OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Interesting Details Respecting Marshal St. Arnaud's Eeath and Career.

The Congress of American Diplomatists at Ostend.

Louis Napoleon's Designs of Intervention in Spain.

Fashionable and Theatrical Gossip of th European Capitals.

RACHEL COMING OUT TO NEW YORK.

A KEY TO THE SEBASTOPOL HOAX,

&c., &c., &c,

Our London Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct 13, 1854.

Bombardment of Sebastopol—Reported attempt of Prince Menschikoff to Commit Suicide—Effect of the Battle of the Alma on German Governments—Austria and Prussia—The Last Notes—Political Phases—Saxony—England, France and Austria—The Principalities—Moanco—The Loss of the Arctic, dc, dc.

By the present mail I have little to add respecting the expedition to the Crimea Details continue to pour in from all sides of the battle of the Alma. The occupation of the port of Balaklava by the allies was followed by the landing of their siege artillery and cavalry, and 12,000 Egyptian auxiliaries are expected to have already arrived there. Reinforcements are being sent from France, England and Turkey. The English division, and a portion of the French division in Greece, are on their way (probably now arrived) to the Crimea On the other hand, the Emperor of Russia is advancing large bodies of troops to the south, and when Sebastopol has fallen there will be more fighting in store Prince Menschikoff is so enraged and disappointed at his defeat that he is said to have attempted suicide General Osten Sacken will, it is said, succeed him. A Prince Gortschakoff commands at Odessa

The bombardment of Sebastopol is reported on the faith of private telegraphic despatches from Vienna, to have commenced on the 4th October, at 5 A. M. It is even said that on the 6th two breaches had been made in the Quarantine fort. This is very probably true, but requires official confirmation. The correspondents of the London journals date their correspondence from the heights above Sebastopol. No defence was made by the Russians on the river Katcha, though the position offered advantages little inferior to those of the Alma. On the 24th September some of the French steamers threw shells into Fort Constantine, which replied in good style, without, however, doing any damage.

On the 28th, a Russian column issued forth from Sebastapol, and the 4th division, under Sir George Cathcart, advanced to meet it. The Russians then withdrew, with an evident view to entice the English under the range of their heavy guns, but Sir George was not to be caught in the trap. In the evening dense smoke and flames were visible in Sebastopol. The Russians were burning their stores The whole town and forts are visible from the quarters of the 4th division. The forts are described as most formidable, but are dominated by the position taken by the allies. There exists some doubt as to the actual whereabouts of Prince Menschikoff. Deserters report him to have left Sebastopol, with 20,000 men, to await reinforcements at Bakchi Serai. Another version says he is at Sebastopol. All the vessels in the harbor, liners and frigates, are ready to be sunk at a moment's notice Orders have been issued by the authorities in London for the engineers who are expert drivers, to embark immediately for the east to help in getting up the guns, &c. The confidence that Sebastopol must fall is universal.

According to letters from Constantinople there is a want of medical men and hospital attendance. The government is, however, very active in supplying every want.

Next mail will, in all probability, bring you details of the bombardment.

Lord Raglan has been confirmed in his post as commander-in-chief of the allied armies. General Canrobert takes chief command of the French division.

The death of Marshal St. Arnaud is much deplored, though Canrobert is, perhaps, the best man of the two.

The effect of the victory of the Alma is beginning to be sensibly felt in Germany. Austria is coming more prominently forward. In my last, I mentioned simply that a rupture was imminent between Austria and Prussia. Under date of September 20, Austria addressed a very strong note to the Cabinet of Berlin to the effect that it should make propositions to the Federal Diet to demand the support of the confederation on the four points demanded as guarantees from Russia. This Austrian note has made a great sensation in Germany, and various Cabinet Councils have been held at Berlin on the subject. Baron Monteuffel is said to have tendered his resignation on Friday last; but at the King's request withdrew it. You may rely upon the following letter giving you a true version of the situation:—

BERLIN, Oct. 10, 1854

I hear that the Cabinet of Berlin at first hesitated as to whether it ought to give a reply to the note of the Vienna Cabinet of the 30th ult. It was thought that it would be better not to reply, as it was clear it would not alter the line of policy of Austria, and that a reply exposing again the views of the Prussian Cabinet might easily appear calculated to exercise too strong an influence upon the other German states. It was, however, finally decided that a reply should be made In a few days it will leave Berlin the Austrian note of the 30th September, in reply to the Prussian note of the 21st, however, is not the only or the most energetic of the communications of the Cabinet of Vienna. There exists a circular dated the 1st of October, addressed to the German governments, accompanied by an *exposé* of the position of Austria towards the belligerent powers, and a note bearing also the date of the 1st of October, by which the Austrian Minister at Berlin has instructions to communicate that circular to the Cabinet of Berlin, to leave no doubts to the latter as to the manner in which Austria pronounces herself *vis-à-vis* with her German confederates All these documents are, I am told, very curious. They prove that Austria regards hostilities with Russia as imminent, and that she no longer entertains the idea of following a policy of neutrality. It becomes, moreover, daily clearer that the propositions of Austria will not have a majority in the Federal Diet; perhaps to avoid a rupture which would put the Federal Constitution to a severe trial, Austria will abandon her propositions, so that the Diet will remain inactive.

