

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster is at present at Paris, engaged in the transaction of important business connected with the Catholic Church in England. On Sunday last his Eminence had a lengthened audience of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French.

INCREASED POPULARITY OF THE WAR IN FRANCE.—One good result at least has been obtained from the lion's share that fell to France in the capture of Sebastopol. The almost exclusive glory of that exploit has flattered and aroused the nation. Thousands who were, or feigned to be, indifferent to the war, have now thrown all their interests and all their energies into it. Regiments under orders to depart for the Crimea welcome with enthusiasm a summons received formerly with aversion. The war until now not universally popular with even the French army has of a sudden become so.—*London Examiner.*

The refusal of the military commandant of Messina to hoist the Neapolitan colors on the fête day of the French Emperor has been satisfactorily explained to the French government by that of the King of Naples. The latter regrets the omission, and gives "the assurance that formal instructions will prevent in future in all the ports of the Two Sicilies, the omission that has occasioned the just complaints of the government of the Emperor."

GERMANY.

Mr. Curtis, the English consul at Cologne, has been fined fifty dollars, with three months' imprisonment, for recruiting for the British German Legion, contrary to the laws of Prussia. Two of his agents have been similarly dealt with. Mr. Curtis has appealed against the sentence.

ITALY.

The correspondent of the *London Times*, writes from Rome:—"A person who is extremely well informed of what is passing in the political world, informs me that the Neapolitan Government has an 'imbroglio' with Rome as well as with the Western Powers. Some over-zealous person persuaded the Jesuits residing in the Kingdom of Naples to give a written certificate that an absolute Government was the only good one. When the intelligence of what had been done reached Rome, the Vicar-General of the Jesuits was very wrath, and disavowed the whole affair. That he did so will not appear very astonishing, when it is considered that the Republic of Paraguay was founded by the Jesuits.

RUSSIA.

A letter from Berlin in the *Cologne Gazette* says:—

"The greatest dissatisfaction is manifested by the higher classes of St. Petersburg. The state of affairs bequeathed by the preceding Government is borne with impatience, and little thanks are offered to the German Powers for the purely non-interventional and diplomatic attitude which prolongs the war. Still no real concessions are dreamt of. Russia is silent as yet on the Sound duty question. It is evident that at present a suppression of that duty would be but of slight advantage to her.

RELIGIOUS DISCONTENT IN RUSSIA.—The rumor of considerable religious discontent existing in Russia, is confirmed by a Government Circular just issued to the Russian Clergy:—"He who doubts the Czar to be the sole protector of the Orthodox Church, is declared to be an apostate."

Admires from St. Petersburg state that the Emperor is about to publish a manifesto ordering a levy of 10 men in every thousand throughout the empire, with the exception of some few provinces."

The preamble of the ukase for the new levies is in the following words:—"In consequence of the losses which our troops have suffered in the campaign of this year, we look upon it as indispensable thoroughly to complete our armies, for the purpose of repelling the enterprises of the enemy.

"ALEXANDER."

"Nicholaieff, October 15."

"Travellers who have recently passed Nicholaieff relate that the greatest energy is displayed in fortifying the Admiralty-Stadt (Admiralty-city).

"The Emperor himself sometimes appears in the trenches and encourages the soldiers. It is also related that he often visits the military hospitals, and speaks words of comfort to the sick. In one of the wards is an officer who received most frightful wounds at Sebastopol. The face of this poor fellow, which had been terribly burned, was covered as the monarch passed, in order that it might not be seen. The Emperor, however, lifted the linen covering, and on seeing that the eyes were completely destroyed he grasped the sufferer by the hand, and shed tears. The blind man, who heard that the Emperor was weeping, pressed his hand to his lips and blessed him. Alexander then took the Order of St. George from his own breast, and placing it in the hand of the officer, retired."

General Prince Gortschakoff has received, through General Stackelberg, full powers from the Emperor to defend or abandon the Crimea, according to circumstances, without incurring any responsibility for the determination to which he may come.

THE ARMY BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

(From the *Times* Correspondent.)

