

# Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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## TERMS:

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## Miscellaneous.

### THE FALSE COUNT.

Pierre Coignard was the son of a vine dresser of Langrais, in the department of the Indre-et-Loire, and served as a grenadier under the Convention. Though a brave soldier, he was an audacious thief, and was at length apprehended, tried, and condemned to fourteen years of the galleys. But he did not like the seclusion of the bagnio; and, chained as he was, like a wild beast, he contrived, in the fourth year of his imprisonment, to make his escape. His success, however, was attended by a circumstance which he had afterwards occasion to refer to as one of the great landmarks of his history. His comrade in the adventure had been likewise condemned, on the same day with himself, to fourteen years' fetters; and the two desperadoes were drawn together, not only by this coincidence in their fortunes, but by a dissimilarity in character and acquisitions which seemed to point them out as fit associates in crime.

What the one wanted, the other possessed. Coignard was tolerably well educated; the other had known no other school than that of the world. Coignard was an easy, pliant man of society; the other a character of iron, molten by nature in a mould which might be broken, but never bent. Coignard, in fine, obtained his ends by address, fortified by resolution; and the other, by implacable stubbornness of purpose, which was dead to all considerations but the one idea before it, which it grappled and clung to for life or death. The union of two such men would have enriched the annals of guilt; but it was not to take place. They were detected in the act of attempting to escape, and only one could fly. Had that one been the comrade, he would at once have rejected the temptation. And why? Because the object of their plan had failed, which was the sight of both. But Coignard, who never grew sulky, with fate, so far from abandoning his enterprise, made use of his unlucky young friend as a stepping stone in his escape; and, putting his foot upon his shoulder, spurred him away as he caught at the wall above, behind which he speedily disappeared, with the vengeful yell of his associate ringing in his ears. He changed his name from Coignard to Pontis, fled into Spain, joined anew the French army, became a sergeant under the regime of Marshal Soult, and distinguished himself by his bravery and good conduct.

At Saragossa, in the year 1813, Pontis made the acquaintance of a Spanish girl called Rosa Marcen, whom he afterwards married; and the two congenial spirits set themselves to work to discover a way to fortune less tedious and doubtful than the ranks. An extraordinary coincidence in names gave them the first hint; and, indeed, so strange an influence do seeming trifles exercise over the destinies of men, that it was perhaps to this coincidence was owing the intimacy of two beings so well calculated to play into each other's hands in the game of life. Why Pierre Coignard, among all the names in the world, should have chosen the name of Pontis, is not known; but it so happened that it was even as a household word in the ears of Rosa Marcen, she having served in some capacity or other in an emigrant family bearing that patronymic. Whether her service was that of a governess or a waiting woman, and whether she retired or was driven from it, are matters beyond the ken of biography; but it is certain that she beheld with great interest, an individual bearing a name so intimately associated with her own history. And this interest was not lessened by the fact that Pontis was a young and handsome soldier, at once polite and daring, and endowed with that cool and gentle self-possession, before which all weaker spirits quail like linnets beneath the voiceless eye of his keeper.

But "Pontis" was that was the name of a titled family. Was this young grenadier a cadet of the noble house whose representatives had fled before the horrors of the Revolution? He might be so, by his person and bearing; and the idea retained hold of the imagination of Rosa, even after she had learned that he had as little to do with the nobility, either of mind or birth, as herself. An epoch by-and-by came, when such an idea was likely to present itself in a more enticing form than now, when counts were at a discount. The French were compelled to evacuate the Peninsula. Louis le Desire returned to the throne of his ancestors; and our Pontis and his wife found themselves once more in a country where the husband had worked in chains as a forger.

They proceeded to Soissons, to look after the wreck which the Revolution might have spared of their ancestral fortune. They found themselves alone in the field. No other Pontis appeared upon the scene; all had perished in exile; and owing to the registers of the town having been burned in the confusion of the Revolution, the heir of the illustrious house was unable even to prove his birth! Thus unluckily situated, Pontis called upon an old lady of his own name, who was waiting in an agony of impatience to see her family re-established in their ancient honors

