

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

No one who is acquainted with the sanguine nature of Italian politicians will doubt that the recent conference between the Emperor Napoleon and Count Cavour has given a further fillip to the confident hopes they have for some past entertained that France is disposed to favor and assist their cause.

It appears from the *Moniteur*, that the Governments of France and England have come to an understanding with the Porte with reference to the recent horrible events at Jeddah with a view to due reparation.

Under the heading "The Emperor and the Queen of England," the *Patrie* publishes the following article:

"At the moment we are penning these lines a great historical picture is being unrolled in one of our most important maritime ports. The Emperor and the Empress make their entrance into Cherbourg, where they are to receive the visit of the Queen of England.

progress in our naval organization. Cherbourg is the solemn consecration of this new status.—The Queen of England in proceeding there does not simply perform an act of gracious courtesy; she performs an act of deep political meaning.

An article in the *Siecle* on the approaching meeting of the Sovereigns of England and France contains the following passages:—

"The interview at Cherbourg has assumed the character of a great political event. The policy of good sense, the policy of the moral and material interests of the country, has triumphed.

"The *Univers* protests against the pacific interpretation given to the Cherbourg works. It exclaims:—"A great nation should always boldly avow its acts, and never permit them to be misrepresented.

NAVAL FÊTES AT CHERBOURG.—"The name of this old Norman town and harbor is probably at this moment better known than its exact position.

"The exact position of Cherbourg may be better described than by quoting latitude and longitude from the Admiralty chart, or its bearings by compass from Dover, information superfluous to the pilots and useless to everybody else.

"The town itself, it need scarcely be said, is not the place—it is the least important part of it; the real Cherbourg consists of the harbor, the military port, the breakwater, and the fortifications.

"But turn to the military port, and it is a different thing. That establishment is the real Cherbourg.—Measurements of yards and fathoms sometimes give but an indefinite idea of size.

"The military port forms the western extremity of the inner road of the bay; it is divided from the western end of the town by fortifications, with fosse and bastions, sweeping in a semicircle inland and abutting on the rocky shore of the bay, which washes the walls of the part facing the harbour and breakwater.

side, strongly fortified. Within the enceinte is the most perfect arsenal in the world. It includes in itself all the means of fitting out an armament.

"To give the history of the rise and progress of this port would require a volume. Modern as it is, it has its comparative antiquity. All that belongs to Louis XIV. and Vauban, for instance, are its dark ages; nothing remains of them.

After the fall of Napoleon, and under the Restoration, Cherbourg collapsed, and it even disappears from history for more than 29 years; the most that Charles X. knew of the harbour was from having to embark at it for his last exile.

"This dock is, in fact, one of the grandest parts of the arsenal. The two old docks open to the bay; the new one is inside them, in the very centre of the place, and can only be reached by passing through the others.

"The basin itself is not larger than many separate docks we have at home; but it is very deep, and the masonry, in solid granite, of the most finished workmanship.

"The preparations for letting in the water are not yet completed; across the northern entrance men are busily raising a vast dam of earth and sand, exactly like the embankment of a settlement of beavers, very broad at the base, and tapering up to the top, ramming the materials well down as the mass rises.

"At the present moment vast chain cables are stretched across the floor of the excavation; the pipes of the pumping machinery are visible on the same level. A few workmen, looking absolutely small, from the great height of the quay, are crawling about the area, and from a wooden hut in the very centre of it smoke is rising from the stovepipe, as if the inmates were building his coffee; short is the space of time and coffee will boil on that spot no more.

BELGIUM.

The Belgian deputies, by a majority of 53 to 39, have rejected the Government measure for the fortification of Antwerp. The measure was a disclosure of the universal feeling of distrust and insecurity which prevails in the mind of Europe, and had special reference to the supposed designs or possible necessities of the French Emperor.

ITALY.—According to letters from Turin, the recent conference between the Emperor of the French and Count de Cavour at Plombières was on the general situation of the affairs of Italy; and terminated in a strong recommendation from His Majesty to the Minister to adopt a moderate and circumspect policy both towards Austria and Naples.

INDIA.

The details brought by the Bombay mail are decidedly of a more cheering character, although it is certain that in many places we are unable to protect the native chiefs who are loyal to our rule from the revenge of the natives.

Lord Canning's new proclamation to the Oude people is as follows:—The Right Honourable the Governor-General hereby notifies, for the information of all those concerned in the present rebellion, his ultimate views and intentions regarding principals, seconds, and followers engaged in the same, during the past twelve months.

To all parties immediately concerned in the murder of Christian British subjects, no hopes of pardon, on arrest, can be held out; they must pay the forfeit of the laws of this and every civilized country have decreed to a more brutal and gratuitous slaughter of the unprepared, the defenceless, and the innocent; they are out of the pale of humanity, and the magnitude of their offence while they live will ever call aloud for retribution.

To all those who have offered asylum to refugees or others, being the murderers of Christian British subjects, and know them to have been such, or who have been leading movers against the authority of the British Government, and have persistently acted throughout this rebellion against the constituted paramount power of the land, the Rt. Hon. the Governor-General can offer only terms of life: their punishment will be proportioned to the offences they have committed against the states.

It is our sad duty to state that information has reached us of the death, from sun-stroke, of the Rev. P. Fairhurst, one of the heroic band of Catholic Priests who had ministered to the spiritual wants of the Catholic soldiers engaged in the Indian war.

THE OUTRAGES OF SEPOYS AT AGRA.—Two of the murderers of a Mrs. Matthews, in this city, in July last, were hanged this morning. They were principals in the act, and the case was a very horrid one.

(From the Dublin Tablet.)

