

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE. It is generally believed that the insurrections, which have been so happily suppressed in Italy and in the South of Spain, were well known to the French Government, and that it is owing to the vigilance of the Emperor that the Governments of those countries were put on the alert. They were doubtless to have had their headquarters at Paris, and to have included illustrious victims. We have doubtless yet to learn the extent of the dangers we have escaped; and though, as in all cases where the public mind is excited there is much exaggeration as to the circumstances, yet enough of the true remains to prove that the plans included a universal attempt to attain to power on the part of the faction which in every country where it has shown itself, is the enemy of religion, of order, and of tranquility. The Emperor is trying to live a retired life at Plombieres, and is deriving much benefit from the baths. The Empress has gone to Plombieres leaving the Imperial Prince at St. Cloud: it is therefore presumed her stay will be short. On her arrival at Epinal, at half-past five, she started by post for Plombieres, but had not been long on her way, when the Emperor joined her, he having come thus far to meet her: they entered Plombieres at eight o'clock. The town was illuminated, and the windows and streets ornamented with flowers and evergreens. The Emperor and Empress took a long excursion in the environs the next day, and only returned in the evening, at ten o'clock. The preparations for the Exposition are constantly being interrupted, and the effects disarranged, to make way for the successive arrivals from Algiers.

The Poet Beranger is dead, and was buried at the charge of the Imperial Civil List on the 17th ult. There was a large display of military, and an immense crowd, but no manifestation. The news of the harvest from nearly all quarters of France is most cheering. In some the reaping is over, and in other places, where the corn is not yet ripe for the sickle, the heat, which in Paris at least is intense, will soon bring it to maturity. Letters from Bastia, in Corsica, of the 13th, mention that in some parts of the island the yield of grain is superabundant, and good throughout the whole. The price of wheat, which had been high, has fallen 20f. the hectolitre. In the Calvados wheat has fallen 3f. the hectolitre. The price of fat oxen has also declined.

The following is from a letter of Times Paris correspondent, dated the 6th ult.:-

Of the Italians who were at first arrested on the serious charge of conspiring against the Emperor's life, and who are still in prison, one or two have avowed their guilt; the others deny it. I am assured that in the course of the investigations conducted by the authorities no complicity has been brought home to any of the French refugees of note in England. The conspiracy is Italian, and essentially Mazzinian; and the object assassination. A Commission of Inquiry is sent by the Government to Italy to collect further information as to the extent of the plot. This will retard the trial, which takes place before the Court of Assize instead of the High Court of Justice.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian Protestant Upper Ecclesiastical Board has issued a circular to the clergy respecting the blessing of the Church on the second marriage of divorced married people. It will be seen that the Prussian Protestant clergy are just relieved from the necessity of bestowing the nuptial blessing on the union of adulterers, while the Protestant clergy of England are being subjected to that necessity.

The text is as follows:—"After we have presented our most dutiful report on the negotiations which for some time have been pending respecting the benediction of divorced wedded people, the subject has been brought to a provisional conclusion by a supreme order issued on the 8th inst. The King's Majesty has not yet found it timely to come with an absolute decision. Meanwhile, in order to further the approach of a better state of things, his Most High Majesty has pleased to order: that the clergy shall give notice to the Consistory of all cases in which married persons, civilly divorced, shall seek the ecclesiastical blessing on another marriage; but that the Consistory (reserving to the party feeling aggrieved the recourse to the Evangelical Upper Ecclesiastical Board), shall have to decide on the allowableness of the wedding according to the maxims of the Christian marriage law, according as it is founded on the Word of God."

Hereof we inform the Royal Consistory, with the injunction forthwith to furnish the clergy with the requisite directions.

Herewith we unite the disclosure, that the King's Majesty, at the same time, on the same considerations, has forbidden the further granting of dispensations from the impediment of adultery.

Hereafter, the royal ministry has to refuse at once any petitions which may come in, and to announce to the clergy that they are to abstain from any countenancing of such proposals. The sending in of periodical reports on the cases, which may have come to the knowledge of the Royal Consistory, of refusals to marry, may in future cease.

THE EVANGELICAL UPPER ECCLESIASTICAL BOARD. Berlin, June 15, 1857.

ITALY.

