

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

## FRANCE.

That portion of the French press which assumes to represent the democratic party has been always in favor of the war, and would see with regret the approach of its termination. It always scouted the idea that the war could long be limited to a certain spot; and its prediction that it would become general all over Europe was but the echo of its desires. The parties whose opinions it thus expresses care less for the protection of Turkey or the limitation of the aggressive policy of Russia than they do for the realization of their own designs; and those designs tend to a convulsion in continental Europe, as affording the best if not the only chance of the establishment of the institutions of their predilection. They never believed that Austria would join the allies even to the extent she has done; her adhesion diminishes for the present the chances of revolutionary movements in Italy; and the pacific settlement of the Eastern question will be denounced as the sanction on the part of England and France of all the political crimes committed during the present and past century. An active and continuous correspondence is said to be kept up between certain refugees in England and some of the leaders of the Republican party here, in which their views on passing events, their fears as to the present, and their hopes of the future, are freely communicated.

The formidable defensive works in course of construction at Portsmouth have excited the surprise of some of the Paris journals, and the *Assemblée Nationale* thus expresses itself:—

"If even the approaching conclusion of a peace is not quite assured, it may be demanded in the face of what danger these works are being constructed? Assuredly the Russian squadrons now buried in the harbor of Sebastopol was never a menace to the British coast, and the two remaining Russian squadrons which still float at Cronstadt and Helsingfors have shown that their ambition wisely consists in defence and not in attack. A war between England and the United States—a war which is by no means probable, notwithstanding the passing difficulties of the moment—could in no case expose the powerful squadron of Great Britain to be braved in their ports by the American navy. It is in vain that we search for the enemy against whom there is now a question of defending Portsmouth."

Ali Pasha, the Turkish Envoy, reached Marseilles on the 19th, en route for Paris.

The Peace Conferences were expected to open on Monday, 25th ult., and great anxiety prevailed as to their issue.

The Paris *Constitutionnel*, in an editorial headed "The Holy Alliance," indicates that the Congress will not occupy itself exclusively with the subject arising out of the war, and says it is not impossible that certain important events which have modified the state of Europe, as it was defined by the Congress of Vienna, will engage the attention of that of Paris. The editorial goes on to intimate that the treaties of 1815 will essentially be remodelled.

Although the plenipotentiaries have not yet assembled in Council it is stated that the exigencies of diplomatic etiquette have already been fully discussed and satisfactorily settled. The knotty question of precedence has been solved in a way which conciliates the punctillies, by adopting alphabetical order. By this means, Austria takes the lead, followed by France, Great Britain, Russia, Sardinia, and Turkey.

The *Independence Belge* introduced the name of Prussia into the above list; this, however, says the *London Globe*, is, we suppose, a slip of the pen, for nothing has transpired to indicate any alteration in the determinations of the Western Powers not to depart from the rule they had laid down to exclude all non-combatant powers and to maintain that Prussia can no longer bring forward her claim as one of the five great European powers.

## SPAIN.

The Minister of Justice has addressed a circular to the Archbishops and Bishops of the Kingdom, holding out hopes to them, it is said, of an early arrangement of the differences between Spain and the Holy See.

## ITALY.

We believe we are correct in stating that the strongest assurances have passed from the Court of St. Petersburg, to the Papal See that the system of which the latter so long and so bitterly complained shall terminate, and the Catholics of Poland be placed on a perfect footing of equality with the other subjects of the crown. As soon as the Emperor is released from the troubles which at present environ him, he will suggest a concordat, based on the satisfactory representations already made through Vienna to Pope Pius, which will put an end to persecution and proselytism and give renewed lustre to Catholicity in Poland and Lithuania. All these are schemes worthy an imperial mind, and the time is well chosen to realise them. Russia, in fact, has grown too rapidly. She miscalculated her resources just as Europe had mistaken them. Two years of war have relieved Europe from fears of Russia, and Russia has ceased to have that faith in her force which was once the prevailing idea of the Empire. It is probable that with the failure of the old policy, which has broken down after a very brief trial, Russia seeks to establish a new policy founded on a solid civilization, and on the development of her material prosperity.—*Freeman's Journal*.

