NEWS BY THE ENGLISH MAIL.

Brawl in the Holy Sepulchre.—The Passion-week of the Oriental churches is just now at its close, and the Christian pilgrims, amounting to about five thousand, are now starting, or about to start, for their homeward journey, some to Armenia and Turkey in Asia, others to Greece and the Greek islands of the Levant. The ceremony of the holy fire, performed on Saturday in the Church of the Resurrection, was a sad scene of barbarism; and it is a matter of wonder, how any civilized or intelligent authorities, whether in the Church or State, can so far blind their eyes with the profits they derive therefrom as to be able to quiet their consciences, whilst supporting such infamous practices. The pilgrims this year were more numerous than they have been for the last two years, but still not nearly so numerous as on former occasions; they were about half Greeks and half Armenians, 2,500 of each. On Saturday they were duly assembled in the Church of the Resurrection, and the Pasha, with the colonel and the troops, was also present as usual. During the anxious waiting for the appearance of the bishops, who perform the miracle of the holy fire, the shouting, crowding, and dancing usual upon such occasions, were performed with more than scrupulous precision; the people were excited to a terrible degree. And as soon as the metropolitan Greek bishop and the Armenian patriarch made their appearance, the Turkish soldiers, who are always on guard within the church on such occasions to preserve order, were marched out; the people set up one incessant shout, until the lighted torch was passed out of the tomb on each side. Immediately after the exit of the fire from the tomb, the people fell to fighting with sticks and bundles of candles, and many were very much hurt. The Pacha, who was seated in an upper gallery, then ran down, and by the free use of the canes of his police-officers, the people were prevented from killing each other. His excellency returned to his former place, but had hardly taken his seat, when the fight recommenced, and the congregation was now well supplied with sticks, staves, and stones, which were thrown into the body of the church for their use from a window communicating with the Greek convent, and a bloody conflict ensued. It is evident, that both parties were prepared for this event, for they brought out sticks and stones from behind columns and corners of the church, where they had previously concealed them. The Pacha ran down a second time, and called in the soldiers, about 400 in number, and it was not until many of these, the colonel, the Pacha, himself, and his secretary, had been more or less wounded or bruised, that they succeeded in separating the combatants. Twenty-five Armenians and about as many Greeks were seriously wounded, and many more were bruised, scratched, or grazed on each side. After they had left the church, they had another set-to on their way home, but at last got tired of fighting, seeing that they had been fasting for many hours. At the separate Armenian procession, about half-an-hour after the holy fire, some of the priests and deacons carried stick or whips, or other means of defence. In the afternoon, upon visiting the church, it was found, that during the conflict, many valuable pictures had been torn or destroyed by the missiles; that vases, lamps, candlesticks, and other ecclesiastical ornaments in gold, silver, brass, and glass, had been knocked down and destroyed. The Greeks, however, were soon busily engaged in hanging up other lamps, &c., in place of the broken ones, and in washing and cleansing the walls and floors where the oil and broken glass had been left. It was in preparation for the grand service of Easter-eve, that the Greeks empoyed themselves so dilligently in repairing the damage immediately. And the Pacha gave most peremptory orders that (lest any collision should take place) the two sects should have their services separately—the Greeks first—and that no Armenian should under any pretext whatever be allowed to enter the church during the Greek service.—*Jerusalem Correspondent of the Daily News.*

A TRIP IN THE CRIMEA.

