

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

It is said that the French contingent to the army in the East, will be 170,000 men. A great quantity of artillery, of large calibre, and tremendous power has been embarked at Toulon, for the anticipated attack upon Sebastopol. It now seems certain that the plan of a combined attack by sea and land on that celebrated fortress and the Crimea has been decided upon, and that, in fact, we may expect to hear, at a short interval from each other, news of something very important taking place in the Baltic and the Black Seas.

GERMANY.

The government of Baden has ordered a criminal inquiry to be instituted against the illustrious Archbishop of Freiburg, the charge against him being that of disturbing public tranquillity by his order respecting the administration of church property. Thus is the persecution against the church in the province of the Upper Rhine, redoubled in violence and malignity.

THE AUSTRO-PRUSSIAN ALLIANCE.—The London journals have published a translation of the defensive and offensive treaty lately concluded between the two Great German Powers. The treaty commences by setting forth the grounds on which the two Sovereigns had resolved to unite in the war in a defensive and offensive alliance. Their Majesties, in these preliminary considerations, express themselves as penetrated with profound regret, after the fruitlessness of their previous efforts to avert the outbreak of war; and considering the moral obligation devolving on them by having signed the last Vienna protocol; seeing the constant augmentation of military measures on both sides, and the unceasing dangers arising therefrom to the general peace; persuaded as to a mission which, on the threshold of an inauspicious war, is allotted to them and to Germany internally, allied with both the States in and for the interests and welfare of Europe, have resolved to unite in the present Treaty.

Allusion is made to propositions of Prussia, supported by Austria, with a view of obtaining from the Emperor of Russia an order to suspend the advance of his army in Turkey for the evacuation of the Principalities, and an article of the treaty adds—But if the Imperial Court of Russia should not afford complete tranquillity on the two named conditions, then will one of the contracting parties in order to obtain the same, adopt measures under articles, to the effect that every hostile attack upon the territory of the one, or both, shall be repulsed by the other with all the military force at his disposal. An offensive action on the part of both would, however, be first occasioned by the incorporation of the Principalities, or through an attack or passage of the Balkan on the part of Russia.

RUSSIA.

The Berlin National Zeitung has a paragraph, dated St. Petersburg, May 12, which gives a most gloomy account of the sufferings and discontent of the people, on account of the severity with which the conscriptions are enforced. The landed proprietors are also in a high state of dissatisfaction at these extraordinary levies, as every recruit taken from their estates inflicts a loss of 100 silver rubles. The conscription just ordered will amount to 220,000 men, and consequently the loss to the landed proprietors will amount to 22 millions of silver rubles. A private letter from St. Petersburg states that Count Nesselrode has been recently insulted by the people of that capital. On passing through the streets in his carriage he was hissed, hooted, and menaced, and was forced to take refuge in the house of a friend. He was accused by the people of being the cause of the war.

THE CZAR'S HARD WORK.—Russians coming from St. Petersburg direct state that the Emperor, although greatly harassed and fatigued by the accumulation of labor to which this indefatigable and almost ubiquitous Monarch subjects himself, and although evidently bearing traces of profound, and (it may be said) natural anxiety, is not indisposed to the extent reported and believed in the West. It is a well-known fact that the Czar has been accustomed to work upon State and military matters from fourteen to fifteen hours daily. Now it is said that he scarcely allows himself six hours for repose—not one for recreation; so that people marvel how even his iron frame and robust constitution can resist. The accumulation of military business and details has brought such excess of labor upon the War Minister, Prince Dolgoroukoff; that an adjunct to him has been appointed. This, however, produces little diminution of labor to the Emperor, who directs and supervises all matters, and not a single minute of detail is carried out without his previous examination and assent.

Accounts from Finland up to the 4th of May confirm the intelligence previously circulated, that a very bad feeling was perceptible among the Finnish population, and that several arrests had been recently made there. Several regiments, consisting of natives of Poland, which had been drafted into the corps d'armee in Finland, had, in consequence, been withdrawn. We learn also from Poland, that the concentration of Russian troops was uninterruptedly continued.

