INTERESTING EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

Our Hong Kong, London, and Paris Correspondence.

THE GOSSIP OF EUROPE.

Indignation in France Relative to the New York Crystal Palace.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

The Turkish Question in a Commercial Point of View.

OUR READERS POSTED UP,

&c., &c., &c.

Our China Correspondence.

HONG KONG, May 3, 1853.

The Latest News—The Japan Expedition, &c., &c.

As yet we have no later dates from Shanghae than those sent by last mail, to the effect that a grand battle was to be fought on the 12th inst., between the imperialists and the insurgents. It is said the Mandarins have letters at Canton, received overland from Nankin, announcing the defeat of the imperialists under the command of Heang Gung, on the 17th April; there is also a rumor to the contrary; the general belief is that they have either not fought, or the imperialists have been defeated, as the Mandarins do not keep back their successful engagements from the people. Some alarm prevails among the Chinamen at Canton, as to their safety in case of a disturbance, from the hordes of pirates that infest the neighborhood. The English have a brig of war near the factories, and the French a frigate at Whampoa, for the protection of foreigners. The Americans have none, Com. Perry having withdrawn them to Shanghae, where he intends to organise his Japanese expedition out of the force now here, without waiting for those yet to arrive. The English and French authorities at Canton are engaged in correspondence about the arrest of two subjects of the former by the French, on suspicion, it is supposed, of their having cut the stays attached to the French flag staff, although the immediate ground of the arrest was on account of their interference with the guard placed there to protect it; they were released after a detention of a few minutes at Whampoa, where they were taken from Canton.

Our London Correspondence.

ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, July 5, 1853.

The Emperor Nicholas—His Reported Intentions, and the Issue—French Funds—Louis Napoleon and the Struggle—Legislative Morality in England—Liberality of the Clergy—The India Bill—The Camp, Gold Nuggets, Theatres, Jullien's Testimonial Concert, &c., &c.

The official despatch from St. Petersburg, of the 27th ult., received ere this by you, announces the occupation of Moldavia, by the Russian troops.

Count Giulai left Vienna, June 30th, for St. Petersburg. He was accompanied by General Steininger and three officers. It is reported that he goes on a special mission in connection with the quarrel between Russia and Turkey.

It is said that the Prince of Servia has offered to place 45,000 men at the Sultan's disposal—15,000 for the defence of Belgrade, and 30 000 for the protection of the frontier of the principality.

Strange to say, the Paris Bourse reports improved quotations.

What will Nicholas now do? Such is the great question, and has been for a long month past, *in ore omni populo;* and we verily believe, not one of all the sages of the day, from good old Aberdeen to Miles's boy round the corner, can answer it yet. On Saturday, indeed, the *Times* published an express, intimating that 12,000 Russians had crossed the Pruth and are now at Jassy, that is, as Count Nesselrode delicately words it, the troops have crossed the frontiers of the empire, not for the purpose of making war—oh, dear no, impossible for a sovereign who is so repugnant to it; but in order to obtain those material guarantees, until the moment when, brought to more equitable sentiments, the Ottoman government will give to Russia the moral securities which she has in vain demanded through her representatives at Constantinople; all which, turned into the vernacular, means that Emperor Bruin will disport himself among the Moldavians and give them all the blessings of an army of occupation, till such time as the Sultan shall change his mind, and grant the Muscovite's claim to the protectorate of the Greek churches in Turkey. The Sultan, however, has repeatedly refused acquiescence, and we now wait for the next move on the board, which, as Nicholas took the last by his advance on Jassy, now fairly belongs to Turkey. Not a person out of Russia, above the grade of an idiot, believes in the Czar's pacific intentions, all being pretty well agreed that his conduct, in this instance, is the most flagrant transgression of international laws and treaties ever attempted since the partition of Poland. The Turks are, to a man, eager for the fray, and the Christians of Turkey are not a whit better disposed towards the Russian aggressor. The Sultan, therefore, has but one course left to him consistent with honor, and this, we feel assured he will speedily take, to announce that he regards the occupation of Moldavia as tantamount to a declaration of war, and to call on the united fleets of France and England to sail up to the Sea of Marmora for the immediate defence of his capital, which, ere many weeks are over, may probably be formally laid siege to, both by land and sea.

Much has been said of the insignificance of the Turkish army and the poverty of the Sultan's resources; but there is good reason to believe that the latter will not lack foreign aid; and as respects the former, the Turkish troops have been too long disciplined by European officers, and directed by European engineering skill, to induce a belief of all these charges set afloat by the friends of Russia. The recent movements of the money market in Paris announce the growing conviction that the Czar means mischief; and the express sentiments of Louis Napoleon indicate no backwardness on the part of France. Nevertheless, the parvenue Emperor is a slippery fellow, and may be playing a deeper game than is generally supposed; nay, even now he and the good old Aberdeen may content themselves with merely showing their fleet, and not acting. *Nous verrons.* But if it so turn out, they will cover themselves with indelible disgrace, and show the rest of Europe that after all their blusterings and protestations of friendship for the Porte, and determination to maintain the balance of the Continental powers, they are, in reality, afraid of the Czar, and loath to embroil themselves in a quarrel, even though it be necessary for the dignity of the Western powers and the protection of free governments against tyranny and brigandism. On the other hand, should France and England heartily unite and enter the Black Sea, a few days only would take them to Sebastopol, in the Crimea, and one general naval action would, in all probability, terminate the war, and compel Menschikoff to march back his troops to Bessarabia.