by the blessed restoration. She recognised the handsome young soldier as a Pontis at the first glance; she knew him by the hereditary nose; she could not be mistaken in the calm, firm, half smiling lip, which gave the world assurance of a Pontis. But who was this young wife whom he presented to her?—Had the unhappy man tarnished his blood with a *mealliance*? Had he brought some obscure foreigner the state of the Countess de Sainte Helene? No. The noble heir of the Pontis assured his aged relation, that even in exile he had been too proud of their common name to share it with one meaner than himself. This lady, though their marriage was unannounced by her family till his claims should be established, was of the highest blood of Spain—she was a daughter of the Viceroy of Malaga! This was enough, almost too much. The old lady wept with pride and delight and she ended by making the whole town weep with her. An act of notoriety, as it is called in French law, was readily obtained, recognising the birth of the returned emigrant; and this being transferred to the existing registers of Soissons, Pierre Coignard, the escaped felon, found himself transformed, as if by magic, into Pontis, Count de Sainte-Helene.

We have not ascertained that the pecuniary resources of the adventurer were much improved by this recognition of his nobility; indeed, it would seem from the context that this was not the case. It is far more difficult to obtain an estate than a title; and perhaps the count may have thought it imprudent to refer his claims to the searching abutment of the courts of law. But his grateful prince would not suffer the scion of the noble house to languish in poverty and obscurity; and, indeed, the talents of the count offered the fairest opportunities for his advancement, or rather made his advancement a duty on the part of the court. He received successively the knightly decorations of the Legion of Honour and Saint Louis, became a member of the order of Alcantara; and rose to be a Lieutenant Colonel in the Legion of the Seine. On his part, he repaid the loyal favor with unbounded devotion; his loyalty was without reproach, and he was esteemed one of the most rising and respectable characters in the French court.

The expensive manner in which the count lived, might have afforded, but for one circumstance, some suspicion that he enjoyed still weightier favors of government than crosses and decorations. The pay of a Lieutenant Colonel, with any fragments he might have recovered of his hereditary possessions, was not enough to account for a liberality as unbounded as it was unostentatious. The inexhaustible fund on which he drew was neither squandered nor spared; he had money for all legitimate purposes; and when other men had recourse, on extraordinary emergencies, to loans and mortgages, the Count de Sainte-Helene had nothing to do but write a check. His *marriage* accounted for this. His noble wife was the mine, on the produce of which he lived; and her Spanish gold was daily transmuted in any quantities into French silver.

It was supposed at the time, however, that other men had recourse to more disreputable means of supply; for the wholesale robberies that were committed on all hands had become as alarming as they were inexplicable. No precautions were sufficient for the safeguard of valuable property. In the recesses of palaces, thefts were as common as in the shops of the citizens; and it was obvious that there had been established a system of brigandage, whose organization comprehended a much higher class than usual. Even a nobleman was not safe from suspicion whose habits exhibited anything of the mysterious; but as for our Count and Countess, they lived so much in public, they belonged so completely to the court and to society, that the suspicion must have been well indeed which could attach itself to them.

One day the Count was at the head of his regiment in the Place du Carrouzel, assisting at a splendid military parade. On one side of the square were the garden and palace of the Tuileries; on the opposite side, the Avenue du Neully, extending as straight as an arrow along the Champs Elysees, to the verge of the horizon, now terminated by a triumphal arch, on the third the Place Vendome, with its noble column; and on the fourth, the Seine, spanned by a bridge, loaded with statues. This magnificent scene was crowded with spectators, even to the trees of the Champs Elysees; and as the Count de Sainte Helene felt himself to be one of the great actors in the pageant, a wild thought must have heaved the chest of the escaped forger. But the word he hardly now considered to apply to him; for his fourteen years' sentence was expired if not fulfilled. Some days ago he had celebrated in his own mind the fourteenth anniversary of his condemnation, and declared himself to be a free man! It is no wonder that on this occasion he should revert exultingly to his escape from the bagnio, as an event which had turned the current of his life, and given to him his fortune; but as his thoughts lost themselves in the recollection, he leaped suddenly in the saddle, as if transfixed with a spear.

At first he hardly knew what it was that had affected him, or knowing it, he set it down as a delusion growing out of his waking dream. An eye had rested upon his for a moment, as his face was turned towards the crowd—a phantom eye, doubtless, such as sometimes glares upon us from the abysses of memory, for he never could meet with it again. Yet the count could not help repeating to himself, nor avoid a sensation of sickness as he did so, that the comrade he had abandoned to his chains, spurning him with his foot while he did so, was now a free man like himself, and by a more legitimate title! In the case of almost any other human being in similar circumstances, this would have been of little consequence, for he was now rich enough to buy silence from hate itself. But Pontis knew his man.

