

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

## FRANCE.

At Paris the friends of Italy are seriously disquieted. One rumor is that Russia and France are agreed to support Francis II. in his stronghold at Gaeta, until spring. It is also reported that the Emperor meditates the formation of a Southern Kingdom in Italy, the Sovereign of which is not to be Victor Emmanuel.

Disquisitions and calculations are still rife in France as well as in England, as to which of these two allies could soonest and most effectually batter and crush the other to pieces. This very morning *Le Monde* quotes from the excellent work of M. Kervignon, this comparative view of the English and French naval forces in 1859:—

"England—Line of battle ships 36, with 3,400 guns and 19,750 horse power. Frigates 37—Corvettes 17.

"France—Line of battle ships 40, with 3,706 guns, and 27,510 horse power. Frigates in commission, 38; in construction, 12—Corvettes, 52."

At the end of a long article—the main drift of which is to show that England is morally and socially rotten, and more than ripe for destruction, the writer proceeds—

"If it be true that, at a given moment, the fleet of French line-of-battle ships has equalled that of England, we must not forget that, since November 1859, Great Britain must have regained her numerical superiority, and that she possesses now about fifty ships of the line. But, then, France has just launched the *Gloire* frigate—that is to say, has made a revolution in naval architecture, which will probably soon reduce England's fifty ships to the humble role of hulks or floating batteries. To iron walls, people don't oppose wooden ones."

All which things, though I most potently believe, yet I hold it not courtesy to have them thus set down—between allies, loving allies, who are engaged jointly in the sacred task of carrying civilization and justice through the world, such reflections are unseemly.—*Irishman*.

"ENGLAND AT HER WORD."—*Le Monde* has an article on this subject. The writer first shows that the Dublin *Evening News* has clearly enough proved the inconsistency of a London newspaper (if that be any comfort) and then proceeds to sum up the state of the argument in a paragraph of such elegant and massive structure, that I must give your readers the pleasure of perusing it:—

"These quotations are enough. The *Evening News* concludes from them very justly, that all England morally participates in the responsibility of the doctrines sustained by Lord John Russell; and so, in the judgment of England herself, Ireland has the right to demand separation from a country which oppresses her. But the oppression must be proved, says the *Times*. The people are the judges of that, says the *Times*. So Ireland takes England at her word; and England has but two courses to take—disavow Lord John Russell—which will be very difficult—or use the grand argument of force; which she will do if Ireland talks too loud. Well, then, Ireland, availing herself to the very end, of the principles admitted by England, can make an appeal to the outside world; and France, if she can thus invoke, will only have to recall the despatch of the 27th October, to prove to the British Government that it does wrong in opposing the occupation of Ireland by a French army. Again, it will be force, that is, to decide; but the force will not be so evidently on the side of the *Times*."

I call this a fine illustration both of the force and of the importance of logic. The argumentum ad *Taurum* is conclusive, overwhelming—yet, not one inch of way is made.—*ib*.

We have seen with what a wicked spite the British Press charged the French troops with having thoroughly plundered the Emperor of China's summer palace, and left little or nothing for their allies to grab. The French are now regarded in England as being good for little else, in such a case, than plunder; and even Mr. Punch comes in and makes his national and truly British pun—"the favorite musical instrument of the French—the loot." All this insolence has been felt and resented; and the publication in the *Monitor* of General de Montauban's despatch, detailing the careful and effectual measures taken to prevent anything from being even touched till the English legation (who had lost their way) should come up, has shown the French still more clearly—if they had any doubts on the subject before—on what affectionate terms the allies stand.—*ib*.

The *Constitutionnel* publishes the following remarks on the account of the taking of Peking, copied from some of the Indian papers:—Our readers will have seen that all details which we have given on the events in China were taken from the journals in the English language. We should not like to call absolutely in doubt the exactitude of those details, for the mere reason that the source is for us a foreign one. But we must be allowed not to accept completely certain passages of the accounts given by the *China Mail* or other papers, in what concerns the part taken by French soldiers in the pillage of the Imperial palace. The *Times*, with its usual politeness, points precisely to those passages, and accompanies them with reflections which are on the very verge of insult. The English journal will without doubt permit us to tell it that there is as much bad faith as impropriety in the manner in which it speaks of the French soldiers. We cannot say, for our parts, in what way the English troops have acted, but we are ready to affirm that in the recital which will be given of their conduct by their companions in arms there will be found only homage rendered to British straightforwardness. In France the art is unknown of insulting like the *Times*.