The most devoted partisan of Liberalism must in our time admit that the magnificent promises of human regeneration, which the United States at one time held forth to the enthusiastic believers in human progress, have not been, at least literally, realised.

In the United States the boundless resources of an inexhaustible soil and the surprising courage of an enterprising people, seem exclusively enlisted in the service of the passions. Hence the moral civilization of America, which was formerly simple and manly, is gradually becoming effeminate and languid.

A secret belief lurks in the depths of the American mind which is the source of all the moral calamities and impurities of America. Americans tacitly believe that this world is the true home of man, and they accordingly endeavour to make it such at any cost.

We take the following from the proceedings of the Rutland (Vt.) Abolition and Free-Love Convention:—

"In the discussion of the slavery question, which followed that on free love, Mr. Curtis made his second appearance. He quoted that resolution which declares that any Christ or 'any God that by silence or otherwise authorised man to enslave man merits the scorn and contempt of mankind.

"The praise which Catholics bestow upon the Saints is treated with derision; but the 'eulogy' which an Atheist has lavished on the Devil has been received with approbation in America. They have pulled down temples which Catholics erected to the adoration of God; but they have erected temples which are, or deserve to be, devoted to Lucifer.

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"Come, thou calumniator of priests and kings, come to my embrace! Let me press thee to my bosom. It is a long time since I have known thee and thou hast known me. Thy works, O blessed of my heart, are not always beautiful and good; but they alone give meaning to the universe, and prevent it from becoming absurd.

From this indulgence in licentiousness and impurity, this blasphemy of God and adoration of the Devil, the transition to Mormonism is natural and almost inevitable. That organised licentiousness, which the American army is at this moment endeavoring to put down, is the inevitable result of the general corruption of American manners.

Nothing can possibly be more inconsistent than this conduct. It is entirely at variance with the principles of universal toleration which Americans have so proudly emblazoned on their Republican banner. The magnificent promises of human improvement which the American Republic held forth to the world have ended in a new crusade against a new description of Mahometans.

Self-restraint with powder and ball. But as it is, with the horrible licentiousness of manners, of which its Free-Love Societies and teeming and purulent newspapers afford evidence—with blasphemy, obscenity, and Devil worship maddening the States, we cannot see what right the Republicans can have to act as missionaries of purity while wallowing in corruption.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

(From Punch.)

Queen Victoria—Emperor Napoleon—The Prince Consort.

The Emperor.—I venture to hope that your Majesty is pleased with my little improvements here in Cherbourg?

The Queen.—Wonders, I assure your Majesty—marvels, to use your Uncle's word on that pedestal. I see a greater wonder, however, than any you have pointed out.

The Emperor.—And that is—The Queen (smiling).—That you are the showman. The Emperor (smiling).—It is so. Am I too egotistic in adding—long may that cause of wonder exist?

The Queen.—On the contrary, I heartily echo the wish, especially when I see your Majesty surrounded with temptations to place that marvel among the things of the past.

The Emperor.—May I ask how? The Queen.—By bringing any of these improvements into actual use. Of course you will not be angry with me?

The Emperor.—Were it possible for me as a man, the family of Kings knows no such wicked and plebeian passion as anger.

The Prince (aside, and with a shrug).—He of the family. Mein Gott!

The Queen.—Did you speak, Albert? The Prince.—I was thinking—I should rather say I was trying to recollect what that cape yonder is called, on the east of the bay.

The Emperor.—It bears the name of Levi. The Prince.—Of course, so it is. I forgot.

The Emperor (laughs).—Not an easy name for some folks to forget, I can tell you, Prince. And your Majesty has deigned to notice our humble breakwater there?

The Queen.—A noble work. We have nothing like it, I mean in point of size. Our Plymouth one is only 1,800 metres long—that mass must be twice the length.

The Prince.—So it ought to be. You have been at it since 1783; our first stone was dropped into the sea in 1812.

The Emperor (aside with a shrug).—He talk of our first stone. Mon Dieu!

The Queen.—I repeat, that it is a noble work, and a feat chased by an enemy could certainly get behind it, and save itself, unless the enemy sailed very well, as Captain Preedy did in the Agamemnon, for instance.

The Emperor.—I trust that is not the use to which a French fleet will put the bay in my time. The Queen.—I sincerely trust not. It nearly broke Lord Nelson's heart to be kept watching the fleet in Toulon for two years, and then Admiral Villeneuve slipped out, and ran away to the West Indies, after all.

The Emperor.—How good your Majesty's memory is. The Queen.—A King owes it to his good subjects to have a good memory.

The Emperor.—True, Madam, and to make his bed ones have a good memory about him. The Queen (laughing).—Perhaps, but I have no bad subjects in my den of assassins yonder.

The Emperor.—Ah! pardon a rude soldier's zeal. It was but a complaint from the Hospital of Insults.

The Prince.—A complaint we decline to cure at the Hospital of St. Bernard. Hal! hal!

The Emperor.—Excellent, Prince! perfect. Shall I behold the editor of the *Charivari*, and give you his place?

The Prince.—Many thanks, but I should never be able to correct my proof-sheets by the light of a gas lamp. Your Majesty has done so, I believe, in your time, and therefore thinks little of the hardship.

The Emperor (gravely).—The press is an institution which I have not yet put "on its trial." The Queen (laughing).—One for a Trinity Brother.

The Emperor.—This is a fine gun, your Majesty, very powerful and capably cast.

The Queen (examines it).—O yes. Beautiful! I know it must be a good one, for it is exactly like a number we were looking over at Woolwich the other day. Don't you remember, Albert?

The Prince.—Perfectly, and they were making some more from the same pattern. But I am a lover of economy, and I wish we did not go to the expense of casting guns, but imitated our dramatic authors.

The Queen.—What do you mean, dear?