The unseating of thirty two members of Parliament for bribery, required, of course, some visitation from the iron sword of justice. But on whom has the weapon fallen?—on Sir Frederick Smith, Colonel Forester, Major Beresford, Mr. Coppock, and the rest of the band of bribers? Oh, no—not a bit of it—but on two miserable, humble rogues, who having sworn away their souls, dirt cheap, because they did not know the value of them, have been sentenced to durance vile and prison fare in the House of Correction, while the really guilty ones who held out the temptation to evil may go on and prosper, munch Perigord pies and sip claret and Burgundy at the Carlton and Reform Club. How clearly does this prove that it never answers to turn scamp at a low figure and that a man should never turn rogue, unless he can get a good price for his roguishness! Now, for our parts, we think that Lord Campbell and the lawyers have begun at the wrong end, and are of opinion that if even yet some half dozen among the worst of these bribery unseated members were to be pilloried in the House of Commons, *in terrorem* to all other aspirants for places in that assembly, such a punishment might afford a wholesome lesson, and exercise a purifying influence on the House itself. Sir J. M. F. Smith, Mr. Mare, Forbes Mackenzie, Colonel Forester, and Major Beresford, for instance, would look quite as well as ever did Hudibras and his Squire, Ralpho, in the stocks—

"That Bastile, built t' imprison hands,
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts and free the greater."

The fact is, that with thirty-two ousted bribers, and Heaven knows how many hundred cases of bribery and corruption through their aristocratic wickedness, a proper sense of justice is not satisfied with the small offering of two unhappy, obscure wretches, doomed to a few months' imprisonment for the sins of their betters. Indeed, the dignity of England's representatives, as a solemn legislative body, must be of the poorest and meanest description if it can be satisfied with such victims as these. Poor, vulgar men, however poor and dark in ignorance, would not take bribes, unless they were offered by the very rich and very well bred. Let us have, then, some half dozen of the wealthy expelled bribers, and make a signal example of them. That is the way, and the only way—pending the ballot—in which Parliament can be purified.

Perhaps there is no class of people in England who at times exhibit greater meanness or more love of self and pelf than the clergy; and the higher we go, and the richer we find them, the more notorious and shocking are the examples. We are not now going to impale the two canons of the world-known Cathedral of St. Paul's for their monstrous love of this world's wealth, and their eagerness to shovel into their own pockets every handful of pelf and patronage on which they can lay their claws. No! we shall turn to the map of Essex, and there, down in the marshes, not far from Southend, we shall see the parish of Barling, which contains about 1,250 acres, nearly 500 of which belong to the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, who are the patrons of the living and impropriators of the rectorial tithes, and who, forsooth, after paying a miserable stipend (or rather leaving it for the parish to pay,) of some £200 a year and no house to a resident clergyman, bag £1,000 a year for themselves. Now, mark the facts: these priestly drones not only abstain from giving a sixpence towards the charities of a parish from which they suck so much of its wealth, but would not even lay out a few paltry pounds to keep wind and water tight the chancel of the church, which, as rectors of the parish, they are bound by law to maintain; and at this present moment the east window of this ill-fated temple of the Almighty is entirely obscured by a tarpaulin nailed on the outside, to prevent the wind and rain from dashing through the broken window into the church! Verily, with these priestly lordlings the love of money prevails over love for God or the honor of the Lord's house.

