

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

THE PARISIAN FETES—DISTRIBUTION OF THE EAGLES.—The grand ceremony of distributing the eagles and standards to the French army took place on Monday, May 10th, with imposing splendor. The weather was delightful, scarcely a cloud chequering the deep azure of the heavens, whilst a delightful breeze tempered the somewhat oppressive heat of the sun. From an early hour the whole population of Paris flocked to the Champ de Mars, and about eleven o'clock the Boulevards, the Rue de la Paix and Rue Royale, the Place de la Concorde, the Rue de Rivoli, Champs Elysées, the terrace of the Tuilleries looking to the river, and the Place de la Concorde, the bridges, the quays on both sides of the Seine, were literally alive with human beings, who, however, all moved about without confusion or the slightest disorder. The Seine itself, in the direction of the Invalides and bridge of Jena, were covered with boats conveying passengers, male and female, to the south bank, whilst countless booths established in every alley of the Champs Elysées afforded refreshments for the weary.

The whole of the Champ de Mars had been carefully examined in the morning, and everything removed, even to the size of a small pebble, that could in any way impede the movement of the troops. It had besides been copiously watered at an early hour, and before the troops entered had all the appearance of the neatly arranged sweep before an English gentleman's country-house. The troops began to arrive on the ground about half-past ten, and took up positions at once. They were formed in two lines down the Champ de Mars, the infantry on the right in entering by the Pont de Jena, and the cavalry on the left.

At a quarter to 12 o'clock the first of 21 guns was fired at the Invalides, and responded to by the battery at the Pont de Jena, which announced that the President had put his foot in the stirrup. In about ten minutes those who stood by the bridge of the Invalides beheld issuing from the gardens of the palace the foremost horseman of the escort, and then appeared the entire squadron of guides, dressed in the new uniform—the bearskin caps and the boots à la Lasalle. The two foremost men held pistols in their hands, with the finger on the trigger. The rest of the squadron then came on; and at a short distance to the rear rode Louis Napoleon, wearing the complete uniform of a Lieutenant-General, and mounted on a superb charger. He rode along the avenue of the Champs Elysées that is close to the quay de la Conférence. Jerome Bonaparte, the Minister at War, the Marshals with their aides-de-camp, the general officers specially invited with their staffs, the military household of the Prince, the Arab chiefs, and a squadron of Cuirassiers, formed the *cortège*. As he passed along the cries of *Vive Napoleon!* were loud and frequent from the people.

One blast of a trumpet gave the signal of his approach, and its echo had not yet passed away when a salute of 21 guns announced the presence of the President on the Champ de Mars. The drums beat to arms, the bands struck up, and the ranks closed and presented arms. At that moment the spectacle that met the eye was magnificent. Over the immense space between the Ecole Militaire and the opposite side watered by the Seine extended a mighty host of more than 60,000 men drawn up in two lines, fronting each other—the infantry to the right, the cavalry to the left. The artillery formed the third side of the square towards the bridge of Jena, but left an opening in the centre, to allow the President and his retinue a passage from the bridge. The deputations of the various corps of the general force, military and naval, occupied the space between the lines just mentioned, and nearly midway between the chapel and the military school. Every corps of the French army had its representatives there—those of Italy and of Africa; the military schools of Algeria, Spahis, Zouaves, the native sharpshooters, each in their picturesque costumes. There were seen, too, the ancient soldiers of the Invalides, the relics of the old Republican and Imperial hosts.

The naval force was represented by delegates from the line-of-battle ships, the marine artillery, marines, marine gendarmerie; and the five war ports—Brest, Toulon, Lorient, Rochefort, and Cherbourg, sent also their contingents. Few spectacles could be more spirit-stirring than that which met the eye of Louis Napoleon as he advanced in front of the bridge.

It is perhaps to be wished that the peace people, at all prices and at all hazards, had sent a mission from the banks of the Thames to the banks of the Seine to draw up a little report on the aspect of that vast military machine, working with the regularity of stupendous pieces of mechanism, and inspired only by one feeling—that of passive obedience to the men who wielded their movement as an engineer controls the rise and fall of his piston-rod.

The arrangements for the ceremony were as follows:—There was erected in front of the Military School a lofty tribune, open in front, for the President of the Republic, on a level with the first story of the building. At each side was placed a tribune capable of containing 720 persons, with an erection a little further back, with 418 seats; in addition a tribune on each side containing 1,260 places. The tribune of the Prince was arranged to accommodate the ministers, marshals, and admirals, the French ambassadors now in Paris, and the persons composing the Prince's household. The erections at each side were intended, that on the right for the female portion of the ambassador's families, and that on the left for the ladies of the ministers, marshals, admirals, and other high functionaries. The large tribunes, with 720 seats each, were fitted up to receive the Senate, the Legislative body, the Council of State, the Judges of the Courts of Cassation, Appeal, and Civil Tribunal, the

Tribunal of Commerce, Juges-de-Paix, Court of Accounts, Council of Public Instruction, &c. &c.

