

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY APRIL 1, 1859

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THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER

An Evangelical Family Newspaper,

FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

BY E. McLEOD, G. A. HARTLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

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pers, that we want.

Forward.

The history of Israel, is a history of wonders. Begun by the call of their father Abraham to obey God, and to go out not knowing whither went. The life of the illustrious patriarch was full of the striking, the majestic, and the noble. So how deeply interesting the eventful biography of Isaac and Jacob, and of his twelve beloved sons. How affecting, Israel in Egypt, oppressed and crushed, spoiled, and yet flourishing. How remarkable the raising up of Moses, his preservation, his adoption into the household of the Pharaohs, his education, and then at length his entering on the deliverance of his brethren after the flesh. How overwhelmingly grand the miraculous plagues in Egypt, and how magnificent the departure of the people of God's enslaved people, to the land promised to their fathers.

On their way thither prodigy succeeded prodigy, miracle followed miracle, and the desert became illumined with the presence of the true Jehovah. But to one incident let us just now attend. On their way, almost at the commencement of their journey, they were pursued by Pharaoh and his army. Before them were the waters of the Red Sea, behind, the chariots and horsemen of the King of Egypt, and on either side of them, precipitous rocks and mountains. It appeared to them as if the eye of sense that in this defile they must be destroyed by the pursuing army, or perish in the waters of the ocean. No way of escape seemed to them, and in the midst of their panic and peril, a voice addresses Moses, it is the voice of God! "Speak unto the Children of Israel that they go forward." (Exodus xiv. 15.)

How surprising the command. How apparently impossible to obey it. But onward they went, then God opened a way right through the waters, which stood in heaps till all Israel had passed safely through. But the Egyptians, presuming to follow by their miraculous path were drowned in the midst of the sea. Now Israel's motto was to be "forward." No return, except to glorious slavery, or death. No standing, except to be crushed by their pursuers. No flight on the right hand, or on the left, in the square of the sea in front, it was to be "forward." But it is just so yet with God's people. They are often in apparent imminent peril, have countless foes, deep distresses, unnumbered trials and temptations, sometimes they appear as if hemmed in, and shut up to destruction, but God's interfering command ever is, "go forward."

Forward, having the eye of faith fixed on him who to the eye of sense is invisible.

Forward, clinging to his word of promise, that cannot fail.

Forward, discharging the onerous duties of life in every condition.

Forward, in daily labour, obeying God's orders, and waiting for his commands.

Forward, in daily wrestling prayer, holding fast God's strength by the hand of incessant supplication.

Forward, leaning upon the divine helps, provided in ordinances, both public and secret.

Forward, looking to Jesus who never wearied or halted, till he had fully accomplished the work given him to do.

Forward, recognizing the great cloud of witnesses surrounding our path, and urging us onward to conflict and glory.

Forward, gazing upwards to the final goal, the resting place, and the great reward.

Oh, yes, it must be ever "forward"—however intelligent, there is more knowledge to be attained; however verdant, there is more holiness to be secured; however rich in experience, there is a vast more of Christ's mind to be realized; however numerous the conflicts, there are still enemies to be conquered; however long the pilgrimage of the past, there is yet very much more territory to be passed.

It must be forward, or a return to the evils from which we have been delivered, and to the degradation from which we have been saved. We cannot halt, it must be onward, or back to Egypt, to bondage, and to misery. To return is now totally to perish, to go forward is certain salvation.

For this forward progress, grace is provided, security pledged, and glory promised, for

"All who to the end endure the cross, Shall wear the crown."

And a few more struggles, and the victory will be complete; a little more toil, and the work will end; a few more stages, and the wilderness will be crossed; a few more trials, and the gold will be fully refined for the Master's use.

Forward then Christian, the better land is almost in view, the celestial fragrances already perfume thy path, and the dawning streaks of celestial day begin to lighten thy way. Forward, for there await thee, the unfading crown and eternal life.

FORWARD.

Speak to Israel's hosts and tell them, Forward, forward they must go; God will stretch his arm and save them, Silence every vaining foe.

Let not dangers overawe them, He will lead them through the sea; He will make its waves as marble, He will give the victory.

Through the desert then go forward, On to Canaan's happy land; March in holy, loving concert, As a consecrated band.

