

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Never, perhaps, since human thoughts have been wafted on the wings of lightning through space, have the magic wires thrilled with such important events as at the present time. Every day, every hour, brings something to brighten or darken the political horizon, and make it as changeable as the chequered skies of the present season. Constantly fluctuating between hope and fear, the public mind has had no interval of calm since the opening of the year; but this feverish anxiety cannot last any longer. Diplomacy is now playing the last act of its rather complicated comedy, and the "dénouement" may, and must be, expected every hour. Important changes are said to have taken place in the situation this week. Prussia no longer stands aloof, and Germany, after displaying great enthusiasm for Austria, begins to make her conditions. Russia, it is affirmed, is also inclined to join with Prussia and England, to obtain, if possible, an amicable arrangement of the question at issue. The part France has taken, has, in my opinion, been misunderstood not only in England but in Ireland. She is now accused of entertaining ambitious views of future conquest, concealed under ambiguous and changing language—of having become too reserved and prudent after having been the cause of the conflagration in Italy. What in reality is her position? A war, such as Europe never witnessed, is threatening, imminent. She has pledged herself to protect Piedmont, but the Government does not find that the nation responds to the sympathy displayed in favor of an armed intervention in Italy. Without withdrawing their promise to Piedmont, they prudently await the march of events and decline the grave responsibility of beginning the conflict. With no ally on whose good faith she can confidently depend—with a terrible precedent in history before her eyes, France has refused, and with reason, to be led into acts of Quixotic chivalry, which might not only prove fatal to herself, but to the country she is anxious to protect effectively. When the signal comes, and come it must soon—when the terrible *cu avant* is sounded from the trumpet of war, France will be found, against no matter what foes, ready to take her place; and if not the first in the field, she will be the last to leave it. Nor is it just to accuse her of having alone inspired Italy with hopes of independence. A few words in the Speech of a Monarch, and the Marriage of a Prince, have not alone been the cause of the present agitation in that country. England, who now prudently, except as far as Rome and Naples are concerned, seems indifferent, contributed far more than France did, in encouraging Lombardy to throw off the yoke of Austria. As to the actual state of things all is confusion, contradiction, uncertainty. Last night it was affirmed that Austria and Piedmont had consented to remove their troops ten leagues from their respective frontiers, and that some hopes of an amicable arrangement was possible. Your Phoenix Trials have been followed here with more interest than you would imagine. The way justice is administered in Ireland, and the money offered by the Government for the blackest and basest of all infamy, was universally condemned. The episode of the Pike created great amusement, owing particularly to the fact that the word was by some translated by the name of the fish, "brochet," and by others by the name of that obsolete weapon, "La pique." Many were the comments made on the effect produced by such a bloodless weapon. The Attorney-General introducing the mysterious box and unveiling in due time its terrible contents, has been compared to Marc Antony showing the body of Caesar after "Caesar's vesture wounded," and with a slight change on the verse made to say— "Here is itself, made, as you see, by traitors." How such an absurd bathos could have been seriously made the "piece de resistance" of a trial has caused as much astonishment abroad as it has, no doubt, at home.—Paris Correspondent of the Evening News.

HOPE OF PEACE.—Of the interview between the Emperor and Lord Cowley, says the Times correspondent, I can give no details; but the fact which principally concerns us is that there is a very reason to believe that peace will be maintained. The French Emperor now knows all his Austrian brother will concede, and is said to be satisfied. I should not like to raise hopes of an exaggerated nature; but I cannot do otherwise than assure you that at the present hour there are grounds for believing that the danger of war has passed away, and thus the ardent wishes of the French people so far satisfied.—Whether the solution of the "Italian question" will be by means of a congress or some other pacific machinery I do not yet know, but settle how it may, I believe the peace of Europe will not be disturbed for the present by France. I learn that an aide-de-camp of Prince Napoleon left Paris on Friday for Nice or Turin; that the Prince himself desired to go, but the Emperor set his face against it. What was the mission entrusted to his agent I cannot say, but I should not be surprised if it was to prevent the Piedmontese from perpetrating some egregious piece of folly at this critical moment. The following is the letter of the Times Paris correspondent, dated 24th March:— "The adhesion of Austria to the proposed Congress for the settlement of the Italian question is certain. It might, therefore, be supposed that the Plenipotentiaries were about to enter on business, and the proper seat of their deliberations selected. I believe a good deal has to be done before we arrive at that stage of the preliminary proceedings. The question raised about the admission of Sardinia to a place in the Congress has, for instance, to be settled. Austria, possibly, is opposed to that admission; but I believe it is certain that the Emperor Napoleon supports Sardinia, though the *Moniteur* announced his acceptance to the proposition emanating from Russia without reference to Victor Emmanuel. It is not easy to see on what ground Piedmont justifies her demand to take part in the Congress. The quarrel between Austria and Piedmont is not, ostensibly at least, on the session of the Lombardo-Venetian territory