Oct. 20.—Here, at Sebastopol, nothing has been going on, and, in the absence of events, we are left to reflect on the past and to speculate on the future.—In the hasty lines I added to my last letter, just before post-hour, I mentioned that the projected expedition to Eupatoria was given up, an attack upon our own lines being expected. Accordingly, we since then have been turning out before daybreak every

morning, and occasionally at other hours also. Late on Wednesday night the reserve ammunition was warned to be ready early in the morning, as there was every probability of an attack. On Thursday forenoon the French were formed up in the Valley of the Tchernaya, awaiting a foe who came not. Yesterday, about noon, there were movements of troops, and it was reported that large masses of Russians were visible. There is much note of preparation and clatter of arms, but it nevertheless is the opinion of many here—some of them persons whose opinion has weight—that our Muscovite friends have not the remotest idea of attacking us, and that Lord Panmure's information to a contrary effect, derived from Berlin, proceeds, in fact, from St. Petersburg, or at any rate from friends of our enemies, who desire to prevent us from taking advantage of what little fine weather remains to undertake fresh expeditions. If this be the case, how heartily the Russians and their underhand favorites must have laughed when they heard of the trip to Eupatoria having been abandoned! On Wednesday the telegraph brought fresh information, originating in Vienna, to our head-quarters, to the effect that the Russians were about to abandon the north side. At present there are no visible signs of such approaching evacuation, nor is there any probable reason to assign for it, excepting one, which is, that the Russians find it impossible to supply their army during the winter. On this point opinions differ much. Some think that there will be no difficulty in bringing enough supplies by the road from Perekop; others doubt that road being sufficient, and think also that the Russian means of transport will run short.—It is pretty certain that no large depot of provisions exists near at hand, and also that none has ever existed, even at the commencement of the siege; for last winter the Russians—who doubtless never contemplated a siege or anything like such duration, nor probably an attack at all by land, and had made sure of speedily beating off any naval force brought against their great fortress—had a constant stream of supplies pouring into the town. It may be urged that they have taken advantage of the summer to lay in stores; but the drought of that season is as unfavorable to such an operation as the wet and cold and heavy roads of winter; and, unless by camels, which can do but little, transport continues very difficult. Taking a fair and unprejudiced view of all the chances and probabilities, I do not think they can have done more than make the supply meet the demand, and even that, we have reason to believe, at times but scantily. Their loss of beasts of draught and burden must have been prodigious, and the wear and tear of their ill-made carts proportionately large. Their chief motive for striving to retain their present position would be that, if they anticipate negotiations for peace this winter, these would be carried on more favorably to them whilst they still have a footing in the Crimea than if they had moved out of it, leaving us to garrison Sebastopol and Simpheropol, and, if we choose, to transport our army to the Danube and to Asia.

In Sebastopol itself there is nothing new. The Russians continue firing at the town, with little reply from the French. They fire principally at Sebastopol proper, but now and then drop a shot or shell into the Karabelnaia, and sometimes take the flagstaff on the Malakhoff for their mark. It is difficult to say why we spare them so much, unless it be that we expect them soon to walk away, and leave us their north side forts in good order and condition, which would be expecting rather too much. There would be no difficulty in forming batteries of heavy guns, to knock some, at least, of their defences about their ears.—Outside the town the French are hard at work leveling their siegeworks, filling up trenches, &c., though why they should take that trouble it is hard to say, unless they contemplate the probability of Sebastopol being garrisoned by the allies, and they, in their turn, besieged by the Russians. Visitors to the exterior works continue to be occasionally pretty numerous; fewer persons go into the town, the fire, which sometimes is really heavy, rendering it unpleasant. A more curious spectacle is assuredly nowhere to be found than in the space comprised between the lines where our batteries were and the harbor of Sebastopol. The ground in parts is literally paved with shot sunk in the earth, above which their upper surface scarcely rises; there are ditches and trenches in which they lie as thick as apples in a basket; in some places numbers of them have been buried. You see them of every size, from the huge 68-pounder down to the diminutive grape—jolly little fellows, of a pleasant vinous appellation, but very nasty to run against as they are passing through the air. As to the fragments of shell, you might macadamize roads with them—jagged, rusty bits of iron, infinitely various in size and form; one thinks, as one looks at them, how many a stout and gallant fellow received his quietus from some of them before they fell to the ground after their diverging upward flight. Then you come upon ill-treated cannon, trunnionless some, others with muzzles knocked off, some burst into two or three pieces, and others bearing indentations as from the hammer of a Cyclops. You walk up into the Redan—into the Malakhoff, if the French sentries object not—and you marvel at the huge dimensions of those famous works, and feel more surprised at their having ever become ours than at their having so long resisted the utmost efforts of English and French—such a medley of enormous earthworks, huge lumps of stone, heaps upon heaps of shot and broken shell and damaged guns, everything rugged and battered—a work of giants reduced to chaos.—And then the gloomy, fetid bombproofs, where, for so long a time, the stubborn Russians lurked—wretched holes, worse than most dungeons. A minutely accurate drawing of as much of the Malakhoff or Redan as an artist could embrace at a view would give a better idea of the nature of the difficulties to be surmounted than any attempted sketch of the fort.