The late prolonged debate on Lord Stanley's amendment to the Indian bill exhibits anything but a general sense, in the House, of the importance of legislating properly for India. True, Sir Charles Wood, the potentate of the Board of Control, has invoked a paternal regard for the future interests of the hundred and fifty millions of our cousins in Hindostan; but somehow it seems impossible to get up a parliamentary interest in their behalf. True, Mr. Macaulay paid an eloquent tribute to the dignity and usefulness of John's Company's Indian rulers and agents, in opposition to Lord Ellenborough's defence of their ignorance, in the House of Lords; but he brought no moral strength to the aid of his party, and made nothing like a search into the deep, intricate policy of the Indian government. True, Lord Stanley's amendment for delay was cleverly illustrated and most powerfully supported by Mr. Cobden, and throughout the debate Friend Bright of Manchester hung upon the skirts of the ministry, attacking their weak points—and where were the strong ones?—with dogged perseverance and damaging effect. But, notwithstanding all this, how cold and listless and apparently uninteresting was the debate, on which may hang the future weal or woe of Sir Charles Wood's hundred and fifty millions! In fact, the members seemed to shun the subject, as if it had been the Asiatic cholera. But, after all, it is very possible that in all this apparent indifference there may be much real modesty and laudable bashfulness. The honorable gentlemen—withal not used to the blushing mood—betray an honorable shamefacedness at approaching the question; because, forsooth, they have a strong suspicion, that either individually or collectively—not excepting even Sir James Hogg himself—they know very little, if any thing, of the true condition of these hundred and fifty millions. It is quite another question, however, whether better knowledge would come with the delay proposed by the upstart scion of the house of Derby, who, with his six months in India, talks as if he knew it as well as London; and really we are of opinion that for all the chance of increased knowledge within any reasonable time, we might as well legislate now as a year or two hence—and in any case, now or then, might as well and as wisely legislate for the inhabitants of the newly discovered planet Neptune, as for so many millions of British subjects, from whom we are estranged not merely by distance, but also, and still further, by feelings, sympathies and prejudices. Well, what is the result of this long, windy, and cold-hearted palaver? Lord Stanley's amendment has been negatived by a majority of 180; and we are immediately to take on us the awful responsibility of legislating for the hundred and fifty millions of poor innocents, for whom Sir Charles Wood possesses so paternal a regard. God help them! Be sure we shall not.

A month's actual campaigning in drenching weather—weather that makes even a Prince Albert seek the aid of Mackintosh and overalls—has already, we fancy, given some of our smart holiday officers a sickening dose of military life at Chobham. Marching up hills and through ponds and quagmires is all very well for the common rank and file men—capital exercise, admirable preparation, and so forth; nor is it of the slightest importance to consider how much and how needlessly the animal strength is taxed by carrying a kit, arms, &c., of some sixty five pounds weight. Oh, no—capital exercise, famous training, for all but the officers—those who have less to carry, less to march, less to endure, and who are soonest tired of their job and the most eager to back out of a bad bargain. One evil, however, the mighty men of the War Office have condescended to abolish, because it affects the officers, though not a word is said of the men. The ducks of trowsers were found not to suit the ducks of Almacks and May Fair in wet weather, because they flapped against the leg like a sea-bedabbled sail: so forthwith comes an edict from the Horse Guards to dispense with the wearing of duck trowsers by these dear ducks of officers. But why not serve all the Chobham ducks with the same sauce—why not relieve rank and file as well as generals and staff officers? We do not think a wet duck becomes Corporal Snooks or private Tomkins a bit more than General Evans or Colonel Thornton; and certainly it is far more inconvenient, because the former must be their own washerwomen. The first Chobham reform is the abolition of linen trowsers. Well, be it so; and let it extend to all—to the lowest in the camp as well as its commanders—to the tiniest drummer-boy, as well as Lord Viscount Hardinge. Yes; and let the next be, to improve the condition of the men, to lighten their labor and make them more effective in the field, by giving them lighter arms and a much lighter kit.

The season commenced last evening at St. James' theatre with Goethe's "Egmont," including in the cast Herr Emil Devrient, Herr Dessoir, and Madame Stotte. "Faust" is announced for Wednesday next, when M'lle Fuhr will make her first appearance in England, as Gretchen, the hero of the drama being personated, as formerly, by Herr Devrient.

The Queen and Prince Albert, according to present arrangements, will leave town on Tuesday, the 12th inst., for the purpose of visiting the Dublin Industrial Exhibition.

An extra performance took place on Friday night at the Royal Italian Opera, for the purpose of introducing Madame Tedesco to the London public. Your virtuous Don was there and alone. Heigho! Madame Tedesco has gained a first class *renommé* in Italy, France, and Germany; likewise in your "diggings," the United States, where, as you are doubtless aware, she sang contemporaneously with the celebrated Jenny Lind. The opera for the occasion was "Le Prophete," and Madame Tedesco enacted Fides; indeed, a desperate venture, after the celebrated prima donnas Mmes. Viardot and Grisi had caused rival metropolitan factions by their wondrous impersonations of that part. Mme. Tedesco is a vocalist of undeniable ability and powers; like the delicious Alboni, a great range of voice, and consequently sings the music of Fides without resorting to the transpositions to which it was in many places subjected in order to meet the higher register of our favorite Grisi. Her style of singing is very musician-like and expressive, these recommendations being satisfactorily apparent in the "Figlio Mio," in the first act of which she sang with the utmost tenderness. The song in the prison and the duet with Jean, were more decided tests of bravura capability and her incontestible talent. Not to waste words, she may really be said to have achieved a very marked and legitimate success; and the applause which she met with was quite genuine—aye, as genuine as her hearty receptions with you. Mario's Prophete has long been ranked amongst the most eminent of that great tenor's creations. On this occasion, from some unexplained cause, he receded from that partin favor of Signor Tamberlik, who, it is but fair to admit, did not disappoint the expectancy of his audience.