The *Monitor* publishes a decree remitting the penalties pronounced by the tribunals against the periodical press for infractions of the law.

THE EMPEROR'S NOMINATIONS TO THE VACANT SEES.—The Emperor of the French has just nominated clerical men to four of the vacant sees. One of them, Abbe Ravinet, Vicar General of Paris, was by the side of the late martyr Archbishop Affre, on the barricades, and Ravinet's hat was riddled by two musket balls.

It is reported that the French Ambassador at Constantinople was on the point of concluding an agreement, in virtue of which the French army in Syria would prolong its occupation for six months beyond the time originally agreed upon. The Paris letter in the *Daily News* says France certainly will not withdraw her troops from Syria at the end of the six months named in the convention, and will certainly keep them there after the proposed extended period.

The *Journal Des Debats* animadverts on the inexplicable policy of France, and earnestly advocates the withdrawal of the French fleet from Gaeta. It is reported that the Emperor's address on New Year's Day will be eminently pacific. The Nuncio being absent, the Russian Ambassador will be spokesman.

## ITALY.

The *Times*' correspondent gives the following graphic account of the blackguards, pickpockets, and

cut-throats, who compose the main body of the revolutionary body in Italy:—

TRIN, Dec. 18.—The news from the Two Sicilies is in the same melancholy strain; all public and private intelligence from the South seems calculated to cast a gloomier cloud on the thinking minds of the North. This latter will deserve no little credit, if it ultimately succeeds in bringing to reason the more senseless parts of the Peninsula.

Matters bear an even more ominous look in Sicily. A gentleman who had accompanied the Royal Lieutenant Montezemolo to Palermo, and has just returned, describes the state of the island in very dark hues. Murder stalks abroad, and the police is utterly powerless. At Palermo an officer in the customs was shot dead on the 8th as he was walking home in the evening:—

"In Monreale, on the evening of the 8th, as Michele Polizzi was talking with one Lomanto in the street, he was struck by a bullet, which went through him and his companion, and killed them both on the spot. Polizzi was a bold, violent, bad man. He had been a bad subject in past times, but upon the rising of Sicily he lent his stalwart arm to the cause of freedom, and, because he loved much, much was forgiven him by Garibaldi, always so generous to those who fight for his country."

I copy the above from the private correspondence of an ultra-liberal and Garibaldian, because the writer unwittingly lays the finger on the sore point. Garibaldi, engaged in an almost desperate struggle, had neither leisure nor power to be very particular as to the means he employed. The most generous patriot and the most abandoned ruffian equally crowded under his banner.

These worthies are the leaders of those Picotti bands of which your correspondent from Garibaldi's headquarters made such capital four months ago. They have given themselves ranks and epaulettes, and their claims have possibly been acknowledged by Garibaldi, who at that time would have been fain to grant them any terms so he might be rid of them. The whole mass of these ill-sorted bands were left in the island. The men went home to their own houses; the officers received their pay, and numbered the streets of the capital. Only a small number of Sicilians followed the tide of invasion on the mainland, and a sample of their valour we have in the dastard who shot Colonel Dunne, their commander, because, in the sifting of the self-awarded titles and brevets of these mushroom officers, he urged his particular objections to this one, because he had not only turned his back on the enemy at Santa Maria, but actually hid his soldiers to run away with him. Those 2,500 ennobled blackguards at Palermo are now savage against Panti because he struck down all the employes of the Sicilian Minister of War & Navy.

