THE PHŒNIX.

Letter from John Mitchel.

' Paris, January 22, 1861.

THE FORCE OF LOGIC.

Lord John Russell, the Liberal Foreign Secretary of England, is not the only person who lays down clear premises, but repudiates the plain conclusion. He will shortly be met in the London Parliament (provided the shortly be met in the London Parliament (provided the English ministry do not throw him over in the meantime) with a challenge to admit the application of his principles to Ireland and to Ionia—to Ireland by means of the National Petition and its consequences—to the Ionian Islands by the appeal of M. Dandolo. But, in the meantime. Prussia is going to be subjected to another logical difficulty, very much of the same kind, and that in the following manner: in the following manner:-

The Grand Duchy of Posen, formerly a part of Poland, but allotted to Prussia by the partition of that country, and confirmed to her by the treatics of Vienna, is still and for ever Polish, in race, language, and sentiment. It is also a Catholic country by a majority of about four to one; but Prussia is a Protestant monarchy. Needless to observe that the people of Posen are disaffected against Prussia, are obliged to submit to grievous injustice in the matter of German training in the public schools, use of German language in the courts, and insolence of German officials in all departments of government. For many years, these Posen people have been demanding back some instalments of their ancient national rights, and some recognition of their national feelings. In short, they are Poles, and desire to remain Poles: and the universal movement towards Nationality which stirs all the Slavic races has not failed also to reach the Durch of Pasen. Now just at this same reach the Duchy of Posen. Now, just at this same moment, the King of Prussia, backed by the whole German Confederation, is seized with a most passionate sympathy in favor of the Duchies of Schleswig. Holstein, and Lauenburg—a part of the kingdom of Denmark—demands of King Christian of Denmark that the Germans in those duchies shall be restored to certain political rights; and threatens to hurl the whole federal army of Germany upon poor little Denmark, to enforce the demand. The Prussian Chambers, like the British demand. The Prussian Chambers, like the British Houses, are on the point of assembling; and I learn that certain deputies from Posen are to move in the Lower House an amendment to the address, and to demand that the people of Posen shall enjoy, under King William the First, those very same rights which the aforesaid William so patriotically requires at the the aforesaid William so patriotically requires at the hands of Denmark in favor of the German population of that country. Of course, the Prussian government will not listen to those deputies, or their demand, any more than a London parliament will attend to The O'Donoghue and his National Petition. King William will merely signify to the people of Posen that, if they think they are strong enough to enforce those national rights of theirs, they may come and take them; and, in the meantime, he will "hang and shoot" them if they talk too loud. Such is now fully established, amongst the "Great Powers" as the definition and true meaning of all right— Powers," as the definition and true meaning of all right-

"That they should take who have the power, And those should keep who can!'

This affair of Posen is interesting to us, not only as a parallel case with our own, but also, and far more, as a new proof and illustration of that wondrous uprising of the Nationalities for assertion of their existence against Treaties of Vienna and Holy Alliances. Seems as if a Treaties of Vienna and Holy Alliances. Seems as it a whole crop of nations long buried, it was hoped, for ever, were awaiting the spring of this year to spring again from the earth, to bud and blossom, "bravely to bourgeon and broadly to grow," that the rights of manhood may have shelter and shade beneath their branches. Their case and their cause are ours, precisely; our rights and claims are even as theirs; and they like ourselves, anxiously look forward to an European war as to their sole chance.

PEACE OR WAR.

Everybody "has confidence in a continuance of the blessings of peace;" but every power in Europe, without exception, is making great exertions to be ready for war by the first of March exactly. Some English newspapers have said that the British army is to be reduced; but this is not true, and has been promptly denied by the chief authority on military affairs. War seems imminent in all directions, as well as in Italy. In truth, Italy is in all directions, as well as in Italy. In truth, Italy is not now, by any means, the most dangerous point: for the Sardinian government has distinctly intimated that it will not only not attack Austria in Venetia, but will not suffer Garibaldi to do so. The ex-dictator is said to be willing to give up his battle-programme for the spring in compliance with Victor Emanuel's policy; so that the red shirts will probably not appear next March either at Venice or at Rome. In other words, Caprera will not declare war against Austria, Sardinia, and France, all at once. These pacific dispositions of Caprera would be reonce. These pacific dispositions of Caprera would be reassuring for the peace of the world, but for certain other

threatening appearances.