Forward, forward be your watch-word, Turn not from the sacred path; Onward to the land before you, March with holy conquering faith.

Soon you'll pass through Jordan's swellings, Soon your wand'ring will be o'er; Soon exchange the dreary desert, For fair Canaan's blissful shore.

Brothers, sisters, then go forward, See the glittering crown appear; Courage take, go forth and wear it, Banish all your gloomy fears.

Happy hosts already landed, Wait to hail you to their shore; With them all the saved in glory, You shall dwell for evermore.

The advantages resulting from a Contemplation of the Works of God.

Beautiful, wonderful, incomprehensible, are these works. In every region on the surface of the globe, we behold a multiplicity of objects widely differing from each other in shape, color and size. We look around us, and mountains covered with forests of every hue and shade, hills clothed with every variety of verdure, fields adorned with many species of grain and fruit, naked rocks, craggy precipices, meandering rivers, roaring cataracts, deep caverns and broad oceans, present to the eye a beautiful and majestic variety. We know, unassisted by science, that all this variety exists; but when we, by the aid of chemistry, attempt to investigate the composition of these bodies, when we endeavor to contemplate the changes which are continually taking place in material substances, we can but exclaim with the Psalmist, "How manifold are thy works, O Lord."

Then how great the variety in animated nature! More than fifty thousand species of animals have been detected by naturalists—all these species differing from each other in their external aspect and their internal structure being also adapted to their various necessities and modes of life. One can have but a limited idea of the skill and wisdom displayed in the construction of even the little insects which we term worthless, if we examine them by the aid of the eye alone. Let a person view the wing of one of these insects, through the microscope; let him observe its hitherto invisible frame work, the curious and proportionate texture of its transparent part, the splendid but uniform arrangement of its colors, and see if he will then call the insect worthless, whose wing alone displays a mechanism so wise and beautiful.

If we turn our eyes upward, we may there behold a magnificent spectacle. Sometimes the sky is covered with clouds, or obscured by mist. Sometimes it is dinged with various hues, borrowed from the rays of the rising or setting sun; at other times we see the forked lightning darting from the clouds, and hear the thunder rolling along the heavens. At one time, we behold the majestic rainbow, with all its colors of light; at another, the Aurora Borealis illuminating the sky with its brilliant coruscations. At one time, the sky presents a pure azure; at another, it is adorned with countless stars, the blazing comet, and the ever-changing moon. O the utility, the beauty, the grandeur and variety displayed in the organization of the earth, the air, the water, of everything of which we have knowledge! A contemplation thereof constrains us to silence, for we know not what to say. Thought itself grows weary of the theme.

What was the design of our heavenly Father in placing around us objects so beautiful and wonderful, so infinite in number and variety, that the enumeration of which would baffle the skill of the greatest mathematician?—Why did he exercise so much skill in the construction of the little flower which man passed by for ages without knowing or thinking that its delicate organization could only be detected after the most critical and long continued examination? Why did he cause such delicate contrivances and exquisite adaptations to enter into the formation of the crawling worm at our feet? Why did he scatter crystals, pearls, and precious stones in deep, dark caverns, and upon the ocean's bed, where man's eyes can never rest?

He created us with a mind capable of investigating and reflecting; of forming an inadequate conception, at least, of the magnitude and splendor of his works; and surely he never intended that the exquisite skill, the infinite wisdom and unbounded power displayed therein, should be entirely overlooked by us. Neither did he intend that they should furnish us sources of pleasure alone, or simply afford subjects with which to gratify the principle of curiosity implanted in the human breast. He doubtless intended that

they should convey to us an idea of the infinite glories of his nature, for through this medium they are best conveyed to us. He is a Being purely immaterial, and our conceptions of him would be vague and confused, had he not placed us in the midst of his own glorious creations.

"He spoke, and it was done." World upon world sprang into existence. System upon system was created, and all these were made to conform to certain laws. Their magnitude, distances, revolutions and proportions, and their internal organizations also, were all so ordered that the most perfect harmony prevails throughout. Our idea of the immense quantity of matter existing, of the vast space around us, of the adaptation of one creature to the whole, and of the whole to each, is a great blessing to us. From this we can form some idea of the unlimited power, wisdom and benevolence of the Creator.