That night the portress of a common looking house in the rue Saint Maur was called from her repose by a gentle ring at the bell. "What is your pleasure?" said she, speaking through the wicket. "I am alone, and although very poor, do not care to open to strangers." The visitor muttered a word in reply, and the door was opened as instantly as her ponderous bolts permitted. He followed her through a ruinous court, and signifying by a silent gesture that he would dispense with her further services, he knocked at another door. Here he was again challenged; but his voice gained him admittance as before, and presently he found himself in a room much more comfortable than might have been expected from the exterior.

"What! you here?" said the man who opened the door to him, and who was the only inmate of the apartment. "Why, Peter, this is an unusual and unexpected honor." "I have reasons, Alexander," replied the visitor, gravely; and as he opened his cloak and threw his hat upon the table, the striking resemblance between the two men would have enabled a stranger to pronounce them at once to be brothers.

"Reasons you of course have, for you never act without them; but before you open your budget, let me put you in good humor by presenting you with this handsome sum of money, your share of as rich a spoil as we have yet taken." "Set it down; I cannot attend to business at present. I have seen a ghost." "A ghost! I know a man who would scare even you; but I was not aware that you stood in special awe of the immaterial world. In what form appeared the ghost?"

"In the form of a human eye, which was fixed upon mine to-day for an instant in the Place du Carrouzel. Whether it was anything more than a fragment of a dream I had fallen into at the moment, I cannot tell; but if it was really in a human head, it belongs to the man you allude to." "And what then?" "Merely that I am lost." "What nonsense! You are too clever, too self-possessed; too far-seeing for that. You are unknown even to your own hand—I, your lieutenant and your brother, being the sole medium of communication between you. Besides me, you have no confidant in the world but your own wife, your splendid countess, who is the life and soul of the association, without whose guiding voice we could not stir a step, and who could not criminate you without destroying herself."

"All that is true; but you do not know the man as I do." "We must buy him." "It is for that I am here. But take care you bid high. Strip me of all I possess—take the diamond crosses from my breast—the jewels from my wife's hair—but let him have his price! You must do still more than that."

"Not blood?" "Not without necessity. We must employ him. We must steep his hand in crime—and that will be your easiest task. Till he is again at the mercy of the police—till the fourteen years' fetters of Toulon dance again before his vision—it is impossible for me to sleep."

"And if all fails? If he will neither steal gold nor accept of it as a present?" "Then we shall talk farther."

Among the crowd that day in the Place du Carrouzel, there had been a man who attracted the attention of some of the older members of the police. His was a well-known face; but it had not been seen for many years and the thief-takers employed themselves in getting the lineaments again by heart. But the man, secure in his innocence, (for the bagnio wipes off all scores), strolled carelessly on. He did not meet a single acquaintance—fourteen years being, in his calling, the outside limits of a generation; till all on a sudden, as he glanced on a general officer passing slowly on horseback, an expression of surprise crept upon his face, his dull eye lightened with joy, and then the brief illumination faded away into a fixed and lurid glare.

At that moment the officer appeared to see him; and shutting his eyes suddenly, and ducking under the shoulders of the crowd, the old forger turned away. It was easy for him to ascertain the rank and position of the object of his interest; to learn that, without estates, he possessed prodigious wealth; that he had brought a wife with him from Spain, who was supposed to be the source of his riches; and that the records of Soissons having been burned, he had established his birth by an act of notoriety. "Ah!" said he, "that is so like him! He is a clever fellow, and he is now at his old tricks; but he has climbed thus far upon the shoulder of his comrade—he must down!" He went straight to the office of the prefect, and denounced Lieutenant Colonel Pontis, Count de Sainte-Helene, as an escaped forger. The clerks laughed at him, the prefect ordered him to be turned out, and the informer, saying politely that he would call again tomorrow, took his leave.

The next morning he was met near the prefecture by a man, who entered into conversation with him. "You are from Toulon?" said the stranger, abruptly. "Well, if so?" "You are going to denounce somebody?" "Well?" "He is too strong for you." "We shall see." "Are you rich?" "I have still enough for dinner: I must shift as I can for the rest of the day." "Will a thousand francs do?" "No." "Ten thousand?" "No." "Twenty thousand?" "No." "Come, at a word—do you want to be friends with you? What do you want?"