The monster nugget of gold recently brought out by the Sarah Sands from Ballarat, by Messrs. Evans, Lees, and Green, the lucky miners who discovered it, has been for the last few days placed among the mineralogical specimens of Australia, which Mr. Wild has connected with his interesting exhibition in Leicester square. The nugget in question, the largest without doubt which has as yet been disentombed, is shaped like a tongue. It weighs one hundred and thirty-four pounds eleven ounces, and is veined with quartz, which, it is concluded, however, does not extend below the surface—an inference derived from the relative gravity of quartz and gold—an estimate on this principle gives a valuation to the mass, of a trifle under £10,000. There is also a second nugget dug up by these fortunate miners, exhibited; though it is less in substance, it is still of considerable value, containing as it does a large quantity of gold, affirmed to be much beyond the standard purity.

M. Jullien's grand testimonial concert takes place on Monday next. Already every private box is secured, and there can be no doubt that the sum realized will be fully adequate to the purposes intended, *i. e.* to present the great conductor a *bâton* that shall be worthy his popularity and talent. The "Bal Masque" takes place on Tuesday; we can scarcely think this judicious, deeming it, as we do, next to impossible for Jullien to bring the Queen, Prince Albert, and their aristocratic *entourage* (to say nothing of his numerous titled patrons) to the same theatre on two succeeding evenings. However, the illustrious Jullien has never failed yet, and we doubt not but he will meet with a success even far beyond his most sanguine expectations. Jullien has established his high reputation through his never failing interest for the musical profession, having done more than all the artists put together for the general diffusement of musical knowledge. This has caused his success in England, and will ensure it in America.

DON CÆSAR.

ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, July 8, 1853.

Resumé of the Latest Continental News—Probable Termination of the Eastern Question—Commodore Stringham's Interview with the Sultan—The Newspaper Advertisement Duty—Juvenile Vagrancy in London—The Last French Plot—The Great Encampment at Chobham—The Weather—Theatrical Chit Chat—Jullien Coming to America, &c., &c.

Great fears have lately been rife throughout the French provinces respecting the harvest; the recent improvement in the weather has tended somewhat to allay them. While on the subject of weather I may as well tell you that we had a fearful storm of hail, thunder and lightning here last night, about half past eleven o'clock. The heat had been intense during the day, and if anything it is now on an increase.

The Asiatic contingents have arrived at Smyrna, and we learn from Constantinople, 25th ultimo, that the Turkish troops were obliged to be drawn up to protect the Austrian Consulate, and that Austrian sailors have been assaulted.

It appears that after so many weeks of bragging and blustering on the part of the Czar and his satellites, and so many rumors of war in all parts of Europe, the whole is to be ingloriously concluded by negotiation. The first intimation of this alteration in the prospects of this question was the last manifesto of Nesselrode, on the 26th ult., in which he says—with what truth all historic antecedents will speak volumes—that "Russia seeks not for conquests, and has no need of them;" nay, continues he, "we are even ready to stop the movement of our troops if the Porte will engage conscientiously to respect the privileges of the orthodox Greek Church"—that church, forsooth, which the Pope stigmatises as schismatic, in opposition to the original and true United Greek Church. We have nothing to do with these polemical distinctions; but if the Czar imagines that he will succeed in hoodwinking Europe to his real intentions, and defend the monstrous outrage he has committed in invading the Principalities, (as he really did near Leora on the 2d inst.) all from religious zeal for the interests of the Greek Church in opposition to that of Rome, he is mightily mistaken. We are not now to be informed that religion has been sought as a cloak for the worst of crimes—for the murder of myriads of victims by the Inquisition—for the butcheries of Smithfield in the times of Mary—for the murder of the Duke of Guise at Blois—for the cruelties perpetrated on the black St. Bartholomew's Day, and for many other deeds of darkness; and if Nicholas quotes Scripture to suit his tyrannic purposes we know the devil has done it before him. But the Czar says he will stop his troops; true, not as yet perhaps, because it is not the fitting moment; but he does not say that he will recross the Pruth; nor will he, so long as a chance remains for the acquisition of his favorite object, compelling the acquiescence of Abdul Meschid in his claims of a sort of ecclesiastical *imperium in imperio*, to which he has no more right than the King of Dahomey. It appears, however, that since the publication of this manifesto, the Emperor, somewhat taken aback by the determination of France and England to defend the independence of the Ottoman empire, has sent a new envoy, one M. Orzeroff, to Constantinople, for the purpose of opening fresh negotiations with the Sultan in connection with the English and French ambassadors, who, it is said, have recommended the Sultan not to oppose force by force, nor to offer any opposition to the Muscovites, so long as they keep on the north side of the Danube, but to wait for the issue of the proposed negotiations. Moreover, M. Drouin de L'Huys, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has addressed a circular letter—supposed to be a *rifacciamento* of Louis Napoleon's bellicose letter, now no more heard of, to the diplomatic agents in Paris—denouncing in pretty plain terms the unreasonableness of the claims now advanced by Russia after the Sultan's cheerful compliance with those first proposed. We hear, also, that Lord Palmerston has spoken out his mind, as that of the British ministry in general, that England and France do consider the occupation of the principalities as a *casus belli*, a provocative to war. On the whole, the general opinion seems to be—and the late extraordinary rise of the French funds seems to confirm it—that there will be no war, but all disputes will be settled by negotiation, and that the Sultan will, under the advice of his Western allies, agree to give Nicholas the act or engagement demanded by Count Nesselrode, on condition of Russia binding herself by certain restrictions—restrictions not a little likely to compromise the Czar in the opinion of the Western Powers, and induce the general belief of the world that after all his bullying he has been compelled, in vulgar phrase, to "swallow the leek." We are especially gratified, also, with the news in the *Trieste Gazette*, that Commodore Stringham, of the U. S. frigate Cumberland, lately had the honor of an interview with the Sultan, and of expressing how great is the sympathy felt in America for the prosperity and advancement of the Ottoman Empire. This is as it should be, but in truth nothing more than we had expected from a great and independent country; nor had we any doubt that, had her aid been required in the struggle between absolutism and the cause of political freedom, she would have nobly come forward in aid of her elder sister on this side of the Atlantic.

