinnati.

Travels in the United States, &c., during 1849 and 1850.

BY LADY EMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

[From the London Atheneum, May 10.]

A style more gayly-tinselled than Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley's could hardly be found in the journals of the most pink among the pink parasols that now go up to the rock-temples of Petra, or scramble among the strange ruins of Central America, with a nonchalance that speaks volumes as to the march of female courage. Epithets, neologisms, superlatives, exclamations, allusions, are huddled together in a profusion so tasteless, that the reader who should throw down the book at an early chapter, with Mr. Burchell's emphatic monosyllable, would by no means be chargeable with fastidious impatience. This is a pity: since, besides her affectations, and sublimities, and very doleful pleasantries, which sometimes trench upon the slang of high life in a manner more curious than edifying, Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley's book contains some poetical thoughts, some lively pictures, some touches of the true traveller's enterprise, as distinguished from the fine lady's curiosity to stare at what other fine ladies have seen. It may be some strange theory of authorship which has led her thus to deck out her letters (for she assures us that these "Travels" consist of merely her home correspondence, retouched); and we reprehend the fancy, in order that should she again indulge in prose, she may be encouraged to use the pruning knife rather than the embroidering needle—to rely on the thought, the image, the trait, rather than on adjectives and expletives, and the other exploded artifices of the sickly florid school of literary composition.

We cannot fancy a book more popular in the United States than this is likely to prove. Without the fulsomeness of Mrs. Maury, Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley is nearly as unreserved in her delight and approval of everything American as that Lady was. She met with courtesy everywhere, and made fast friendships—her metrical record of one of which was some months ago published in an American newspaper. Unlike Mr. Dickens, she found beauty in the Mississippi. Unlike Miss Martineau, she was cheered by a certain patriarchal good understanding and mutual security which she found in the relations betwixt master and slave. The odd uncouth people who threw Mrs. Trollope into fits, amused her as studies of character. In the following description the cordiality is as strong as is the sense of the whimsical:—

"We left Louisville in a steamer with rather indifferent accommodations, but commanded by a most obliging and courteous captain. There were several families on board, who were removing to remote parts of the Union; slaves, children, chattels, and cattle accompanied them; they were, in short, domestic Atlases, carrying their own little world on their shoulders—further west, of course—which is quite the way of the world hereabouts. This was one of the very roughest sets I had ever been among. They lived entirely with the first-class passengers; so, no doubt, they had paid first-class price. Some were from the heart of old Kentucky, and none of them were emigrants; they all comported themselves very quietly and well, except one family of children, belonging to some hard-working backwoodsman, to judge from appearances. They were awfully spoilt, and led their parents miserable lives; scratching and beating their mother, and boxing the ears and kicking the shins of their (little) respected papa, and knocking cruelly about the only person in the family who had the sense to control the imps a little, in shape of a gaunt, tall grandmamma, resembling a retired grenadier, in a turban, with a short pipe—the last evidently the consolation of her soul, and the former ing