"Take four from fourteen, and there are ten; ten years of fetters would satisfy me. I will not abate him a month!"

"Ha!—ha!—ha! that is a good joke! But you do not know that he is more than a count, more than a knight, more than a lieutenant colonel? Can you guess what he is?" "Yes; he is the man who broke his compact with me in the bagnio of Toulon, and spurned me away with his foot as he sprang over the wall. I must have him back: it is only justice. Good morning!" and the old forger went into the prefecture.

This time he was apparently but little more successful than on the former occasion; but the functionaries were surprised at his pertinacity, and considered it due to the character of the count to send some one to him to hint deliberately at the calamities that were abroad. They told the informer, therefore, that inquiries would be made, and directed him to call the next day, in the idea that by that time they would have authority to take him into custody. He was pleased, accordingly with his success. He dined cheerfully; spent the afternoon in walking about; in the evening felt hungry again, but resisted the temptation to commit a theft, lest he should be locked up from the business that engrossed him; and at night, being perfectly moneyless, he repaired to one of the bridges to sleep under an arch.

This was the most quiet, though by no means the most solitary bed-chamber he could have found; for that night every crib in Paris was searched for him by messengers who would have silenced him in one way or other. As it was, he lay undisturbed, except by his dreams, and the fitful moonbeams glanced like spectres upon the water. Sometimes he awoke, and fancied himself in the prison of Toulon, till reassured by the voice of the river which murmured in his ear, "It is only justice." Then he felt hungry, and the night air grew chill, and the hard stones pierced his limbs; and he thought of the thousands and thousands of francs that had been offered him, and of the pleasure and dignity of robbing in a great hand commanded by a nobleman. But then he shrugged his shoulder, by means of which Coignard had stepped upon the wall, and looking forward to the morrow, a grim feeling of satisfaction stole over his heart, the indulgence of which seemed better than food, money or honor. And then the moon-beams disappeared on the river, and the wind moaned along its bosom, and the waters moaned with a hollow murmur which syllabled in his ear, "Justice—justice!" and he fell into a profound slumber that lasted till the morning.

The prefect in the meantime had employed General Despinos to wait upon the count; but the latter, instead of meeting the charge with the incredulity, ridicule or indignation that had been expected, made quiet speeches, and entered into long explanations, and the astonished envoy returned to his employers, hardly able to form an opinion. That opinion was, however, at once come to by the most experienced authorities of the prefecture; and after a minute examination of the informer, who had planted himself at the office door long before it opened in the morning, it was determined to arrest the count on suspicion of being an escaped felon. But this was only what he had expected, and for some days all Paris was searched for him in vain. They tracked him at length to the house in the rue St. Maur; and although he defended himself with the pistols, both of which he discharged at the *gens d'armes*, he was overpowered and taken into custody. The revelations made in this den of thieves identified him with the mysterious chief of banditti who had so long kept the city in awe; and, being conducted to the prison of La Force, he was tried for various distinct robberies, as well as for his evasion from the bagnio of Toulon.

A narrative like this, from its circumstances laid only a few years ago, wears an air of improbability; but many persons quite as extraordinary took place after the confusion of the Revolution. The peculiar feature in the case of Coignard is, that the imposture was followed out to the very last, in spite of the legal exposure. He would not plead by any other name than his fictitious one; and the president of the court was obliged to call him simply, "you accused." When transferred to his old quarters at Toulon, under the sentence of fetters for life, he preserved the calm sedate dignity of an injured man, and was much respected by the other *forçats*, who always addressed him by his assumed title. This character he continued to enact up to his death; and perhaps he ended by persuading even himself that the companion of nobles, and the *protege* of a king, was in reality the Count de Sainte-Helene.—*Albion*.

On a Printer. Here lies a form—place no imposing stone. To mark the bed where weary it lay: 'Tis matter dead!—its mission all being done—To be distributed to dust again. The body's but the type, at best, of man. Whose impress is the spirit's deathless page: Worn out, the type is thrown to pi again. The impression lives through an eternal age.

He who marries a pretty face, only is like a buyer of cheap furniture—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fire-side blaze. "Ma, that nice young man, Mr. Brown, is very fond of kissing." "Mind your seam, Julia, who told you such nonsense?" "I had it from his own lips, ma."

Snooks says that the best sewing machine in the world is one about seventeen years old, with a short sleeve dress, pretty little feet with gaiter boots on. A poor fellow having got his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that the brain was visible, on which he remarked: "Do write to father, for he always swore I had none."

## THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE. ARRIVAL OF THE NIAGARA!

HALIFAX, Oct. 25. The steamship Niagara arrived early this morning with European dates to the 14th instant, three days later than by the Washington.

The sad intelligence of the disaster to the Arctic had been received at Liverpool by the arrival of the Cleopatra steamship, which it will be remembered was at St. John, N. F., when the Vesta arrived there in a crippled condition. The steamship Arabia arrived at Liverpool on Saturday morning the 14th inst. The liabilities of Mr. McHenry are estimated at half a million.

The last advices from the Black Sea are that Sebastopol was invested by the allied troops on the south and east, and that the guns of the siege train were playing upon the walls.

Menshikoff maintains his position on the north, and is expecting reinforcements under Gen. Osten Sacken and Gortschakoff. Prussia is reported to have expressed its willingness to act with Austria.

The report that Menshikoff had obstructed the harbor of Sebastopol by sinking seven ships of the line there, is confirmed.

English papers by the Niagara are interesting, but really contain little news, except in relation to the war. On the 24th the allies had destroyed the aqueduct, and cut off the supplies of water from the city, which is now supplied from reservoirs. It was expected that an assault would be made soon, probably on the 8th. The Russians had erected sand batteries, armed with ship's guns, but the range of the allies' artillery was greater. The allied trenches were within 1600 yards of the walls, and already mounted fifty guns.

A private despatch says that two breaches were made in "Quarantaine" on the 8th, and another, as reliable, states that no bombardment had occurred on the 8th. The French and English Generals have officially notified their governments that on September 23d, immediately on the reception of the news of the battle of Alma, Menshikoff sunk five of his line of battle ships and two frigates in eight or ten fathoms water, thus completely blocking up the entrance to the harbor of Sebastopol, and preventing the possibility of an attack by sea. These ships were sunk with all their guns and stores on board, and rigging standing.

The English are much incensed at this expedient, which has contributed to cause the Generals to change their plan of operations, and to attack the south, instead of the north side of the city.

The Russians hold their remaining ships ready to be sunk, and the crews, amounting to 10,000 men, are added to the garrison of Sebastopol. It is said the Russians have likewise sunk ships across the straits of Yenikoi.

The allied fleets thus being comparatively useless at sea, Admiral Dundas has sent the marines on shore to join the army. A letter in the *Voice* suggests that the powerful iron steamer Simoon, which is equivalent to a force of 4,000 tons, should be employed as a steam battering ram, to force passages over the sand on ships. This expedient will probably be tried.

From the present disposition of the allied forces between Balaklava and Cape Chersonese, it seems that the north side of the harbor, is not invested, and that the whole country north of Sebastopol is now evacuated by the allied force, which, it is likely, passed through it.

The supposition is confirmed by a statement in despatches from Admiral Dundas, dated September 25, where he says that having sent the steamers *Albion* and *Vesuvius* to Alla, to collect the wounded Russians, and convey them under a flag of truce to Odessa, the British hospitals being full, his force was threatened by a force of 600 Russians, and had to re-embark under cover of the ship's guns.

All the allied reserves had left Varna for the Crimea. Two French and one English regiment from Malta will occupy the Pireus. The Russians are reported to have blown up the fortresses of Anappa and Souchoum Kale, and sent their garrisons of 15,000 men to reinforce Menshikoff.

Odessa advices of the 7th state that Menshikoff's right wing was at Bakchisarria, and his centre at Sinperofel, where the reinforcements from Perkop will concentrate. Prussia is reported to have expressed its willingness to act with Austria. This declaration is in consequence of energetic notes from France and England. The last advices from the Black Sea are that Sebastopol was invested by the allied troops on the south and east, and that the guns of the siege train were playing upon the walls. Menshikoff maintains his position on the north, and is expecting reinforcements under Generals Osten Sacken and Gortschakoff. The report that Menshikoff had obstructed the harbor of Sebastopol, by sinking seven ships of the line there, is confirmed. It is supposed that the siege artillery of the allies had been mounted in a battery around Sebastopol on the 4th. On the 5th the bombardment is reported to have commenced.—The regular assault was expected on the 8th inst. The allied trenches were within 1600 yards of the walls, and they have already mounted fifty guns. The whole country north of Sebastopol has been evacuated by the allies, and the reserved forces have left Varna to join the siege. Osten Sacken was at Perkop, since the 24th inst., and was not expected to join Menshikoff before the 15th inst. The *Paris Journal des Debats* estimates the Russian forces in the Crimea at 85,000.

and the allied troops at 90,000, including the seamen from the fleet.