A contemplation of the works of God has, or should have, an important moral effect upon us. It should produce humility. How insignificant do we appear when we compare ourselves with the magnificence of the creation! How strange that man should be proud!—What is there in his situation of which he can be proud? It is true that he is a little more privileged than the beast—yes, much more privileged—but how infinitely inferior to the order of beings which we have reason to believe exist. He is fallen from his state of purity. His errors are innumerable, and it is only through the mercy of God, that he is redeemed. Then he should be thankful for what he is, and not proud.

"Gird resist the proud, but give grace to the humble." Let us then learn humility from a contemplation of his works.

The study of the volume of nature is calculated to inspire us with veneration for the Creator. If we would contemplate his works as we ought, the veneration we should have for him, would cause us to speak and think of him with the greatest awe and reverence of which we are capable. We should address him at all times with becoming humility. We should never murmur at his providences, or read his solemn declarations with a listless ear.

A view of the grandeur of the Deity, as displayed in his works, convinces us that a glorious future is before us, if we but will it so. It convinces us that new displays of the Creator's grandeur will be continually bursting upon us, that our eternal felicity will be greater than we can possibly conceive of now.

And then, how does a view of these works stimulate us to make our peace with a Being omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent, who loves even us. Yes, we will confide in his promises, and press onward and upward.—M. Star.

Learning to play Cards.

Where is the source of all the evils of gambling? What is the fountain from which these bitter waters flow? Are we wrong in answering that they all come from learning to use the tools of the gambler? We know there are many who will at once take issue with us, and will say that there is no harm in learning to play cards, and no harm in playing cards socially, and merely for amusement. Some parents hold this opinion, and practice upon it in the training of their children, defending themselves by saying that as long as they do not play for money there is no harm done. But gambling does not depend entirely on the love of gain, as their defence assumes. There are three main supports of gaming—the love of excitement—the love of gain—and the love of triumph. Some persons gamble mainly because they must have some excitement of some kind. They have become habituated to it and cannot live without it. It must be intense excitement too, or it will not more satisfy their cravings than baby cordials will the thirst of the toper. This habit of mind becomes so inveterate that all the innocent pleasurable excitements of domestic life and friendship are insipid—the love of wife and children, the joys of the fireside, the companionship of good books are as nothing. And when men and women are taught in their youth to find their excitements in games of chance, although no money is staked, they are put on the direct road to gambling; for sooner or later such playing will be found to need the stimulus of some wager to call out the best efforts of the players, and give zest to the game.

Then again there is the love of triumphing over an opponent, which is an element distinct from the love of gain. A money-making man once remarked to us, "You ministers are mistaken when you assume that it is avarice which makes us so eager in our scramble for money. It is not so; for sometimes we care very little about the money itself. But we prize success; we are unwilling to be beaten or outdone in the contest for wealth."

The same thing is often true of the gambler; he cares little for his money after he has won it, he will spend it most lavishly. Although during the progress of the game he tasked his skill to the utmost to win the money, yet evidently what he thought most of was a triumph in the game; he was determined not to be beaten.

Now this ambition for conquest can be cultivated and is cultivated as much in the social game of whist or Euche as in the game for money; and it may become as well cultivated at home that it will find its most pleasing gratification abroad in the contest for money.

Confession.

Confession of an offence is difficult. It is a humble acknowledgment of guilt, and we wish not to be considered guilty. Hence it is what we are persistently averse to doing. It is hard for children to confess their faults. It is still harder for persons of riper years so to do. Nevertheless it must be done if pardon or compensation of spirit is obtained. Par'lon cannot be consistently and safely exercised for an offence until the offence is heartily admitted; and even if this were possible, the offender without such an admission could not in the very nature of things be happy.

Particularly true is this, as respects sin towards God. Very strong is the opposition in man to a frank, ingenuous, penitent confession of it. Yet such confession must be made, or there is no forgiveness, and no peace. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but he that confesseth and forsaketh them shall find mercy." "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess and forsake our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." Hence the course of true wisdom is not to deny our guilt as sinners,—for as long as we do this, we must remain unpardoned and ill at ease,—but rather to go directly to God, make a clean breast of the matter, like the Publican who contritely acknowledged his criminality, and go away justified.

