

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

## FRANCE.

It is reported that the treaty entered into on the 15th ult., between Austria, England, and France has given great offence to the Czar, who, it is expected, will demand explanations from the two latter Powers for such proceedings, which was altogether unknown to Count Orloff until some days after it had been signed, when this diplomatist expressed his disapproval of it. Another rumor is that the object of General Ney's mission to St. Petersburg is to explain away all difficulties and suspicions connected with the said treaty, in the hope of appeasing the anger of his Imperial Majesty.

Count Orloff recently had an audience of the Emperor, to ask for explanations on the subject. The Emperor Napoleon protested against any anti-Russian interpretation. Count Orloff replied with much vivacity. During this interview the Emperor Napoleon III. preserved that calm and impenetrable demeanor for which he is so remarkable, while Count Orloff scarcely concealed the excitement and surprise which the new situation had produced in his mind.

The *Univers* announces that the Roman Liturgy is now to be adopted throughout the whole of the Archdiocese of Paris. This subject, so long desired, has at different times since 1849 occupied the deliberations of the Chapter of the Archdiocese, but many circumstances have occurred to prevent this happy consummation. It has now, however, at length received the desired solution, and the unity of Liturgical rites will be carried out by an Ecclesiastical Commission.

With great and sincere regret we state that the disease which afflicts the Empress of the French is severe and serious. It is a terrible malady in the limbs, and we lament to say that this illness is of a nature that may demand years to undermine it.—*Morning Herald*.

It is rumored that the Emperor of the French will visit Ireland in July—he will arrive in one of his 74 gun ships.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.—*L'Assemblée Nationale* has the following remarks in reference to the proposals of Count Cavour:—"We have read the verbal note and fail to find terms energetic enough to express the sentiments inspired in us by the document, and by the publicity given to it. We perceive in it nothing more than a demand, as perfidious as unjust, addressed to an independent sovereign; and the sovereign thus menaced is not alone in the full enjoyment of the rights which constitute the independence of States, but he is at the same time the head of the Catholic Church. Even the note handed to the Divan by Prince Menschikoff did not approach in language that which the Sardinian government has thought proper to adopt in reference to the Holy See; and the concessions demanded of the Sultan by Russia were far from placing the head of Islamism in the position to which it is sought to reduce the head of the Catholic Church."

## GERMANY.

MEETING OF CROWNED HEADS.—The rumor of a reunion of foreign sovereigns, in the course of the present summer, at Berlin, is again revived with more explicitness. Among those named are the Emperor Napoleon, the Emperor of Austria, and the Emperor of Russia.

## RUSSIA.

The following is from a letter of the *Times* correspondent, dated (Thursday), 15th ult. Some surprise is expressed that no Russian Ambassador has been as yet named for Paris, and the displeasure excited by the Treaty of the 15th of April, and perhaps by the suspicion that there is something more behind, is considered as the cause of the delay. It is certain that the Russians make no secret of their feeling as to the manner in which they have been treated, and they look very sulky when the subject is mentioned.

The Czar of Warsaw announces that Russia is to commence a campaign this summer against the Caucasus. Gen. Chruleff will have the command of the expedition under the superior direction of General Mouravieff. The expedition will extend to Daghestan, a distance of about sixty miles from the Black Sea coast.

## ITALY.

When Sardinia joined the Western alliance, many honest persons asked themselves what could have induced that pigmy power to step in among the mighty combatants. Simple people said it was a high sense of honor and a most noble ambition—to chastise the aggressor, the disturber of the public peace, and to win a place among the great nations. Shrewd persons thought there must have been something more than this fine sentiment in the matter; but all have been enlightened by the Sardinian notes on Italy, made public this week. In them is raised the cry of disappointment; a sad complaint is made of the Paris Conferences; and England's bigotry and the revolutionary spirit of Italy are powerfully appealed to. When Sardinia joined the Western Powers a war with Austria did not appear exceedingly improbable; and had such an event taken place, Italy would undoubtedly have been the theatre of action, and—A dazzling dream was that of the Sardinian monarch. The Austrians chased from every foot of Italian ground; the Pope degraded or in exile; and Victor Emmanuel King of Italy! A charming vision that, and not at all impossible, mused that ugly mortal, as he stroked his long mustachios. England certainly would support him; for had he not robbed the Church, and imitated her good example as far as circumstances would permit? and France would support him because of the alliance, and because Frenchmen could not do otherwise than