The worst feature in all the ugliness of this Neapolitan and Sicilian disorder is the shocking bad faith of the writers on both sides, but especially on that of the Mazzinians who usurp the name of Garibaldians. It was only yesterday I read the diatribe of one who charged Farini with the appointment to high offices of men of notoriously bad character, and scarcely instanced one who, to my very certain knowledge, for I was in the country at the time, did not owe his nomination to the too facile Garibaldi, or rather to the reckless partisans who availed themselves of the *carte blanche* which he engrossed by his warlike operations, was compelled to allow them, to throw discredit on his Government, and to make sad havoc of his fair name. It is difficult to decide whether all these misstatements are more attributable to wilful malice or to blind infatuation, for certainly all men in Naples have not lost the remembrance of things and dates, nor have they laid aside the horror with which, not Garibaldi's but Bertrani's dictatorship had filled all honest men.

Something might be hoped from their native simplicity and pusillanimity. But since Garibaldi's departure unprincipled appeals have and are being made to their worst passions. The savages are unchained, and they must, let us hope only for a brief season, have their fling.

Under such circumstances it is very clear that the South of Italy and the whole country can only be saved by the strong hand, the armed force of the North. Twelve thousand choice Sardinian troops are expected soon to land in Sicily, where Montezemolo contemplates a general disarmament of the population. The sting must be taken from the wasps; we will then see how the droves may be converted into orderly and industrious bees.

LOSS OF POLITICAL LIBERTY BY THE PIEMONTESE.—TRIN, Dec. 19.—The political and social life, and no less the free institutions, of the ancient States of the Sardinian monarchy are virtually at a standstill, and have been for the best part of the last two years. We have had for two years no budget and no actual Parliament. All the energies of old Piedmont are turned to the giant task of emancipating her Italian sisters and associating them to her free destinies. I meet, along the streets and underneath the porticoes, bands of young and active though somewhat small and slim country lads, with banners at their head, and gay ribbons round their hats, shouting and frolicking with a joy that seems too noisy to be heartfelt and genuine. They are conscripts taken from the plough and the loom, from the shop and the mine, to swell the ranks of the ever growing, and yet insufficient army, staffed for Bersaglieri and artillery regiments. I meet at the railway stations battalions and traders and artisans converted into mobilized national guards, sent out to look like soldiers in the eyes of rioting Neapolitans and plotting Sicilians. The very marrow and substance of the nation is going from North Italy, and the prosperity to which freedom had, in spite of military disasters and political uncertainties, in spite of bad years and commercial crises, raised these subalpine regions, must needs suffer a temporary check, whatever power of vital reaction the land may boast of.—*Times*' Cor.

TRIN, Dec. 22.—A croaker plays always an unpopular part, and a sanguine prophet enlists all vulgar sympathies on his side. This time, however, it is for birds of ill omen to crow, and for hopeful politicians to be down in the mouth. Francis II. won't budge from Gaeta, and the French fleet gives no sign of raising anchor. The Emperor Napoleon is said to be the best friend to the Italian cause, but he has given its enemies six weeks' breathing time. Were even Admiral Barbier de Tinnon to betake himself to the port of Toulon, the position of the belligerents at Gaeta would be precisely what it was the day after the fall of Capua; not so the condition of Southern Italy, nor the prospects of its newly-proclaimed Sovereign. The newspapers of all colours, private letters from men of all parties, are teeming with melancholy news. A "terrible reaction" has again broken out at Teramo; riot and brigandage, in the name of the Bourbon, are reported to rage at Sant'Anna, here and there in the Abruzzi and Calabria, and even, if telegrams may be trusted—for electricity has given newspapers a power of lying commensurate with the speed of its transmission of intelligence—even here and there in the Marches. At Naples most of the theatres, and especially the Teatro San Carlo, are nightly the scene of disgraceful disturbances.—Libertini, the most audacious of Mazzinian agents, was arrested by the police, and an address in his behalf is forwarded to the King, concluding with the following more pithy than respectful words:—

"Sir.—If your head of the police is out of his senses, the people cannot be equally charged with insanity. The majority who have accomplished a revolution, who have given you these provinces, now tell you, 'Save us, that you may save Italy and yourself, as you are an Italian.'"