The excessive duty on advertisements in public newspapers has long been felt as a great grievance, not only as a hindrance to trade and commerce, but as an oppressive tax, affecting more particularly the poor, who use the press as the means for procuring humble employment. When Mr. Chancellor Gladstone did so much in other ways to alleviate the burdens of the country—and undoubtedly, he has done more than any one since Sir R. Peel—it was matter for general regret, both in and out of the House, that he did not at once "go the whole hog," and altogether remove this odius impost; instead of which he proposed only to reduce it to sixpence. To this, therefore, Mr. Wilmer Gibson, one of the most judicious and influential of our liberals, proposed an amendment for its total repeal, which in effect was carried, leaving the bill a nonentity. The matter, therefore, remains for the present in abeyance, till Mr. Gladstone brings forward another measure, which he pledged himself last night to do with all reasonable despatch. We trust there will be no shirking from the subject—no finessing to get rid of this important question—for, in truth, this is not the time for half measures. The voice of the country is against the duty, (which, after all, with the proposed alteration, would bring in little more than half-a-million,) and it is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone will not peril his popularity by resisting its repeal.

The fact that there are in London alone upwards of 9,000 juvenile vagrants, who make their living by begging and stealing, speaks volumes as to the necessity of judicious legislation on this subject; and we are much gratified that the Earl of Shaftesbury, who has already done so much for sanitary reform, has turned his attention to the above subject, and introduced a bill in the House of Lords which aims a heavy blow at the root of juvenile delinquency. All previous acts for its repression had proved bungling and insufficient—aiming, not at reform, but punishment by the whipping and imprisonment of the juvenile offenders themselves; and the consequence has been, that they have acted rather as incentives than preventives of precocious crime. It requires little wisdom to comprehend the utter uselessness of sending small, ignorant, and often deserted children to prison, putting them on a formal trial and then flogging and discharging them—for the poor creatures have no other means of livelihood than pilfering, and as to such punishment having any moral effect, either on themselves or others of their class, the idea is perfectly ridiculous. The children, in fact, are not to blame in this matter, but their parents and those who employ them for gain; and as surely as they are sent out by either for the purpose of begging they are sent out to steal. Hence, therefore, as the only way of repressing these juvenile offences, the law must aim at the authors of these evils—not their helpless agents and victims. Lord Shaftesbury has taken precisely this view of the subject, and we gather from his speech that it is intended by this bill to make the parents responsible for their children's maintenance under the public, and severely punish those parents whose offspring through neglect or evil instruction have been apprehended for petty delinquencies. This is, indeed, something like striking at the root of crime, and surely far better than torturing poor, wretched, ignorant children at the whipping-posts, and only hardening them in the crime to which they are forced by those who ought to instruct them better, but who in many cases, as his lordship says, "are neither Christians nor heathens, neither men nor savages, but absolutely beasts."

The Emperor across the Channel delights in all and every opportunity of getting up an excitement, by seeking a pretence for arresting those whom he deems or suspects, on whatever grounds, to be disaffected subjects or hidden foes. On Tuesday last was the opening of the Opera Comique, with Auber's charming opera of "Haidee," which the Emperor had engaged to inaugurate by a state visit, to be made more solemn by the presence of all his court satellites and fawning followers; and towards evening the good folks of Paris were somewhat astonished to see several of the streets lined with armed police and troops of cuirassiers and chasseurs gallopping up and down, to the manifest terror of all loyal and peaceably disposed subjects. What could be the matter?—no one could tell; imperial state required a military display, but the array was too formidable to admit such a solution of the problem. What could the matter be? All went off well at the opera—the Emperor was delighted, all inside the house were in raptures of admiration at the new house, &c., and at its conclusion the Emperor and his consort drove back again to St. Cloud, escorted and guarded as before by a host of mounted soldiers and police, in addition to the ordinary escort. At length, some one in he secret, but who could not keep it, let it out; and lo, behold, a new egg of mischief had been hatched, a new plot, as horrible, no doubt, and as true as that three or four weeks ago at the Cirque Gymnastique, when a plot was discovered for carrying off the Emperor to Cayenne. In fact, he was to have been assassinated either going or returning, entering or leaving; and which of these the obliging gentry who earn a few francs for fictitious information will best be able to tell. This, however, we do know, that all intelligent and high-minded Frenchmen heartily desire Fi-fo-fum's removal, regarding his presence and power as a disgrace to their country, and himself as little better than the scum and off-scouring of the earth.

