

The Letter of the Emperor Napoleon to the Czar.

We publish a translation of the Emperor Napoleon's letter to the Emperor of Russia. It had been previously reported that such a letter had been written, but its existence was afterwards denied. But here is the letter:

PALACE OF THE TUILLERIES, }
January 29, 1854. }

SIRE: The difference which has arisen between your Majesty and the Ottoman Porte has assumed such a grave aspect, that I think it right myself to explain directly to your Majesty the part which France has taken in this question, and the means which suggest themselves to me in order to avoid the dangers which menace the tranquility of Europe.

The note which your Majesty has just sent to my Government, and to that of Queen Victoria, endeavors to prove that it was the system of pressure adopted from the commencement by the two maritime powers which alone involved the question in bitterness. On the contrary, according to my view, the matter would have continued a cabinet question if the occupation of the two Principalities had not suddenly transferred it from the region of discussion to that of fact. Nevertheless, although your Majesty's troops had entered Wallachia, we advised the Porte not to consider that occupation as a warlike act, thus proving our extreme desire for conciliation. After I had consulted with England, Austria, and Prussia, I proposed to your Majesty a note, designed to give satisfaction to all. Your Majesty accepted it. We had hardly, however, been informed of this good news, when your Minister, by explanatory commentaries, destroyed all the conciliatory effects of it, and thus prevented us from insisting at Constantinople upon its pure and simple adoption. The Porte, for its own part, suggested some modifications in the note, to which the representatives of the four powers at Vienna were not indisposed to agree. They were not, however, agreed to by your Majesty. It was then, that the Porte, wounded in its dignity, its independence threatened, and being compelled to raise an army to oppose that of your Majesty, preferred to declare war rather than to remain in a state of uncertainty and humility. The Porte had claimed our support; the cause of the Porte appeared to us to be a just one, and the English and French squadrons were therefore ordered to the Bosphorus.

Our attitude in reference to Turkey was that of a protector, but it was passive. We did not incite her to war. We unceasingly addressed to the ears of the Sultan the advice of peace and moderation, persuaded that this was the best mode of coming to an agreement, and the four powers consulted together again, and submitted to your Majesty some other propositions. Your Majesty, on your part, exhibiting the calmness which arises from a consciousness of strength, contented yourself with repulsing from the left bank of the Danube, as in Asia, the attacks of the Turks; and, with the moderation worthy of the chief of a great empire, your Majesty declared that you would act on the defensive. Up to that period, then, we were, I may say, interested spectators, but simply spectators of the dispute, when the affair of Sinope compelled us to take a more decisive part. France and England had not thought it necessary to send troops to the assistance of Turkey. Their flags, therefore, were not engaged in the conflicts which took place upon land. But at sea it was very different. There were at the entrance of the Bosphorus 3,000 guns, the existence of which proclaimed loudly enough to Turkey that the two leading maritime powers would not allow her to be attacked by sea. The affair at Sinope was for us as painful as it was unexpected—for it matters little to us whether or not the Turks wished to convey munitions of war to the Russian territory. In fact, Russian ships attacked Turkish vessels in the waters of Turkey while those vessels were riding quietly at anchor in a Turkish port. The Turkish vessels were destroyed in spite of the assurance that there was no wish to commence an aggressive war, and in spite of the vicinity of our squadrons. It was no longer our policy which received a

check, it was our military honor. The sound of the cannon shot at Sinope reverberated painfully in the hearts of all those who in England and in France respect national dignity. There was a general participation in the sentiment that wherever our cannon can reach, our allies ought to be respected. Out of this feeling arose the order given to our squadron to enter the Black Sea, and to prevent by force, if necessary, the recurrence of a similar event. Thence arose the collective notification sent to the Cabinet at St. Petersburg, announcing that if we prevented the Turks from making an aggressive war upon the coast of Russia, we would also protect the Turks upon their own territory. As to the Russian fleet, in prohibiting its navigation of the Black Sea, we placed it upon a different position, because it was important during the war to preserve a guarantee equivalent in force to the occupation of the Turkish territory, and thus facilitate the conclusion of peace, by having the power of making a desirable exchange.

Such, Sire, is the real result and statement of the facts. It is clear that, having arrived at this point, they must either bring about a definite understanding or a decided rupture.

