CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Bulletin.]

MacMahon's Campaign.

PARIS, Friday, Sept. 2, 1870.—Long before these lines reach you I suspect you will hear of another, and probably the final catastrophe of the French arms. This blind confidence at once of people here, and the ignorance in which they are kept, seem to be almost equaled by the fatuity and incapacity of those in whom they have trusted. In my last letter I could not write otherwise than hopefully of the plan of campaign which then seemed to have been adopted by MacMahon; nor could I believe that his tactics might one more make his name known to history as one of those men of whom it should be said hereafter that *cunctando rempublicam restituit*. To the eye even of a civilian, under existing circumstances, the only sound course for MacMahon seemed to be that which he was bent upon pursuing, viz.: to save time; to avoid to the utmost a general engagement, for the present; and for that purpose, to retreat, and above all, to retreat to the *Northwest*, instead of which, what do we hear this morning? Why that MacMahon and his army have gone *Northeast*! And in a van, or rather made attempt to get at Beaulieu (between and those two armies (about up the way!), by going round by a "northern" route, have themselves been hemmed in between the Prussians and the Belgian frontier. One is half tempted to exclaim: "Ho! treachery, treason!—or—treason! seek it out!"

And there are people who ask in a tone whether MacMahon is not so sick of the whole affair, and of the interference to which he is said to be subjected, that he desires no better than to be driven into a neutral territory and be completed to lay down his arms. Without a miracle, almost, there seems now to be scarcely any other result possible. Only yesterday Prince Napoleon, who has studied the French campaign of Napoleon I., in 1816, almost as deeply as M. Thiers himself, remarked to me that if MacMahon allowed himself to hang vainly upon the skirts of Bazaine, he was lost. And then he pointed out to me the splendid and almost impregnable country, in a military point of view, which lay open for his retreat and occupation on the northwest. Any one, for instance, who has ever passed over it, must have recognized at a glance its unassailable situation; while behind is a wide extent of country, all the way to the sea, completely unexhausted by free from the presence of the enemy, and with communications open with Paris and all Western and Southern France by means of the western and northern lines of railway. To throw away all these advantages and opportunities for retreat, for delay; for drawing away the enemy from his base of operations, in order to get himself cooped up in an angle of the Belgian privateer, and there be obliged to fight or cross the heated border. All this is indeed a depth of strategy quite incomprehensible to an unmilitary understanding.

Guesses at the Future.

If things turn out as anticipated, you will ask what will be the consequences here? It makes one rather nervous to answer the question, or even think of it. My general reply is that I cannot tell; and I should think few here would be bold enough to give any other just now. But there are some results, which, perhaps, may be doubtful. And one of them, I should say, would be the outbreak of some terrible exasperation. It is impossible to predict exactly against whom it might be directed. Perhaps against everybody,—against the government, ministers, dynasty, foreign residents,—everybody. There seems to me to be at this moment a sort of dangerous lull in Paris, which only requires some startling and exciting cause to prove it to be that which precedes a storm. The preparations for defence—were going on hopefully, almost cheerfully, a few days ago, and would probably have maintained that character had success gleamed upon liberating armies in the field. But the latter are to succumb wholly, the defence of Paris will assume a sombre and desperate character, if persevered in at all, which my burst into a flame fatal to all who come within its verge. These are gloomy times. Some people seem to think Paris is "gay" because it looks "animated." But it is the animation of fear, and a very fierce fear, too. The population is trying to a pitch of flexibility which may at any moment burst out into frenzy. Especially, they can no longer bear that strangers of any nationality should be here looking on at their humiliation. I believe a man's life would not be safe who should laugh too loud on the Boulevard. The lounders would be sure to think that he was laughing at France and her misfortunes. The feelings of the people, in short, are growing morbid, and more dangerous, both to themselves and others.

Domestic and Social Discomfort.

How shall I describe to you all the details of domestic and social discomfort which are aggravating the above feelings? Almost every article of household consumption is already doubling and trebling in price. The French are both very subject to panic, and at all times great hoarders, and now no family thinks it can lay in enough for its own wants. Then again hundreds of the better classes are running away, which exasperates the lower and laboring classes to see themselves, as they think, deserted; and, on the other hand, thousands of poor suburban dwellers, peasants, market-gardiners, dairy-men, and others, who live principally from the city and furnish its supplies, are pressing in for protection against the invaders, and this again exasperates to see so many more hungry mouths coming in to be fed. I can assure you that Paris is anything but an "amusing" place to be in, except to those who can always find amusement in what they call "excitement," or still worse, in viewing some of the worst feelings of human nature in a state of rebellion.