How is it with us? Have we hitherto stubbornly refused to admit our guilt, and perishing need of mercy, or have we with feelings corresponding to the words, said—addressing the Almighty:

"My lips with shame my sins confess, Against Thy law, against thy grace."

H. W. Beecher on Pulpits.

When these questions are settled, it is also, incidentally, a matter of consideration how to seat the people, and whether the building can be made available for hearing! As to the pulpit, but one thing is usually considered necessary, and that is, that it should be put as far as possible from all sympathetic contact with the people to be influenced by it; that it should be so constructed as to take away from the speaker, as far as it can be done every chance of exerting any influence upon those whom he addresses. Therefore the pulpit is ribbed up on the sides, set back against the wall, where it looks like a barn swallow's nest plastered on some beam. In this way the minister is as much as possible kept out of the way of the people; and all that is left is his voice. Posture, full gesture, motion, and that most effective of all gestures, the full form of an earnest man, from head to foot, right before the people, advance or retreat; in short, the whole advantage which the body gives when thrown into argument or persuasion, are lost without any equivalent gain. In this sacred mahogany tub or rectangular box, the man learns every kind of hidden awkwardness. He stands on one leg and crooks the other, like a slumbering horse at a hitching post; he leans now on one side of the cushion, or lolls on the other side. And when a man, thoroughly trained by one of these dungeon pulpits to regard his legs and feet as superfluous, except in some awkward and uneasy way to crutch him up to the level of his cushion and paper, is brought out upon an open platform, it is amusing to watch the inconvenience to him of having legs at all, and his various experiments and blushing considerations of what he shall do with them! Is it any wonder that so little is done by preaching, when, in a great church, with a small congregation so scattered that no two touch each other, the bust of a man, peering above a bulwark, reads a stale manuscript to people, the nearest of whom is not less than twenty-five feet from him? The wonder is that anything is ever done. Daniel Webster is reported to have said, that no lawyer would risk his reputation before a jury if he had to speak from a pulpit, and that he considered the surviving of christianity in spite of pulpits as one of the evidences of its divinity. We do not vouch for the truth of this as an anecdote, but we endorse it as a truth in philosophy.

The Sting of Death.

"The sting of death is sin," says the Apostle; and what says the history of man, throughout all the realms and all the ages of heathenism? How was it in those days, which the long-suffering of God winked at and overlooked? And how is it, at this day, in those countries which still continue to weary his patience by the multitude of their abominations? What was it that in ancient times, demanded the fruit of the parent's body for the sin of the parent's soul? What was it that caused the children of the idolaters to pass through the fire of Moloch? And what is it, which, at this day, prostrates the Eastern pilgrim beneath the chariot wheels of a monstrous and mis-shapen idol? What are all these atrocities but visible commentaries on the text of the Apostle? What is there but the inward sense of wickedness, and a persuasion of the necessity of atonement, which can account for these prodigies of voluntary sacrifice and martyrdom? If death had no sting but that which it inflicts upon the body; if the sufferings of life, or the agonies of dissolution; were all that mortals had to apprehend, why is it that fathers should ever consign their children to the fire, or their own bodies to the extremity of torment? Throughout the world there is,

and ever has been, a deep and indelible sense of guilt, which poisons every source of human enjoyment; which makes life restless, and the end of life terrible. It knocks at the door of the peasant and thunders at the portals of monarchs. It tells the cottager at his meat, and the sovereign at his banquet, that he is weighed in the balance and found wanting. It whispers terror even to the sage in the retirement of his chamber, and turns his boasted wisdom into foolishness. And what is all the will worship, and all the voluntary humiliation, and all the superstitious vanity and corruption which the world has ever seen: what are they all but expedients to blunt the sting which can never be taken out, and to deaden the anguish which its point is constantly inflicting? Why is it that man hath ever sought to hide himself in falsehood, but that we may escape that fearful looking for judgment, which shakes his spirit to its inmost recesses; which makes cowards of all alike; which reduces to one wretched level him that tills the earth in the sweat of his brow and him that is canopied in grandeur and in power; and him, too, that is endowed with might which surpasses the glory of the kingdoms of the earth—the might of a capacious and comprehensive intellect?—Le Bas.

A Specimen of Chinese Tortures.