fight and rout the Austrians. But that bright vision faded—the Russian war came to an end—and Austria stood armed, but unassailed. The Conferences began and ended, but Count Cavour in vain endeavored to get up a discussion on Italian affairs. Bad news, sad thoughts for Victor Emmanuel! It is only too probable that all the benefit he will reap from his Crimean campaign, is the rather clumsy present he has been made of one of the British batteries on the heights of Inkermann. What considerably adds to the value of this article, is the well known fact, that the British would leave every gun they have behind them only for the shame of the thing. In Paris the gift is considered an excellent joke, and Lord Panmure has risen wonderfully in French public opinion.—*Nation*.

In a letter from Rome to the *Gazette de Liège* of the 8th May, it is stated:—"The Belgian Brothers of the Order of Mercy have just undertaken the direction of the prison of Termini. Thus almost all the Houses of detention in Rome are now confided to the care of these good Religious Brethren, whose inexhaustible charity is working wonders. The prisons for females are entrusted to the care of the Belgian Sisters of Providence. A prelate, very near the person of the Holy Father, and who bears a name venerated in Belgium, is the very soul of these good works."

## CRIMEA.

(From the *Times* Correspondent.)

THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.—CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, MAY 3.—At no period of my acquaintance with the British army have I ever known the officers to be in such a state of profound dissatisfaction as they are at present. The indecent haste with which the reductions were announced, the injustice of the order relating to horses, and the mode in which the instruction have been conveyed to them, rankle in their hearts. Nothing else is talked of, or apparently thought of, by all classes of officers. The ink is not dry on the Treaty, the news of its ratification is not received, and yet the army is at once made the victim of the most pinching, niggardly, cold economy. They are, as it were, told that their day is over,—that their services are of so little consequence that the authorities can afford to disregard their feelings. If the smallest conceivable portion of the good wishes uttered for the temporal and eternal happiness of "they" should ever be realised, I cannot well imagine more miserable beings than "they" will be. In the army it is always "they." "Have you seen the general orders?" "No. Is there anything in them?" "Yes; 'they' have made Jones, and 'they' are going to send home the supernumeraries at once," and so on. Some of the reductions are of course unavoidable but the cases of individual hardship and ingratitude are not the less striking and painful. While the struggle was still going on nothing was too good for the army—the country felt for its sufferers and admired its calm endurance. From the highest to the lowest in the land there was but one sentiment and one expression of feeling. The Government, at first supine and supercilious, became energetic and sympathising. One does not know whether the admiration of the country for the army after the Alma and Inkermann, or its effervescence of pity, sorrow, and aid when made aware of the condition of its countrymen, was the stronger or more touching and genuine. The country cannot be in the least degree aware of the indignation, the bitter resentment, and the sense of injury which a few words have caused among those she has praised and honored.

The Rev. Mr. Strickland, Catholic chaplain, has died of fever caught in the French hospitals, where he was discharging his duties with his usual zeal and devotion. His remains lie on Cathcart's-hill, and his funeral was attended by a great number of officers, without any distinction of creed. The health of our troops, in spite of some cases of scurvy, is excellent, and the French are in a much better condition than they were. They are shifting their camps towards Kamiesch, and the plateau of Inkermann is nearly bare.

## CALLISTA.

SKETCH OF THE THIRD CENTURY. London: Burns and Lambert. 1856.