If Austria, however, has not a majority in the Diet, she has at least in her favor the majority of the sympathies of the people, which are all against Russia; moreover, assisted by the Western Powers she would be too formidable a foe for Prussia. In fact, I heard from a trustworthy source that the King has sent for his brother, the Prince of Prussia, who is opposed to a Russian alliance, and purposes sending him on a special mission to Vienna. This step will be regarded as an approximation between the two German Powers. The governments of England and France have notified to the Austrian government their satisfaction at the Austrian note of the 30th September.

The Dresden Chambers were opened by the new King of Saxony on the 10th inst. From the royal speech it is impossible to discover what the real views of the Saxon government are as regards the Eastern Question and the part it will take in the deliberations of the Diet. In fact, Saxony will act "according to circumstances"—that is, it will side with the strongest

The Austrian Ambassador in London has been charged by his government to congratulate the English government on the victory of the Alma.

The English and French governments declare themselves satisfied with the attitude of the Austrian government. The position of Austria in the Danubian Principalities is, nevertheless, a dubious one It is quite clear the Turks mistrust it and that there is not the best feeling between the Austrian and Turkish commanders. Galatz and Ibraila have been evacuated by the Turks, and have now Austrian garrisons. Omer Pacha was at Bucharest.

The Paris *Moniteur* officially contradicts a report that the small principality of Monaco has been sold to the United States

The Queen has left Balmoral, and is expected in town to-morrow She sent for Lord Burghersh, who brought Lord Raglan's despatches, to hear an account of the battle of the Alma from his own lips.

The news of the loss of the United States mail steamship Arctic has created a very painful sensation here She was insured for £115,000, of which £40,000 falls at Lloyds', and the remainder chiefly at Liverpool and Glasgow. I believe the principal part of her cargo was insured here.

LONDON, Oct. 12, 1854.

The Sebastopol Hoax—Way in which the London Times was caught—Military Criticisms on the Operations of the Alma—Indignation excited by the Selfish Indifference of the English Court, &c., &c.

The singular good fortune which has generally attended the news expresses of the London *Times*, and the supercilious manner in which it is in the habit of treating the efforts of its contemporaries, gives a zest to the following account of the manner in which it fell into the trap laid for the European *gobe-mondes* by the stock jobbers of the Bourse:—

The *Times*, with the laudable view of uniting the profits of trade with the relaxations of pleasure, commissioned, some time ago, its editor, Mr. Delane, to start on a yachting excursion to the East, where, on his arrival, he found every door and every tent open to receive him; for to all Englishmen, from the highest to the lowest, the representative of that most powerful organ is a person not to be despised with impunity. Mr. Delane—who is a young man about six and thirty, and who succeeded his father in the department for which he receives a salary of two thousand pounds a year, with a retiring pension—after partaking of the hospitalities of Varna, accompanied the combined fleets, their transports and the whole of that wondrous flotilla, which, together, made up a number of 600 vessels, to the Crimea, and witnessed a landing that will probably forever be one of the most remarkable of military feats;—he did more; he wrote a graphic account of it in the *Times*, which has already been translated into every European language, and which, I doubt not, by this time, has been transferred to the columns of the HERALD. He has, to be sure, in that description, used some expressions regarding England's allies, which, though they add greatly to the piquancy, still, coming from such a source, perhaps had better have been omitted. He speaks of the French "doing their *vive l'Empereur*" as soon as they landed—albeit there being no enemy within sound or sight—and in reference to the system of requisition practised by our allies in opposition to the more just and politic rule of purchase on the part of the English, he takes pains to state that the natives were informed that though allies, the two armies were not of the same nation; and he even does not hesitate to accuse their general of brag, when he hears that officer declare that the French had already effected their landing; while on the contrary, the editor states they had still two hours work undone. It is fortunate that the exact source of these expressions is not known, for as it is, they have already given considerable umbrage. The *Times* is so universally looked upon as a great government organ, and, at the same time, as such a literal echo of the English popular voice, that every word which falls from it is of greater weight than that of the *Moniteur*. At the same time, all admit the account to be a most graphic representation and in all probability as correct a one as any that will be given.