The state of the town itself is the best proof of the enormous loss the Russians must have suffered during this long and eventful siege, and especially towards the close, when no part of the south side seems to have escaped our projectiles. The place is literally riddled with shot. You come upon all kinds of fantastical shattering—houses that stand when, according to all one's previous notions of support and balance, they ought to fall to the ground; walls with huge holes through them; roofs in rags, and every where, within and without the place, the ground is ploughed up into great holes by the bursting of shells. The news of the repulse and very heavy loss of the Russians at Kars is fully confirmed. The English officers there are said to have highly distinguished themselves. This severe check and the capture of Kinburn forts and their garrison must be a great dis-

couragement to the enemy. The success of the expedition makes one doubly regret that more has not been undertaken, and that so little profit has been made of the six weeks that have now elapsed since the capture of Sebastopol. It is manifest that we have ample means at our command, and that whatever is ordered, within reason, will be triumphantly executed by the zeal, skill, and courage of our officers and men, even though, as at Kinburn, our line of battle ships have to be taken where there are but two feet of water under their keels. What is wanting is a head to devise and decision and promptitude in command. It were unfair not to make due allowances for some difficulties and obstacles of which we know nothing, but we should be ever-indulgent and over-credulous if we admitted that all has been done that might have been.

The well-intended kindness of the "Queen's sixpence" is doing, I fear, much harm; used as it is by a very large portion of the soldiers as a means of excessive drinking. The consequence of this, and of the insubordination and many offences it leads to, is a large amount of punishment of various kinds—extra guards, stone-carrying, and flogging. The cart-wheel (here substituted for the triangle) is frequently rigged, and the Provost-Marshal and his assistants have plenty on their hands; but 25 lashes, or even 50, are not sufficient to wean the British soldier from his favorite vice. I hear of regiments in which there are literally scores of men under punishment of one sort or other for intoxication. One regiment was cited to me (I refrain from naming it) in which there were 60 offenders of all sorts at one time. In another nine sergeants were broken from drunkenness. On Saturday there was an issue of back pay (the extra sixpence), and I never witnessed a more disgraceful scene than was presented by the part of the camp in which it happened to be at about an hour before sunset on Sunday afternoon. I have no reason to believe that it was confined to that part of the camp; but I mention only that which I and a military friend who accompanied me actually saw, as we went against a railing enjoying the beauty of the evening. Half the men who passed along a track a little in our front were more or less intoxicated. Some were merely unsteady, others staggered, and straggled out of the path. Some were pugnacious, and we saw two fights begin, which were only put an end to by the arrival of a patrol. None, more than myself, would advocate every reasonable indulgence to an army which has deserved so well of its country as that of the Crimea, displaying, as it has done, on repeated occasions, and for long periods, the utmost valor, fortitude, and patience. But if means are not found of checking the great drunkenness that at present goes on here, the result will be a grievous scandal to the service. At the same time that I gladly record the physical well-being of the troops, I am bound to declare my conviction that they have never, since the commencement of the war, been in worse discipline and subordination.

HOW CATHOLICITY IS OPPOSED—A THOUGHT FOR HONEST PROTESTANTS.

(From the *Catholic Telegraph*.)