to Victor Emmanuel, but about certain private conventions which Austria has with other Italian States, exclusive of the treaties of 1815, and which gave her an undue influence in Central Italy menacing to the independence of Piedmont. No Government, I believe, has formally called upon Austria to abandon her Italian possessions for the benefit of her neighbor. The States of Central Italy only have a direct and immediate interest in the abrogation of such conventions, and in strict justice they have a much better right to be represented in the Congress than Piedmont. When the French Emperor demands the admission of Piedmont, why does he not require Naples, the Roman States, Tuscany, and the rest to sit in an assembly which is charged, as we are told, with regulating the affairs of Italy, for assuredly Piedmont is not serious when she pretends to represent the whole of the Peninsula? One might understand the claim of Piedmont if she prayed to be relieved from the burden of holding Genoa and the other territory given and secured to her by the treaties of 1815. In the meantime you may depend upon it that M. Cavour will create obstacles both here and in Turin to the pacific settlement of this question. Ingenuity will be exhausted to impede the Congress, and even to prevent its meeting at all so long as there is a chance of a pacific settlement; and every instrument, every agency, however base, will be set to work with that object. An insurrection in some Italian State, a forced collision with the Austrians—everything will be turned to account to promote the extravagant ambition of one man, and light up a conflagration in Europe. I think it right to notice a rumor abroad for the last few days, but for the purpose of expressing my disbelief in it. It is to the effect, that another private circular has been recently sent from the Ministry of the Interior to the Prefects of departments, instructing them to cause the newspapers under their control to prepare the public mind for the probability of a declaration of war. I repeat I attach little or no credit to this rumor, because the date attributed to the circular (seven or eight days ago) coincides with that on which the French Government must have known a good deal about the result of Lord Cowley's mission. It is not to be believed that the Minister would have taken such a step at the very moment matters were assuming a pacific turn. Another fact equally strange, and which I mention on account of the source from which it is said to emanate, is, that, notwithstanding the warlike sentiments attributed to Prince Napoleon, his Imperial Highness has very recently written to Turin exhorting M. Cavour to calm the effervescence of the Piedmontese, and recommending a pacific solution instead of an appeal to arms. Yet I should not be much surprised if this were true, the Emperor having adhered to the proposal for a Congress; and, as I presume that adhesion to be sincere, he could hardly do otherwise than tranquillize the feeling which has been aroused in Piedmont, and thus prevent any untoward incident from disturbing the present arrangement—such, for instance, as the affair of Sinope in the early part of the war with Russia. The news of M. Cavour's resignation is every moment expected here, though it is rumored that the French Government wishes Piedmont to be represented at the Congress.—In the note of the *Moniteur*, announcing the acceptance by France of the proposition of Russia, no mention whatever is made of Piedmont.—The official note in the *Moniteur* announcing the proposal of Russia to convoke a Congress for the discussion of the Italian question is commented on by the Paris papers. The *Press* observes:— "The initiative taken by Russia proves not only the great value she attaches to the preservation of peace, but also that she does not consider herself so perfectly foreign to the responsibilities of war as had been supposed. In proposing this Congress she has performed a deed which will be appreciated by civilization and policy. The French Government offers a striking proof of its sincere desire to maintain peace. This is a sound, skillful and frank policy. Austria cannot refuse to accept the Congress. By refusing, she would prove to Europe that she fears her justice, and she would then probably forfeit all chances of assistance in the event of a war. England beholds her best hopes realized. Why did she dispatch her first diplomatist to Vienna? It was in order to draw the Italian question on to the field of diplomacy.—The Emperor of Russia has, obtained for Lord Cowley and for England the object of their quest. We may offer one simple observation—the majority in Congress will belong, not to the contending Powers, but to the conciliatory parties, that is, to England, Russia, and Prussia. Such being the position, it is not too rash to await a satisfactory solution of the question at issue." The *Patrie* considers that the meeting of a Congress would represent a great success for French policy:— "Russia acknowledges, then, with France, that the state of Italy is abnormal. The same idea doubtless prevails in London and Berlin. The Emperor of the French offers a fresh proof of his moderation by the readiness of his adhesion to the initiative taken by the Emperor of Russia. He thereby evinces his sincere desire for the preservation of peace, and thereby acts in harmony with all the precedents, as with all the principles, of his policy. We cannot presume that the Vienna Cabinet will reject the idea of a Conference. Certainly, it would not venture to accept so great a responsibility. The meeting of a Congress may, therefore, be considered as almost certain. The first result is a great success for the policy of France, and is at the same time a valuable guarantee for an honorable peace." Le *Nord* believes that in the new European Congress the treaties of 1815 will be taken as a standing point for further negotiations and that it has been resolved not to unsettle the territorial arrangements made in that year. It is stated that there are at present 400,000 muskets of an improved model being manufactured by command of the Minister of War for the French army. In consequence of the increased power of rifled cannon the construction of two ships of the line and three frigates, to be sheathed with additional plates of iron, has been ordered. The Minister of war is about to conclude a contract for a large supply of military clothing. A person lately arrived from Lyons says there are 150,000 troops assembled within 12 hours' march of that city. The forts and barracks round Lyons are overcrowded with soldiers. General Renault's division is ready to march at the shortest notice. There are, moreover, wooden houses erected on the road to Piedmont by Mount Genis, which are supplied with provisions for the men and forage for the horses.