Three of the inspectors of police, Colicchio, Petrelli, and Davino, have resigned the offices. The Prefect De Biasis followed their example, and Silvio Spaventa, the Councillor or Minister of that department, is forsaken by most of his subalterns. The police, or indeed, any government, has clearly be-

come impossible under present circumstances. There was a talk in the highest quarters in Turin of sending out the Count Ponza di San Martino, I know not whether to help Farini or to take his place; but either the rumour had no foundation, or the Count shrinks from the too arduous task. What can one man do where there are none to second him? Count Cavour's Government, reckoned upon the Neapolitan exiles, who had espoused the cause of national unity; but now, with the honorable exception of Poerio, Scialoja, Imbriani, most of these men, such as Mancini, Massari, Borghi, and Pisanelli, fall back from their allegiance or play a double game, anxious to escape the unpopularity attaching to all Piedmontese or Piedmontized persons, and create for the Government greater embarrassment than the worst howling, storming Neapolitan, of them all.—*Times* Cor.

ITALIAN OMISION OF CAVOUR'S EFFORTS AT GOVERNMENT.—The *Cumpanile* of Turin, says that Count Cavour has offered a very important post in the kingdom of Naples to a Sardinian senator, which has been refused. This refusal was accompanied by the remark that the noble count was not the proper person to undertake the re-establishment of order in Italy, he being the cause of all the confusion and disturbance which existed there. "To M. de Cavour," he added, "belongs the merit of destroying Italy; but he will never have the glory of organizing it, for he will find the greatest obstacle to the accomplishment of such a work among his own friends."

ROME.—The Pope delivered an allocution in the Consistory held on the 17th ult. His Holiness spoke of the persecution of the Christians in Syria and China. He condemned the pamphlet of M. Cayla, entitled *Le Pape et l'Empereur*, and announced that the Grand Duke of Baden had violated the Pontifical Concordats.

The Roman patriots have posted up on the walls of Rome bills bearing the arms of King Victor Emmanuel, and the words, "We desire annexation to Sardinia."

THE UNITARIAN MINISTER AND THE POPE.—The Rev. W. James, in a letter to the *Christian Reformer*, on his recent visit to the continent, gives the following account of his interview:—"Before I left Bristol I obtained from a Roman clergyman there a letter of introduction to Monsignor Talbot who resides at the Vatican; through him I had an audience of the Pope. I was allowed to take with me Mr. Gungooley and my other young travelling companion, and we went very quietly to the Palace in the morning at 11 o'clock. There we saw Cardinals in their show robes, and Ministers of State and others, as they passed in and out from the presence of the Pontiff. An hour had elapsed before I was summoned. I had previously ascertained that, as Protestants, there would be no special mark of reverence required from us on this occasion, and we paid the same token of respect which we should have done had we attended the court at home. We found the Pope seated at a table in the plain white ecclesiastical dress which he always wears in private, and with a calm and benignant countenance, expressive of amiability and gentleness, rather than force of character or mental vigor. He seemed to be a man about 70 years of age, and his features were not on them the traces of care and anxiety which I expected would be visible, from all he has recently had to do and to hear. Nothing could exceed the kindness of manner with which he received me. There was not the slightest exhibition of haughtiness or coldness in word or action. He spoke naturally of what arose out of the circumstances in which we stood before him. I had been introduced as a Socinian minister from Bristol; and I ventured to say that this was a mistake; that I was not a follower of Socinus, not agreeing with him in some of his religious conclusions; that I belonged to a church which refused to be called by the name of any man, however accomplished and excellent, and that I was a Unitarian Christian. Hearing this, the Pope reminded me that Socinus was an Italian, and then asked me if I knew anything of the history and writings of Oechinus, who was also an Italian; and of the Capuchin order, but renounced the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and became an Anti-Trinitarian. I replied that I was familiar with the life and the Anti-Trinitarian opinions of this singularly gifted man, and with his fame as a pulpit orator, and that he had likewise exercised his functions as a preacher in England. The Pope then turned to the Brahmin, and was informed that he was soon going to Calcutta as a Christian missionary to his native Hindoos, having renounced heathenism and embraced Unitarian views of the Gospel. He did not forget the English youth, who was with me, and was told that he was of the Independent denomination. This led him to make some remarks on the diversity of thought and speculation which prevailed in the world on the subject of religion. And turning to me he remarked, 'My daily prayer is, that amid the divisions and controversies of Christendom, all may be brought to know the truth and to do it.' Of course I felt that 'the truth,' as he understood it, must be the system of which he is the head and representative. But his word brought to my mind the prayer of Jesus, 'Sanctify them by Thy truth; for Thy Word is truth; and I said to the Pope that the petition was mine also, and that it was one in which all good Christians must cordially unite."