The two Russian Generals taken at Alma were Gortchakoff and Ichanoff. Both of them were wounded, and one has since died. It is said that the Russians had but 55,000 men at Alma, considering that number sufficient to defend the position. Menshikoff, though sick at the time, sat on the heights, and directed the battle.

The Turks besetted all the wounded Russians, crying out "Sinope!" Lord Raglan has taken command of the allied army. Caurobert, the new commander of the French army, is considered energetic and adventurous, but doubts are entertained of his ability as a tactician.

FROM THE BALTIC. The Baltic portion of Admiral Plunbridge's squadron, and Admiral Deschene's fleet were at Kiel on the 7th. The greater part of the fleet under Admiral Napier was at anchor near Revel. It is almost certain that no operations will now be attempted.

ASIA. Schamyl has been defeated by Prince Aldronitoff, who again threatens Kars.

AFRICA AND PRUSSIA. Notes have been sent by France and England to the Prussian Government, backing that of Austria, and requiring of Prussia a declaration of her intentions as to the maintenance of an offensive and defensive alliance with Austria.

The proposition of Manteuffel, by which he intended to preserve a good understanding, not having been favorably received, he had tendered his resignation and left town, but was recalled and returned. The king had arrived and presided at the Council. All that has transpired as to the result of the deliberations is, that Manteuffel withdrew his resignation, and that conciliatory declarations are to be addressed to the Cabinet at Vienna, and that eventually Prussia is to adopt a policy in accordance with that of Austria.

The latest Anglo-French note was very energetic. It called on Prussia to decide for or against the Western Powers. The Prince of Prussia, who is favorable to an immediate alliance, has been sent on a special mission to Vienna.

The expectation now is that Prussia will declare her policy identical with that of Austria. The *London Globe* says:—"A conference is now assembled on the continent, which is without a precedent, acting, as it is understood to be, under the directions of the President of the United States. The Ambassadors of that country are assembled to exchange information, consult, and report on the state of affairs on the Continent. American trade is now carried to every part of the world, and the conference has in view the due protection and advancement of those interests in any new arrangement of treaties that may be made in Europe."

Mr Buchanan left London on Saturday, and has already been met by the American Ministers to Paris and Madrid. A national subscription has been set on foot for the benefit of the wounded in the recent battles. Sir Gordon Drummond is dead. One thousand pounds have been subscribed in Australia towards presenting Wm Smith O'Brien a gold vase.

FRANCE. The recent mammoth fabrication about the fall of Sebastopol has been traced to the Paris Bourse.

SPAIN. A despatch dated Madrid, Oct 10, says that the elections were proceeding quietly, with advantage to the Progressives. The Emperor has ordered a rigid investigation into the fraud, and says he will punish with severity those who may ever be proved guilty. A correspondent of the Journal, in Smyrna, is implicated.

The British Ambassador had notified the French government, officially, of the condoleance of the English government with France, in reference to the death of Marshal St. Arnaud. The *Monitor* publishes letters from St. Arnaud, showing that he was aware of his approaching end, and ready to meet it. The unalloyed which he died, was disease of the heart. His remains arrived at Marseilles on the 10th inst., and were received with all the honors due to his high position.

The Imperial decree orders that his remains shall be deposited in the Hotel des Invalides.

INDIA AND CHINA. The arrival of the overland mail from India is telegraphed, bringing dates from Shanghai to August 7th, and Canton to August 21st. The city of Canton continued in a state of siege. Shanghai was still in the hands of the insurgents. Ningpo, Foo Choo and Amoy were quiet. Much tea will be exported from Foo Choo. Nona, however, had yet arrived at Canton, and business was quite suspended.

THE LATEST. The following despatch was published at St. Petersburg on the 11th inst. "Nothing fresh had occurred before Sebastopol up to the 6th inst. Gen. Menshikoff retained his old position on the north side."

Paris, Friday, Oct. 13.—A private telegraphic despatch from Vienna, dated this day, announces that, according to a despatch from Lord Raglan, dated the 6th, the siege works of the allied forces were sufficiently advanced to admit of the opening fire being commenced in a few days.