The moment the landing was completed, Mr. Delane hastened to Marseilles, where, leaving his yacht, he at once took the rail to Paris, which he reached late on the 29th of September. The next morning (Saturday) he posted to his correspondent's office, in the Rue Lepeletier, and related how and what he had seen, and all the high hopes he founded on a beginning so auspicious and skilful; from thence he went to the English Ambassador's, Lord Cowley, and secured an invitation to inner, where for the present we will leave him. Meanwhile, early on Sunday morning, the 1st of Oct., the *Times'* correspondent is suddenly roused from his slumbers by the intelligence that a Roman Catholic priest is desirous of seeing him on business of the greatest importance. A good correspondent—and he is superlatively so—is always on the *qui vive*. As though he were about to make confession and receive absolution, he, therefore, made way for, and received the holy messenger by his bedside. The priest drew from his pocket a letter containing the words, "From authority which cannot be disputed, I tell you Sebastopol is taken;" "I send this intelligence by one of our fraternity, to avoid the possibility of delay." In the shortest possible period of time the worthy correspondent was on foot, in search of his editor, who he knew on that day was to return to England. On reaching his hotel all he could learn was, that he was not at home, but that he might be met with at the railway at half-past eleven. Having, therefore, time on his hands, Sunday being a day of rest in Printing House square, the correspondent started off to the Turkish Embassy, to inquire whether anything had been received there which could confirm such important information. The Turkish Ambassador laid aside his meerschaum, and immediately put into his hands a dispatch from Omer Pasha, of which he had only an hour before broken the seal. The first words that met his eye were, "*Sebastopol est prise.* The news is absolutely true; I know it from a source which I can faithfully rely upon; the details I am yet ignorant of; I am already moving my army." After this, away faster than ever flew the correspondent to find his chief at the railway station. What news! was the mutual exclamation on seeing each other. Sebastopol is—taken, interrupted the editor. I know what you would say. I have just seen Lord Cowley, who has received the news from Vienna, and who, moreover, has told me the very day on which it occurred—namely, the 25th. Then, I presume, said the correspondent, I shall be right in making use of the telegraph! By all means, was the reply; the news is true beyond all manner of doubt. These parties had no sooner taken leave of each other than a telegraphic dispatch came from Boulogne, to say that the Emperor had announced the capture of Sebastopol at the head of the troops. To doubt any longer, therefore, seemed absurd; though, throughout, the easy correspondent kept a loop hole of "buts" and "ifs" in his communications; when, on Monday, the guns of the Invalides remained dumb, and on Tuesday made no sign, and on Wednesday still were speechless—when all the officers of Paris, from that of the Minister of Foreign Affairs downwards, seemed more full of anxiety to inquire than of ability to answer, then the correspondent became every hour more and more agitated, his only hope being that the immaculate journal, *proprio motu*, would be true to its former reputation for caution, and avoid committing itself, a hope he felt strengthened in, by sundry expressions in the article of the day previous. On Thursday, the despatch from Lord Westmoreland, the English Ambassador at Vienna, told its tale at the Paris Bourse, and on Thursday evening, in Paris, appeared, alas! the *Times*, with one of its most ponderous articles, announcing the great fact, as if matter now no longer admitting of the slightest dispute, and calling upon all men, from the four corners of the English empire, to thank God that he had, in his gracious goodness, so signally delivered over our enemies to the tormentor.

Now, the question arises, whether the whole thing was an unmitigated lie, or a natural exaggeration. If the former, and the unlucky wight be caught, impalement at least will be his portion in this life, no matter what becomes of him hereafter. It is even said that Prince Metternich and his master, the Emperor of Austria, who are the principal sufferers, are to be the executioners. But if it turns out to be the last—that is, only a natural exaggeration—the least said, perhaps, the soonest mended.

In England there is a disposition to feel some soreness at the dead Marshal, for the manner which in his first dispatch, he spoke of the delay in coming up of our troops. Whereas it turns out that the brunt of the battle had to be sustained by them; that while the French division which turned the enemy's left was protected by the allied fleets, the English on the other side who were to have accomplished a similar movement, found the enemy entrenched so strongly that nothing but a bold change of tactics on the part of Lord Raglan enabled them to succeed at all. It is complained that Marshal St. Arnaud must, or ought to have had opportunities of knowing this before he sent off his first despatch. The *Siecle* alone of all the French journals has done full justice to us. It says:—

"Below them, on the left, are the English, now our firm allies. Their General had to imitate the movement of the Bosquet division, but the ground did not allow it, as the Russian cavalry could deploy there, and Lord Raglan in place of turning the enemy, was in danger of being turned himself. He came on methodically and steadily, knowing well that he should repair afterwards any delay by the vigor and promptitude of his evolutions. In fact, although anxious, like a true Englishman, to spare the blood of his soldiers, he did not hesitate to attack in front the formidable positions of the Russians. The struggle was a desperate one, and blood flowed freely, but the tenacity of the Anglo-Norman race did not fail an instant. The positions were carried, and victory with her two hands bestow equal crowns on the soldiers of France and England."

The official publication of the names of the killed and wounded has brought up all the country to London, and filled our streets with faces more frequent of the tears of sorrow than the smiles of triumph. Great indignation, however, has been excited by the conduct of the English court. Throughout the length and breadth of England a cry has gone forth that the Queen is a most selfish puppet, and that while the youth and flower of her empire are fertilizing with their blood, and bleaching with their bones, some far off shore in the East, she cares for nothing but her domestic ease and pleasure. What a contrast this, it is remarked, to the conduct of the French Emperor, who is ready at the first moment with his word of condolence, or of commendation, or of timely succor. It is, of course, Lord Aberdeen's fault, whose cold temperament nothing can warm; but the Queen's proper place at such a juncture is her capital. UNIVERSITY CLUB.