ITALY.

HEALTH OF THE POPE.—Our readers will be delighted to learn that the health of the Holy Father is now most satisfactory. Catholic Standard.

DEATH OF CARDINAL LAMBRUSCHINI.—We deeply regret that accounts from Rome of the 12th ult., announce the death of this most eminent and illustrious member of the Sacred Conclave and Prince of the Church. He was one of the oldest Cardinals, and filled the office of Secretary of State in the last Pontificate.

A letter from Turin in the Moniteur, says that sixty Italian refugees have landed at Sarzana, and marched towards the frontier of Tuscany. They were armed, and call themselves the advanced guard of a more numerous assemblage. A war steamer has left Genoa with troops for Sarzana, in order to capture these men, whose mad expedition cannot be attended with any serious consequences. It is stated that the concealed action of Russian agents is not unconnected with this demonstration, and that the same Government that pays the Greek insurrection would not hesitate to assist the Italian demagogues. The expedition is said to have come from Malta.

THE BALTIC.

It is rumored that a plan of attack upon Cronstadt has been agreed upon between the English and French admirals, but it certainly will not be carried into effect before the arrival of the gun-steamers Florentina. The blockade of the Russian ports and the seizure of some Russian vessels would neither be an object worthy of the great maritime Powers, nor would it require that formidable force of vessels and guns which, before long, will be gathered together in the Gulf of Finland. Want of salt will not drive Finland to rise against Russia; and nothing short of action on a great scale will prevail upon the Scandinavian Powers to change their position of well-wishing spectators for that of active allies.

The leprosy is spreading so rapidly in Norway, that fears are entertained of its becoming a general sickness, as in the middle ages. Strong efforts will therefore be made against it, and the Parliament have made large grants for hospitals, in which the incurably sick will be allowed to reside. No one will be allowed to marry while afflicted with this disease.

On the 23d ult., Sir Charles Napier was before Hango, to attack the principal forts.

TURKEY AND THE BALTIC SEA.

From the whole extent of his vast and silent empire the Czar is pouring down his hordes to the banks of the stream which he now considers as the frontier of his empire. How many days may elapse before we hear of the investment or the fall of some fortress on Bulgarian ground, it is impossible to say.—The fate of the war will probably depend on the issue of the first campaign, and for a successful result we must look to the European troops and those alone.—Times.

The Vienna Lloyd, of May 20, says:—“Omar Pacha has taken up a position before Shumla, with his troops there concentrated; this is a sign that it is in this district where he intends fighting the first grand pitched battle with the Russians.” It is asserted that Omar Pacha sent a report to Constantinople, in which he says that he may be compelled to sacrifice Silistria if the subsidiary allied troops are not at the Balkan by the end of May at the latest.”

The Russians are advancing from the Dobrujscha. They have cut off communication between Silistria and Varna, as well as the sea coast, and they have done the same between Varna and Shumla.—The allied armies are in motion, in order to co-operate with Omar Pacha, and form his reserve. On the 15th, Marshall Paskiewitch, with his staff, crossed the Danube below Silistria to reconnoitre. On the 16th, terms of capitulation were offered to the commander of that fortress, and the bombardment suspended. On the 17th, Mussa Pasha rejected all terms, and on the same day the bombardment recommenced.

The Patrie says, the siege operations before Silistria have been suspended. A sudden rise in the waters of the Danube compelled the Russians to abandon the batteries on the island commanding the position.

ATTACK ON SEBASTOPOL.—The Times correspondent says, we may expect soon to hear important intelligence from the Black Sea, as, after an inspection of Sebastopol and the coast near it. I am informed that Admiral Hamelin has written to his government demanding that a body of troops for landing shall be sent with as little delay as possible to the East. The troops that Admiral Hamelin demands are to be forwarded without delay.

Two English officers have left in the Terrible on a mission to Schamyl. They carry with them assurances of sympathy, and revolver rifles.