An honest Protestant is a Protestant who is opposed to the Catholic religion—not for the sake of political aggrandizement; but because he sincerely believes it to be not the religion of Christ. That there are such, we are happy to believe. There is something in passing events well worthy the attention of these sincere men. Enough has transpired lately for them to see, if they do not close their eyes, that there must be something wrong, something rotten in the opposition to Catholics in this country.

In the first place, the spirit of the anti-Catholic crusade is wrong. If the charity of Christ—love for the souls of men actuated our opposers, why should they drag the discussion into the arena of politics, and make their views a stepping-stone to political high places? If they are confident of their right, why should they leave the contest of reason; and appeal, theoretically, to the civil law, practically, to mob violence, to extirpate our creed and its adherents? If it be for eternity they are laboring—defenders of the tremendous interests of souls that shall live forever—how do they not shrink from lighting the fire of hate in the hearts of neighbors—causing and justifying scenes of blood and carnage that humanity shudders to look at?

Secondly, the means employed in this crusade are all wrong. They are, in a nutshell, calumny and falsehood. Calumny of our persons—falsehood with regard to our doctrines. The instance of calumny lately exploded by Archbishop Purcell in the *Gazette* of this city is but one out of a countless host. In most cases these calumnies are accompanied with circumstances of bad faith and avowed treachery most revolting to the heart. Apostate Catholics, degraded ex-priests, try to cast their own uncleanness back upon the associates whose society they have forfeited. False friends relate in the dark lantern circles, what they pretend to have received in confidence from their Catholic friends whom they calumniate while they betray.

Every crime that human malice can conceive is laid at the door of Catholics; and the good they do—their charities, self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of humanity, are sedulously concealed or brazenly denied. An instance of this we publish in another column of our present issue. A Bishop of a sect distinguished for its unrelenting hate of everything Catholic finds it convenient to make "a tour in New-York" while the yellow fever is in Norfolk. His family is seized with the plague, and nursed by the Sisters of Charity. He writes an elaborate account of the sickness, at his home, for a journal of his sect, and in that does not even mention the name of Sisters of Charity!

Now, can it be the cause of God that is supported by such means?

Falsehood with regard to our doctrines is another weapon of anti-Catholic warfare. Take any instance you will of a controversy between a Protestant and a Catholic, and you will find it to be little less than a wrangle, the Protestant always laboring to make it appear that the Catholic believes what he says he does not believe. But if Catholic doctrines are so untenable, so absurd as Protestants have been educated to consider them, why not state them fairly, and confute them logically? Does God need a lie to overcome error? Is human reason so debased that it can be turned away from falsehood only by another falsehood?

Catholic controversialists are never found mis-stating the Protestant doctrines they confute. They never accuse Protestants of holding opinions or entertaining

practices they abhor. What is the cause of this difference? Is it that the errors of Popery can triumph in the statement of truth, and the pure gospel of Luther and Henry VIII. must hide itself under the cover of falsehood? Simplicity must be stretched to fatuity in those who can credit such a hypothesis.

Finally the men engaged in this anti-Catholic crusade are of a character to excite suspicion against the cause they have espoused. We do not wish to disparage any one in particular, or to allude to that class of them personified by Judson, Poole, Prentice, etc. We take them as a whole, and our Protestant friends will agree with us that they are at best men of the world—men whose aims, interests, reach no higher than wealth, place, party triumph. Now, can any man who believes religion to be divine entertain for a moment the idea that its sole defenders are those who practically and theoretically care nothing for its precepts? that in the combat between truth and error, error would so far triumph as to constrain truth, eternal, unchangeable, mighty as God, its Author, to seek refuge in an alliance of sordid head politicians and hungry office-seekers?

Let honest Protestants that love religion dearer than faction, that value their souls more than their prejudices, think of these things. The cause that is sustained only by mob violence, and hate, and social strife, by calumny and falsehood, that is cherished by men who love no religion, cannot be the cause of God. These means are not the means, that spirit is not the spirit, those men are not the auxiliaries of Christ.