Our Paris Correspondence.

PARIS, Oct 8, 1854.

Figaro Announces the Death of Marshal de Saint Arnaud, and Throws a Veil over his Life—Notices how differently the Apocryphal News from Sebastopol was received at Paris and at London—Asks if John Bull has borrowed the lively, demonstrative nature of his Neighbor across the Channel, leaving him only the National Shoulder Shrug—Sees the Tartar Story thrown up by all who had greedily swallowed it, and were afterwards disgusted at the Victory of the Alma, as if it were a Defeat—Speculates on French Nature in particular, and Human Nature in general—Recognizes, like the Emperor, a Man and Frenchman in the Prisoner Barbès—Leaves Messrs Buchanan, Mason and Soulé to Discuss International Questions and Oysters at Ostend.

Beaumarchais makes *Figaro*, that unsparing censor of the great *impitoyable frondeur*, and pattern of political satirists, long to upbraid *un dieux puissants* "a mighty one," in some hour when his high-blown pride should have been broken under him by disgrace, *une bonne disgrace*. But if death, more fatal still, had struck down the victim, *Figaro* must have kept silent, for dead ears are deaf to all invective.

Death has suddenly overtaken "one of the mighty" of our own day, or rather of the day of the *coup d'etat*. Of those four "heroes of December," Louis Napoleon, Flalin de Persigny, Magnan, and Leroy de Saint Arnaud, but three survive. Marshal de Saint Arnaud died on the 29th of September, at sea, on board of the steamer that was carrying him back to Constantinople.

There is something so tragic in the time and circumstances of De Saint Arnaud's death, as to cast into shade more than one grotesque or ugly feature of his life. The most splendid prize which ever tempted this soldier of fortune, glittered before him; but the death-film blinded his eye, and the glorious vision vanished like a mirage of the desert. If the rumor of the miraculous fall of Sebastopol had been verified, might not posterity have remembered only the impetuous African general, the energetic minister of war, the marshal of France, and the conqueror of the Crimea? Might it not have forgotten Leroy, the cashiered guardsman—the inmate of the debtor's prison of Saint Pelagie—the frequenter of "bells" in London—Florival, the actor at a theatre in the suburbs of Paris—the furious legitimist metamorphosed into a courtier of the Orleanist princes, and a spy on the daughter-in-law of Charles X.—the profligate and spendthrift lieutenant—the captain who escaped a second expulsion from the army, thanks to the intercession of Badeau and the indulgence of Ruillière—the colonel accused, as Cavaignac's successor in command of the sub-division of Orleansville, of emulating the rapacity and luxury of an old Roman pro consul—the author of gasconading reports of his own exploits in the valley of the Chéliff, that provoked the sarcasm of even his patron, Marshal Bugeaud, the ex jailer of the Duchess de Berri, but did not prevent, however, his attaining the grade of brigadier-general, and finally, the general who hastened, after the revolution of February, to offer his sword to the republic and on the second of December drew the same sword against the republic, winning by this last act untold gold and a marshal's staff from the Prince President, and for him the throne of an Emperor? Who shall penetrate the mystery of the spell which Marshal de St Arnaud exercised to the last over his imperial associate? Who shall prove or disprove the whispered suspicion that his death has resulted from the wound inflicted on him by Gen. Cormuse, who "died and made no sign," after such a scene on a staircase of the Tuileries as even that grim old palace has rarely witnessed? If no evil must be spoken of the dead, *Figaro* and all the world must only echo the official praises that will be lavished—and not without justice—on the stormy courage and untiring energy of Leroy St. Arnaud. Napoleon the Third, like his uncle, the First Napoleon, has shown rare sagacity in selecting the instruments of his will. His strong brain could not have found a stronger hand for his commander-in chief than that which death has now paralysed. We all know that from Homer's heroes to the combatants in the actual Eastern war, the good man has rarely possessed the largest share of the stuff—the "perilous stuff," as Elihu Burrit might say—out of which the good soldier is wrought Is this a slander on the military profession? No; for a principal claim of the art of war to its title of glorious is the fact that it can absorb and direct superfluous energies whose activity might otherwise be dangerously destructive to society. If a bad man can be disciplined into a good soldier, what is to hinder a good soldier from being also a good man?