The "unification" of Italy, as I have several times surmised, is meeting, and likely still to meet, very serious difficulties. The French fleet, indeed, has weighed anchor at Gaeta, and sailed away. Admiral Persano, the Sardinian, has taken its place with his squadron, and was yesterday to open fire from the sea, while Cialdini, with his 150 guns, was to batter the place once mor the land side. King Francis has absolutely and definitively refused all conditions of surrender; and the Turin telegraph-workers, as also the Opinione, organ of Cavour anticipate speedy reduction of the fortress. There go two words to that story, however. Within the last few days Gaeta has been provided with provisions and amunition for a long siege; has offered to send away any of his troops who wished to leave him; and, out of more than eight thousand men, only one hundred and fifty, and three officers, have accepted his offer. On the probabilities of this desperate siege, Le Monitour de l'Armee, a very high authority, has some observations, from which I give an extract :-

"The attack from the sea is practicable only by the roadstead, and by the left hand entrance. That attack may not, perhaps, have so serious results as are generally believed. At that side the sea is very tempestuous until believed. At that side the sea is very tempestuous until the middle of spring. The prevailing winds there, are the winds coming from the open sea, and while they are blowing no operation is possible. Then the line extending from the citadel to the post, is commanded by formidable works, which in a conflict of artillery must have greatly the advantage over ships, whose fluctuating movement necessarily injures precision in firing. The fire of forts produces, on the other hand, most destructive effects upon wooden ships. The action of the Piedtive effects upon wooden ships. The action of the Piedmontese equadron, through less than is expected with a view to attack, on account of the aforesaid considerations, will probably be decisive by completely investing the place. It will intercept communications from without, and force the fortress, by famine, to capitulate at a period more or less remote."

Precisely so: and the month of March is coming ondate at which the Sardinian forces, as many persons be-lieve, will be called to other duties. Even already, the army of Cialdini is much weakened by the necessity of detaching large bodies of troops to crush the reaction all over Naples. It is true the sanguine telegraph-workers of Turin have lately announced, that 'the reaction in

trary, the Neapolitans have gained one considerable victory; and the Sardinian officers declare they cannot now march against them without being reinforced. Not only in the Abruzzi, but also in Terra de Lavora, Molisa, Capitavata, and farther, Calabria, the said reaction is carrying all before it; and ten populous towns have thrown off Piedmontese authority. If Gaeta shall hold out, therefore, for three months, and if war should take place elsewhere, 'requiring King Victor Emanuel's ut-most exertions elsewhere, King Francis the Second may yet recover his kingdom. And, if the people like to have him for king, why not? Certainly, it was not his own people who drove him from his capital, but Gariown people who drove him from his capital, but Garibaldi, with bands of Hungarians and Piedmontese; it is not his own people who are now besieging him in Gaeta. Every body knows, by this time, that, but for the Sardinian army, he could very soon have quelled the emeuteraised by Garibaldi. Well, whatever be the result in Southern Italy, I suppose we Irish will "accept" that result—as, indeed, the English also will: but, seeing that the English urgently desire to have King Francis swept into the sea without delay, and to see an united Italy, whether Italy will or not, I presume that most good Irishmen will wish for the exact opposite. At least, that's my own principle. I care little about Italy, least, that's my own principle. I care little about Italy, or her destinies, save in so far as events there may serve

or hurt our mortal enemy.

