

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE. Preparations are still being made at Constantinople for the reception of the Emperor Napoleon. The Press and Opium states that on the 13th ultimo the linen, plate, wine and other articles of the household of the Emperor, contained in 92 cases, arrived at the palace of Balta Liman, with two upholsterers of the crown. If however his Majesty is still resolved on paying a visit to the East, it must either be a very brief and speedy one, or be postponed till September—for the King of Portugal is now paying a visit to Paris, and a succession of Royal guests is talked of, including our own Queen Victoria. The Morning Herald of Saturday announces that the Queen and his Royal Highness Prince Albert will arrive in Paris on the 16th or 17th of August, as the guests of the Emperor and Empress of the French, and to visit the French Exhibition. The Observer says that no time has been fixed for the royal visit to France, but that it will probably take place before the date specified by the Herald. This, however, "must depend upon the state of public affairs."

The diocesan Bishops of France have ordered solemn services of thanksgiving in the churches of their respective dioceses, for the preservation of the life of the Emperor Napoleon III.

We learn from L'Ami de la Religion, that the French Government has demanded from the Rev. Mother Superior of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, a new reinforcement of fifty Sisters for the Crimea, in addition to those already sent out. The Superior at once engaged to supply the required number of trained Religious nurses for the military hospitals.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.—The May number of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith contains an account of the receipts and expenditure of that eminently Catholic association for the year 1854. We translate a summary of it, as well as some observations with which the statement is preceded, and which will interest our readers:

"The receipts for 1854 amount to 3,722,766f. 44c. (£147,359 10s. 0d.). This is the highest figure which we have yet reached, if we except the two past years, which were increased by the temporary additions of the Jubilee offerings. This unlooked for result, after the sufferings of all sorts we have been subjected to, is a sensible testimony of the Divine protection of our Work, a new motive for us of confidence, and of gratitude towards God, and an additional encouragement accorded to our efforts.

The Boulogne Gazette says there is once more a serious intention of uniting France and England by a submarine railway. The latest project is that of Doctor Payerne, who, with forty subaqueous boats, of which he is the inventor, 1,500 sailors and navvies, 4,340,000 cubic yards of material, and £10,000,000 sterling expense, would undertake to construct a tunnel, by means of which the strait that separates the two countries would be crossed in thirty-three minutes. The position of this tunnel would be, no doubt, nearly parallel with that of the electric telegraph, and contiguous to it, as being the narrowest part of the channel, as well as that where the depth of water is the least.

M. Grassot, the well-known comedian of the Palais Royal Theatre, was recently sitting in a café. After waiting for some time in vain to be served, he called a waiter who was passing, and, in a too audible voice, said: "C'est donc ici comme en Crimée, on ne peut rien prendre." These words were no sooner out of his mouth than his shoulder was lightly tapped by a gentleman who had been sitting unobserved, but observant behind him. "Suissez-moi," said this mysterious individual to the surprised M. Grassot. To this highly operative injunction M. Grassot demurred; but on the police agent, for such it was, producing his card, there was nothing to be done but to follow the representative of law and order to the Prefecture, where the incautious M. Grassot was duly locked up, and only released after very urgent reclamations from the director of the theatre.

GERMAN POWERS.

The disappearance of the Vienna illusion is telling upon Russian credit at home. The Hamburg Correspondent contains a letter from Warsaw of the 23rd, which says: "The very slight hopes entertained of the re-establishment of peace have been very disadvantageous to the quotations of the Russian loan of fifty millions. Yesterday it fell from 92 to 91, and to-day it is still lower, without finding purchasers."