This character of the opposition to it does not prove the Catholic religion to be true; but it proves enough to startle every sincere Protestant from that unwise security with which he has hitherto acquiesced in the prejudices of his education. Think in time. The correction of error that comes with eternity is effectual, but unavailing.

PROJECT FOR A GREAT DOMESTIC SAVING.—The tyranny of the washerwoman was intolerable, and we determined to become the Pym and Hampdens of the laundry. Some were inclined to what may be called the fifth monarchy principles of total abolition, and talked of dirt and independence, by never having their clothes washed at all; but the principles of cleanliness and moderation were dear to the great majority. So I laid before them a plan I had deeply studied. The lady of the present day to whom wealth has been entrusted for the purpose of showing what a noble and unselfish use can be made of it, had presented to the hospital at Scutari an admirable contrivance for the rapid drying of the linen of a vast establishment for the reception of upwards of a thousand sick and wounded men. In the model wash-houses of London excellent appliances had been introduced for the saving of labour and fuel. In another quarter I heard of a contrivance for the washing of the clothes, where machinery performed the first and hardest part of the labour, leaving only the easier portion of the ironing and getting-up to the hands of the professional ladies. The calculations made by all the people I consulted as to the saving of expense by the adoption of these and other processes was, that it could not be less than a half of the usual outlay, and might be a great deal more. Here was a saving of half my annual bill—if of mine, of Jobbins' and Mobbins', and everybody else's. Now the number of people in this district with incomes from £300 up to £1200 a year is immense; and although a man's outlay in this respect is not regulated by his income, but principally by the number of his family, I considered I was safe in taking the average washing bill of each family at £30 a year, which is certainly not half their amount under the usual system. There are 40 of us, all anxious to be tidy and economical, and here was a sum of £1200 a year on which we rely with certainty. We formed a sort of joint-stock company, managed by a committee of ourselves. We purchased an old barn, and fitted it up with long troughs for the washing, immense cauldrons, fed from a tank of soft water, and a large drying closet, with every apparatus of pipe and cistern that could be required. We also turned a portion of the building into a room for the finishing off of finer portions of apparel, with ironing boards, needles, threads, and buttons to supply the place of the lost and broken; and the expense of all this preliminary stock was about £300. In the old arrangement labour is almost the entire expense. In a washing, for instance, of a moderately sized family, amounting to what is technically called twenty-four dozen articles, be it understood, not for material—namely, 1s 2d for soap, 3d for soda, 1s for starch, and 1d for blue. Now here comes in the overwhelming advantage of the economy of labour. Our staff consists of 15 damsels, strapping and tall, at 12s a week, a man and horse and cart, for general purposes, we take at £1 12s; materials of all sorts, such as soap, starch, and soda, we put down at £5 a week, the coals at £4; and the interest on subscribed capital at 12s. This makes a grand total of £20 4s a week, or about £1050 a year. In addition to this, we must calculate the salary of a clerk of the washing-book, whom we think of appointing to keep the accounts and collect the weekly payments, and this, being liberal, we fix at £75. But with all this, there is a very satisfactory margin on the original estimate. We shall consider the surplus a fund for repairs and sundries—for machinery will get out of order, troughs will leak, tubs are not perennial, and coal and other materials may rise in price. If, instead of 40 families, we had 80, the proportionate expenditure to each, would be still further diminished. But the great principle of the plan is as much proved by 20 as by 100. It is in anybody's power to diminish his washing bill by a half, and that without injury to the present face of gin-loving blanchisseuses; for their work will be certain instead of precarious; the linen will be more carefully treated, the water mixed with no deleterious ingredients to give an easy whiteness to the collar, and front, at the expense of early rotteness and decay; and, in fact, as I said before, I have no doubt the Russian war could be carried on with the savings effected in suds and soda.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL LORD GOUGH.—The following is from the *Northampton Whig*: "As the gallant hero of the Punjab is clearly distinguished, we take the liberty of giving his full name above:—"We have received from an esteemed correspondent the following account of an incident that has recently occurred in the range of his own experience. There were in the public room of the principal hotel of Athlone four commercial travellers, quietly sitting waiting for dinner. Three of them were Irishmen; representing Dublin firms; who, having concluded their business for the day, were busy writing out their orders for the