In the series of publications of which *Fabiola* forms a part, the new volume of "Callista" has made its appearance. It is from the pen of Dr. Newman, and perhaps if we said just so much and ended our notice we should be doing what was most just towards the book. We are obliged, however, to attempt, in the present and a succeeding notice, to enter somewhat in detail into the structure and the merits of this little work. The story is partly interwoven with historical facts, but its author professes, at the outset, that as a whole it is "a simple fiction from beginning to end." However that may be, as an instrument of conveying a real and genuine historical knowledge of the days of which it treats, in their aspect towards Christianity, it will probably remain without a rival in the literary world. The author of the "Last Days of Pompeii" has attempted a novel of the times of ancient Rome, and has made good use of his antiquarian knowledge of the discoveries of that buried city, so far as such researches could carry him. But the tradition of the Catholic Church contains in itself a principle of life and light which has opened the eyes of the author of "Callista," and enabled them to read by its light the manners, the modes of thought, the feelings, and the doubts of those wonderful times, during which Christianity was dawning, not on the world, for that was over, but on the perceptions, prejudices, and fears of society as it then existed.

The great object of the story is to endeavor to illustrate the appearance of Christianity, not only to its professors, but to the surrounding heathens of that day. The time is about the middle of the third century, and the incidents of the interest in the story centre in the opening of the Decian persecution. The Christian society of the lesser towns of Proconsular Africa presented that dead appearance which

has spread over Catholicism at some periods of later times. Sees had become vacant, Ecclesiastics scarce, vocations rare. The author shall speak here for himself:—

"The relaxation which would extend the profession of Christianity in the larger cities would contract or extinguish it in remote or country places. There would be little zeal to keep up churches which could not be served without an effort or without secular loss. Carthage, Utica, Hippo, Milevis, or Curubis, was a more attractive residence than the towns of uncouth African names which amaze the Ecclesiastical student in the acts of the councils. Vocations became scarce—sees remained vacant—congregations died out. This was pretty much the case with the church and see of Sicca. At the time of which we write, history preserves no record of any Bishop as exercising his pastoral functions in that city. In matter of fact, there was none. The last bishop, an amiable old man, had in the course of years acquired a considerable extent of arable land, and employed himself principally, for lack of more spiritual occupation, in reaping, stacking, selling, and sending off his wheat for the Roman market. His Deacon has been celebrated in early youth for his boldness in the chase, and took part in the capture of lions and panthers (an act of charity towards the peasants round Sicca) for the Roman amphitheatre. No Priests were to be found, and the Bishop became *parochus* till his death. Afterwards infants and catechumens lost baptism; parents lost faith, or at least love; wanderers lost repentance and conversion. For a time there was a flourishing meeting-house of Tertullianists, who had scared more humble minds by pronouncing the eternal perdition of every Catholic; there had also been various descriptions of Gnostics, who had carried off the clever youths and restless speculators; and there had been the lapse of time, gradually consuming the generation which had survived the flourishing old times of the African Church. And the result was, that in the year 250 it was difficult to say of whom the Church of Sicca consisted. There was no Bishop, no Priest, no Deacon. There was the old *mansuarius* or Sacristan; there were two or three pious women, married or single, who owed their religion to good mothers; there were some slaves who kept to their faith, no one knew how or why; there were a vast many persons who ought to be Catholics, but were heretics, or nothing at all, or all but Pagans, and sure to become Pagans on the asking; there were Agellius and his brother Juba, and how far these two had a claim to the Christian name we now proceed to explain."—(Pp. 15, 16.)

Times were coming on which were to sit the Church, and to purge it from the lukewarmness of years of peace, and the author has thrown himself into the state of public feeling with regard to a religion which presented this harmless, unchallenging front to heathenism, which was in reality its deadly enemy.

A parallel forces itself on the mind of the reader, in the state of Catholicism in modern days of unearnest peace. In the midst of Protestantism, which looked on it as a dead, contemptible superstition, Catholicism was in a poor plight some years since in Great Britain. Of course, no two periods are reproductions of each other, nor in Protestantism, with all its heartless infidelity, what heathenism is seen to be by the sort of glimpse at it afforded by the narrative before us; still there is much in the picture so powerfully drawn by it to give food for reflections on some features of our own times. To this, however, we do but allude for the present.