VIENNA, MARCH 23.—Yesterday M. de Balabine officially informed Count Buel that the St. Petersburg Cabinet thought peace might be maintained if a Congress—to be composed of the Five Great Powers—were to take the affairs of Italy in hand. The sub-

stances of the reply of the Austrian Minister was that, under certain conditions, Austria would not object to the so-called Italian question being brought before a Congress. There is reason to believe that Austria will insist on a promise being given by the Powers that neither her claim to Lombardy and Venice nor her revisionary rights in Tuscany and Modena shall be called in question. She is also likely to require a total suspension of the armaments in Sardinia, and the extradition of those soldiers who have recently forsaken their flag and entered the service of the King of Sardinia. All the great Powers wish for a revision of the special conventions between Austria and the Italian States, and even the German Princes would hardly be sorry should this Government be deprived of the power of meddling at pleasure in the internal affairs of the Italian Duchies. The Regent of Prussia not long since observed that the special conventions of Austria "in no way concerned Germany," and the observation appears perfectly correct. Strictly speaking, Germany is only bound to assist Austria if her German provinces are attacked, but it can hardly be doubted that the Bund would support her should an attempt be made to violate the treaties of 1815, and to deprive her of her possessions in Northern Italy. All the great Powers think that Austria exercises undue influence in Central Italy, and it must be supposed that some of the German Governments are beginning to take the same view of things, as several of the leading organs of the press now talk of the necessity for a revision of her special conventions with the smaller States.—Times Cor.

ITALY.

A private letter of the 21st March from Turin contains the following passages:— "For the last two days the news we receive from the interior is not very pacific, but the only effect it produces is a greater impatience to submit the present difficulty to the fatal chance of arms, with the thought and firm conviction that France will intervene in the conflict. "A friend happened to converse this morning with one of the leading commercial men of Turin, who observed to him,—"The Minister of Finance announced that hostilities would begin in May, and that he appeared in no way doubtful as to the result, persuaded as he was that France would at once march to the aid of Piedmont." "The opinion of the Minister of Finance is shared by every one here; of this you need have no doubt. At all events, M. Cavour, with the ability which every one admits he possesses, will find means, whenever he desires it, to discover an occasion for a pretext; and, whatever be the result, the head of the Sardinian Cabinet is now much too deeply engaged with the war party in Italy to give up the cause, which, by the way, he has no thought of doing." The writer was not, perhaps, fully aware at the date of his letter of the turn things have taken for the last three days in consequence of Lord Cowley's mission. It is very possible that M. Cavour has gone so far with the war party as to be unable to back out, but a nation is not to be driven to her ruin, nor is Europe to be exposed to the horrors of war, merely to save the consistency or prolong the power of a Minister. If M. Cavour be the true patriot his friends say he is, and all admit he once was, his only course is to quit office. It would prove to the world that his patriotism, though sadly misdirected, is not mere selfish ambition, and that he prefers the well-being of his country to all other considerations.—Cor. of Times.