Your Majesty has given so many proofs of your solicitude for the tranquility of Europe, and by your beneficent influence, has so powerfully arrested the spirit of disorder, that I cannot doubt as to the course you will take in the alternative which presents itself to your choice. Should your Majesty be as desirous as myself of a pacific conclusion, what would be more simple than to declare that an armistice shall now be signed, that all hostilities shall cease, and that the belligerent forces shall return from the places to which motives of war have led them?

That the Russian troops would abandon the Principalities, and our squadrons the Black Sea. Your Majesty, preferring to treat directly with Turkey, might appoint an ambassador, who could negotiate with a plenipotentiary of the Sultan a convention which might be submitted to a conference of the Four Powers. Let your Majesty adopt this plan, upon which the Queen of England and myself are perfectly agreed, and tranquility will be re-established and the world satisfied. There is nothing in the plan which is unworthy of your Majesty—nothing which can wound your honor; but, if, from a motive difficult to understand, your Majesty should refuse this proposal, then France, as well as England, will be compelled to leave to the fate of arms and the chances of war, that which might now be decided by reason and justice.

Let not your Majesty think that the least animosity can enter my heart. I feel no other sentiments than those expressed by your Majesty yourself, in your letter of the 17th of January, 1853, in which you write: "Our relations should be sincerely amicable, based as they are upon the same intentions—the maintenance of order, the love of peace, respect for treaties, and reciprocal good feelings." This programme was worthy of the sovereign who traced it, and I do not hesitate to declare that I remain faithful to it.

I beg your Majesty to believe in the sincerity of my sentiments, and it is with these sentiments that I am, Sire, your Majesty's good friend,
NAPOLÉON.

POWER OF GENIUS.—It was stated in New York on Monday, that Barnum was about to be elected President of the Crystal Palace Association, and thereupon the stock immediately rose seven per cent. or from 35 cents on the dollar, to forty-two. He has a genius for managing shows and public amusements unequalled in the world, and if any man can bring the Crystal Palace out of the drag he is the man. And so the stockholders think, it seems by the result.—[State Journal.]

The birth of a child is the imprisonment of a soul. The soul must work its way out of prison, and, in doing so, provide itself with wings for a future journey. It is for each of us to determine whether our wings shall be those of an angel or a grub.

[Selected by an Anonymous Correspondent.]

SONG.

AIR—QUICK STEP.
I digs, I hoes,
I plows, I mows,
I gets up wood for winter;
I reaps, I sows,
I taters grows,
And for all I knows,
I'm 'debted to the printer.

I do suppose,
All knowledge flows,
Right from the printing press;
So off I goes,
In these 'ere clo's,
And settles up—I guess.

NAPOLÉON.

Inscribed to my friend W. L., an ardent admirer of the career and vindicator of the fame of the great French emperor.

When kings upon their gilded thrones,
Were dreaming, sans a care;
While from their subjects came the groans—
The deep groans of despair;
And mercy never raised her cup
To a poor suffering one,
Then nature raised a guardian up,
The matchless man—Napoleon.

The princes of the earth awoke,
Too late to save their powers;
They saw their regal scepters broke—
Their royal fathers' dowers:—*
Then diadems were hurled to dust
And trod by serfs upon;
When, like a sweeping thunder-gust,
Came forth the great Napoleon.

He taught the lowly-born to stand,
Nor meekly bow to pride;
To combat for the rights of man—
Woo freedom for his bride.
He snatched the fetter from the slave—
To fame he led him on,
Where glory's flag its broad folds wave,
Inscribed with gold—Napoleon.

He quickly hushed dread terror's reign—
The wild politic storm;
In love for him each Frank did drain
Life's fount, free, red and warm.
The battle fields of Europe tell
Of nations lost and won,
Where heroes for their leader fell,
The glory crowned Napoleon.

Let jealous nations execrate
The mem'ry of his name—
Impartial "history" will relate
The fullness of his fame.
In coming days the time will be,
When nations having won
The priceless boon of liberty,
Will bless the name—Napoleon.

TWIN CREEK, KY.

N. BAROU.

*Their fathers were probably widow-ers, judging from their dowers!