According to the *Mentis Journal*, the Greek government intends to conclude a concordat with the Holy See. The number of Catholics in Greece is about 16,000.

## RUSSIA.

The *Invigide* has published in detail the report drawn up by Admiral Glazenapp as to the construc-

tion of the row gunboats now building in Russia. In the course of this description we are made acquainted with the new weapons which the Russians have had made for the purpose of repelling boarding attacks. They are represented as consisting of an iron lance, about seven feet long, and a mace of cast iron, the massive head of which resembles a pineapple, and like it is beset with a number of obtuse but pointed projections. Each boat is provided with from 30 to 40 lances and from 15 to 20 maces, in the management of which the Russians are said to possess great skill. From this description these maces would appear to resemble the *morgenstern*, still in use with the watchmen in Sweden, and with one of which the Marquis of Waterford some 15 years back came inconveniently into close contact.—*Times Correspondent*.

The expectation of peace, of course, excites very different feelings in different classes; of only two can the sentiments be predicated with any certainty. The commercial classes desire the return of peace; the military profession desires the continuation of the war. The nobility appear to be divided between those whom the pecuniary sacrifices have already disgusted with the war and those whose patriotic sentiments make them disgusted with the terms proposed for peace. In a private letter I find the following observation attributed to the Emperor Alexander,—"I can't wage a war with a foreign enemy; I have enough to do with the enemy at home." This is understood of the corruption, incapacity, and thorough worthlessness of the whole system of interior Government administration. We find that the Russian Government is about to commence reforms in national education, in the administration of justice in Siberia; the issue of various petty official certificates, such as passports for travelling in the interior, is announced to have been all the way along gratuitous, and the *eborniks* had never any right to take any money from the public for procuring them, &c. The institution of serfdom, notwithstanding all the Paris-made correspondence from St. Petersburg, is the only abuse to which, as it would appear, the axe is not to be laid; not only has the retention of all its privileges been lately re-assured to the nobility (among the most prized of which is the right of possessing land and souls), but the Emperor is now taking every measure to facilitate the entrance of the nobility into the service of the State, of which it has the monopoly.—*Times Correspondent*.

The *Northern Bee*, which subsists by the special favor of the Russian court, put forward an article on the expected peace. The following is an extract:—"If God should grant us peace we shall take advantage of it to provide Russia with railways. What a delight it will be when our brave troops and the munitions of war can be taken from one spot to another, almost like the wind. All this can and will be done, but we must make the beginning. Private individuals are already permitted to construct roads, and that is all we want. The good North American will, accordingly, assist us in supplying us with skillful engineers and machinery."

It is stated, but not generally credited, that Russia consents to the dismantling of Nicolaieff.

## FROM THE CRIMEA.

(From the Times, February 19.)