Rumors have been afloat of the breaking up of the precious sham camp, which has occupied so much of the quid nuncs' attention, and furnished such ample scope for Jenkins, our grandmothers, and the picture-papers; but we have every reason to believe that they are incorrect, or at any rate premature. Lord Seaton, it appears, is deemed perfect, and has gone through his apprenticeship as a commander, and others, too, are, by the authorities at the Horse Guards, classed in the same category; in consequence of which they are to retire on the laurels they have won and leave the field for other would-be heroes, who, as the weather has changed, will experience fewer hardships than the heroes who have been called to the *otium cum dignitate* of rural retirement. The camp, we have reason to believe, will not break up before the middle of September.

In this piping hot, dog-day weather, which, it seems, is as much the order of the thing in Paris as London, it verily makes one perspire ungentcelly even to think of the theatres, which might now serve in good stead for the *thermo* and *sudatoria* of the ancient Romans. Nevertheless, the theatres do get audiences, and some of them good ones, too, regular bumpers, filling the managers' pockets. At the Princess' the so-called tragedy and decidedly splendid spectacle of Sardanapalus completely crams the house every night; and though it has arrived at its twenty-sixth representation, the *furore* of visiters seems wholly unabated.

At the Haymarket and the Adelphi—both of which, as usual, are doing well—there has been no attempt at novelty; but at the Olympic, old Farren's house, a very creditable, and, as the audiences testify, a very successful attempt has been made to travestie our immortal Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice." "Another and another—now a third,"—"thick as leaves in Vallambrosa;" "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," have already been served up, with burlesque sauce; and now we have another dish for laughter-loving gourmands. Robson, the Macbeth of the last travestie, is the Shylock of the present—"a Jew who does not on this occasion conduct himself as a Gentile man;" and certainly if he had lived for half a century in Houndsditch he could not more happily have sustained the honor of Jerusalem. Miss Fielding made an excellent Portia, and Shylock's "one fair daughter" travestied found a most piquant representative in Ellen Turner. The Lyceum has closed after a very so-so kind of season, and Madame Vestris' benefit is to take place to-night. We trust and feel assured that it will be a bumper; for what play-goer has not a meed of admiration to bestow on this charming, lady-like, *dégagée* actress, and once beautiful contralto singer? Lucy Vestris appeared for the first time on the London boards in 1812, as Cherubino, in the "Nozze di Figaro," and after three or four seasons at the Italian opera joined Elliston's company at Drury Lane, where she completely threw London into ecstacies by her admirable representation of the Don, in "Giovanni in London." In 1824, we believe, she became the lessee of the Olympic, and in that little *salle* first introduced that finished style of the *mise-en-scène*, which has now taken the place of the rubbishy stage appointments formerly so common even in the highest London theatres. Her career at Covent Garden as a manager is well known; and if either there or at the Lyceum she has failed in laying up an abundance for the future, as Charles Kean is now doing, it has been neither from want of taste or lack of enterprise. Such a veteran deserves encouragement, and will not look for it in vain.

Mr. Charles Kean, the lessee of the Princess', and Mr. Dion Bourcicault, the celebrated dramatist, have settled their little legal differences by a compromise. Mr. Kean could ill spare the services of so able a coadjutor, and Mr. Bourcicault would have found it difficult to meet with an equally liberal manager.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews and Miss Robertson are off on a starring tour for a month. Mr. Bourcicault, so it is rumored, is about to give an illustrated lecture, entitled "A Vision of Prospero." Mr. James Anderson is still successfully engaged at Liverpool. Mr. Sims Reeves is literally coining money. No concert programme appears without his name and that of his gifted wife. Their benefit will rival Jullien's grand Testimonial Concert, which is tantamount to saying that it will be one of the best entertainments ever given within the walls of Old Drury. Mr. W. R. Markwell's "*feerie*," at the Porte St. Martin, Paris, is announced for representation next Monday week.