The Frenchman "we read of" is extremely impressionable and demonstrative The Englishman, on the reverse of the medal, is just the contrary. But have John Bull and his neighbor across the channel—his "natural enemy"—exchanged characters since their alliance? How differently London and Paris received the rumor that Sebastopol had fallen! At London it was announced amidst hurrahs at the theatres; thanksgiving was offered in the churches. Even on 'Change, old Consols and Bullion, and the whole tribe of money changers, catching the contagion of enthusiasm, surprised their own ears by breaking out into the national anthem, "God save the Queen." Toasts were proposed, fireworks were kindled, bells chimed, and cannon roared all over the United Kingdom. At Paris the cannon of the Hotel des Invalides were obstinately silent. No extraordinary illumination, save a few candles in the windows of the Cafe de Paris, and of half a dozen private dwellings, and a single colored paper lantern on each of the principal newspaper venders' stalls on the Boulevards. Each of these stalls, moreover, displayed an inscription—"*Prise de Sebastopol*"—in rudely scrawled capital letters. Nothing but the quick sale of the *Presse* and the *Patrie* in the evening, and the eager demand for the *Moniteur* in the morning, together with the exultation of bulls and the dejection of bears at the Bourse, betokened intensity of public feeling on the subject. In the country the news excited more lively manifestations; but I have heard of only one *Te Deum* occasioned by it throughout the empire, and that was in Boulogne, where a large part of the residents are English Protestants. When, however, the official contradiction of the rumor was posted upon the Bourse in Paris, the Frenchman recovered his traditional claim to a mercurial temperament The mercury had risen sluggishly enough, but it fell like lead. The reaction cannot have been greater in London than in Paris Defeat is fatal for the French, impetuous and sanguine as they are in the hour of victory The news that Sebastopol had fallen unaccompanied by fail to intoxicate them, but the contradiction of the news spread the consternation of defeat among all ranks. Even the official report of a brilliant victory on the Alma has but partially reassured them, although they would have deemed the reality glorious enough to merit more than twenty-one guns at the Invalides, if they had not been dazzled by the reputed miracle. You cannot explain their apparent apathy in view even of the latter, by saying that the Frenchman is born sceptic as well as *né malin;* for they all credited the story, and if you ventured to ask why Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan should mysteriously omit allusion to it in their despatches, or why Omer Pacha did not formally communicate to the authorities of Bucharest the message which his Tartar was said to have brought him, and which was brought to us by different hands, but essentially in its original form, you were suspected of sympathy with the Russian Bear, or collusion with the bears of the Bourse No, the Tartar story was greedily enough swallowed by almost everybody, but it had to be thrown up at last. The French man, however, has been so long subjected to the police system of his successive governments, that he retains scarcely any relic of his once demonstrative nature beyond the national shrug of the shoulders, conveniently significant of everything or of nothing. His character has been strangely modified by the revolution of time, society and politics. But it may be shrewdly suspected that the French wits, whose delineations of national character have obtained most currency, sometimes only painted *en grand* their own portraits or those of their fellows in the exceptional class and epoch to which they belonged—as a theologian's idea of Deity is not unseldom an elongation of his idea of himself. Generalization is a favorite trick of writers on national characteristics, and is often very deceptive. I shall not here oppose the one-blood doctrine of holy writ to Agassiz's denial of the unity of the human race Nor shall I discuss the latest ethnological question—Is there a human race? I must recognise certain strongly marked features of distinction among the families of mankind, even if the discovery of the caudal man, by Alexander Dumas' friend, Hadji Abd el Harnid, alias Ducourat, should fail to be verified by future explorers of Africa. By the by, a portrait of the caudal man (*l'homme à queue*, the man with a tail,) is given in the autographic and illustrated supplement to the *Mousquetaire* of Friday. I readily admit that French nature is a peculiar kind of human nature. But considerable study of what Sam Slick calls "human natur," in different climates and circumstances, has brought me to the conclusion that there is a good deal of "human natur" everywhere Wherever born and however "raised" as Burns says,

A man's a man for a' that

Coleridge compared the French to gunpowder, the particles of which are smutty and insignificant enough separately, but united become dangerously explosive. The comparison, I think is equally applicable to any community, and I was reminded of it on the day of the *coup d'etat*, only to reflect that party strife must have scattered widely asunder the cohesive qualities of French society. The crowds of spectators on the Boulevards seemed in as little danger of revolutionary explosion as can well be imagined. Their apathy would have amazed an American who had not learned how easily they needed the controlling and reorganizing force which Louis Napoleon offered to supply. Dr. Veron is not the only *bourgeois de Paris* who has eulogised the Prince for having "courageously accomplished the *coup d'etat*."