The following telegrams were received at Mr. Reuter's office on March 23:— "Turin, March 23.—On the 21st inst. a picket of Austrian cavalry crossed to the Piedmontese side of the Ticino for the purpose of exploring the frontiers opposite Pavia, which having done they returned to that town. "To-day the annual commemoration of the Piedmontese soldiers slain at the battle of Novara in 1849 was celebrated in the Cathedral. The ceremony was solemnized in the most impressive manner. The Ministers of State, deputations from Parliament, the officers of the Sardinian army and of the National Guard, the students of the University, and the immigrants from other parts of Italy were present." The *Armonia* of Turin states that arrangements have been made for transporting, in case of need, the seat of government to Genoa, a city which is not, like Turin, open to the inroads of an enemy. In reply to remonstrances against the enrolment of the subjects of the Duke of Modena in the Sardinian army, M. Cavour is said to have declared that the Piedmontese government considered the Italian volunteers as emigrants, and not deserters. The explanation relative to the enlistment of Austrian deserters is that the government can neither send them back nor without danger to the public tranquillity leave them unoccupied.

SARDINIA.

Turin, March 21.—Once more the quicksilver is on the rise, and the vane shifts round towards peace.—Call me chameleon if you will, but so it is. Fluctuations are the order of the day, and I can but record them as they occur. True, that the note now piping around me is as war-like as ever; but, by looking a little below the surface we discover grounds for hopes of peace. After all, it is not clamour of voices and clash of arms in a little country like Piedmont that make war. Menace as she may, she must trust to the support of one greater than herself, and if that support fails her, she must moderate her tone. The Sardinian Government may send its army of 40,000 men to the frontier, may increase it by calling out the reserve of 30,000 more, may appeal to the National Guard for volunteers, and may dispatch officers of fortune to lick into shape the motley crowd of recruits that have resorted hither from various parts of Italy. It may throw up earthworks and cast cannon, and send abroad for horses, and give extensive orders for shot and shell. Well, when it has done all that, when it has drained its treasury, impaired its credit, roused the indignation of Europe, and dragged from their families and pursuits thousands of working men whose toil was the sole support of their wives and children,—when it has done all that, I say, what can it do next, unless France be prepared to aid it with 150,000 men and a strong reserve? Attack the Austrians single-handed? The white-coats would be in Turin in a fortnight, unless they contented themselves, as some believe they would, with simply driving the intruders of their own territory. There are persons, I know, who think that this Government has so committed itself, has placed itself in so fatal a position by its war policy, that sooner than consent to peace it would pay its *va-tout* and engage in hostilities single-handed, trusting partly to the insurrection which it could easily get up in Italy, and partly to the chapter of accidents. I am happy to say that I do not share this opinion. It is much to be lamented that a statesman of such ability and merit as Count Cavour should have disappointed his friends and admirers, who were so numerous throughout Europe, and especially in England, and should have greatly impaired, by his recent escapade, his prestige, which it is to be hoped he may yet regain by a more sagacious and moderate course. But I repeat the opinion I have before expressed, that he will not be engaged in the desperate game which some of his political opponents may think him capable of playing; that he will not go to war unless assured of the support of France, and that, even with that support, he will not assume the offensive. At least, all at present indications seem to warrant this belief, and it is fervently to be desired that no change may hereafter occur to falsify the hopes I found upon it of the preservation of peace.—Cor. Times.

BELGIUM.