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, Feb. 4.—A bright sun rose this morning upon the camp before Sebastopol and the snow was crisp with frost. My earliest observation of the thermometer gave 8 deg. Fahrenheit, below freezing point, but the sun had then been up an hour and shining on the back of the wooden wall against which the thermometer hung, so that the quicksilver had probably been some degrees lower before daybreak. As the morning advanced the frosty surface everywhere gave, and the camp and roads around it became deep and muddy. Nevertheless, soon after noon a great number of officers were seen riding, and walking in the direction of Sebastopol. At about half-past 12 o'clock Marshal Pelissier, in his carriage, drawn by four grays, attended by his staff and followed by his escort of Chasseurs, drove through the Light Division camp along the Woronzoff-road. Just about the same time up came General Codrington and his Staff, and a group of Sardinian officers of rank. General Codrington went on to the Redan; Marshal Pelissier paused in front of Picket-house-hill, on a slope which commands an excellent view of the town. Here were assembled a large number of officers, English, French, and Sardinian, and to the right and left, on every elevated point, numerous groups were seen, while Cathcart's hill was crowded with spectators too busy or too lazy to go further from the camp. The cause of this unusual muster was an expected explosion. Fort Nicholas was to be blown up at one p.m. The French engineers were punctual to their time. Marshal Pelissier had been little more than a quarter of an hour chatting and pacing about on a bank he had selected for his station, and General Codrington could have been but five minutes in the Redan, when a double burst of smoke fixed everybody's eyes upon the fort. This is (I should now say, was) of curved shape, forming nearly a quarter of a circle, one extremity of the arc pointing south and the other east. The two extremities were first blown up, and the principal explosion seemed to be that of the eastern end, which was in form of a round tower. The effect of the rising smoke was very striking and peculiar. The day was extremely fine, the sky nearly cloudless; the white masonry of Sebastopol, beautiful even in those ruins with which the well-preserved but doomed fort conspicuously contrasted, lay silent and seemingly abandoned in the embrace of the bright green sea. Suddenly, forth gushed the smoke, not rapidly, but in heavy billows, rising and rolling one above the other as if the vapor were so dense that it had a struggle to ascend. Slowly it rose; so slowly that it was easy to imagine fantastical forms, melting away but gradually. Immediately over the eastern explosion there hung for some seconds what seemed a mighty gray lion, with head, mane, and body, perfectly defined in shadowy delineation. Others besides myself recognized the fanciful image, acceptable as the emblem of dissolving Russian strength, and presently replaced by other vague shapes. Upwards of 20 seconds elapsed before the explosions were audible in front of Picket-house-hill. There was so little wind the smoke rose to a considerable height before it began to drift off in a south-westerly direction, and it rose not in columns, but rather in heaps or domes such as are sometimes seen in the sky when clouds are piled on each other. The lower part of these heaps of vapor joined, and the scattered summits dispersed and mingled before the light north-easterly current, sooner than the centres blended, and so there

remained a sort of loophole in the smoke, through which was seen a patch of the emerald water glittering in the brilliant sunbeams. The effect, of course very transient, was extremely beautiful. The whole mass of smoke then began to clear off, and the spectators impatiently awaited the moment when the windward extremity of the fort should be disclosed to their gaze. A sort of low gray spit was presently seen, but was almost immediately again overclouded by other explosions which now rapidly succeeded each other. There were seen in all, none of them much louder than the report of a very heavy piece of ordnance. When the explosions in the docks took place, on various occasions within the last two months, there was always great alarm, commotion, and plunging among the horses tethered in the rear of the dockyard wall, and, notwithstanding the great difference of distance, something of the kind was anticipated among the numerous chargers, and ponies assembled this morning on the hill in rear of our old trenches. Few of them, however, appeared to notice the explosions, and those showed but slight uneasiness. When all the mines had been fired and the smoke cleared off, we saw how completely the French engineers had done their work. The long, massive, stone fort—certainly the most prominent object in a bird's-eye view of Southern Sebastopol—had totally disappeared, and in its place was a low flat bank of gray ruins as nearly as might be of the same color as the smoke that had just been blown away from it, and which some lingering remains still oozed and curled out from the rubbish. So important a feature was this fort, that its removal has made quite a change in the physiognomy of the town. Before the explosion the Russians had been firing from the north batteries—not heavily, perhaps at the rate of a shot per minute; and we fully expected that, on witnessing the destruction of one of their finest forts, they would open an angry fire, as they have done on many former occasions in hopes of damaging the troops and engineers they supposed to be in the town. But they did not do so, and fired less after than before the explosion. One shell burst high over the Malakoff, and another from the battery east of Fort Constantine over the town, and one or two of the Inkerman batteries sent a shot or two in the direction of our line but that was nearly all, and after waiting a while in hopes that they were mute only from astonishment and would presently make up for the delay, most of the spectators, whose feet were by this time getting benumbed in their stirrups, turned their horses' heads homewards. I have not yet ascertained with certainty the quantity of powder used to blow up the fort, but, judging from the extent and great solidity of the building, and from the completeness of the destruction, it must have been very large. I was told to-day that it exceeded the quantity destroyed in the unfortunate explosion of the French left siege train. The destruction of the western and last remaining dock was completed last week, without noteworthy incident. A great deal of the ruin has been effected with the Russians' own powder captured in Sebastopol. The explosion I have described is the only incident of importance that has broken the monotony of camp life since I last wrote. A shocking murder was committed last week in one of the Light Division hospitals by a soldier of the 77th Regiment, a youth of 19, named Day. He was hospital orderly, and was in attendance upon an artilleryman who had been badly hurt when the French siege train blew up. The artilleryman, grateful for his care took a purse containing about £12, from under his pillow, and gave him 5s. The sight of the gold was too strong a temptation for Day, who, it is said, was a London thief before enlistment. He took a crowbar and dealt a violent blow upon the artilleryman's head. The poor fellow shrieked "Murder!" when a second blow fractured his arm. His cries brought in the other orderlies and after a most violent resistance, Day was overpowered and secured. The artilleryman is since dead.