Touching that King of Italy, and his possible but problematical kingdom, I observe that the Paris Moniteur of yesterday, in its bulletin, uses these calculated expressions. sions—that the Kingdom of Naples is still much disturbed; and that the Piedmontese Government is using great exertions to tranquilize it. When the Emperor's official journal speaks thus, it is clear that he does not believe that there is yet any Kingdom of Italy (notwithstanding the pretended universal suffrage)—nor that the King of Sardinia is King of Naples. The French policy of an Italian Confederation is probably the one which is destined to be realized: and already there are malignant rumors, invented mostly by English and Germans, to the effect that Louis Napoleon destines the Kingdom of Naples for a "French prince," namely Murat; or else that he intends at the last critical moment to give his hearty support to Victor Emanuel, but at the price of the island of Sardinia—but rumors, as I believe, wholly devoid of foundation. He will, probably, in good faith "accept"—like the rest of us—that solution which the population of Italy themselves will work out; always reserving the city of Rome, which is an exceptional case.

city of Rome, which is an exceptional case.

But, even Italy is not the most dangerous ground, in this estimate of probabilities in favor of peace and war. Denmark concentrates 40,000 men on the Eiden, and defies all Germany; while the King of Prussia seems bent upon fighting somebody, and is prompt to accept the commission of the German States to thrash the Danes. In Paris, there is a very general suspicion that the new King of Prussia is really desirous to try the fortune of arms (or, at least, the principles of his pamphlet) against France. For he is the author of an essay "on the Art of beating the French army," an art which, he believes, he has brought to a very high degree of perfection in theory. Lest his pamphlet should be forgetten, too, which is often the fate of admirable essays, he has published a new edition of it. If there be no fighting on the Eiden next spring, both Danes and Germans will be disappointed.

The Hungarian question, upon which so many others depend, is also becoming ripe. The Austrian government is willing to yield much, but not all; willing to give reforms, but not to capitulate entirely and acknowledge the Constitution of '48—or, in other words, to Respect to the property of the Italy and acknowledge the Constitution of '48—or, in other words, to Respect the constitution of '48—or, in other words, to Respect the constitution of '48—or, in other words, to Respect the constitution of '48—or, in other words, to Respect the constitution of '48—or, in other words, to Respect the constitution of '48—or, in other words, to Respect the constitution of '48—or, in other words, to Respect the constitution of '48—or, in other words, to Respect the constitution of '48—or, in other words, to Respect the constitution of '48—or, in other words, to Respect the constitution of '48—or, in other words, to Respect the constitution of '48—or, in other words, to Respect the constitution of '48—or, in other words, to Respect the constitution of '48—or, in other words, to Respect the constitution of '48—

ledge the Constitution of '48—or, in other words, to Repeal the Union. That being the case, they propose on both sides to fight. Austrian troops are ordered into Hungary; and, most significant sign of all, Garibaldi, who may be disappointed, as I said, of his campaign in Venetia, seems to be turning all his thoughts to Hungary. On the 13th, General Turr, the Hungarian, came to Capresent to the general a star offered him by the "thousand" who came with him into Sicily; and gave the star, with a short address, pledging the remnant of the immortal thousand to attend him at the first summons. The general, in his reply, uses these words:

"I count upon them, general, when I shall bring to your beautiful country the succor of your arms, as I have made oath to do, over the tomb of those brave Hungarians who died for Italy. This is a sacred duty for the Italians, and we shall know how to fulfil it."

I wish, heartily, the moment were come to redeem this promise. It would set General Garibaldi to his proper work, and end his writing of absurd letters. The absurdest of all that he has yet penned is the letter to a Glasgow committee.——"In this struggle, so far as it regards Italy, Eugland is the representative of God: *

* * May God bless the English people, who, while pending programments.

while proudly guarding the liberty of their own country, are always disposed to accord hospitality to misfortune, and have not hesitated to declare themselves, from the first, on the side of the oppressed against the oppressor."

—If England had ever done anything for Italy, one could understand and excuse this sort of language; but seeing that she has never done anything in favor of Italy, and never even said anything until after Solferino; and, seeing that Garibaldi's blarney must only be with a view of inducing the English to take their partactively for the future, and to assure them of gratitude for favors to come, I feur we must set the thing down as false flun-

As to the prospects of war and peace, however, not one of all these impending quarrels, in Italy, in Denmark, or in Hungary, touches the English so nearly and so keenly as the affair of Syria; to which I must again ask the attention of your readers.