The following is an extract from a private letter: "Camp, April 21.—In my last I gave you an account of our trip as far as Bakshiserai. After having wandered all over the town, and inspected the Tartar shops, in which there was not much to be seen, excepting the coloured leather and lambswool caps, which the Tartars of the Crimea are famed for making, we returned to our tent for dinner, which consisted of the provisions we had brought, with some eggs and dried fish, bought in the town. We kept watch alternately till morning to guard our ponies. At five o'clock we rose, watered the animals, lighted fires, cooked our breakfast, packed up the things, struck the tent, and at seven o'clock were *en route* for Simpheropol. The Russians have the electric telegraph at Bakshiserai. It follows for the most part, the road, which as far as the Alma is most dreary—ridges without a shrub, or anything green to be seen on it. There is no regular road, except on the banks of the rivers and near to Simpheropol, where it has been cut through a deep ridge. Tartars are employed working on it, and breaking stones under the surveilance of Russian sappers. Every now and then one meets a Cossack, with his long lance, who acts as a policeman, making the arabas close up, and removing them to one side when we halt. We met that day an immense string of arabas, more than 100 in all, each drawn by two or three ponies, and carrying five sick in each, all seemingly bearing the stamp of death on their faces, like our poor fellows the winter before last. Some had their hands bound, up, as if suffering from frost-bite; but I did not see any wounded among them, although the doctors at Simpheropol said they had many still there. At the Alma, we all halted to feed our horses and to bathe. The dust over these plains is almost unbearable. We saw very few dead horses by the road, and what were there were buried, except where exposed by dogs tearing them up. In that respect, they do not seem to have suffered as much loss as ourselves. The plain close to Simpheropol is studded with *tumuli*, none of which seem to have been opened. Just outside the town were nineteen heavy guns, all mounted on trucks, like those at Bakshiserai; and these were all the means of defence I could see near this city, which we were always told was so well fortified. We rode out without hinderance till we came to the public gardens, which were crowded with officers and a few ladies, listening to a most delightful band. Here we left the conveyance, while some of us rode off to reconnoitre, and find a place to pitch our tent for the night. We were unsuccessful in our search, all the available ground near being occupied by troops, so that we resolved to ask an officer for directions. We fortunately met one belonging to the 4th Regiment of corps of Grenadiers, on his way to the gardens. He immediately turned back and took us to the garden of a large house, the owner of which having fled, it had been appropriated by the Government as a quarter for officers. He insisted on giving up his room for our use, and put us all up, as well as our servants and horses, giving them forage and stabling. After having washed, he took us to the gardens, and we walked about there for some time. He then took us to a restaurant and would not hear of our giving him dinner, but treated us to a Russian repast, consisting chifly of salt fish, rice, caviar, sturgeon, &c.; all very good. He wanted to give us porter and champagne, but as we had been warned beforehand, that the former was 15s. a bottle, and the latter 32s, we would not hear of it; and said we never drank it. So, instead, we had some excellent Crimean wine. They have a theatre in Simpheropol, but unfortunately it was closed that evening. The next morning, directly we got up, we had coffee and rusks; then walked to a cafe, where he gave us another most elaborate breakfast. After this, we went to see the Greek church, and through some very good shops, filled chiefly with military appertunances. I got a pair of Paris gloves for five francs, and saw Rowland's Macassar and perfumery, English pickles, pencils and paper, with various other home-manufactured articles which I little expected to find in the capital of Crim Tartary. Our friends had that morning received an order to march the next day on their way to Moscow, where they expect to arrive in June for the coronation ceremony. Speaking of the terms of peace, they scorned the idea of Russia destroying Nicholaieff and not building more fortifications on the Black sea. They all expressed the greatest delight that the war was ended. Some laughed at us very much for not having taken Sebastopol and the whole Crimea, after the battle of Alma, when, they said they had only 26,000 men in all the Crimea. At Inkerman, they had 40,000, and now 250,000 in the Crimea. They refer the cause of all their sufferings to not having a railway from Moscow, or roads through the provinces, so that transport in wet weather was nearly impossible. We had, of course many invitations to Moscow and St. Petersburg, which we returned with similar ones to them. The hospitals were all full of patients, and typhus raging severely. They said, this town was in a terrible state during the bombardment, full of wounded; and that of the Fourth Division, which was in Sebastopol almost since the beginning of the seige, there is hardly one of the old officers left. The corps of Grenadiers in Simpheropol is 32,000 strong, consisting of two divisions; each division has four regiments, and each four battalians, each battalion has four companies, 250 men to a company. None of the sergeants and non-commisoned officers can write, and to do their duty, two *ecrivians* are attached to each company. So great is the scarcity of officers among them, that to those immense companies they have only one officer. During the siege the cavalry officers did duty in the town with the infantry.

An audicious robbery was committed ten days ago in Spain. A picture of the Assumption, generally ascribed to Murillo' or at least to one of his best pupils, was taken from the high altar of the church of Mendiguren, near Vittoria.

The memory of Sir Robert Peel has been brought prominently before the public this week by the publication on the part of his literary executors, Lord Mahon, now Earl of Stanhope, and Mr. Cardwell, of a portion of those literary remains, belonging to the deceased baronet, of which they were left custodians. These trustees have had large powers conceded to them under his will, and they can do, in fact, what they like with his unpublished letters, papers, and documents—suppress, destroy, or publish them, or portions of them, as they may think proper. Sir Robert Peel has left them the guardians of his posthumous fame, and the delicacy of the commission appears to have paralysed their powers of action. More than six years have passed away since the great statesman was called to his account, and the volume which has just appeared is the first literary contribution towards that contemporary history in which he played the first part. It appears, from a very scanty introductory preface to the volume new issued by the editors, that Sir Robert Peel has left behind him in manuscript, from his own pen, a vindication of his conduct relative to the three great epochs of his life—the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act in 1829; the history of his own ministry from the time he was called to power in November, 1834, until he relinquished it in the spring of 1835; and the details of the great struggle which ended in the repeal of the Corn-laws and the breaking up of the Conservative party. The volume now published is exclusively devoted to the first of these events, and although the facts are not new, the public are introduced for the first time to state secrets of more than ordinary interest. In this record, the motives and conduct of Sir Robert Peel are set forth in a point of view which shows him to be a conscientious and at the same time a timid man—too timid, at least, to encounter a social revolution, which it was his belief his own fars ightedness had spared the country twice in his lifetime. This narrative, from which the future historians of England must draw largely, exhibits the conduct of George the Fourth in a most contemptible light—insincere and politely hypocritical in all that he said and did, even to the ministers of his choice; but it also realizes the truth of the late Duke of Wellington's beautiful commentary on Peel's character after his death: "he was the most *truthful man* I ever knew."