But the *Bourgeoisie* is as timid as it is selfish and dependent It has shrugged its shoulders in mute surprise at hearing of the Emperor's unconditional release of Barbès that foremost of political prisoners, the spoiled child of revolution They tremble at this clemency towards one whose very name is a terror to them, and all of whose tendencies they suppose to be subversive to their interests They are not sharp sighted and far-sighted enough to recognise here a master-stroke of a policy at once bold and generous They do not see that in offering the hand to the extreme left of the democracy in its most chivalrous form, in the person of Barbès, Napoleon makes at the same time an advance to the republican, and a menace to the Northern Powers. He welcomes the republicans on condition that they approve of the Eastern war as heartily as Barbès does, and are as patriotically eager to have Frenchmen show that they have not forgotten the "smell of powder." He says to Nicholas, and to Joseph, and to Frederick William, "You count upon my apprehensions of the revolutionists. But see! The most violent of them all is at heart with me in this war, and my hand has opened his prison door If I am driven to amnesty with the French republican prisoners and exiles, and to put myself at the head of European democracy, what will become of the despotisms of the North?" Not a few republicans persist in regarding the release of Barbès, startling as it would have been at any other moment than the present, when all eyes are fixed intently upon Sebastopol, as a "mere expedient of one who lives only by expedients" Barbès himself is not unlikely to be embarrassed by this mark of imperial favor For I have reason to think that the letter which occasioned it, was writ on without the remotest idea of ever falling under the eye of Napoleon. After all, in unswerving constancy to a single idea in readiness to sacrifice wealth, liberty and life for its realization, in professions of sympathy for the laboring and suffering classes, and of zeal for the glory of France, the Emperor and Barbès offer points of affinity no less remarkable than their new relations to each other. Armand Barbès is one of the most striking figures that has appeared in modern history. His infancy was saddened by peculiar trials His father, born of a wealthy family of Caroussons, took orders in his early youth At the first outbreak of the revolution, he laid aside the ecclesiastical costume, and selling to Guadeloupe, practiced medicine for a living. A young girl, whose life he had saved, fell in love with him and married him. Accompanying him afterwards to his native place, she learned what he had had the cruel weakness to conceal: she was apprised that she had contracted an alliance condemned by the church Her piety was shocked. The enormity of her involuntary sacrilege bore so heavily on her conscience that she fell into a lingering sickness which terminated in death. She left two sons and two daughters in charge of a father who was himself troubled with remorse, and who, by yet another consequence of his fatal marriage—the refusal of a neighbor to accept as a daughter-in-law the daughter of a married priest—was impelled to suicide! These sinister events impressed on Barbès a character of abnegation and religious melancholy. He espoused, with concentrated fervor, the cause of those who suffer. Heir of considerable property, he professed, and what is more rare, he conscientiously practised, the most absolute doctrines of communism. "Compassion," says Daniel Stern (the best historian of the Revolution of 1848) "in penetrating his heart absorbed all his other faculties. Incessant thought upon the griefs of the people wrought on him the effect of those inward vows which consecrated the knights of the middle ages for an heroic enterprise." When he returned to Paris, after nine years of imprisonment, his fine head, slightly bald, his serious and pale but gentle face, his dignified air, his smile full of serenity, his voice full of persuasion, heightened the natural ascendency of an honest soul. Men gifted with more talent and capacity paid homage to his moral superiority. The people held him in veneration. The purity of his intentions, the candor and devotion with which he undertook enterprises ruinous to his own cause, made up for all deficiences, in the mind of the masses, and enforced the respect of his rivals and adversaries. The 15th of May exhibited in him the only popular leader who dared show his hand in that strange cross game of plots and counter plots, by which so many hoped to profit. Some Americans, who cannot easily believe that the *entente cordiale* will long survive the present war, discover a peculiar significance in the fact that the Emperor, to justify his release of Barbès from prison, cites a letter which contains an emphatic allusion to Waterloo. Will the alliance be perpetual?

Let Mr. Buchanan and Mr Mason and Mr. Soulé discuss this question at Ostend, where they are to meet this week to discuss a dozen other international questions, and, perhaps, many a *douzaine d'Ostende* besides. The oysters of Ostend are delicious when you get used to their coppery flavor. FIGARO.

PARIS, Oct 12, 1854.

One French Journalist who did not take Sebastopol—Two who are disputing about the Weather instead of the Chances of War—A Dry Goods Merchant less phlegmatic, and his Sign—A Paris Theatre outstrips Time, a Provincial Theatre takes Him by the Forelock—Two Sources of French Comedy dried up, and a Third opened—Scribe's New Russian Play—Rachel and a better Eulogy than Jules Janin ever wrote upon her—Next Spring Rachel goes to New York, and Plessy returns from St Petersburg—Cruvelli, Stolts, Neri Baldi, Bosio, Cabel—The Dame aux Camelias and other Actresses Candidates for Matrimony—The Sangsue, a Piece that draws—The Theatre of War—Bomarsund sold to a Swedish Tailor—Russian Prisoners in France—Business, Bread, Dinners in Paris, Spanish News and American Diplomatists.

There is one journalist in France who must have a phlegmatic temperament, or else a bump of caution preternaturally developed He alone was proof against the delirium which false news from the East lately spread like wild fire everywhere. While his fellow journalists caught up at once the rumor of the fall of Sebastopol, he was content to say, "A despatch has been communicated to us to-night announcing that good news has arrived from the theatre of war." Surely, so frigid a version was non-committal enough, and could throw no reader into a fever.