M. and Mme. Jullien leave Liverpool for New York on Wednesday, the 27th inst, on board the American mail steamer Baltic. Mr. Arthur Chappell, with the celebrated Mdlle. Anna Zerr, and thirty of the principal solo players, come out in the Atlantic on the 10th of August. It is to be hoped that these fine Yankee steamers will deliver their valuable freights of first class musical talent with all celerity and security. Messrs. Koenig, Bottessini and Lavine, owing to their numerous pending engagements, will not leave England till somewhere about the 13th of August. I understand that M. Jullien has arranged to give his first concert in Castle Garden the last week in August. The Yankees have, believe me, a great treat in store, while us poor Britishers have inconsolably to mourn the loss of the only individual who ever rendered London bearable during its dreary winters.

DON CÆSAR.

Our Paris Correspondence.

PARIS, July 7, 1853.

The Plot Against Napoleon's Life—Account of the Scene at the Opera House—The Conspirators Before the Prefect of Police—Austrian Mediation in the Eastern Difficulty—Revolutionary Effect of the First Shot—Ministerial Messages and Imperial Anger—Political Rumors—Reviews—Plots—Republican Banks, &c.

I do not know if any of the Belgium or English newspapers will give you the following details about the attempt made on Tuesday last to murder Louis Napoleon, while he was going to the Opera Comique House, but you may rely upon the correct report which I send to the NEW YORK HERALD. I was present on the spot by mere chance, and saw the whole transaction. It was about half-past seven o'clock when the Emperor and Empress arrived, in a large barouche, escorted only by a few footmen and servants, at the entrance of the Comique Opera theatre. This place of amusement, newly fitted up and repainted, was opened for the first time, *par ordre*, and the opera of "Haydée" was to be performed for the occasion. The theatre was filled from pit to dome, and as I had a secured seat I had been lounging till the last moment on the chairs placed on the Boulevard opposite the theatre waiting for the hour of commencement. I had just arrived on the stairs of the Opera Comique when the police officers waiting on duty the arrival of the Emperor made a rush, and the imperial carriage arrived in front of the house. There was a considerable number of persons around the house; and many men in blue blouses, appearing to be workmen of the lowest class, were to be observed in the first rank of the crowd, just by the theatre. As soon as Louis Napoleon alighted from the carriage a shout, uttered by about twenty persons, and similar to the singing of a night owl, was heard by the people, who were looking in silence at the arrival of the Chief of the State, and immediately about forty men, armed with pistols and daggers, (*couteaux perignards,*) all new and bright, as if they had just been cut from the hands of a maker, made a rush towards Louis Napoleon, shouting: "*A mort le tyran!*" Fortunately for the Emperor, there were around him a large posse of French police men, who had sufficient strength to throw down about fifteen men among the conspirators, and to secure the life of Louis Napoleon, who, as well as the Empress, did not show the least fear, but entered the theatre slowly, coolly, smiling to the manager and his staff of employés, who were shouting "*Vive le Empereur!*" with the most energetic voices. As a matter of course as the most interesting "play" was not to be seen inside, but outside the theatre, I remained without, and followed the police officers and their fourteen prisoners to the house of the Commissaire de Police of the ward where they were taken, previous to their translation to the Prefecture of Police and Conciergerie. These desperadoes were then searched by the *sergens de ville*, and there were seven among them who were armed with pistols, double-barrelled, perfectly loaded, and the seven others with large bowie knives. They all refused to speak, or reveal their projects; and despite all the exertions of the Commissaire de Police, they kept the utmost silence, opposing no resistance to the grasp of the police officers and to their search. These fourteen conspirators, I dare say, offered to the beholder the most horrible sight. They all had ugly faces, and seemed to be quite disappointed at having thus missed their purpose; but none among them showed the least want of courage, and they appeared to be ready to meet death, prison or exile, for the punishment of their crime. The affair had been so quickly accomplished that nobody in the theatre knew what had been going on outside, and a quarter of an hour after, when I came to my seat, I was the first one in the orchestra, (on the left side,) to speak of the plot to my neighbors, and give them the detail of what I had seen. In the public green room there were soon assembled all the gentlemen of rank present in the theatre, who desired to know something, and at the beginning of the second act, when the Emperor, who had been in the parlor of his box, made his appearance on the balcony, there was a deafening shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" uttered by his partizans, to whom he bowed in the most courteous style. The performance went on, as usual, with much *éclat*, and at the end of the opera the Emperor and Empress retired amidst the cheers of all the Bonapartists congregated on the passage.

Such is the exact narration of this plot, which is now enveloped in the darkest mystery. It is very doubtful whether the government will allow the press of Paris to publish the details of the affair, the names of the conspirators, and all the particulars which will be unveiled by the investigation of the police. We shall see about it, and for my part I will be *aux écoutes* to send more details in my next.

The second leading event of the week is the passage of the Pruth river by the Russian army, which may be the beginning of hostilities between Turkey and Russia. Much has been said upon this subject by the English and French press, but the conclusion they come to is in favor of peace: and the journalists and diplomats are persuaded that there will be no war. It is nearly certain that the Russian army will stop in the Danubian provinces, and will await the effect of that preliminary measure. In the meantime, the French and British fleets will anchor in the waters of Constantinople, and will occupy their diplomatic position in order to let the negotiators make a new effort. The war, then, will only be at hand in case that Russia sends another ultimatum, with delay; after the end of which the army of Nicholas will advance towards Constantinople. Even the fleets of France and England would be found to give assistance to the Turkish squadron. The mission of M. de Bruck, Envoy from Austria to Constantinople, and of General Giulay, at St. Petersburg, are considered as the best proofs that the Austrian government desires not to see the Czar attack the Turks.