Tri-colored flags were also to be seen in great abundance as the principal ornament of the great tribunes of the front; that of the Prince was fitted up with hangings of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold lace, and bore in various parts the cipher "N" and the eagle. The ground-work of the ornaments was white and gold; and at the bottom of the steps, leading to the level ground of the Champ de Mars, were placed two colossal lines, gilt, to represent force. The centre of the Prince's tribune bore on the architrave the number of 7,500,000, to show what amount of votes he had received from the nation. At the side were the words *Vox Populi vox Dei*. Distant from the President's tribune, about one-third down the Champ de Mars, was erected a lofty chapel, with a gilt roof, and bearing on the summit a Latin cross, also gilt; on the roof was an altar, richly decorated with golden stars and flowers, at which the Archbishop of Paris, assisted by his Clergy, was to celebrate Mass, and call down the blessing of Heaven on the colors and eagles which were to be distributed to the troops. This altar, which was 75 feet from the ground, was ascended to by a white flight of steps, with their three landings capable of containing several hundred persons.

A long array of Priests, their solemn Ecclesiastical robes of white and black contrasting curiously with the glancing of the arms, and the waving of the plumes of the military, are making their way across the field, pausing every now and then to allow a lancer, a hussar, or an aide-de-camp at the gallop to pass between their ranks. Now, they are grouped round the erection, and some stand upon the flight of steps. Over the stern panoply of rank after rank and battalion after battalion streams the long train of white-robed men of peace. Presently, however, the guns from the Trocadero (the site which Napoleon intended for the palace of the King of Rome) again give voice, and a glance towards the river shows a movement of the troops, and the dust of the escort drifting along the bridge. Immediately there rolls down the long array of troops a peal of thousands of drums. The bugles of the infantry and the trumpets of the cavalry add their shrill clangor to the rattle, and an old soldier beside me, with his eye on fire, and his grizzled moustache all bristling, tells me that they are beating *aux champs*, and that it was an old salute he had heard paid to the Emperor. In another moment the staff itself, with Louis Napoleon and his Commander-in-Chief, General Magnan, comes caracoling down the great central avenue—a perfect blaze of military pageantry. The staff first rode down the line of troops, infantry principally on the right, keeping close to the men; and the President continually raising his white-plumed cocked hat in reply to the cries, continued, but not loud, of "Vive Napoleon." "Vive l'Empereur" occurred only at intervals, and appeared to come from groups scattered in the ranks. The rapid passage of the mounted staff was probably one of the prettiest features of the entire sight. Nothing could be more telling than the rapid rush of the cavalcade—all one vision of bright colors, glittering arms and prancing horses along the line; while drums, human voices, and the peal of military music all rose together in one mingled roar of gratulation. The President rode the same horse as that which he used at the *fête* last year—a high-stepping showy brown charger, with very handsome action. He kept ahead generally only by a length, or half a length, of the group of officers next to him; sometimes, however, shooting three or four strides in front, and then checking his charger and falling back into the first line of the cavalcade. By far the most interesting and curious part of the pageant, however, was the group of Arab chiefs, who had been imported, to give a new feature to the picture. For weeks past the eastern functionaries and their attendants have been the lions of the Boulevards. In their flowing white bernouses, and their magnificent Moorish masses of harmoniously colored draperies, they were seen to great advantage as they strode gravely along the *promenades*—their dark oval faces and grizzly beards showing admirably from the white turbans and wreathed head-dresses which they wore. But it was on horseback that these costumes looked best of all. The Arabs kept in the rear in a sort of ruck of their own, and their flaunting passage, the white, red, and blue mantles waving as the horses caracolled with the wild and eager gestures of the riders, forcibly recalled one of Horace Venet's battle paintings, illustrative of the late Algerian campaigns. To return, however, to the head of the *cortège*—the President dashed to the right, and passed at full gallop along the line of infantry; wheeled to the left, and rode down before the cavalry; galloped in front of the artillery; and then, moving to the centre, rode slowly up, in the midst of martial music and shouting. He soon reached the basement of the central pavilion, and ascended the steps exactly at half-past twelve, accompanied by the ministers, the marshals, and the staff, and took his seat on the *fauteuil*.

The banners with their eagles, for the distribution of which the ceremony was held, had been arranged in pyramidal stands, in the space to the rear of the President. The procedure adopted was very simple, and could be but indistinctly seen from a distance. Before the President stood the colonels, to receive the eagles; behind him stood the Minister of War, with his functionaries holding the standards in readiness. The President simply took them up in order, and handed them to the colonels, who bowed low as they received the charge. The first colonel only was embraced by the President; the others were summarily dispatched, each man receiving the eagle destined for his regiment and passing on, and the whole process occupying but a very short space of time.