It has generally been supposed that the torture of their prisoners by our North American Indians exceeded in cruelty any thing that was ever practiced by human ingenuity. Compare the bloodiest annals of the Indian wars with the following, and it will be but an ordinary circumstance. The Hon Kong Register is the authority:

Let us now pass to the horrible torture suffered by the venerable Bishop. The two servants having been executed, the executioner stretched a mat upon the ground, placed a small carpet upon it, broke the chain which was round the neck of his eminece, and made him lie down on his back upon the matting. The Bishop wore at this time nothing but a pair of trousers turned up to the thighs. The victim being thus placed, the executioner took two stakes, which he fixed in the ground on each side of him, and to which his hands were tightly bound by cords, causing him great pain and torment. Two others were then placed under his armpits and crossed over the chest of the Bishop, so as to press it tightly. Two other posts were then set up at a short distance from his feet. The cords with which the feet were bound passed round these posts, and stretched violently, the feet being then pegged down; the loins were similarly secured. It would be difficult to conceive the tortures of the venerable prelate, thus bound and racked. An order was then issued first to cut off the feet, then the hands, afterward the head of the martyr, and lastly to eviscerate him. At this order five executioners commenced their frightful duty. They were armed with a kind of bill-hooks or hatchet, purposely blunted, in order to inflict great suffering. They commenced by cutting off the legs above the knees, each limb receiving about twelve blows before it was severed. The same process was repeated with the arms. But the power of speech was failed the happy martyr who, so long as strength remained, had not ceased to call on the name of Jesus. His head was then struck off after repeated blows, and lastly his body was opened, and his entrails drawn out with a hook. Such is the exact account of the death and torture of our dear Melchior, near the very spot which had been consecrated two years earlier by the martyrdom of his predecessor. Immediately after the execution, the different parts of the body were wrapped up in the mat, and thrown into a pit dug for the purpose. The Tonguese wished to make the elephants pass over the spot, so as to trample under foot the grave of the venerable professor of our faith, but these animals, less savage, and, we may almost say, more human than their masters, obstinately refused to do so, as if they would not profane the relics of the noble martyr. Bishop Melchior's head was exposed for some days on the southern gate of Nan-dinh, and then broken to pieces and thrown into the sea.

WE'LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING.—Such was the exclamation of a dying child, says the Newark Mercury, as the red rays of the sunset streamed on him through the casement.—"Good-bye, papa, good-bye! Mamma has come for me to night; don't cry, papa! we'll all meet again in the morning!" It was as if an angel had spoken to that father, and his heart grew lighter under his burden; for something assured him that his little one had gone to him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." There is something cheerful and inspiring to all who are in trouble, in this, "We'll all meet again in the morning." It rouses up the fainting soul like a trumpet-blast, and frightens away forever the dark shapes thronging the avenues of the outer life. Clouds may gather upon our paths—disappointments gather around us like an army with banners, but all this cannot destroy the hope with us, if we have this motto upon our lips: "All will be bright in the morning."

The Journal learns that the handsome sum of £2,000 has been subscribed within a few days toward an endowment fund for the Church of England in Nova Scotia. The amount has been given by four gentlemen, namely, The Bishop, Hon. M. B. Almon, Wm. Hare, and Edward Binney, Esq., each £500.

Later from Europe.

ARRIVAL OF THE NIAGARA AT HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, March 27th, 1859.

The steamship Niagara, Capt. Miller, which sailed from Liverpool at 2 P. M., on the 12th, arrived at Halifax at 1 P. M. on Sunday, the 27th. The Niagara experienced strong westerly gales during the first eight days, and was detained off Halifax forty-one hours by fog.

The Alps, bound for Halifax and Boston, left Liverpool about the same time as the Niagara, and entered Halifax harbour together with her.

The Indian arrived at Liverpool at 2 A. M. on the 10th, and the Lebanon at noon on the 11th. The Edinburgh arrived at Glasgow on 12th.

Great Britain.—In the House of Commons on the 9th, the Government Bill partially abolishing Church Rates, by means of voluntary commutation, was debated, and finally rejected by 254 to 171.

On the 10th in the House of Lords the subject of the future Government of Singapore was debated. Ministers announced they should be guided by answer to a despatch they had recently addressed to the Governor General of India.