Upon this wholesale destruction the *Times* remarks that—

"Even the ruin of Nineveh or Babylon, Carthage or Jerusalem, did not represent a more utter vanishing of dominion than what has been done at Sebastopol does as regards the destruction of Russian supremacy in the East."

The navy of the Czar is gone, and cannot be reconstructed. All that remains of it is a few vessels sunk within the port. We should be glad to learn that some means had been found to destroy even these, and that no vestige of the once dreaded fleet remained whole below the waves. We may, however, now pause, satisfied with our labors. We may appreciate what we have gained by considering what but a short time since we should have been content with. While the siege was in progress, even those most exacting only urged at first the opening of the Black Sea to the war vessels of every nation. It was demanded that the old policy of Turkey should be discarded, and that England and France should freely send their fleets under the palace windows of the Sultan, past the forts of the Bosphorus, into the neighborhood of the Russian harbors. The Russian Admirals in turn would have been at liberty to pass at will into the Mediterranean. It was even thought fit that ports on the Black Sea coast should be granted to the allies, in order that a balance might be established. Later, our statesmen went further, and demanded the limitation of the Czar's armaments. Even then Turkey would have had to keep up squadrons at a great expense, and provide men for a service for which her population is unfitted and from which it instinctively shrinks. How much more has been now gained! The Straits may be closed, for there is no danger within. Turkey may spend her money more profitably than in line-of-battle ships, for there is no enemy for them to oppose. Constantinople need dread no sudden assault; any future invasion must be conducted entirely by land, for no navy will protect the Russian transports which supply armies in Bulgaria or below the Caucasus. With the forts and docks of Sebastopol ends the dream of a new conquest by the barbarians.

## AMERICAN DISPUTE.

(From the Press, Disraeli's Paper.)

Self-respect is the safest prevention against quarrelling. The man who is sure of his own position is the slowest to suspect another of any design to question it; and hence the art of avoiding altercations has generally been deemed one of the peculiar characteristics of a gentleman. When Mr. Blundell contradicted Major Pendennis on a point of fashionable gossip, how did the Major conduct himself? Did he endeavor to put down the impertinent blunderer? Did he even indulge in a sneer? Nothing of the

kind. Few there present, we are told, could appreciate the melancholy politeness with which the veteran man of the world, at once accepted Mr. Blundell's version of the anecdote, which he perfectly well knew to be wrong, and admitted with readiness that his memory must have played him false. This is a stroke of true satire, in which, by insinuating the worthlessness of the point in dispute, we ridicule the littleness of those who first thought it worth disputing. Never to seem afraid of being put upon, as the phrase goes—never to argue a question merely, lest people should think you can't argue it—never to fight simply for fear the lookers on should think you a coward—these are some of the maxims on which all men of superior minds act, habitually and unconsciously; and it is this habit which gives to such men that air of repose and self-possession before which fools stand abashed and dandies are wild with envy.

Few men can have mingled, even in the slightest degree, in society, without noticing that one prominent feature in the character of a *parvenu* is his propensity to take offence. His angles are sharper, his corners are "more tender," than those of other people. There is really no knowing where to be safe with him. The moment you put your finger on him his bristles stand out like a hedge-hog's. The best plan of course is to leave such a character alone. But unfortunately where nations, not individuals, are concerned, this cannot be done. Cool contempt is out of the question, and the bristles must be laid by the application of the national sawdust.