In cruising about on various parts of the coast the steamers have picked up some thirteen or fourteen prizes, principally brigs, laden with corn, coals, salt, and other stores. The crews were kept as prisoners on board the different men-of-war; and the admirals sent in a proposition to General Osten Sacken to exchange them for the merchant captains and other prisoners detained at Odessa, or supposed, to be so. Osten Sacken declined, and as these unfortunates were only eating up the provisions of the fleet, and were much in the way, the captains sent them on shore free. They had been put into the various messes on board, and were most kindly treated by the good-humored sailors, who, however, made them wash themselves—a process which the prisoners, it is said, regarded as something new and mysterious.

Odessa, at latest advices, was closely blockaded.

GREECE.

ITS DAYS ARE NUMBERED.—The allies have determined either to quiet the Emperor or crush him, and it would seem almost certain that very shortly an Anglo-French army will occupy his territory. General Forey, the commander of the reserve of the French expeditionary army in Turkey, has orders to stop at Athens, and according to the aspect of affairs to act. In case the requisitions of France and England are complied with, he is authorized to land his troops in any part of Greece, and it has even been said to seize on the government offices and form a provisional Government.

In the absence of anything more stirring from the seat of war, the following graphic description of the contrast betwixt the French and English soldiering will prove interesting. The writer is the Times correspondent, and he is describing a review of the French and British troops.

For two or three hours in the morning long black columns of men might be seen marching through the corn fields, and filing along the narrow lanes that intersect them, or toiling up the hilly ridges of land in apparent confusion, or at least without much visible order. The spectator who selects a high point of land, on the undulating country round Brighton, and looks across the valley below, can form a tolerable idea of the terrain around Gallipoli. Crossing the hills around in all directions, and piercing the ravines between them, he must imagine the dark masses of French infantry, issuing from their numerous encampments, formed for miles around on every sloping plateau. Presently the shrill trumpets of the Zouaves are heard sounding a wild and eccentric march, and these fierce-looking soldiers of Africa, burnt brown by constant exposure to the sun, with beards which easily distinguish them from the native Arabs, come rushing past, for their pace is so quick, that it fully justifies the term. The open collars of their coats allow free play to the lungs; the easy jacket, the loose trousers, and the well-supported ancle constitute the bear ideal of a soldier's dress; their firelocks and the brasses of their swords and bayonets are polished to a nicety. Each man is fully equipped for the field, with great coat strapped over his knapsack, canteen by his side, a bill-hook, hatchet, or cooking-iron fastened over all. In the rear, mounted on a packhorse, follows the vivandiere, in the uniform of the regiment, with natty little panniers and neatly-polished barrels of diminutive size, dangling over the saddle; and then comes a sumpter-mule, with two wooden boxes fastened to the pack, which contains small creature comforts for the officers. The word is given to halt—stand at ease—pile arms. In a moment, the whole regiment seems disorganised. The men scatter far and wide over the fields, collecting sticks and brushwood, and seems incredible that they have gathered all those piles of brambles and dried wood and leaves which they deposit in the rear of the lines in such quantity from the country that looked so bare. The officers gather in groups, light cigars, chat and laugh, or sit on the ground while their coffee is being boiled. From the moment the halt takes place, off come the boxes from the mule—a little portable table is set up—knives, forks, glasses, and cups are laid out—a capacious coffee tin is set upon three stones over a heap of bramble, and in three minutes (I timed the whole operation) each officer could take a cup of this refreshing drink after his hot march, with a biscuit and morsel of cheese, and a chasse of brandy afterwards. The men were equally alert in providing themselves with their favorite beverage. In a very short space of time, two or three hundred little camp fires are lighted, and send up tiny columns of smoke, and coffee tins are boiling, and the busy brisk vivandiere with a smile for every one, and a joke or box on the ear for a favorite vieux moustache, passes along the haze, and fills out tiny cups of cognac to the thirsty soldiers. Pipes of every conceivable variety of shape are lighted, and a hum and bustle rise up from the animated scene, so rich in ever shifting combinations of form and color that Maclise might look on it with wonder and despair. Regiment after regiment comes up on the flanks of the Zouaves, halts, and repeats the process, the only remarkable corps being the Indigènes, or native Zouaves, who are dressed exactly the same as the French, except that jackets, trousers, and vests, are of a bright powder blue, trimmed with yellow, and their turbans, or the fold of linen round the fax are of pure white. In an hour or so the crest of the hill on which we stand, and which extends in undulating folds for two or three miles, is covered by battalions of infantry, and they may be seen toiling up the opposite ridge, till before us there is nothing visible from its one extremity to the other but the broken lines of these stalwart battalions.—There was a ready, dashing serviceable look about the men, that justified the remark of one of the captains, “We are ready as we stand to go on to St. Petersburg this instant.” There was a vivacity, so to speak, about the appearance of the troops, that caught the eye at once. The air of reality about this review distinguished it from sham fights and field days, and all holiday demonstrations of the kind. Ere 12 o'clock there were about 22,000 troops on the opposing ridges of hills—an excellently appointed train of Artillery of nine-pounder guns, with appointments complete, being stationed in the valley below. The columns taken lineally extended upwards of eight miles. The inspection lasted two hours. The staff returned to Gallipoli, for the Prince wished to embark that night for Constantinople, and the troops breaking up into columns of regiments returned to their various camps, leaving traces of their presence behind them, in crushed corn-fields and innumerable smouldering fires. With the exception of one man, who complained of being ill and lagged behind to rest, I did not see a single soldier fall out on the line of march, but those regiments who had a long way to go, halted after a march of three or four miles, the sun being very powerful, gathered sticks, lighted fires as before, and regaled themselves with coffee.