The Prince of Prussia has reached England during the week, and is now staying with the Royal family at Osborne. This gentleman is to be the husband of "England's daughter;" and it is fortunate for him, that the struggle in which we have been engaged with Russia is over; for the part which his uncle, the King of Prussia, played throughout the contest, made the very name of the country which he bears abhorred in England. These foreign unions have never been relished with us, but they have been endured from what is regarded as a State necessity. We hope the day is not distant, when the system will be abolished; for assuredly any advantages likely to result from these Germanic marriages are certain, as in times past, to be a gain on the wrong side.

Sir Henry Barkley is, it appears, to be the Governor of Victoria; and as he has acquitted himself admirably in some trying situations in the West Indies, we have little doubt, that he will succeed equally well in the Antipodes.

Lord Granville, according to the leading journal, and not the Duke of Cambridge, is to proceed to Moscow to attend, as the representative of the British nation, the coronation of the young Czar. A near relative of this nobleman's, long the British ambassador at St. Petersburg, was an intimate friend of the late Czar, so that Lord Granville, who is young, clever, wealthy, and ambitious, is perhaps the best man who could be selected for the purpose. His seat, too, in the Cabinet, as a President of the Council, entails no duties, except those which are nominal, so that he can be spared for an indefinite time.

The Poles are quite joyous, that the Czar has quitted St. Petersburg for their ancient capital of Warsaw, and they are full of hope that his presence will be followed by a general amnesty, and the reorganization of educational and other institutions for perpetuating the language and literature of their subjugated country. Preparations on a grand scale were being made for his reception, and the Polish nobility, in the hope of standing well in his eyes, are exhausting their wealth and resources to give him an imposing welcome. We hope that the expectations of these brave spirits may not suffer disappointment. It is only fair to say that the present occupant of the Russian throne, with less genius than his father, has many virtues which that stern ruler treated as womanly, and he may possibly be induced, from the kindliness of his nature, to do what his predecessor would never listen to—justice to the Poles.

The Allied troops are rapidly leaving the Crimea, but the British contingent will not proceed home in such numbers, as might have been expected. For instance, six regiments will proceed at once to Canada, nine will rendezvous at Malta, five will go to Gibraltar, and three to Corfu,—so that we shall not see all our heroes in the first blush of their victories This intelligence will not be over pleasing to their numerous friends and acquaintances at home. General Codrington had left for the Turkish capital, and is probably now on his way to England.

The ungenial spring weather in France has already advanced the price of wheat nearly a third. In various parts of the country, there had been very serious inundations, which had done more or less injury to the crops, and the dealers in cereals, impelled in all countries by a desire to make the most of circumstances, had turned the disaster to a profitable purpose. The injury appears to have been confined to the central and southern departments; but the probability is, that it has been exaggerated. The weather, at the last acconnts, had improved, and there appears nothing to warrant the alarm which has been felt. During the present summer, the quantity of breadstuffs sent to Europe from the western world will be such as to largely influence prices.

We are accustomed to speak of bankrupt Austria in terms of unmitigated contempt,—a sentiment which is always extended to an individual or nation hopelessly involved in debt, and daily increasing the load of liabilities But the financial position of Austria has considerably improved of late, thanks to Baron Bruek, the new Minister of Finance. He has been propitiating the Bank by a grant of land, the property of the State, and the Bank, to show its gratitude, has been withdrawing from circulation the depreciated state paper. Add to this, that new enterprise has sprung up in Austria Proper, and that, with the cessation of the war, the army will be reduced so as to bring the expenditure within the income, and it will be seen, that the improvement is very marked. The curse of despotism is, that it relies on physical force instead of the affections of the people, and this system is very much like burning the candle at both ends.

The observations of Lord Palmerston in the debate concerning Italy have been reprinted in the official journal of Rome, and the debates in the Sardinian Chambers on the same subject have caused a stir throughout the Italian peninsula, and are said to have given deep offence to Austria—a feeling which we can readily understand under the circumstances. This Italian question seems likely at no distant day to set the Continent by the ears, unless the crowned heads of Western and Central Europe have sagacity enough to anticipate the coming storm by the adoption of remedies suited to this case.

On Monday the freedom of the city of London was presented, at a court of Common Council, to Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, Bart, G. C. B. In acknowledging the compliment, Sir Edmund stated, that he had from early age cherished the hope of arriving at this honour, in consequence of having read when a boy, that it had been conferred on Nelson.