The story is this: Agellius, a Christian of Sicca, baptised in early youth, is left one of the handful of Christians living under the widowed church of that see, without Pastor or Sacraments. His uncle, a rich heathen, tries to shake the "nonsense" out of him by promoting a marriage with a beautiful Greek, an artist in his establishment for the sale of idols, and named Callista. Callista, a heathen, has felt the bitter emptiness of the popular idea of happiness. She has seen in Agellius something that speaks of nobler things, as he has found an unaccountable sympathy in her. Still she is a heathen. He half persuades himself that she will become a Christian to marry him. She reproaches him with the earthliness and selfishness of his love, and her refusal is his salvation. The Decian persecution breaks out. St. Cyprian, under the name of the Priest Cœcilius, takes refuge with Agellius, nurses him under the fever that tolls his rejection by Callista, and effects his thorough conversion. Juba, his brother, has never been baptised; he remains the embodiment of pride and self-reliance, and refuses to listen to St. Cyprian. A temporal calamity—a plague of locusts—described with great power, leads to famine and pestilence, and rouses the fanaticism of the city. The mob starts the cry "Christianos ad leones." Agellius escapes, but Callista, in the endeavor to warn him, is taken. She has warned St. Cyprian, and, in a short interview with him, has had the path opened to her inquiries which she has long sought. He escapes after some perils by a kind of heathen generosity on the part of Juba, but she is taken prisoner, and refuses to sacrifice to the idols, though still declaring that she is no Christian. In the moment of flight St. Cyprian had entrusted to her the Gospel of St. Luke. At length in her prison she opens and reads it; it converts her. From their place of concealment the Bishop and his Deacon visit her, baptise her, and give her the Sacraments of Confirmation and the Eucharist. She is arraigned the following day, and dies a martyr. Her relics are obtained and conveyed to a place of refuge analogous to the Roman Catacombs, and by their touch Juba is freed from a possession by the Evil One, and by a second miracle, but years after, restored to his senses. The history of Juba's possession is the most terrible, but one of the most powerful, narratives we have ever read. Indeed, we know no parallel to it, for we must not put it in comparison with the description of Saul, or the cases of possession in the Sacred Scriptures.

We shall have to enter into the account of Callista's martyrdom and death, her body after death lying on the mountain side, with the beasts of the forest prowling in awe about it, and the rabble stealing from the city to gaze on it, and returning again and again with thoughts which they cannot analyse or account for.

But we must reserve any further remarks for a subsequent notice.—*Tablet*.

## DRINKING STATISTICS OF THE MODEL REPUBLIC.

We clip the following from the *N. Y. Times*:—"One of the first and most unpleasant impressions which the foreigner must receive, on coming to this

country, is the apparently chronic thirst of the inhabitants. To drink appears to him to be the chief end in life of the American. Every undertaking, no matter how grave, must be baptised in a cocktail or a sling. Every sentence a man utters must be moistened with a julep or a cobbler. All the affairs of life are begun and ended with drinks. Is a project of any kind to be started, the first word is, "Let us go to the Astor and talk it over." So the capitalists leave their quiet offices, where one would suppose business would be more easily transacted, and betake themselves to a reeking bar, where they stupefy themselves with liquors fearfully and wonderfully made. The old formula of salutations such as "how d'ye do," &c., seem to the European to be entirely banished from the American vocabulary. When men meet, the greeting of "what will you take," supplies the place of all other phrases of courtesy. It is the same with all; a continual and never ending "drink all round." Merchants, students, authors, editors, stevedores, loafers, men of "elegant leisure," actors, artists, all tend towards the bar-room as inevitably as matter tends towards the centre of the earth. Brandy, like death, extinguishes every error, and veils every resentment. Is it to be wondered at that the European, at the first glance, should look upon us as a most bibulous people?