NAPLES, 21st Dec.—The insurrectionary bands have entrenched themselves in the mountains. It is said that a decree is in course of preparation, ordering an extraordinary company of men between 18 and 50 years of age.

The "Reenard" and "Belleras," which left Naples for the Roman States, were not allowed to land their passengers at Civita Vecchia, the pretext being that 600 Garibaldians were on board. Against this Mr. Odo Russell has protested.

GAETA, Dec. 22, via Marseilles.—The bombardment of Gaeta continues with increased vigor. The Spanish Ambassador has left the Palace on account of its being riddled with bullets. Two officers have been struck while standing near the King.

New Sardinian batteries can be seen evidently ready to take part in the bombardment.

A deputation has arrived here from Calabria, and has promised to rise an insurrection in favor of the King.

ROME, Dec. 22.—Considerable quantities of provisions are being despatched to Gaeta.

GAETA, Dec. 18.—An enormous quantity of shot and shell were thrown into Gaeta yesterday by the Sardinians. Some of them fell in the garden of the palace, where the King and Queen were dining with the Spanish ambassador. The bombardment has since slackened, and the damaged caused in the town is not considerable.

The King has received a letter from the Emperor Napoleon. In this letter the Emperor expresses his sympathy for the King, but tells him that he has carried on the siege long enough for his honor.—The King, in his reply, thanked the Emperor, but added, that he considered it his duty to persist in the defence.

An Italian correspondent of the *Times* says that the year 1861 will not, perhaps, grow very old until French troops are in possession of Gaeta, and possibly of Naples itself.

The *Gazette del Midi* publishes the following details of the late occurrences at Gaeta:—"The Piedmontese suffer much in their cantonments before Gaeta, both on account of the bad weather and from the number of sick. On the 7th of the present month General Cialdini notified to the Governor of the fortress, that he had ceased firing by order of Victor Emmanuel. The following day he sent a flag of truce to propose a suspension of arms for three months and to be permitted to inhabit Borgo Marone. The King, suspecting treachery on the part of Cialdini, replied that he had asked for no truce, and that he would accept no proposition until the Piedmontese retired beyond the Garigliano. Two Sardinian brigades laden with provisions and am-

munition for the army were forced by the wind to steer close to the bay of Gaeta. They were captured by a steamer belonging to the King, and brought into the harbour. A part of the provisions were reshipped and sent to Massina, to supply that fortress.—General Pergale, the governor of Massina, has announced to Victor Emmanuel, that he will not surrender that citadel except at the command of Francis II. The laboratory at Gaeta directed by a Frenchman educated at the Imperial school of Metz, produces immense quantities of grenades and other projectiles. In fact, there is a complete supply of ammunition. The King is himself the Governor of the fortress. He has under his orders Lieutenants-General Vial, De Leitmaten, Sigrist, and Major-General de Latour. The brave General Bosco, the idol of the soldiers, commands the sorties. The artillery on the land side is ably handled by Colonel Ossani. There are several Frenchmen attached to the King's staff, viz., M.M. Urban de Charette, Pozzo di Borgo, de Fuyferrat, de Lautrec, de Christen, de Maricourt, and others. It would be difficult to give you a correct idea of the precision with which our batteries fire. According to information we have received from Naples the loss of the Piedmontese is very considerable. The fire of their batteries on the other hand has as yet only wounded 18 persons, without killing any. You may depend upon what I say.—Gaeta is not about to be surrendered, whatever the revolutionary papers may assert."