The Paris correspondent of the Morning Post, writing on Friday evening, says:—"In my letter of Wednesday last I informed you that Austria had forwarded the promised new proposals for peace to the Cabinets of France and England. I ventured to state the possibility of their being such as neither of the allied governments could for one moment entertain; and the only question would be as to the form of the reply. I am now able to assure you, without the least reserve or hesitation, that the new propositions are most decidedly rejected by the Cabinets of England and France. Further I can assert that the conferences will be broken off, and all anxieties thus removed. The public may rest assured that the negotiations are unhesitatingly and decidedly broken off. Of this the Cabinet of Austria is already aware and if that power thinks proper to counteract the precise terms and reasons for refusing the Russian proposal for peace, the treaty of 1815, or 'Holy Alliance,' as it is commonly called, will be broken up. The Western powers will, of necessity, be compelled, at the close of the struggle, so to modify the existing relations of European states as to form a permanent barrier against Russian ambition, and secure, as

far as human wisdom and foresight can anticipate, a lasting tranquility to Europe."

SWITZERLAND.

The Nouvelle Revue contains the following: "The report so often repeated, relative to the formation of a Swiss legion in the pay of England, is now fully confirmed. That legion is about to be formed, and its organisation will take place on the French territory at Schelestadt, in Alsace. Three Colonels have already been appointed.

ITALY.

NAPLES, MAY 19.—Vesuvius has now nearly done its bidding, and seems disposed to rest from its labors. I speak of course, comparatively, for it is still active—still forms a magnificent spectacle from the capital. The cascade of fire—one of the modern wonders of the world—is now a blackened mass; and, contrasted with its late brilliant appearance, strikes one as if it had been arrested by some fell disease which had converted it into this stiffened, discolored corpse. All fear of any further damage is now, I think, removed, and has been for several days. There was a suspension of the flow of lava about 18 hours.

SPAIN.

The Daily News correspondent writes, that the present movement may lead to very important results, the more so as the Carlist party will have the zealous and interested support of the entire Spanish clergy.

The Espana states, on the authority of letters from Rome, that the Papal Court considers the carrying into effect of the bill for the sale of ecclesiastical property a violation of the Concordat, and that it, consequently, contemplated breaking off relations with Spain, and publishing protests against the measure.

RUSSIA.

It is evident from all accounts that the Russians have been far from idle during the last six months, but they have endeavored to make as secure as possible all points liable to be attacked. At Riga, for instance, they have sunk huge masses of rock and immense stones in the channel, so as to render the approach to that place very difficult, if not impossible. The entrance to Revel is also defended by a quantity of large iron spiked piles, driven firmly into the ground, and so arranged that no gunboat whatever, not even one of the smallest, can pass between any two piles without striking.

Another not unimportant fact is, that the Russians have succeeded in removing the greater part of their fleet which was, during the whole of last summer, shut up in Sweaborg, from that place to Cronstadt; the few ships left behind are completely dismantled. It is supposed that this movement was effected after our fleet left the Baltic last year, and before the communication between Sweaborg and Cronstadt was completely cut off by the ice. There are also some very strong earthworks erected at Sweaborg.

THE BALTIC.

THE BALTIC FLEET.—NARGEN, NEAR REVEL, MAY 22.—The body of the British fleet are still at anchor off this place. On the 20th the Duke of Wellington returned from Faro Sound, having landed 48 sick of small-pox, including their commander.

BERLIN, THURSDAY, MAY 24.—Advices from St. Petersburg to the 19th state that all the fortified harbors in the Bay of Finland had been declared in a state of siege. Seven prizes taken by the English arrived at Elsinore on the 22nd.

The "Geyser" and "Archer" have taken a large number of prizes; twenty-four to twenty-five have already been reported to have been captured by them, all laden with valuable cargoes of tallow, hemp, bristles, &c., most of which are now on their passage home.

Official information had reached the British consul at Elsinore that the Russian Government had given orders to sink all their men-of-war at Cronstadt, except eight sail of the line.

TURKEY.