SYRIA.

Six thousand French troops are still in Beyrout and the Lebannon. The severities which have been exercised against the murdering Druses by Fuad Pacha, under the against the murdering Druses by Fuan racha, doubt the pressure of French influence, have still more exasperated that savage people, but also all the Mussulman populations; and, if French protection be withdrawn, all the Maronites and other Christians must either emigrate or fall in indiscriminate massacre. Such is their own fears, and in France it is perfectly understood. Early next month, the six months prescribed for French occupation will have expired: and the Emperor must either abandon the poor trembling creatures to their certain fate, or else keep the troops in Syria, and probably reinforce them. Within these six months, however, French influence in Turkey has become very powerful, and Sir Henry Bul-wer, with the best will in the world, finds it hard to struggle against it: and if the Sultan, under that strong influence, should consent to a continued occupation by France, then the other Powers of Europe would not have a word to say. But England looks with strange anxiety on this growing power of France in the East, which anxiety is rendered still more nervous by the fact that M. de Lesseps has been for three months in Egypt, with great bands of workmen, busily cutting his Suez Canal. The waters of the Red Sea and of the Mediterranean will actually be soon flowing into one another. East Indiamen will pass and repass. The work of Diaz, and of Vasco de Gama, in discovering the way round Africa will be annulled; and the Cape of Good Hope will be practically un discovered again. The Mediterranean ports will resume their importance, and Marseilles will be within two weeks of Bombay. Here is the trouble: here

is the gnawing, devouring anxiety of commercial England at this day. Freedom of Italy, independence of Denmark, at this day. Freedom of Raly, independence of Delimara, emancipation of black men, general philanthropy, and progress, and Christianity—all are nothing to this England does not forget, and she knows France does not forget, that a great part of Hindostan was French before it was English. She remembers, too, with a shudder, how nearly the First Napoleon came to getting possession of the progression of the progr of all Eastern routes through this same Egypt; and has an uneasy instinct that the Third Napoleon is sent upon earth to complete his great predecessor's plans, and that, if not this sacred mission, he has no mission, errand, or business on earth at all. No wonder our Anglo-Saxon brother feels alarmed: yet the situation is a difficult one. How is England to interfere with either of those two be neficent operations in the East—protection of Christian men from Pagan assassins—or the opening a new highway to the commerce of all nations? You are aware, that our Anglo-Saxon brother is Christian before all things next, after that, commercial and civilizing. What can be more *Christian* than the protection of real baptized Maronites against absolute Pagans? What more civilizing and commercial, more ameliorative and philanthropic, more thoroughly benevolent and almost Anglo-Saxon (if I may use so strong an expression) than the creating new channels of blessed commerce, and facilitating peaceful interchange of useful commodities? How will Great Britain answer it to the world at large, and to an enlightened century, if she now cry out, "You must leave the Maronites' throats to be cut—you must let the commerce of twenty nations go all round the weary and stormy Cape Voyage; but what cannot be endured is that you should throw London ten days in arrear of Marseilles, a fortnight in arrear of Naples, for making the Eastern voyage." The objection can really scarce be put

Rastern voyage. The objection can really scarce be put in this shape; yet such is precisely the meaning of it; and, what is worse, all mankind knows the same.

At this very point, thea—on this matter of French occupation of Syria, French influence in Turkey, and French canal through Suez (which three affairs are all one affair), it is believed by many prudent persons that the Emperor will make a stand, and call a halt, in his course of conciliation and deference to the English course of conciliation and deference to the English. They have got a beautiful commercial treaty: they have been soothed by the abolition of passports in their favor they have got many "reassurances," and guarantees of peace; they have even been flattered with the idea that it was in deference to their remonstrances the French fleet was ordered away from Gacta: all these acts of deference and friendship may be pointed to hereafter, as so many proofs of the Emperor's strong wish to be at peace with England (and that is his wish), but can they ask with England (and that 23 his wish), but can they ask him seriously to give up a Christian nation to the sword in Syria? Can they expect him to interfere with the commercial enterprise of twenty thousand French shareholders, laboring to open up new highways of traffic? Why, they cannot do it. All the world would cry shame; and the excellent King of Abyssinia himself, Nigas Tegoussin, who is waiting for that canal to pour the wealth of Abyssinia into Europe, would feel himself an ill-used sovereign. sovereign.