After all the flags had been distributed, Slowly wheeling by, go on regiment after regiment, heavy cuirassiers on their sturdy steeds, light dragoons and hussars, and dandified lancers, the well-appointed regiments of the line, the smart little soldiers who form the Chasseurs de Vincennes, with their terrible sword bayonets upon their terrible rifles, long trains of artillery, and an admirable-looking body of men—the municipal guards. All these, regiment by regiment, wheeled slowly along, in a vast circular procession; and once past the Ruler of France, struck into a quick step, and marched off to their respective barracks, while the masses of spectators now melted like snow in a thaw.

The President rode off the ground in the same order as had been seen on his arrival. The crowd then rushed into the Champ de Mars, and the ceremony was over.

The number of English present was uncommonly large, and amongst them were upwards of seventy officers in uniform.

The President delivered the following address:—"Soldiers! the history of nations is, in a great measure, the history of armies; on their success and reverse depends the fate of civilisation and of the country. If conquered, the result is invasion or anarchy; if victorious, it is glory and order. Thus nations, like armies, entertain a religious veneration for those emblems of military honor which sum up in themselves a past of struggles and of trials.

"The Roman eagle, adopted by the Emperor Napoleon at the commencement of this century, was the most striking signification of the regeneration and of the grandeur of France. It disappeared in our misfortunes—it ought to return when France, recovered from her defeats and mistress of herself, seems not any longer to repudiate her own glory.

"Soldiers, resume, then, these eagles, not as a menace against foreign powers, but as the symbol of our independence, as the *souvenir* of an heroic epoch, and as the sign of the nobleness of each regiment. Take again these eagles which have so often led our fathers to victory, and swear to die, if necessary, in their defence."

The colonels, then, under the guidance of a staff officer, proceeded in the same order as before towards the chapel, and took their places on the left platform, within the enclosure of the altar. At one o'clock the cannon announced that the religious ceremony had commenced.

The Metropolitan Chapter, the Honorary Canons of the parish church, in full canonical costume, the Curés and the Vicars in surplices and red stoles, the members of the diocesan seminaries in soutane, had already assembled at eleven o'clock in the Church of St. Peter, of the Gros Caillou, and moved in procession at a quarter past eleven, with the Cross of the Chapter carried before them, and chanting the hymn "Veni Creator," to the Chapel of the Champ de Mars, and took their places according to their rank. When the guns gave the signal, the Archbishop, arrayed in full canonicals, commenced the Mass of the Holy Ghost. At the moment of the Elevation, another salute was fired; the drums beat to arms; the trumpets sounded the advance; 60,000 men presented arms, the whole of the infantry kneeling, and the officers not in command bent on one knee to the earth, with head uncovered. The multitude on the mounds took off their hats. When Mass was over, the Archbishop, surrounded by the officiating Clergy, proceeded to where the eagles were arrayed round the altar. He raised his voice to chant the prayer, "Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini," and the Clergy responded "Amen!" After the "Oremus, Omnipotens sempiternus Deus," the Prelate sprinkled the flags with holy water and blessed them; and then took his seat on a throne, and assumed the mitre. The standard-bearers advanced separately, knelt on the ground, each with the eagle in his hand, and the Archbishop spoke the following prayer:—

"Accipite vexilla celestis benedictione sanctificata, sintque inimicis populi Christiani terribilia; et det vobis Dominus gratiam, ut, ad ipsius nomen et honorem, cum illo hostium cuneos potenter penetretis incolumes et securi."

When the prayer was ended the Prelate gave for the whole army the kiss of peace, with the words *Pax tibi*; and the foremost standard-bearer, rising from the ground, pressed to his lips the Pontifical ring and then resumed his place. One hundred salutes from the cannon of the bridge of Jena accompanied this blessing of the eagles. The Prelate then stood erect, arrayed in mitre and in cope, and holding the crosier, raised his hand aloft, and gave an universal blessing to the army and the people, and another salute announced that the religious ceremony was over.

The colonels to whom the standards were delivered by the Archbishop descended, and defiled round the chapel. They then proceeded to their respective regiments, delivered the eagles to the ensigns, and had them recognised by the corps in the usual manner.

At this moment cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" and "Vive Napoleon!" were uttered; the former with much enthusiasm by the cavalry.

At two o'clock the President descended from his pavilion, mounted his horse, and took up his position in front. The *défilé* commenced, and cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive Napoleon!" were again heard.