HOSPITALS AT SCUTARI.—It is summer—hot, glaring, and oppressive. The hotels of Pera disgorge themselves upon Therapia and Bujukderé; the calque-gee has donned his white jacket, and his European customer has wreathed around his wide-awake many a fold of light wrapping; white umbrellas glimmer like low sails upon the Bosphorus, and the vessels which throng it sit stirless upon the water, and offer an unmoved outline to the daguerreotype. The Turkish sentry at the hospital gate, shrinks beneath the shelter of the building, and, though he never sleeps, displays his indifference or his patience, by his half-closed eyes. Within, the work falls easy for once. There is leisure to consider, to arrange, to provide. The nurse may turn her hand to the needle, and tend no fractures more serious than those of the hospital linen. The doctor and the chaplain may take a day of recreation, investigate the beauties of Prinkipo, or wile away a morning in the bazaars of Stamboul. Even the sisters of Kululee can momentarily abandon "the home" without detriment to their charge, and adorn, if only with sober professional uniform, the deck of the steamer which plies to Galata-bridge. It is no longer an extraordinary occurrence to have a day pass by, without a death, and the later average of mortality, taking all the hospitals together, does not exceed 1-9th per cent. per diem. In the Bosphorus hospitals the total number of sick, which was on Monday last, May 21, 1,801, is to-day 1,760. The decrease is progressive, and may be expected to continue just so long as moderate labor, moderately warm weather, and few casualties, fall to the lot of the army. Unhappily, in the course of nature there can be no long union of those three conditions, and the prospects of the war make it little probable that any one of them will be granted. The era of 2,000 patients is therefore the

era of repose, the waiting time of suffering, on one side and activity on the other.

A curious circumstance has excited unusual interest at Broussa, the cradle of the Ottoman power, and first seat of the magnificence of the Sultans, and which has been nearly destroyed by the earthquakes of the 28th of February and the 11th of April, in the former of which 600 persons were killed, and 1,200 in the latter. In the citadel, the mosque, the ancient Greek church, called "Daoul Djamissi," and in which repose the ashes of Orkan, brother of Osman, the founder of the Turkish empire, is a heap of ruins in the midst of which alone remains a cross, sculptured on an arch. The Mussulmans, however, it is said, been so much struck with this fact, that they have placed guards at the gate of the fortress to prevent the crowd of visitors, especially the Christians, who throng to admire what they regard as a miracle. Another fact has also been much commented on.—The Catholic church stands almost uninjured amid the ruins of the schismatic Greek and Armenian churches, and while those populations suffered fearfully, only four Catholics were killed out of a population of 600.

The following is an extract of a letter from Constantinople in the Morning Herald:—

"The Catholic Missionaries are doing wonders in this country. They are very numerous throughout the Levant. In the discharge of their duty their conduct is admirable. They maintain here at great expense schools in which the young people are carefully instructed. There are also girls' schools, in which the children of the rich pay fifteen livres, and those of the middle class six livres a year; and here the children of the poor are received gratis. Again, at the Convent of St. Benedic there is a dispensary where the poor receive gratuitously medical care, remedies, money, and clothes at the expense of the order. Last year not fewer than fifteen thousand rich Turks, Jews, Armenians, &c., received assistance. No one was sent away; the beggars are always sure of receiving consolation and bread. The Sisters of Charity, also very numerous, not only nurse the rich in the hospitals, but go and seek the unfortunate to offer them help. The Protestant Missionaries know not how to contend against so well-directed an organisation. Then the American Society, which has numerous members, has, it is true, made some proselytes amongst the Armenians. But as to the mission of the English Protestants it is totally fruitless."

PERSIA.

RUSSIAN INTRIGUES AND PROBABLE CONFLICT ON OUR INDIAN FRONTIER.—The news from Persia casts a new light upon the relations of the war in Central Asia; and if that power, as is the most probable, should finally pronounce for Russia, the menaced condition of the western frontier of our Indian Empire will require the immediate advance of an Anglo-Indian army.

AUSTRALIA.