It is rumoured that a correspondence has been discovered between a number of the clergy and Gaeta.

MANIFESTO OF THE KING OF NAPLES.—The following is the text of the manifesto which has been addressed by King Francis II. to the people of the Two Sicilies:—

"GAETA, Dec. 8.—People of the Two Sicilies.—From the place in which I defend more than my Crown—the independence of the country—your Sovereign raises his voice to console you in your sorrows, and to promise you happier times. Equally betrayed, equally despoiled, we will rise together from our misfortunes. The work of iniquity has never lasted long, and usurpations are not eternal. I treated calumnies with contempt, and regarded treason with disdain, so long as they were directed against me alone. I have fought not for myself but for the honour of the name we bear. But when I see my beloved subjects a prey to all the evils of foreign domination, when I see them, a conquered people, carry their blood and their property to other countries, and behold them trampled under foot by a foreign nation, my Neapolitan heart beats with indignation in my breast, and I am consoled solely by the loyalty of my brave army, and the spectacle of the noble protests which are made in all parts of the kingdom against the triumphs of violence and fraud. I am a Neapolitan; born amongst you, I have never breathed any other air, never seen any other country; I know no other than my native land.—All my affections are in the kingdom; your customs are my customs; your language is my language;—your ambition is my ambition. Heir of an ancient dynasty, which for long years reigned over these beautiful provinces and re-established their independence, I do not come, after having despoiled orphans of their patrimony and the Church of its possessions, to seize by foreign force the most delightful part of Italy. I am a prince who is yours, and who has sacrificed everything to his desire to preserve peace, concord, and prosperity among his subjects. The entire world has seen that, in order not to shed blood, I have preferred risking my crown. Traitors, paid by the foreign enemy, have seated themselves in my council by the side of faithful servants; but, in the sincerity of my heart, I could not believe in treason. It was too painful for me to punish; I suffered at the idea of opening, after so many misfortunes, an era of persecutions, and thus the disloyalty of some and my clemency, facilitated the invasion, which was accomplished by means of adventurers, and by paralyzing the fidelity of my people, and the bravery of my soldiers. Although the object of continual conspiracies, I have not shed a drop of blood, and my conduct has been accused of weakness. If the most tender love for my subjects, if the natural confidence of youth in the uprightness of others, if an instinctive horror of blood merit that name—yes, assuredly, I have been weak. At the moment at which the ruin of my enemies was certain, I held back the arm of my generals, in order not to consummate the destruction of Palermo. I preferred to abandon Naples, my home, my dear capital, without being driven away by you, in order not to expose it to the horrors of a bombardment, like those which subsequently took place at Capua and Ancona. I believed, with good faith, that the King of Piedmont, who called himself my brother and my friend, who protested to me that he disapproved the invasion of Garibaldi, and who negotiated with my Government a close alliance for the true interests of Italy, would not have broken all treaties and violated all laws for the purpose of invading my States in full peace, without any motives, and without any declaration of war.—These are my faults, but I prefer my misfortunes to the triumphs of my adversaries. I gave an amnesty, I opened the gates of the country to all exiles; I accorded a constitution to my people; and assuredly I have not violated the promises I made. I was preparing to guarantee to Sicily free institutions which, with a separate Parliament, would have consecrated her administrative and economic independence, and removed at once all motives of distrust and discontent. I summoned to my councils the men who seemed to me most acceptable to public opinion under the circumstances, and so far as the incessant aggressions of which I have been the victim permitted, I laboured with ardour in effecting reforms, and in promoting the progress and prosperity of our common country. It is not intestine discords that have wrung from me my kingdom; but I am vanquished by the unjustifiable invasion of a foreign enemy. The Two Sicilies, with the exception of Gaeta and Messina, the last asylums of their independence, are in the hands of Piedmont. And what has revolution procured for the people of Naples and Sicily? Look at the situation which the country presents. The finances, formerly so flourishing, are completely ruined, the administration is in chaos, individual security does not exist; the prisons are full of persons arrested on suspicion, instead of liberty, the state of siege is established in the provinces; and a foreign general publishes martial law, and decrees that all those of my subjects who do not bow before the flag of Sardinia shall be immediately shot. Assassination is recompensed, regicide obtains an apotheosis, respect of the holy worship of our fathers is called fanaticism; promoters of civil war, traitors to the country, receive pensions which the pacific citizen has to pay. Anarchy is everywhere. Foreign adventurers have laid hands on everything to satisfy the avidity or the passions of their companions. Men who have never seen this part of Italy, or who, from long absence, have forgotten its wants, constitute our Government. Instead of the free institutions which I gave you, and which I desired to develop, you have had the most ruthless dictatorship, and martial law now replaces the Constitution. Beneath the attacks of your dominators disappears the ancient monarchy of Roger and Charles III., and the Two Sicilies have been declared provinces of a distinct kingdom. Naples and Palermo will henceforth be governed by prefects coming from Turin.—There is a remedy for these evils, and for the still greater calamities which I foresee—namely, concord, resolution, and faith in the future. Unite around the throne of your fathers—let forgetfulness cover forever the errors of all; let the past never be a pretext for vengeance, but a salutary lesson for the future. I have confidence in the justice of Providence; and, whatever may be my fate, I will be faithful to my people, and to the institutions which I have accorded to them. Administrative and economic independence of each of the Two Sicilies, with a Parliament for each, and a complete amnesty for all political acts—such is my programme. With