The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* gives the following bit of gossip:—"Within the last day or two, circumstances have transpired here which make the immediate advent of the Empire a more probable event than it was a few days ago. One of these circumstances is the decided coolness which is known to exist between the President of the Republic and the British Ambassador here; and which is now no secret, as it is the subject of conversation everywhere. The coolness is said to have existed for

a considerable time past, and it was more particularly noticed at the late ball at the Tuilleries, when Lord Cowley merely showed himself, and left immediately afterwards, on the pretext (real or assumed) of indisposition. It was stated in the papers that the President opened the ball with Lady Cowley; but this is a mistake. The only lady he danced with was the Princess Camerata. The cause of this reported coolness is more obscure. Some say that it has reference to the obstacles which his Lordship has thrown in the way of the Empire; and it is affirmed that his Lordship and Prince Louis Napoleon have not seen each other since the death of Prince Schwarzenberg.

A correspondent of the *Times* says:—"Notwithstanding the positive assurances of men in office, that the understanding between Austria and France is as perfect as ever, various circumstances, apparently trifling in themselves, induce me to believe that such is not the case. The *Wiener Zeitung* of yesterday evening contains an article which, though the language is guarded, shows that it is felt that the President cherishes ideas which can never be realised with the consent of the great powers. As it is impossible to communicate the thousand-and-one opinions which I have heard on the subject, I will, as briefly as possible, give you my own conclusions. Russia, Austria, and probably Prussia, would prefer that Louis Napoleon should retain the title of President, but they would hardly deem it advisable to break with him should he cause himself to be proclaimed Emperor of the French, "although the chances of maintaining peace in Europe for any length of time would be materially diminished." On the other hand, Russia, and now that Prince Schwarzenberg is no more, Austria would never recognise a new dynasty in France. A very well-informed friend a day or two since observed, "the fear of the *spectre rouge*" was so exaggerated here that for a time Conservative Austria was completely blind to the fact that the peace, if not the fate of Europe, must in future depend entirely on a man who professes to consider the will of the French *plébiscite* as a sufficient warrant for all his actions. I have before told you that Prince Schwarzenberg was not favorable to the claims of the elder branch of the Bourbons, and this was foolishly attributed by the ultra-Aristocratic party to his "radicalism." I have excellent authority for stating that the late Minister, as a man, cared as little for the President as he did for either of the two branches of the Royal Family. The fact is, that his hatred for the Democratic party was so intense, that the instrument employed against it was indifferent to him, and he would probably have recognised a Changarnier, or a Cavaignac quite as readily as he did Louis Napoleon, if he could have felt assured that either the one or the other had the will and the power to relieve the world from the social incubus with which it had so long been saddled. The last paragraph of the article in the *Wiener Zeitung* will show the light in which the President is viewed by a very powerful party here:—

"The empire involuntarily fulfilled its end! Napoleon Bonaparte never thought of being a second Monk, but when he had accomplished his mission, and a return to a monarchical form of government had become possible, the *promissorium* was abolished, and the legitimate heirs to the throne returned in triumph to their capital."

ITALY.

On the 26th April the obsequies of Marshal Marmont were celebrated at Venice. "A modest coffin," writes the correspondent of the *Risorgimento*, "round which burned a few tapers, was deposited in the centre of the Church of the Jesuits. The attendance consisted of a small number of distinguished personages and friends of the deceased invited to the ceremony. A single company of infantry of the line escorted his remains, and not a gun was fired in his honor. Thus, in a few instants, and it may be said privately, were the funeral honors rendered to a man who was one of the giants of his age."

GERMANY.

RIVALRY OF PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.—Ever since the first Frederick placed the crown of Prussia on his own head, a struggle for ascendancy in Germany has been in progress between Austria and Prussia. Since the dissolution of the German empire, Austria has ceased to be properly a German power. Its German territories and subjects are inconsiderable when compared with Bohemia, Galicia, Hungary, Italy, and other provinces in which a non-German population preponderates. Austria would willingly sacrifice part of Germany to France or Russia, or both, in order to obtain security for the heterogeneous territories it holds. Prussia, on the contrary, is essentially a German state; it has a deep interest in preserving intact the German territory, even under its present anomalous and unsatisfactory constitution. Prussia is threatened with Russian encroachments in Posen, and with French encroachments on the Rhine; and can only defend itself by keeping alive a determination in the German princes and peoples to assert the indissoluble nationality of Germany. Neither Prussia nor Austria, therefore, are disposed to cooperate actively with Russia in its struggle with the French President; but neither Austria nor Prussia is disposed to draw closer their bonds of union in order to strengthen themselves against Russian aggression.

The Emperor of Russia arrived at Vienna on May 8th. The Empress left him at Cassel, and with her suite accompanied her brother, the King of Prussia, by the train for Breslau and Berlin.

A police bureau is constituted, under the direct supervision of the Emperor of Austria, with Field Marshal Lieut. Kempen at its head.

The *Cologne Gazette* states that the betrothal of the Emperor of Austria and the Princess Sidonia of Saxony will shortly take place, and be closely succeeded by their marriage.