Sundry notices of amendment to the Government Reform Bill were announced, including one by Lord John Russell, to the following effect:—"That it is neither just nor politic to interfere in the manner proposed by the Bill, with the freedom of franchise in England and Wales, and that no adjustment of the franchise will satisfy the House of the Country, which does not provide for greater extension of the suffrage in Cities and Boroughs than is provided in the Bill. Mr. Wilde said he should move an addition to this amendment, to the effect that votes be taken by ballot. Mr. D'Israeli said the Government was preparing certain modifications to its Bill.

Lord Malmesbury said the Congress of Paris would probably meet the following week, on the question of the Principality.

The Navy Estimates were debated, and the Indian Loan Bill passed through Committee, in the Commons.

The Neapolitan Exiles had landed at Cork.

The Times recommends a public subscription in their favor, and says that in the whole history of Continental turmoil since 1815, there is not an instance to be found of men who have suffered such previous wrongs with hands so entirely clean.

Reform Meetings mostly in opposition to the Ministerial measure, were being held daily in all parts of England. The success or defeat of the Government, was expected to turn on Sir John Russell's proposed amendment. In the event of defeat, a dissolution of Parliament was talked of.

The London Times, in its City Article, again reverts to the defaulting States in the American Union, and gives a resume of their respective positions, to prevent, as it says, the public from being deluded by the constant flourishes of their Governors.

The same journal, in its City article, questions the expediency of the promised subsidy to the Galway Line, and hints that the Government desire for Irish votes may have had something to do with it. It argues that the Government is departing from the principle which requires no contracts to be made except those which had been invited by public tender, and that, in subsidizing this new line, they act unfairly to old lines having no subsidy.

Mr. and Mrs. Dallas were present at a dinner party given by the Queen.

Hon. Frederick Bruce had started for China, to assume the office of Ambassador. Lord Elgin was expected to remain till his arrival.

The Funds on the 9th were weaker. On the 10th firmer, and one-third to a quarter higher. On the 11th weak, but firmer at the close.

FRANCE.—The recent pacific articles in the "Monitor" and its effects continued to attract attention. The "Nord" distinctly asserts that as negotiations are pending, Napoleon consented to the insertion of the article in the Monitor to show his moderation, but that if the present difficulties are not diplomatically solved—if Austria does not yield—he will not shrink from the consequences.

The Duke of Malakoff was on a visit to Paris. The Globe's Paris correspondent says that the effect of the war preparations on French trade was greatly exaggerated. The exports to England, America and Brazil continue undiminished.

The London Times editorially remarks:—"Every appearance within the last few days justifies the anticipation of a complete change in the foreign policy of the Emperor of the French."

The monthly returns of the Bank of France show that the cash on hand had increased nearly 33,000,000 francs.

The Paris Bourse on the 9th, under rumours of the complete success of Lord Cowley's mission, rose to 69.10. On the following day there was a strong reaction, and a decline of 3 took place. On the 11th, the market opened flat or lower, but slightly improved, three closing at 68.15.

The Paris correspondent of the Herald, in his letter of Thursday, says:—"The hopes of peace to which the resignation of the head of the War party gave rise are daily melting away under the influence of the War articles which the semi-official journals are instructed to publish;—they steadily repeat that no change has taken place in the Emperor's policy; that grave difficulties still exist between France and Austria; the settlement of the Italian question is necessary for the peace of Europe, and if it cannot be obtained by diplomacy, other means must be resorted to." The military preparations of France continue with unabated activity.

AUSTRIA.—Lord Cowley left Vienna on the 10th for London. The success of his mission is doubtful.

A telegraph to the Times says, he is bearer of counter propositions which it is hoped will prove acceptable.

The Paris Constitutionnel publishes an article on the armaments of Austria in Italy. It states that the effective force of Austrian troops in Italy has been increased from 50,000 to 150,000 men. The Austrian army it appears is put in readiness for offensive movements of troops to the frontiers for the purpose of being concentrated there confirm those reports, besides numerous artillery and material have been despatched to Piacenza during the last few days.—Canon of large size had arrived at Milan and Verona, and part provided with carriage for the purpose of being sent, and part with carriage for the coast. The concentration of artillery allows the supposition that a veritable siege train is to be