The following is an extract of a letter from Sydney, New South Wales, received by a gentleman in London, dated March 6, 1855:—

"The news of the sanguinary affair at Inkermann has excited the most extraordinary degree of enthusiasm and sympathy throughout the colony. A public meeting was held at the Theatre to raise subscriptions in aid of the Patriotic Fund. Very large sums were put down, commencing with the contribution of Daniel Cooper for £1,000, and £500 a-year during the continuance of the war. Several of the banks gave £500 each, and a great number of private individuals subscribed sums varying from £250 to £100. The city was subsequently divided into districts, and collectors appointed to each, ward being assigned to myself and —. In our perambulations through this very limited area we collected in three days about £3,500. I believe that the aggregate of the subscriptions raised in Sydney will be little short of £30,000. This is certainly a gratifying proof of the truly British sympathies by which the people of the colony are influenced, and, I think, affords an unequivocal argument that, whatever temporary causes of discontent may exist between it and the home authorities, its loyalty is unimpeachable."

From the Genius of the West.

THE TWO PICTURES.

BY COATES-KINNEY.

Battle of Inkermann! As the day came up struggling with the gloom of clouds the vanguard had given alarm of that onslaught, which, before the day was done, should make Inkermann second only to Waterloo. Through the foggy, drizzly dark, had burst the glare of bugles, and drums, and rifles, and rattling musketry; and the transition from sleep to battle had been a transient interval of consternation; not the consternation of cowardice, however, but of sudden surprise. To arms! To the summons martial music—drums, whose hurried roll, and fifes, whose thrilling shriek, made the blood beat and surge in the veins—to the glorious martial music, man after man, column after column, company after company, they wheel into array. Swiftly and mightily, as though hurled by the power of thunder, horse and plumed rider sweep over the field and along the lines, bearing the hoarse, loud command; and quick as thought there follow charges and evolutions, and sublime preparations for blood. O! the battle of Inkermann would have been a splendid sight to see in a broad field and a bright sun. But the nature of the ground and the darkness of the day rendered it impossible to take in more than a small scene of the grand and terrible drama at one view. Many a heroic deed was performed that day in obscure and solitary places, that left no record but death. If you found, in some gloomy glen, a flush harvest of carnage—corpses lying thick as sheaves after the sickles—you knew there had been great achievements there; but they will not illumine the pages of history; for their memory sleeps in the burial trenches with those who died enacting them. Thirst for glory, such as is slaked by blood, had

lured young Cecil Gray from his happy home in old England, to the camp and the field. He was an officer in the fifth dragoons, and as we have an interest in him now, let us watch the performance of the Fifth, on that day of Inkermann.

Is it not they, yonder on the height? Let us get nearer them; for this dismal day is so like twilight that we cannot distinguish the figures on their buttocks. Yes, it is 5. What noble fellows! How proudly they sit on their horses! With what an air of impatience they lean forward, as the battle's din increases! How their nostrils dilate with the delay of opportunity!

Which of them is Cecil Gray? Do you see yonder at the right, that tall, noble young officer who is gazing, with looks of unspeakable tenderness, upon a locket miniature, which he has just drawn from his bosom. That is he; and the miniature of—the name would choke his utterance, if he attempted to speak it; for he is thinking of the time—not many months ago, but oh, how long!—when the original of that picture sobbed on his breast, and clung to him with love's desperation, kissing him with most passionate kisses, and pleading with him in God's name not to go—oh, not to go.

His lip quivers; he brushes his hand across his eyes; he closes the locket, and replaces it in his bosom. If he were not agonizingly prayed for with every breath, of whom he is now thinking, we would say, O God! let him not sink on the battle-field to-day!

The Fifth had lost most of their infantry in the beginning of the battle; for the Turkish foot, their main support, had fled at the first onset; and there remained to them now only a small division of the Highlanders, a number quite insufficient to sustain them. Yet, as the cannons thundered and the muskets hailed the death around, the brave fellows felt it like a shame to sit there idle while their comrades were winning glory; and every moment they grew more eager, even without the support of infantry, for an occasion to act.