It is rumored that Holland and Belgium are about entering into a treaty to defend their territories in case a war should break out. If Prussia joins Austria, as is likely, without doubt Belgium would be the battle-field; indeed, making the hypothesis that hostilities commence, it is difficult to see how the

treaties respecting its neutrality can be kept. This, however, is a thing of little importance—the sword once drawn treaties are severed and flung to the winds. There is another rumor, startling in its nature, circulated within the last few days. It is that Catholic party are determined to abstain from discussing the bills to be introduced in future by the Ministry—to act as they did on the voting of the address. The reasons alleged to justify this strange mode of acting is the uselessness of discussion, for the Ministry, backed up by a servile majority, render futile all efforts to obtain justice or fair play. The *Journal de Bruxelles* though more or less in connection with the leaders of the Catholic party has not yet spoken of the policy. Perhaps it is a base "Liberal" lie, fabricated for election purposes. It is difficult to think that the Catholics are so discouraged as thus to surrender without fighting to the last. A policy of this kind would betray little faith in their cause or the resources of the country, and its effect on the coming elections would be disastrous.

INDIA.

LIFE IN LUCKNOW.—JANUARY 30.—Maun Singh's ball took place this evening. It was, after naive ideas, a very grand affair. In the evening Maun Singh came to head-quarters to make his final arrangements, and there he heard what caused him to participate in the general regret, Clyde was so unwell that he could not possibly attend. In fact, the Commander-in-Chief would insist the day before on mounting his horse for the first time since his accident, and the charger, a fine spirited animal, had pulled so that the dislocated shoulder was strained, and his Lordship had to dismount, and this morning was in pain, and was, besides, indisposed by a severe cold. It was a great blow to Maun Singh, whose ball was at one stroke deprived of half its significance and importance, and at first he seemed to suspect that his Lordship's illness was a ruse, but Colonel Metcalfe dissipated such unworthy and Oriental suspicions. At 7 o'clock the elephants were paraded outside the tents, and at 8 o'clock Maun Singh returned to escort General Mansfield and his other guests to the ball or nautch. The "hatties" were soon loaded and fumbled off in their wading, rolling, Jack-shore fashion, preceded by wild linkmen with prodigious flambeaux, and followed by an escort of Lahore Horse, with irregular flankers of Maun Singh's sowers. The Rajah sat alongside General Mansfield, and Major Bruce occupied a place in the same howdah. A dark cruise of a mile or so over broken ground and through the silent suburb on the left bank of the Goomtee, between the iron and stone bridges, which once had been the scene of cannonading and musketry, ended in sight of a long avenue of twinkling lights of rich yellowish lustre, not faring and white-flamed like gas, but golden and melting.