The prudent reserve of this provincial journalist has been widely imitated since the "good news" was officially contradicted. Several journals have obstinately refused to credit the death of Marshal de Saint Arnaud until the *Moniteur* had announced it. Two have altogether abandoned to their contemporaries dissertations on the battle of the Alma, and speculations upon the more or less distant capture of Sebastopol; they are busily discussing the probable temperature of the approaching winter. "We saw this morning," announces *La Guyenne*, "one horse chestnut tree whose magnificent pyramidal blossoms are fully opened, and others, whose buds are swollen as in spring. Old men say, when trees blossom in autumn, winter will be mild." On the other hand, *Le Courier de la Gironde* tells us—"Yesterday afternoon the sky was darkened by an immense cloud of wild geese. Old folks say this betokens a severe winter." The *Guienne*, however, is convinced that those wild geese were but *énormes canards;* and the question is not settled yet Nor is the Eastern question. After all, contradictory prognostics and contradictory rumors bring us only to this same conclusion about the weather and the war: *nous verrons*.

A dry goods merchant in the Fauxbourg du Temple did not "wait to see" His pulse probably beats more quickly than that of the cautious journalist. In spite of the reservations under which the *Moniteur* published the good news, up went over the door of his new shop a sign with the glaring letters of gold—*à la prise de Sebastopol*. Nor will he take it down, for like the morning journal he reads, he feels sure that this good news was but premature, not false. The director of a theatre on the Boulevards was reluctantly compelled to postpone indefinitely the representation of a grand military spectacle—*la Prise de Sebastopol*—which was already in rehearsal. This time the provinces have stolen a march on the capital: a theatre at Limoges brought out a military piece on the 8th of October, under the title of *La Bataille de l'Alma*, before any Paris theatre could get the necessary decorations and characters ready. What is more, the piece is in the most approved style of an article manufactured for the *Variétés* or the *Cirque*. It is in two *tableaux*, and its *dramatis personæ* boast of a Labinski, Polish Captain, a Bordmann, boatswain of an English man of war, a Rustroff, Russian Colonel, a Rysalos, Greek spy, and an Olga. You know that shifting scenes on the political stage have sadly disturbed many old traditions of the French theatre. The *entente cordiale* has dried up two sources of French comedy—Turkey and England. Now that Algeria has been conquered and is being colonized, that Abdul Medjid reviews French troops at Constantinople—that his Ambassador at Paris gives the flag of the Crescent to a Havre clipper named Mousa Pacha; and that Parisians know the difference between a serraglio and a harem, antipathy to Musselmen and hatred against Turks no longer provide the theatre with those solemn and idiotic Turkish Sultans who used to be perpetually paraded there, from Moliere to the author of the "Bear and the Pacha" Now, too, that Londoners have learned that not all Frenchmen are dancing masters and eat frogs, and Parisians that not all Englishmen are *milords*, who squander gold and beat their wives—now that even an Anglomania has swollen the French vocabulary with such words as "confortable," "biftteck," "rosstteck," "raouts," "reading-coats," "clubs," "turf," "docks," "railways," "steamers," and such phrases as "times is money," and *petits maitres* have turned into "dandies" and "lions," vain of their air *froid* and shaven upper lip and curling whiskers, John Bull can be no longer laughed at. So the Cossack must now bear the double burden of John Bull and the Turk, and move the Parisians to indignation or to mirth. Not a military spectacle lacks its complement of Russian figures, although I must say that the new vein has not yet been very skilfully worked by the Paris playwrights. Scribe has perhaps succeeded better in the Russian piece which he has furnished to the theatre Francais, and in which Rachel and Bressant are to have principal parts. The part allotted to Rachel, it is whispered, is not less adapted to display the talents of an actress than that of Adrienne Lecouvreur. But the English admirers of the illustrious *tragedienne* regret that she persists in risking her reputation—bound up as it is with the old tragic drama—by appearing in these modern productions. "All the world" does not agree with the English critics, least of all Rachel herself Her *role* in Scribe's new piece will be, however, she says, the last one she will create before her departure which is fixed, she says again, for the first of March, and the United States. Her brother, Raphael, has already left, I am told, for New York, to prepare the way for her arrival. She will not fail, of course, to have at least a prodigious "success of curiosity," as a French feuilletonist would say No French feuilletonist, by the by, not even among those who have exhausted the language of Racine in extolling its best interpreter, has ever approached, in breadth and force, and I had almost added, action, the portrait which the author of "Jane Eyre" and "Villette" gives of Vashti, and might—*mutatis mutandis*—have given of Rachel. Wicked, perhaps, she is, but also she is strong, and her strength has conquered beauty—has overcome grace—and bound both at her side, captives peerlessly fair, and docile as fair. Even in the uttermost frenzy of energy is each *mened* movement royally, imperially, incedingly unborne. I have seen acting before, but never anything like this—never anything which astonished hope, and hushed desire—which outstripped impulse and paled conception—which instead of merely irritating imagination with the thought of what might be done, at the same time fevering the nerves because it was not done—disclosed power like a deep, swollen winter river, thundering in cataract and bearing the soul, like a leaf, on the steep and stately scoop of its descent." Will Rachel exhibit such acting to the Americans? Will they see it through the veil of a foreign language? She, you know, cannot speak English, and would not if she could, for fear of marring her French. For the same reason she never talks to her mother, (whose native tongue is German,) during the day preceding a great representation. At present she appears two or three times a week at the theatre Francais, whose gold is well worth touching while awaiting that of California So with Rachel at the Francais; with Cruvelli is the "Huguenots" at the Grand Opera, which has engaged also Noel-Baldi the tenor so well known in New York, and keeps promising *incessament* the "Norma sanglante," and sooner still "Semiramide," with both Cruvelli and Stolts, with "Semiramide"—Bosio at the Italiens; with Cabel in "La Promise," at the Theatre Lyrique; with the revival of the "Pre-aux-clercs," at the Opera Comique with the prediction that Plessy will return from St Petersburg to the Francais, in May next; with the discourse of Leon Gozzy at the annual session of the Institute, where he made his first appearance last Saturday, as "Perpetual Secretary," and finally, with the indefinite postponement of the marriage of "la Dame aux Camelias," and the actual marriage of several of her theatrical sisters to aristocratic and more or less aged admirers—the musical and dramatic world at Paris does not lack for exciting aliment. At the Variétés, by the by, a little piece called "Une Sangsue," (a leech), draws particularly well.