Hark! the tramp of cavalry. Every rein is tightened, and every horseman's breath is quelled with expectation. Up they come at a fierce gallop, as though they meant to sweep the height clear at a single pass. It is the Muscovites! Their heavy, rushing billows of horse, dash full upon the Highlanders, and are shocked back by the shore of bayonets. They rally and advance again more slowly and determinedly.

Then the bugles of the Fifth sounded; and the fiery horses are wheeled into order for the onset.

Look at Cecil Gray! he has forgotten the miniature; he has forgotten its original; he has forgotten the little cottage by the Thames, where she is sighing prayers to heaven for him now; he thinks only of glory. His breast heaves and pants, and his hand clutches his hilt, waiting for the next signal-twang.

Another blast of the bugles, and the whole Fifth, instantly bristling all over with swords like a single being, spring into the pas de charge. A thundering hurricane of battle, they swoop right down on the advancing foe with the speed of the wind. God of heaven! what a spectacle. With what a sublimely terrific shock the two hostile masses of men and horses crash together. Sword clangs on sword; horse and rider sink; the sea of combat surges over them.

The Fifth cut the foe through and through; and when the bugles sound the rally, they disregard the signal, determined to fight till they clear the field or die. Horse against horse, with onset and repulse, Saxon and Cossack, they cleave one another down, swaying to and fro like a stormy sea.

Where is Cecil Gray? Yonder is his plume. Watch it. It tosses above the thick of the fight, as if it were alive with glory. There it loses itself in the smoke of pistols. It emerges. We lose sight of it again. Yonder once more it flies along the field, like some splendid bird of prey, kills its quarry; but stops not to devour. Swords leap up above and about it; other plumes nod and sink around it; riderless horses whirl away from it and roll down and surge, and struggle and die in the overwhelming billows of battle.—But that plume and the sword which goes with it, cease not for an instant in their sublime career.

The wounded French Chasseur who reclines on his elbow here nigh us, watching that plume, forgets his pain and ejaculates "C'est superbe!" And it is superb; it is glorious.

But now that plume is the dreadful centre of a vortex of foes, which dashes upon it as upon a lone sail the foam-capped whirlpool in the sea. Other plumes fly to the rescue. Sabres flash up thick and fast, and chop down into fiery brains, and cross, and thrust, and stab, and mix, in a horrible turmoil of heroic desperation.

We close our eyes tightly, with a shuddering sickness and faintness and when we open them on the scene again, the Russian are in total rout, and the gallant Fifth in rally, with shout and hurra! But the plume of Cecil Gray? It is gone? The prayers which have kept going up to Heaven from the cottage by the Thames, have not been answered. That plume bowed to death, and went down when we were shutting our eyes.

How gloriously he died! On the field they found him the evening of that day, with a monument of slaughtered heroes piled up to his glory. And as his surviving comrades spaded him a grave and wrapped his cloak around him, and laid him to his rest, they talked animatingly of his heroism; and then they spoke flatteringly of one who—

"No more of that, my comrade!" said he who had been his bosom friend, in a choking voice. "There"—he had taken the locket from the neck of the dead, clipped, with his sword, a lock from the hero's hair, and shut it over the miniature;—"that shall be her tidings!—and may—God—pity and—comfort her!"

The big, blinding tears streamed down those stern men's cheeks;—they filled up the grave, breathed hard with the rush of home's dear emotions, but speaking not another word.

A cottage by the Thames. Inkermann has been fought, and the news has gone through England. In that cottage, Minnie Gray sits sobbing and waiting for what she knows and yet knows impossible. Weep on Minnie! the hour is at hand when the blessed relief of tears may be denied thee.

"Willie, go to the town, and—Go! Willie!"

Willie goes; he runs all the way. He brings back nothing but the newspaper filled with "LATEST FROM THE CRIMEA."

"No letter, Willie?"

"None."

She seizes the paper, and grope, tear-blinded through the long columns. But she finds nothing, on—