This avenue was formed by a framework of bamboos, disposed in heart-shaped escocheons, and hung with oil lamps. A large triumphal arch of the same fabrication opened on the parallelism before the palace, which was a blaze of lights. Opposite the palace—a long building with porticoes and open colonnades, in the Italian style—there was erected a very gay but unsubstantial pavilion, covered all over with silver leaf, in the open windows of which minstrels played on quaint instruments, and elicited strains which distance refined into those of the more formidable species of bagpipe, mingled with song and chorus. On the facade of the silver temple was a golden shield inscribed with the words, "Victoria, Queen of India," and beneath, on each side, golden scrolls bore the names of "Clyde," "Montgomery." A considerable, but not a large number of natives, was assembled in this open space, at the further end of which was a grand illuminated gateway, similar to that under which we had passed. The elephants were ordered to "bite," and lay down accordingly.—It is not a feast of a festive turn, and illuminations distress its sagacity very much. The wise creature hates rockets, for he knows they have sticks, and he has a general diffidence as to the skill of man in handling pyrotechnics, which, combined with the liveliest obedience to the first law of nature, render the elephant eminently unhappy on the occasion of Oriental rejoicings. Down the ladders we slipped from the howdahs, as though descending the sides of a ship, and, led by Maun Singh, who was dressed in silks and shawls, with a gold embroidered cap on his head, and stocking-clad feet, we mounted to the saloon, a very fine room, hung with glass chandeliers, and numerous mirrors, haring at the sides colonnades opening to balconies, and galleries above filled with well-dressed natives, and when the General had taken his place the nautch commenced.—It is to us a dull and dismal entertainment. From the end of the room advance two girls of unusual ugliness supported by seven or eight men, who on tom-toms, a kind of violin, and kettle-drums keep up a monotonous but not unmelodious accompaniment to the undulations of the bodies and limbs of the nautch girls. The dress of the girls is classic, beautiful, and modest. The feet are all but hidden by the contracted robe, which opens out in a wide flounce upon the ground, so as to lie in a heavy fold in front as they retreat, and behind as they advance. Their arms alone are bare—up to the throat there is a maze of silver and gold embroidered filmy gauzes and shawls thrown in rich folds over the attenuated figures, which may well court such disguises. As these young ladies approach, swaying their bodies to and fro, gently waving their arms, and making a pleasant music with the beat of their silver bangles, the mind wanders back to the days of the post-Adamic world, and sees the singers going before, the minstrels following after the killer of the Philistines; gets unpleasant reminiscences of Adams's *Roman Antiquities* (article "Triumphs"), and has some confused ideas about Nineveh, Lydard, the Greek chorus, and the Druids. Their songs, those strange, not unmusical cadences, running on unceasingly from strophe to antistrophe, with marked caesura and rhythm enough, must be as old as the hills, whose youth they may have charmed into dancing, and Orpheus may have made Cerberus sleep by a dose of the "Taza betaza," for all we know to the contrary. Had I been Cerberus my resistance would have been feeble, for I admit the effect is monotonous to a degree, though the natives will sit entranced as Pluto, and listen to one or two songs of this sort each an hour long at least the whole night. The men are all—young, old, and middle-aged—a dissipated, odd-looking set of men. They are "domes," the musician and fiddler class, who had as much influence in Oude as fiddlers had in some European Courts in times gone by, and that is saying a good deal. You may catch a hundred of them at any time, or rather you might, by sweeping the pit of La Scala on the first night of a new opera. When their *protéges* have sidled and sung and ogled and wriggled their way up the room close to the General, they retire, and others succeed them in the same way; while their predecessors divert those in the other room or at the end of ours. The noise of fiddles and drums from those various parties is overwhelming. Maun Singh's brief interlude, and going to the General, throws over his head a wreath of very rich-looking silver and gold thread with tassels, which he takes from a tray carried by a servant. Then going round all his guests, who are seated to the number of 150 or 160 along the ballroom, he gives to each with his own hands a similar mark of his attention, the richness of each being proportioned to the rank of the recipient. There was one other interlude in the nautch, when there appeared six or eight boys dressed as girls, their faces covered with gold-leaf, who performed an abstruse comedy or mystery, and sang a chorus of an incomprehensible character, from which the company were diverted very pleasantly by an invitation to witness the fireworks from the balconies, verandahs, and flat roofs of the palace.

The pyrotechnic display took place in a garden or enclosure in front of the building, and consisted of feeble rockets, maroons, catharine wheels, fountains

of fire, amid which fire balloons were sent up at intervals. As a specimen of the higher order of art in this fashion the exhibition was marred by some failures. The revolving fireworks would not revolve owing to the infirmity of the posts to which they were attached, and there were some other small mishaps among the fire balloons; but as to general effect, the mass of firing, crackling, sparkling lights set in a framework of black faces and white turbans was picturesque, and ever varying, full of wonderful shade and life. The fireworks went out quietly, and then the company with an anxious eye to the supper tables beheld a person with most imperfect conceptions of the anatomical structure and motion of the bear and monkey endeavor to imitate them in a series of libellous contortions. The great treat for the natives yet remained. They crowded the galleries to see the feringhees at supper. Maun Singh is a Hindoo, but the flesh of the sacred bull—rather an ancient one too—decorated his tables, aided by great joints of cow-beef, and holy Mussulman looked down on the unclean feeders who devoured ham, to him an abomination, conjoined with fowl, which is to the Hindoo as revolting as pig is to the former. The equipments of the table were imperfect—officers drank champagne out of soup-plates, and the clever feat of the *fete champêtre*, by which bottles are decapitated, fingers cut, and wine split, was frequently accomplished. There was great abundance of luscious tongues, which had often neighed cheerfully at the aspect of the nose-bag, and the fowls and joints, hostile in death, had apparently been Kyanized, and resisted fire and sword. But still somehow, with chips off one thing or another—pies and patties, and gypsum confectionery—the "*dura ilium militum*" were satisfied, and a general wish was expressed for "Jones" to sing "Villikins and his Dinah." (We are much behind the age in our melodies.) But before that painful ceremony was begun—if indeed Jones ever got through it—the band of the 23d Fusiliers in an adjoining room summoned the more prudent guests away from the tables. Had the night ended so all would have been well, but I regret to have to recount an instance of the gross vulgarity, bad taste, and coarseness which does us more harm, even though it be exhibited by one man, on such an occasion as this than a mistake in administration. A person whose rank is unknown to me, but who, uninvited, went to the ball with a captain of one of Her Majesty's regiments, who had received no invitation either, went up to Maun Singh and actually requested him to take his cap off his head, and, as I understand, clapped it on his own. Now, to uncover the head of an Asiatic is a great insult. I scarcely can find a parallel for such an act, for to suppose that a gentleman would pull off a Duchess's wig at her own table is scarcely possible, nor is it easy to imagine one of the Duke of Devonshire's guests "bonnetting" his grace, "just by way of a lark," at the Horticultural show. Maun Singh behaved with great forbearance, but an officer who was present—assured the "gentleman" he would report him to the Commander-in-Chief. Thereupon he of course protested "he meant no offence," "he was very sorry," &c., and when I happened to be passing I saw Maun Singh taking his cap from his attendant, and looking with a puzzled expression at a few red-faced young men who were dancing before him, and declaring that he was "a right good fellow; he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody dare deny, with a hip, hip, hurrah!" &c. Indeed, one jolly companion found the premises so very comfortable that he slept on a chair all night. Maun Singh had to keep some of his guests company till a clock next morning. With this brief statement I leave the subject. Maun Singh, in speaking of it, has shown the best spirit, nor would he make any complaint to General Mansfield, who was naturally much distressed when he heard of the occurrence.