But the theatre that attracts most attention in the Old World is, of course, the theatre of war. The exports of Gen Canrobert, the new commander in chief of the French troops, of Lord Raglan, and of the admiral, absorb the public mind. Fresh news from the East is more cautiously received, but even more anxiously awaited than before. We have already heard that the bombardment of Sebastopol began on the 4th inst. The equinoxial storms on the Black Sea have also begun to rage. Did these enter (doubless they did) into the calculations of the allied commanders? Another formidable fortress which has actually been bombarded and taken, that of Bomarsund, is exposed to a singular destiny. It has been presented to a Swedish tailor, who acted as interpreter during the seige, and who will perhaps make a fortune out of the gift, as so many persons did of the relics of the Bastile, and, in our country, of the frigate Constitution The Russian prisoners who were taken at Bomarsund and brought to the island of Aix, have introduced a new traffic into France, much to the chagrin of the custom house officers. The latter did not happen to think of making them pay the regular duty on furs and hides upon their arrival. And now they find that the prisoners, in their eagerness to secure brandy and tobacco, have driven quite a brisk trade with the country people, who have gladly bought a surprising quantity of old military breeches, old lambskin pelisses, old cloaks and hoods, colored carpets, etc Many a hardy fisherman will be protected this winter against the storms of the French coast by a warm *capote*, bearing the double headed eagle. The costumes of the Russian prisoners, it appears, bear very little resemblance to those that figure so picturesquely in Meyerbeer's "*Etoile du Nord*" at the Opera Comique The actual costumes of the Bomarsund women, particularly, are generally of English manufacture.

An immense deal of British commerce must indirectly be maintained with Russia even now, by which Prussia profits richly. Is it not a singular fact that the exchange is at this moment in London, twenty per cent in favor of St. Petersburg? The attention of capitalists, and of the public, has been awakened by it, and that of government may not long be withheld

The commercial resources of the Crimea begin to be the object of serious injury on both sides of the channel. In France, the favorable impression of the first triumphs there, the renewed activity in the arrivals of wheat at Marseilles, the removal of restrictions on the exportation of grains from Turkey, the provisional reduction of duties on the importation of spirituous wines and salt meats, have contributed with other causes to something like a revival of business If winter promises work and bread, it promises well. *Apropos* of bread: what an auspicious name the agent of the company of the "Timer de l'Exposition" is blessed with! You are invited to deposit your subscriptions as stockholder with Mr Panis. This new company, if we are to believe its advertisements, will not let any stranger starve who has a five-franc piece in his pocket. In exchange for that coin it promises to provide him with a kitchen that would have enraptured Brillat Savarin, and a banquet that would have tempted Lucullus. Meanwhile, the "Timer de Paris" complacently exhibits figures that render a flattering account of its success during its first eleven months of existence. Let me cite a few to enable you to infer from a single instance the astonishing consumption of the Paris restaurants In 340 days the "Diner de Paris" has provided 285,000 repasts. It has consumed 60,000 kilogrammes of butcher's meat; 7,600 fowls; 800 hams; 110,000 kilogrammes of fish, salt and fresh; 20,000 kilogrammes of butter; 90,000 eggs; 55,000 fr. of vegetables; 2,000 hares (in six months); 6,000 partridges, woodcocks, or wild ducks; 75 roe-bucks; 65,000 kilogrammes of bread, including 200,000 little loaves; 700 pipes of wine, and 31 000 dozens of oysters. The number of napkins, table cloths, &c., used in this establishment during this period amounts to 850,000 pieces.

I met at the restaurant last evening a recent Spanish exile, who took a sufficiently dismal view of the underground disturbances which the Carlists and republicans, and parties of every other political complexion, are busily fomenting in Spain, although the elections are proceeding with apparent tranquillity. He assured me that the Queen Mother, Christina, might soon be expected at Malmaison, the residence of the late Empress Josephine, near Paris—if, indeed, he added, she does not contrive, with Narva