In no other civilised nation does the bar-room play so conspicuous a part. The English, it is true, frequent taverns and swill enormous quantities of beer and gin. But this only occurs in the evening, and during the daytime it is only the most degraded of the population that one finds haunting the fatal gin-palace. The Londoners of the better class—even the young men—rarely drink by daylight. The merchant probably drinks his half-pint of sherry with his beef-steak in the city, but as for entering a tap-room for the sake of drinking without any particular object, he never dreams of such a thing. The general temperance of the Continental nations is so well known that any comment on it would be superfluous. One may see a Frenchman gay and exhilarated, but you rarely see him drunk. It is only the thieves, and scoundrels who frequent the *tapis franc* that drink brandy in any quantity. The rest of the population take that liquor in thimble-like glasses, that to an American or English eye seem preposterously minute.

Now it is not at all an uncommon thing to hear a young man in this country, when he is summing up his expenses, say, "By Jove, how money does go! Why, although I don't drink very much, I find that my weekly expenses for drinks and cigars amount to something more than the sum I pay for my board." He is surprised, but he does not recollect that his life is nothing but an intermittent drink. A well-known proprietor opened an up-town hotel and bar-room the other day. On the opening day he took in over four hundred dollars at the bar alone, and his gross receipts on the entire establishment for the first week were sixteen thousand dollars. Say that out of the four hundred dollars received at the bar fifty dollars were spent in cigars, that leaves a sum equal to 2,600 drinks. So that on the day in question the drinking done at that single bar amount to what would supply the population of a small town with a drink to every inhabitant. If we had it in our power to deduce from reliable statistics the amount of money spent in bar-rooms in this City in the course of the year, it would, we are confident, amount to a sum that would astound our readers.

This indiscriminate drinking must eventually make its mark upon our City population. We can see it already betraying itself in the rising generation. It is impossible for any man to drink even pure liquors six or seven times a day, without suffering fearfully in constitution. And when he transmits this impaired constitution to his son, who in turn impairs it still further by the same courses, it requires little foresight to see that we are preparing a population for our cities that will not in physical frame be much better than those wretched children called Aztecs who were exhibited here some years ago.

This love of drink and bar-rooms is every day increasing. Every day sees fresh poison-saloons springing up in various parts of the City. Every day sees our youth becoming more and more the victims of this habit; for really we think it is more a habit than a passion. It is no love for joviality that tempts them. It is not the hot exuberance of youth. It is not the evanescent impulse of the gay young fellow who is sowing his wild oats. It is a cold, deliberate, confirmed habit. No atmosphere of recklessness or jollity surrounds the drinking groups. No peals of merriment atone for the act by proving that at least it is unusual. A grim and melancholy air pervades each countenance. The drinks are poured out, the glasses raised and touched with a loathsome air of custom, and each man swallows his potion with the same impassive countenance he would wear if he were drinking a glass of plain water. All the concomitants that partially redeem or excuse drinking, as far as it can be redeemed or excused, are wanting in this sad and formal ceremony. The actors drink not because they love it and want to be merry, but because they have been accustomed to do it ever since they were boys, and it has now become a habit which is more imperious than if it were a passion.

## SWAY ON RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES

The most enthusiastic revival ever witnessed by me had its inception amongst the Baptists. It commenced somewhere in the West, and spread in an incredible short space of time over a large portion of the Northern States, embracing at last the adherents of almost every sect within its influence. The source of this moral perturbation was an Elder belonging to the denomination named, who made the tour of the North and North-west. Wherever he went, he soon managed to engender a perfect *furor*, thousands flocking to hear him rave, and hundreds being almost daily frightened by him into repentance and regeneration. A large proportion of the residents of each town in which he pitched his tent for a time were excessively annoyed, inconvenienced, and scandalized by the proceedings which accompanied his sojourn, and one had cause to be thankful in walking the streets if he escaped impertinent encounters by the way. I was myself frequently stopped on the public pavement by parties whom I knew not, and admonished to repent, and go and be baptised. On one occasion I was met and accosted by the Elder himself.

"Young man," said he, stopping me, and laying his hand, paternally upon my shoulder, "how's your soul?"

"Quite well, I thank you," I replied,—"how's yours?"