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE CONGRESS OF THE FIVE GREAT POWERS. (From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

From the commencement of the menacing policy between France and Austria, the writer of this article has contended, against the almost universal opinion of the English press, that the chances of war were very remote; that the union of the German Confederation with Austria would present an obstacle which France could scarcely remove, in her most disciplined strength; but that the opposition, or even the dissent of England towards Napoleon might be definitively interpreted by the belligerent parties, and by all Europe, as the termination of hostilities, and the authoritative decision of peace.—These anticipated premises and results have been literally fulfilled and fully realised: and a Congress of five plenipotentiaries, from France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and England, are about to meet in some few weeks to arrange the conditions of an amicable solution of the present threatened Continental difficulties. Well would it be for morality and the peace of society, if this principle of the Congress of friendly state were permanently adopted to settle the disputes of neighboring kingdoms; and to decide by honest diplomacy and by argument in council, national differences, which otherwise would cost, for their adjustment, millions of money and rivers of blood. This principle is already received in all military circles when individual combat is apprehended: and in a more perfect condition of human society, there is no just reason why the same practice cannot be followed out when the fight occurs between two hostile nations. But whatever form of philosophy or theology future empires may choose to enforce in the just glanced at, it is almost certain that Napoleon and Joseph will gladly agree, in the present instance, to the peaceful interference of their brother monarchs. And moreover, it is equally true that although these two empires have had their coats off during the last three months, calling for a ring and fair play, both the one and the other are at this moment heartily sick and sincerely astamed of the exhibition they have made of themselves before Europe: and hence they are themselves most anxious to be taken off the ground by their friends: and to have the quarrel finally settled, at any sacrifice on both sides.

The contending parties, too, can, without the slightest impeachment of cowardice or dishonour yield to this friendly persuasion of the neighboring states. Every one knows that the misunderstanding of the potentates concerned has not arisen from any personal insult, or from any national injustice: it is a disagreement on a case, which, if one can so speak, has grown out of a transaction quite exterior, as it were, to the kingdoms and policy of both parties. In fact it very much resembles on a large scale an Irish row at an Irish fair, where two peace-makers interfere to prevent a riot: and who are themselves in the end dragged into the fight: and then having subdued the rioters, and cleared the streets for the day, begin to quarrel amongst themselves for individual superiority, and finally challenge each other to decide who is the better man for preserving at all future fairs, the peace of the town! This quarrel, therefore, between France and Austria being rather a mere display of military bravo on a foreign soil: and having no direct reference or connexion with internal national interests, the parties can be easily reconciled without injuring national policy, or wounding national pride. This consummation is desired not only by the Princes themselves, but also by the people, by the army, and by their respective Senates: and hence it is quite true to assert that the Congress will find little difficulty in persuading already willing peoples to lay aside their hostile demonstrations, and to re-establish (as before the year 1848), their former relations of unity and peace.