any other cases than these the country will be plunged into despotism and anarchy. Defender of the independence of the country, I remain and fight here in order not to abandon a trust which is so holy and so dear to me. If authority returns to my hands, I shall employ it to protect all rights, to respect all property, to guarantee the persons and possessions of my subjects against oppression and pillage. If Providence in its profound designs permits the last bulwark of the monarchy to fall beneath the blows of a foreign enemy, I will retire with a conscience without reproach, with immutable faith, with unchangeable resolution; and, while waiting for the veritable hour of justice, I will offer most fervent prayers for the prosperity of my country, and for the felicity of those populations who form the largest and dearest portion of my family. May Almighty God, and the immaculate and inviolable Virgin, the protectress of our country, support our common cause."

THE NEW ZEALAND WAR.—The following is an extract from a letter by one of an expedition against the natives of New Zealand:—"I have just returned from one of our almost fruitless expeditions. We left yesterday with a force of about 1,000 strong, 73 bullock carts, two 34-pounder howitzer guns, two other guns flying artillery, 50 volunteers, 25 Major-General Pratt and staff, Mr. McLean, Mr. Parris and staff. We encamped at Mahoeahi. Then, for the first time, we heard we were going to attack the King's stronghold in the bush. At three in the morning we started for Huirangi in three divisions. We arrived there at sunrise, joined Major Nelson with 450 soldiers, 120 sailors, and two 68-pounders, each gun drawn by 16 pair of bullocks, we mustered over 1,600 strong. We got within 100 yards of the first pah; the pah was stormed, and, of course, nothing in it with the exception of about sixty ewes and lambs, all dead. Pah the second stormed and burned—no one in it. This was the strongest pah I ever saw. Pah three was taken—no one in it—inside were several ovens, just heated, with the food in them. Close to this pah is a pencil grove and baraka grove. Just as the main body was passing the angle of the pah a tremendous volley was poured into us. The artillery and others were actually driven from their guns. The hand of God was over us; we lost only one 40th man. We could not recover his body with 1,000 men. Disgraceful! Shame, shame! All the guns opened with shell and canister on the natives at about thirty yards. They must have done great execution. The natives never came out, but stuck to their rifle-pits and trenches. Several of our troops had very narrow escapes. It lasted one hour, when, to our disgust, the bugle sounded the recall, and we were ordered back to camp, leaving our poor killed or wounded soldier in the hands of the natives. I am disgusted with myself and every one else. The number of natives we were attacking was supposed to be 120, not more.—This was one of the most disgraceful affairs that ever cast discredit on the British arms, for on the 10th instant, near to that rapid Watitaki, 1,500 Englishmen retired before 120 aborigines. At present there are not more than 120, say about 120 W. King's natives, about New Plymouth. There is therefore a splendid chance for subduing them before they become more numerous, but the General persists to a great extent in acting on the defensive now, and to all remonstrances he replies blandly, 'Oh, it's no use following them into the bush.' He sits with his legs by the fire in the Maori, quite satisfied. So is the Adjutant-General, who, rightly or wrongly, is reputed to exercise unlimited control over the old man; indeed, the latter does not appear to have any idea on the subject whatever, and the former very few correct ones. 1,000 Waikato natives are marching to assist Wirima Kingi, and the tribes south of Taranaki are summoned to meet the Waikatos at Waitara. I have hitherto abstained from criticism for the reason before stated, but I shall in future forward you, from time to time, the result of my observations. Matters have sunk to that state that the influence of the press should be exerted to restore by exposure, the conduct of affairs to their proper standard. That is the purpose the press serves in England, and unless it advocates its legitimate functions here, it may be instrumental in effecting the same patriotic purpose at the antipodes."—*Catholic Telegraph*.