On Saturday, the 27th ult., the English General, Sir George Brown, had a similar inspection of the regiments under his command before his departure for Scutari. Soon after daybreak the tents of the Rifle Brigade, of the 50th Regiment, and of the 93d Regiment, forming the working brigade at the camp of Bulair, were struck, and the whole encampment was broken up. At the same time the 4th Regiment, 28th Regiment, and 44th Regiment struck their tents at the Scutari encampment, about two miles from the town of Gallipoli, and proceeded on their march towards Bulair, there to take up the quarters vacated by the other brigade. The mass of baggage belonging to these regiments was enormous. The trains of buffalo and bullock carts, of pack horses and mules, and of led horses, which filed along the road to Gallipoli, seemed sufficient for the army of Xerxes. For seven or eight miles the teams of country carts piled up with beds and trunks, and soldiers' wives and tents, were almost unbroken, and now and then an overladen mule tumbled down, or a wheel came off, and the whole line of march became a confused struggle of angry men and goaded cattle. It so happened that two French battalions were moving out to fresh quarters (for, in the excellence of their sanitary arrangements, they change their camps nearly once a fortnight), and it became perceptible a glance

that, pro rata, they carried much less impediment than our regiments. There is considerable difficulty in accounting for this, because without a complete knowledge of the internal economy of both armies comparison is difficult; but it may be fairly supposed that the absence of women, and the small kit of the French officers, as well as the inferior size of the tents, go far to account for it. Another matter to be taken into consideration in the officers' baggage is, that Frenchmen live in their uniform; while we all know no real British soldier is quite happy without his muffler. He must have his wide-awake and shooting jacket, and dressing-gown, and evening dress, and a tub of some sort or other, and a variety of gay shirting, pictorial and figurative, while the Gaul does very well without them. Leaving the baggage to its fate, let us climb up one of the hills, near the scene of the French review, and watch the march of our regiments. They came on solid and compact as blocks of marble, the sun dancing on their polished bayonets and scarlet coats with congenial fierceness. The gallant “—th” halt close by—all the men are as red in the face as turkeycocks—they seem gasping for breath—they are indeed sorely distressed, for a rigid band of leather rendered quite relentless by fibres and buckles of brass is fixed tightly round their throats; and their knapsacks are filled to the pitch of mortal endurance, so that it requires the aid of a comrade for each man to get his knapsack on his back; while the Frenchman, unassisted, puts his knapsack on in an instant. The coat is buttoned tightly up also to aid the work of suffocation, and belts and buckles compress the unhappy soldier where most he requires ease and the unrestricted play of the muscle. Regiment after regiment reaches the parade-ground, and falls into its place with admirable precision. The lines of these red and blue blocks seem regulated by plummet, and scarce a bayonet wavers in the long streaks of light above the shakos. The rifles, too, stand compact and steady as a piece of iron. Thus they stand under the rays of the morning sun, till at 9 o'clock Sir George Brown and staff, accompanied by the French General, and a number of officers, Mr. Calvert, our Consul, &c., ride along the lines, and, after a brief inspection, dismiss them. The Rifles and 93d Regiment continues their march to the shore, where they are to embark for Scutari. The 50th follow to their new camp at Souleri, and if one follows them, he will see how men drop out, exhausted and half-smothered, and at what a vast amount of physical inconvenience all this solidity and rigidity of aspect are acquired. Take one fact:—In a single company which left Bulair 45 file strong—90 men—so many men fell out on the march to Souleri, a distance of six miles or thereabouts, that the Captain reached the camping ground with only 20 men—the rest straggled in during the forenoon. The halts were frequent for so short a march, and the rush to every well and fountain showed how the men suffered from thirst.