Yet, it is a matter of vital consequence to England, and with another war, to get the French out of Syria and Egypt once more, as, by tremendous exertions, she did once before. Here comes round the very scene of Napoleon and the battle of the Pyramids—of Sidney Smith, Nelson, and the Nile—same battle ground, same contending Powers, but not, I trust, the same fortune. The wisdom of this Third Napoleon has got England clearly in the wrong, and placed himself conspicuously in the right. He will never have a more auspicious moment to provoke the foes of his house to their last decisive conflict. But he will not declare war, nor intend or devise any harm against England; he will only per-sist in doing good to his fellow-creatures, and promoting civilization. England will declare war, and seek with all her might, and all the alliances that all the wealth she can borrow, can command, to ruin him, his dynasty, and his people. On her head, then, be the conse-

THE ENEMY IN SICILY.

M. Jourdan, a writer in the Siecle, and usually a strong partisan of the English alliance, and laudator of British institutions, has written a highly indignant article on the constant and generally underhand and treacherous methods pursued by the English in endeavoring to undermine and counteract French influence, and to raise up a hatred against the French name in all parts of the world. Amongst other things he affirms, on what authority I know not, that Sicily is now swarming with English agents, whispering calumnies against France and persuading the Sicilians that their true interest lies in handing over their island to British protection. Of course, these fellows would be solemnly disavowed, if caught in the act; but the statement is the more likely, as it is well known the possession of Sicily has long been as it is went known the possession of sichy has rong been a darling object with Lord Palmerston. Nothing but substantial evidence would have moved an Anglo-maniac like Louis Jourdan to reveal this plot; and it is the more provoking as France certainly has no designs in regard to Sicily at all, save to help Sicilians, as well as other Italians, to their independence and the government of their choice.

THE AFFAIR DE LASTEYRIB.

A sharp altercation has been going on since the publication of the foolish article, from which I sent you some extracts upon Irish affairs. De Lasteyrie had charged a certain ecclesiastic, writing in the Correspondent charged a certain ecclesiastic, writing in the Correspondent (l'Abbe Perraud), with apologizing for assassination in Ireland; because, he said, that extermination provoked acts of vengeance. M. Perraud addresses a letter to De Lasteyrie, calling on him to point out the passage he had justified assassination (fait l'apologie de l'assassinat). De Lasteyrie refuses to insert it in the Revue des Deux Monde). M. Parraud applies to the callier and Monde). M. Perraud applies to the editor, who also refuses. M. Perraud sends them the letter by an huissier to demand its publication, and to take official note of the refusal. Then, at last, seeing that an action for slander was impending, they consent to print M. Perraud's letter; but it is printed with an introduction by M. de Lasteyrie before it, and a long comment by M. de Lasteyric after it. I would not now recur to all this, except o notice the outrageous passion of hatred with which this De Lasteyrie seems to be possessed against us and our cause. Father Perraud, in his article on the Tenant-Bill, had cited cases, and had named landlords who, as all the world knows, have lately given examples of the landlord power in Ireland. Whereupon De Lasteyrie

"And this is speaking of Ireland-of a country where assassinations are frequent. It is, therefore, singularly imprudent to point out by name such or such a proprietor to the hatred of the people."

And again—
"Surely M. l'Abbe Perraud did not know, when he wrote these lines, that the majority of the neighbring landlords have had their fathers or their brothers assassinated."

Father Perraud had cited the language of Mr. Smith O Brien in condemnation of the clearance system, and spoken of him as a Protestant gentleman. And Lasteyrie, with the air of a man who reveals an incredibly shameful fact, exclaims:

"That Protestant was Mr. Smith O'Brien, a man con-

demned by an Irish jury for armed insurrection. M: l'Abbe Perraud is, doubtless, ignorant of this fact: he is mistaken both as to the value of the facts, and as to the value of persons."