The warlike proceedings of Nicholas are generally charged upon the wise diplomats of Europe; and they all say that the Russian Czar is quite guilty, on this occasion, in making such efforts to compel Abdel Medjid to sign a private treaty with him. Nicholas is now acting under a question of *Amour propre*, and not at all a political object, for the only cause of the present hostilities is the disappointment of the Czar about his demand to the Sublime Porte, which has been rejected, owing to the influence of France and England. In case of a war, be it known in advance that there would be a general revolutionary explosion all over the continent, as soon as the first gun shot should have been fired in the Turkish waters.

There is a rumor afloat which says that the Russian army, taking advantage of the low water in the Danube, have formed a dam under the city of Salina, in order to prevent the Turkish sloops, which are coming on the shores to load with grain, to reach the upper part of the river and accomplish their trade. Three hundred sloops are now detained at Salina, and a steamboat, called the Sobield, has been obliged to return to Constantinople without taking the mail and passengers from Austria. This interruption of the navigation of the Danube would cause much damage to all those who are trading with London and Liverpool.

Whilst Russia is invading the Danubian provinces, the English government has sent a message to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, by which, it is said, the crossing of the Pruth river cannot be considered a *casus belli*, and that this step of Russia is not sufficient to give orders to the British and French fleets to pass the Dardanelles. I am told by a well informed gentleman, that when this despatch was received in Paris the Minister of Foreign Affairs immediately called at St. Cloud to see the Emperor, who got into a violent passion, and said to M. Drouyn de l'Huys, "Very well; if England does not support me in this affair; if, after having taken me into the coalition against Russia, the British government goes backward, I will place myself at the head of the revolutionary republican party of Europe, and will declare war to all the powers of the continent. We shall see who will be the loser." If this report is true, what shall we see next?

It was rumored last night that M. de Kisseleff, Ambassador of Russia to Paris, had ordered a *chasse poste* to leave France, and was in readiness to receive his passports from the Emperor. It was also said that M. de Kisseleff had received a private despatch, by which he was informed that the French and English had already began hostilities against Russia. All these rumors, I am glad to say, are without foundation; I called this morning at the Russian embassy, where I saw the Secretary of Legation, who assured me that there was no such thing ever dreamt of.

Fifty-five thousand muskets have been sold by the French government to the Turkish power, for the use of the army, and this large amount of guns has been despatched to Constantinople by the steamships of the *Messagrier Nationales*, in the Mediterranean sea. A limited number of French officers has also been sent to Constantinople, to teach strategy to the troops of Abdul Medjid.

The other matters in France, though not so interesting as the preceding facts, are nevertheless worth being mentioned, and they are recapitulated as follows:—

The Emperor attended a grand review of the troops at the Camp of Satory, on Thursday last, during which, to the great astonishment of all those persons who were present, no shouts of enthusiasm were uttered, either by the army or by the people. The Duke d'Albe, his brother-in-law, the Empress, and her sister, were present, and were much gazed at by the idlers and curious congregated at Satory. The duke d'Albe is a very fine looking man, of dark complexion and very bright eyes. His wife is a very elegant woman, and, though not so pretty as the Empress, she is considered as a belle in her country. The Etat Major of the army was invited at the end of the review to a grand dinner, which was given by the Emperor in the Salon of Verseilles.

The inauguration of the Bordeaux railway, which was to take place on the 15th of this month, and at which Louis Napoleon was to be present, on his way to Eaux Bonner and the Pyrenées, with his wife, will take place on the 18th inst.; but the Emperor will not go as expected, owing to the circumstances of the Russian question, which will detain him in Paris, perhaps longer than he expected. The journey of the Empress to Eaux Bonner is also postponed to another epoch, and there is a rumor afloat which says that she is still in a very interesting state.

Whilst the Emperor is quietly passing reviews at Satory, his cousin, Napoleon Bonaparte, is at Helfant, near St. Omer, receiving the utmost compliments from the authorities of that place, and also reviewing troops by order of the chief or the State.

I am told that the French *juris consultes* have received orders from the Minister of Justice to examine the English and American laws relative to bail, in order to arrange and appropriate them to French legislation. Such a new law would be quite desirable, particularly at this epoch of the 19th century, under such an arbitrary government.

In Spain the most interesting questions are relative to the decided restitution of property to the heir of the Prince of Peace Godoy; to the immediate recall of Narvrez, and to the convocation of the Cortes for the 1st of October next.

In Switzerland a riot took place at Basle on the 26th ult., where the elections were to take place, during which several persons were dangerously woun