GREAT BRITAIN.

ARCHDEACON DENTON.—This well known and esteemed ornament of the Anglican Establishment, has just resigned his lucrative situation in the diocese of Bath and Wells. It is expected that this is preliminary to his admission into the fold of the Catholic Church.

The Edinburgh Advertiser, a Scotch Protestant journal, mourns over the failure of the No-Popery crusade:—“When Popery, our old foe, is thus rampant and daring, and when its priestly militia are (as was shown in the recent debates) so efficiently drilled for the war of aggression, it is indeed greatly to be regretted that the Presbyterianism of Scotland is so sadly underequipped; and that a nation which, if united, could present a bulwark of freedom against which Romanism might dash its waves in vain, is so distracted, and its energies so wasted, by internal feuds, as to afford only too favorable a field for the tactics of our artful enemy. It would seem as if this spirit of sect and schism is doomed to mar even our most truly national efforts. Even the Scottish Reformation Society, designed to embrace and represent all sections of Protestants, has become comparatively one-sided in its character.”

The public at large had almost forgotten that among other pending inquiries—social, political, philosophical, or theological—the House of Commons was undertaking a sort of Paul Pry expedition into monasteries and nunneries. Now, questions are generally vulgar and disagreeable, unless they are absolutely necessary, or undoubtedly well intended. There is nothing an Englishman dislikes so much as to be cross-examined without reason or warrant; and none are so odious as they who, in place of contributing to the amusement or edification of society, merely ask strings of questions. On the other hand, Parliament certainly does ask questions, whole books full of questions, every year—80,000 questions about a single affair, questions addressed to persons prepared with their replies, and questions addressed to those who expect or desire nothing so much. So what shall be said of the investigation which Mr. Chambers proposed into conventual and monastic institutions? Was it necessary or impertinent? It was either the one or the other, and we cannot but think it was the last. If there were any real mystery, or if the Roman Catholics and their imitators in the Church of England really had any power of shutting up men, women, and children in convents, for the sake of their souls or their property, that would be a case for inquiry.—But, had it been so, long ere this the whole people of England would have risen against monastic institutions of all kinds and opened them to the light of day, even if they had to level the walls to the ground in so doing. There cannot be much secrecy in a country where people come and go just as they please. These convents advertise for inmates, as schools and hotels do; their inmates stay a year or so at the convent, get sick of it, perhaps, and, if they have also bad tempers, or otherwise conceive themselves ill-used, they publish full accounts of all they did, heard, and saw in these monasteries; sometimes adorning the narrative, never giving it quite full. How can there be secrecy when any monk or nun in the country may pay off all the petty grudges sure to accumulate where people are huddled together, by simply publishing the daily life or the ordinary conversation of the institution they have left? There are curious people enough in the world to make the most frivolous disclosures pay in every sense of the word. There can, then, be no real secrecy in these institutions beyond the secrecy there is in every household, and which no sensible person would ever wish to invade.