It appears, then, that Mr. O'Brien is a person upon whom De Lasteyrie, for his part, sets very little value. We are of a different opinion in Ireland; where his authority, on a matter of fact, or his opinion on a matter of right and justice, would be really held in some estimation.

I am glad to tell you, however, that M. de Lasteyries much censured. He has gone beyond what even the 'liberal" school deem necessary in favor of England; and this is easily accounted for from his family connections with Irish aristocracy. His wife is one of the Rohan-Chabot, related to the Duke of Leinster; and I am informed, but will not assert, that he himself has, or expects to have, landed properly in Ireland. If so, the man is perhaps sating again and properly for if wa the man is, perhaps, acting very prudently; for, if we happily effect a revolution in that country, most undoubtedly we will not suffer him or any of his friends to eject a townland in winter—nor in summer neither, for that matter—to make room for his favorite cattle, which, he says, is the best populaton for our island.

Is it not curious that, even still, all this controversy going on here in France does not draw out the English oracles. Neither about Irish freedom of the press, Irish packed juries, nor Irish exterminations, will they utter one word in reply to, or notice of, any French review, magazine, or newspaper. I would beg to compliment the English press upon this reticence. It is truly treating the subject in a masterly way, and if they once open their lips they will spoil all. They have the less need to interfere, seeing that they have such zealous champions among the French "liberals"—a race of creatures of whom Frence and the world are well sigh tures of whom France and the world are well nigh

ROCK'S HUE AND CRY.

THE BLACK LIST.

CALLAGRAN, PAT, Callan, County Kilkenny .- Five feet six in height, stout and squarely built—27 years of age, Supposed to be in New Zealand.

CAROLAN, Ballynahinch, County Down.—Five feet seven in height, sixty years of age, blue eyes, gray hair, and long thin features. Supposed to be prowling round Belfast.

DONOGHUE, DANIEL, Skibbereen, County Cork.-Five feet nine in height and well proportioned; twenty-four years of age, straight light brown hair, and scanty beard of the same color on the chin only.

SULLIVAN, DANIEL, "Goula," Bonanc, Kenmare, Co. Kerry.—Five feet eight inches in height, and slightly stooped, twenty-five years of age, black hair and slightly curled, regular prepossessing features with the exception of a low wrinkled forehead, and large bushy brown whiskers. Supposed to be in Australia.

PHŒNIX SPECIAL NOTICES.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE PHŒNIX.

- 1		
	Patrick Glinn, per J H Mann, Brownsville, N B,1	
	Wm Reany, 207 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn,1	00
	J Burke, Valley Falls, R I	00
	J L Waters, Williamsburg,1	00
	D Byrne,1	
	Rev Edward O'Flaherty, Crawfordsville, for a club, 2	
	Philip Coyne, St Louis, Mo, for himself and brother, 2	50
	Rev Michael L Scanlon, Beaver Meadows, Penn, 2	00

MURCH, THE HATTER.

A rhymer muse, who knows not song, Nor does he essay to flatter, Your aid invokes to help along In praise of Murch the hatter.

And though my lines, in pith and point, Be sure to flag; no matter, The words cannot the theme disjoint, So famed is Murch the hatter.

For hue and shape his hats are praised, When others fade and tatter, With crowns far down, or cone-like shaped, When Murch is not the hatter.

Though wind may blow with sleet and snow, And hail and rain may patter, Yet winter's snow and summer's glow Are matched by Murch the hatter.

The lawyer and leech leave pill and brief, The bard, and chief, and pastor, or head-gear neat to give reli-Seek Charley Murch the hatter.

At the Mincio, and by the Po, Where warriors' swords did clatter; There no chapeau could stand a blow Like those of Murch the batter.

If you would choose a hat for use, Which no abuse could batter. Your cash you'll lose if you refuse To deal with Murch the hatter.

Though states rebel and banks deplete, And envious rivals chatter: Yet merit will her reward meet, And so will Murch the hatter.

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