GREAT BRITAIN. DIOCESE OF BEVERLEY.—On the 18th ult., his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman met the Chapter of the diocese of Beverley, in St. George's Presbytery, in the city of York, to assist at the recommendation of an ecclesiastic to be raised to the dignity of a Bishop, in the place of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Briggs, obliged, by his many infirmities, to retire from the duties of the Episcopate. His Eminence was accompanied by Canon Beale, and looked to wonderfully improved health and in good spirits. All the Canons were in attendance, with the exception of poor Canon Crane, who is suffering from paralysis; and the Cardinal was formally received by Provost Rinder, the Vicar-General, at the head of the clergy. The Cardinal dined and slept in York on Tuesday night.—*Northern Press*.

PROTESTANT POOR LAWS.—The Poor Law affects to embrace the entire population of this part of the island. The Poor Law, with all its still remaining harshness, costs a good deal, as every ratepayer knows. There are hundreds of streets and squares in this metropolis in which every single house pays a Poor-rate sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of a large family. Over and over again we have heard the question asked where the money goes to, and where the poor are, from a natural instinct to follow money and trace its application. There must be an El Dorado somewhere, so vast are the sums drained off under the name of Poor-rates to those snug official havens where the parochial plunder is distributed. We can only say that the poor ought to be well cared for, even if their name be Legion; and that every sleek, well-dressed man, with a portly person and a flabby face, that we meet in the streets ought to be one of the privileged members of the metropolis. Where is this Paradise of calumny, delinquency, and cheap substantial clothes? Strange to say, the poor themselves, or, at least, the young curates who are thrown in among them to take off the first edge of country simplicity, report a different story. The Poor Law, they tell us, gives the barest maintenance under the most niggardly conditions. Solitary shillings and occasional loaves, with the option of admission to a night-room, a stone-yard, a men's ward, or a women's ward, are bleakly prominent in the tales of the London poor. So, though the rates are high, the cry of poverty is louder still. Meanwhile there are societies past number. Thirty years ago it was estimated that there were at least a thousand charitable institutions in the metropolis; that the revenues of a considerable State were collected under the name of charity, and that there was no misfortune or malady of life which any sufferer could be at a loss for relief.—Besides this immense and still vigorous growth of modern charity, many portions of the metropolis, particularly the most central and long settled, swarm with old foundations which draw the rents of provinces for the use of the London poor, as the aqueducts of Old Rome drew thither the rainfall of the Apennines.—*Times*.

PROTESTANT PROSPERITY AND CHARITY.—As in medieval castles there is but a night of steps between the banquetting-hall and the dungeon, so in the most brilliant thoroughfares of modern London we brush against human beings whose life is a long martyrdom unrelieved by the sustaining consciousness of innocence. Their sufferings only reach us in abstract expressions, and our compassion is too apt to end in an abstract and sanctimonious philanthropy. Some of us, too, in our fastidious jealousy for their independence, would preach self-reliance to the famishing wretch who craves but to lie down and die.—*ib*.