The Authorities Flutter.

The authorities themselves seem to me to be in a state which resembles flutter, a good deal more than firmness. The Empress does not appear to know whether to go or stay. Her does any one much care, though I should be surprised if her going were always proved to be the signal for some important political change. I believe she is afraid to go, chiefly on that account, and her party keeps her here lest the rickety machine should tumble at a place at the least attempt made to move it.

Scenes at the Barriers.

The scenes at all the gates of Paris, between the efforts of people struggling in and struggling out, are indescribable. There is neither entrance nor exit now save over drawbridges. Long cows of taxes were loaded with some of the finest fruit ever seen, all the product of Kansas. Melons, grapes of every variety, peaches, pears, apples, potatoes, all of the finest quality were placed temptingly before us. The tables were presided over by young ladies of the town, who with their fair hands loaded our plates with the tempting fruit. After eating all we could, and were on the eve of crying because we couldn't hold any more, Mayor Gwynnor kindly informed us that he would have what was left of the fruit boxed up and sent aboard our train. We then left the hall for the train, with three cheers for the town of Lawrence, and three more for the ladies therein, which were given with a vim by our entire party. At 10 o'clock we sat down to breakfast in Pullman's hotel-car, and the train moved off, the band playing as a parting salute.

At Topeka the train halted an hour to enable the party to accept of the hospitalities of the capital of Kansas. The Mayor, City Council and citizens *en masse*, welcomed the excursionists at the depot and escorted us to the State Capitol building, where we were welcomed by Governor Harvey and State officers of Kansas. The Governor then joined our party and remained with us until we reached Manhattan, when he was parted with most reluctantly by many old friends.

Junction City, Abilene, Solomon City and Salina were successively passed in the daylight of Thursday, and rivaled all the Eastern Kansas towns in ovations to the train, and in charmed excursionists.

Upon this memorable trip there were those who, a few days since, were in old England, the Alleghany ranges and valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi. There were railroad kings and opulent manufacturers, also brethren of the craft, from Europe and American nationality, and the universal theme was the wonderful increase of population. The unexpected and astonishing breadth of acres under cultivation in the Kansas valley. The stock business is in a highly flourishing condition, and almost all the late settlers, who are recording the experiences of the first year in a new country and home are satisfied to an encouraging degree.

After leaving Topeka, our party was furnished with ample ammunition, as it was expected that when we reached the plains we would find some big game in the shape of buffaloes and antelopes. In this, however, we were mistaken, as the buffalo were scare and very shy, offering but an occasional shot, and that at very long range. But we were bound to shoot at something and get rid of our surplus ammunition, and therefore directed our attention to the numerous prairie dogs whose villages lie close to the track. But few of the canines, however, suffered, and to all appearances they were as much amused as we were, as we shot down by the frisky wag of their tails as they dived into their holes whenever a ball came whistling too near them.

About noon, on Friday morning, Hays City was reached, and the gallant General Custer, with a magnificent band and a battalion of his invincible cavalry, received our party with the accustomed and whole-souled heartedness which is an honor to the American army. Hereabouts, was a pleasurable change. By some theory, wise or unwise, this grand railway line was opened without the charm of female society as far as Hays. There that monotony was broken; for where there are brave men there are always lovely women. The army officer on the plains will not forever be banished from home faces. And with the soldiers came his wife and sister, and it was a rich treat to the society of General Custer that he was accompanied on the palace train to Denver by his accomplished and estimable wife. Other ladies and their soldier lords dined with us and returned to Hays from Buffalo Station. True to its name, this station furnished the commissary department with choice cuts of the American bison.

The train passed the night at Kit Carson. This is the last town built up by the National Land Company, and was the late terminus of the railway. Large warehouses have been built here, and the town is growing very rapidly.

At Kiowa Station two open platform cars were added to the train, and placed in front of the engine, and occupied by the excursionists, who, through the thoughtfulness of Gen. Palmer, enjoyed a treat which convinced any doubting the assertion that Colorado is the "Switzerland of America." Under a clear sky—over iron rails of American manufacture on a track well laid, and in a Pullman palace train, superior to any which has ever traversed any railway on this continent, the excursionists were ushered into the grand scenery of our grand old Rocky Mountains at a sunset which will be remembered with pleasurable emotions as long as the hearts which enjoyed it beat, or the record of the opening ceremonials of this magnificent road may find a place in American railway annals.