Here is a fair specimen of what no doubt the writer as well as the person who sent it to us considers good poetry. It is Kentucky poetry, and seems to have been clipped from a Kentucky paper. This shows that the flats are not subject to geographical lines. To say nothing of the sentiment, of which poetry should be the finest and most perfect ideal, the writer of the above knows nothing of the laws of the English or any other language. We never heard of a good poet who was ignorant of grammar. Such a thing would be impossible. A person cannot even be a judge of good poetry unless master of the language in which it is written. Ninety-nine in a hundred have no definite notions of what true poetry consists. It is the highest attainment of literature to produce fine specimens of poetry, and the most gifted minds the world has produced are the great poets. What folly, then, for people to cudgel their brains in the effort to write poetry, who have not yet learned to write prose.

A terrible accident occurred in New Orleans, on Saturday night at the French Opera House, the gallery fell in during the performance, carrying away the second tier of boxes. Three persons killed and over fifty wounded.

Not a single murder committed in Cincinnati during the whole of last week.

NEBRASKA BILL.—The debate in the U. S. Senate on this bill closed last Saturday morning, at which time the vote was taken and the bill passed by 37 yeas to 14 nays. The doctrine that the people of the territories as well as the states, can safely be trusted with the regulation of their own domestic institutions, has thus been fully sustained by the United States Senate.—[Findlay Courier.]

The Courier conveys the impression by the above that the question of slavery is submitted to the decision of the people of the territory of Nebraska. Perhaps the Courier will have the goodness to point out the clause in the Douglas bill which justifies this language, though we think it won't. Is there not something lacking of that upright honesty and frankness which should characterize a freeman, and above all a democratic editor in a free state, in thus truckling to the slave power, and following the fortunes of a desperate adventurer for the presidency? It is nothing short of arrant humbuggery to pretend that the Nebraska abomination submits this slavery question, or any other unusual question of self-government, to the people of the territory, as a territory. On the contrary the Nebraskaites resist and reject every proposition of the kind.

Progress of Col. Walker's Republic.

Different men have different ways for doing the same thing. For example, Gen. Gadsden goes down to Mexico, and after a great deal of palavering, succeeds in making a bargain for a small slice of the deserts of Northern Mexico.

Col. Walker's way is quite another thing. "Without money and without price" he walks into Lower California with forty-seven men—sets up a republic, including all the executive departments, army and navy, out of forty-seven men and a small merchant vessel—makes good his footing; and, with the arrival of a reinforcement of two hundred, feels strong enough to annex the department of Sonora to his Republic of Lower California, and makes a proclamation accordingly to that effect. The Mexican army and navy sent to capture him appear to keep at a respectful distance; and if Col. Walker continues much longer progressing at this rate, he will be thundering at the gates of Mexico before Santa Anna is apprised of his danger.

This last sweep of Col. Walker, of the incorporation into his Republic of the department of Sonora, comprehends nearly every vestige of the Gadsden country, and about twice as much more, not of the deserts of the uninhabited districts, but full of towns, and villages, and haciendas, and gold and silver mines in the more southerly districts of Sonora. And there is every probability that even here he will make good his proclamations and his Republic.—[New York Herald.]

A BIG GUN.—The largest cannon in the world is in Benjabor, India, and weighs forty tons. A seat in the interior accommodates five persons without much crowding. It is formed of mixed metal, of which there is said to be some portion of gold and a considerable quantity of silver, and is very sonorous. It was the work of Chuteby Koomy Khan, an officer in the service of Hoossein Nizam Shah, at Ahmudnugger. In giving a description of it, Col. Syke says:—On the visit of Sir John Malcolm, during the period of his Viceroyship at Bombay, the Sattarah Rajah, who holds the surrounding territories under the British Government, directed that this gun should be fired off as an appropriate salute. Though not charged with more than half the weight of powder which its chamber could contain, the concussion was awful; it shook many of the buildings to their foundations, and the terrified inhabitants, as the reverberations rolled along, expected to see the domes and towers, survivors of former shocks, come tumbling about their ears.

The old tailor who repaired Marcy's breeches and got fifty cents for it, is still living in Niagara county, and voted the canal ticket. They are all deserting Marcy.