But we must take the opportunity of observing, at the same time, how foolish it is to be very careful of provoking this irritation. When gentlemen meet a *parvenu* in the world they are scrupulously ceremonious to him; just as Mr. Disraeli tells us the old nobility of Spain made a point of addressing a new-made grandee by the whole string of his titles, whereas they generally accosted one another by some familiar abbreviation. Such should be our conduct towards America. We should do our best to avoid bringing on their ramified irritability. It is senseless to provoke a man, whoever he may be, who has the power to be mischievous. And the unpleasant results of having done so, which we not long ago predicted, are already becoming apparent. The reinforcement of the West India squadron has not been without its effect. The augmentation of the American navy is in rapid progress. Brother Jonathan may subject himself to deserved ridicule by his excessive sensibility; and ignorance of the code of courtesy which governs older countries. He may show himself a *parvenu* to any extent, but for all that he is no fool and he is no coward. The man who wants to fight you in the streets because you push against him, may be a low fellow, but that will be no consolation if you go home with a black eye. Neither will it much mend the matter if you give him two in return. On the whole you will consider it a very disagreeable business, and wish devoutly you had never got into it.

We recommend these remarks to the consideration of our Premier. He should reflect that we can get very little glory out of a war with America at the best, and may reap considerable loss and discredit. We had best keep on good terms with these touchy gentlemen. We have not the slightest reason to be angry with them, and we ought if possible not to allow them the pleasure of being angry with us.

REVOLUTIONS IN TURKEY.—The Western Powers went to war to preserve the Sultan's territories from the Czar: the latter potentate had made Christian wrongs a pretext for interference; France and England consequently promised to be themselves redressers of those wrongs, and an understanding with his allies bound the Sultan to grant, with as little delay as possible, relief from the hardships said to be suffered. The Sultan has, in the most public manner, and with every circumstance which indicates design, told his subjects that the old constitution of his State has ceased to exist. For several days the Ambassadors of the great Powers had debated with the Turkish Minister on that Fourth Point which is to regulate the future of the Empire. On the 29th of January a council was held at the British Embassy, and prolonged far into the night. The result was the acceptance by the Porte of all that the Ambassadors had asked, and far more than they expected. The Sultan gave next day his final assent. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe then invited him, as a public proof of respect for his allies and of fidelity to the principles then established, to be present at a fancy ball to be given at the Embassy on the succeeding day. How far the Sultan was aware of the unwonted sight prepared for him we cannot say; but he accepted the invitation, to the astonishment of the Perote world, and, doubtless, to the scandal of the more orthodox among his countrymen. But the Turks of Constantinople are now used to change, and perhaps are not displeased that so high an example will justify them in tasting more freely pleasure from which they have been debarred. The Sultan came, saw—nay, stood up to see. Waltzes, polkas, young ladies in ball dresses—all were beheld by the Commander of the Faithful. The Sultan is accustomed to eat alone, but he took refreshment even in the presence of the other sex. To touch a subject was a concession rarely vouchsafed, but here he walked down stairs holding the hand of a Gaiour and a Frank. Turks and Rayahs were witnesses of the novel spectacle. When Count Robert leaped on the throne of Alexis Comnenus there could not have been greater consternation than in the minds of a few old servitors of the Padishah on that eventful evening a fortnight since.—*Times*.

## THE SISTERS OF MERCY AND MISS NIGHTINGALE.

The following admirable letter, written by a highly respectable solicitor of Leeds, appears in the *Hull Advertiser*:—

"Sir—While the public press is teeming with the praises of this patriotic lady, Royalty itself condescending to write a letter to her, accompanied by a well deserved present; also a public meeting, presided over by a Royal Duke, has been held to found some lasting testimonial of the virtues and heroism of Miss Nightingale, not a word of approbation is uttered on behalf of those most charitable ladies who, before Miss Nightingale became known, had devoted themselves with untiring energy to their truly Christian vocation. Catholic France numbers not less than eight thousand of that sacred band, sending forth not a solitary member only to the blood-stained fields of the Crimea, but hundreds of these good Sisters, who are joined in their heavenly mission by many from Catholic Ireland. How different their reception! No