It was dark when we reached Denver, on Saturday. We were received at the depot by the Mayor, City Council and Board of Trade. The interest of the hour prevented speech-making. They were however only postponed for a time, of which more anon. When we did in Denver, and our trip farther west, will have to be reserved for another chapter.

MACMAHON'S ARMY.

German Account of the Retreat and Flight of the Marshal.

A correspondent of the Vienna *Wiener Zeitung* gives, in a copy of that paper received by the European mail, some most graphic pictures of the flight of MacMahon's army. He writes as follows:

I could now (August 9, half-past two P. M.) stay in Hagenau no longer. Despite the jarring of my hoofs, I turned out of the northern gate and took the direction of the Hagenau forest toward Niederbronn. The roar of cannon was loud. Columns of smoke rose in the northwest, and even in the direction of Niederbrug. I judged the fight to be near Niederbronn, and did not err.

At four o'clock in galloped a horse with empty saddle slipping under its belly, through the town gates. Directly after a second, and a third; then followed a cuirassier, his horse gone, and his saddle and foam, without reins, without arms. Next an artillerist, on an unsaddled horse, his face distorted with inexpressible fright. Some minutes later came on some twenty horsemen hurried past, among whom were no zouaves clinging upon their horses, but cuirassiers; the others were cuirassiers in every stage of flight and terror, some swinging their helmets above their sabres; others, as if out of their senses, flogging their poor exhausted horses, and without saddles, mint, or there without arms. One cuirassier halted his horse just before me, loosed his cuirass, threw off his helmet, next his heavy sword, lastly his weighty breastplate, and then, laughing convulsively, rode leisurely on. A pause of five minutes followed. The townsmen had all fled into the gates—

The field-watch and I stood alone at the point where the Niederbronn branch railway intersects the high road. Presently, up galloped a field gendarme, halts his half-blood horse, and calls out, "Shut the gates instantly; the Prussians are at my heels." The field-watch turned white. I exclaimed, "What madness. Hagenau is an open town." There could be no defence, and if the Prussians really were there the best thing for the town to do was to open the gates as wide as possible." His face brightened. The tumult was hourly greater. Among a crowd of cuirassiers some lancers were mixed which they succeeded in doing in fine style. After driving about the town a short time and viewing the surrounding country from the top of the hills in the vicinity, we were decided to a large hall, where a most beautiful sight met our eyes and fairly made our mouths water. Long rows of tables were loaded with some of the finest fruit ever seen, all the product of Kansas. Melons, grapes of every variety, peaches, pears, apples, potatoes, all of the finest quality were placed temptingly before us. The tables were presided over by young ladies of the town, who with their fair hands loaded our plates with the tempting fruit. After eating all we could, and were on the eve of crying because we couldn't hold any more, Mayor Gwynnor kindly informed us that he would have what was left of the fruit boxed up and sent aboard our train. We then left the hall for the train, with three cheers for the town of Lawrence, and three more for the ladies therein, which were given with a vim by our entire party. At 10 o'clock we sat down to breakfast in Pullman's hotel-car, and the train moved off, the band playing as a parting salute.

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SOFA BED.

HOVER'S

Celebrated Patent Sofa Bedstead

is now held in demand throughout and sold in large numbers by the PLANING MILL ROOM, 1 Sansom Street, Philadelphia. This bedstead is of the highest finish, and is made in Walnut, Ash, Black Walnut, Cherry, Mahogany, Oak, Maple, Poplar, Pine, Yellow Pine, etc., and upwards of 100 styles, including a beautiful Parlor Bedstead, with pillows, mattress, etc., complete, for $60. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for $40. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for $30. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for $25. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for $20. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for $15. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for $10. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for $5. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for $3. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for $2. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for $1. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for 50 cents. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for 25 cents. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for 10 cents. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for 5 cents. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for 3 cents. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for 2 cents. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for 1 cent. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for 50 mills. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for 25 mills. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for 10 mills. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for 5 mills. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for 3 mills. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for 2 mills. Also, a Bedstead with Mattress, Pillows, etc., complete, for 1 mill