Advices from Naples, of the 9th ult., state that the Two Sicilies are tranquil. The official journal says that the insurgents who escaped from the combat of Padula were attacked the next day near Sanza, by the Urban Guard, the 11th Chasseurs, and the inhabitants. The remnant of the band lost thirty men, and all the rest were made prisoners. The official journal thanks the army and navy for its aid. The chief of this abortive attempt on Naples, Colonel, Piscane, was arrested at Catanzaro by a strong detachment of the Royal Gendarmerie, under Lieutenant Moro. He was immediately sent to the fortress of Reggio, to await orders from Naples. It is stated that the Colonel, who is a

man of great energy and resolution, appears much affected, at the manner in which he was abandoned, and at the little sympathy which his enterprise had met with from the people. The papers found upon him were, it is said, transmitted directly to the King, who alone perused them. Most of the letters from Naples, concur in stating that the Mazzinian attempt to revolutionize the Two Sicilies was foolish and hopeless. Letters from Rome announce that the Pope had restored to liberty three prisoners confined in the fort of Palliano; they had still an imprisonment of some months to undergo. The Diplomatic Corps had almost all quitted Rome. The French and Austrian Ambassadors alone remained, at the request of Cardinal Antonelli. The Pope was still at Bologna.

The preparation for the trial of the insurgents of Genoa, is the principal subject of attention. A great danger has been escaped. The papers found on the prisoners, and others taken with arms and ammunition hidden in various places show what were the intentions of the conspirators. Plunder of the rich, and of the middle classes who had any wealth. Lists of the houses which were to be pillaged, and persons were indicated, whose sole crime was the not partaking of the opinions of Mazzini; for this they were to be poignarded. The Marquis Ernest Pareto is arrested, on account of the suspicion which attaches to the intimacy of Miss White with his family. His wife is an Englishwoman. Miss White, after having acted several parts of the drama, is also in the prison San Andrea. First, she refused to leave the town, and the British minister must be consulted, lest the Government should get embroiled with England on her account; it was, however, agreed she must then be watched, and her residence was put under the surveillance of the guards. It was said she dyed her hair, and tried to disguise herself in order to escape; perhaps this was scandal, for she could also wear a postiche, and perhaps she preferred the notoriety of being imprisoned to the feminine grace of modestly hiding herself by escaping. Her friend Mazzini has been wiser, and has got away on an American vessel.—Cor. of Weekly Register.

RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURGH, July 8.—The journals exhibit some degree of acrimony in refuting the charge of Russian intrigues in India. The *Devalde Russe* says, let England be convinced that she is under a delusion when she speaks of the designs of Russia on that rotten conglomeration which she pompously designates the British empire in India.

The *Acille du Nord* says it would be better, instead of accusing the Persians and Russians, to reprint the predictions of Gen. Sir Charles Napier, who pointed out the true causes of what has now happened.

SWEDEN.

The Protestant Kingdom of Sweden is in a ridiculous position. In that country, in which Protestantism is absolutely and exclusively in possession of the field, and therefore where English Protestants (if they were sincere) would expect "the right of private judgment" and "liberty of conscience" to be universally recognised as mere matters of course, a most barbarous code of laws imposed conformity with the State Church under the heaviest penalties, and visited the slightest assertion of individual freedom with the gravest consequences. The notoriety given to this state of things, as well as the disaffection of a considerable body of Protestant Swedes, who wanted to set up a new religion for themselves, induced the King last year to bring forward a measure for securing an increase of liberty, but which was no sooner published than it was found to be a penal measure of a most intolerant and persecuting tendency. In lieu of this measure, others have been proposed, of which it is only fair to say that they show some progress, and that the alterations are all calculated to make the harshness and injustice of the former law a little less remarkable. But the measure has encountered the most strenuous resistance of the Clergy and nobility. The Clergy, by the mouth of Thomaner, Bishop of Lund, declare that the Swedes will abandon the Lutheran Church without adopting any religion whatever. The estate of the nobles were more afraid of Catholicity, and the *Univers*, from whom we are borrowing, tells us that M. Nils Tersmeden implored his peers to reflect on the imminent danger incurred by the Swedish Church of being absorbed by the Catholic Church if once liberty were granted. What had become of Holland? What of England? Even M. Iljerta, a warm advocate of the project, and therefore a Protestant Swede of exceptional liberality, strongly recommended that a clause should be added punishing with exile every man making proselytes in Sweden in the name of a Catholic authority, in other words, every Catholic Priest.—*Tablet*.

CHINA.

The news from Hong Kong is to May 25.—The sufferings of the Chinese are frightful. Famine continued to increase in Canton and the interior. The gunboats have gone up the Canton river to attack the Mandarin junks. General Garrett and his staff have arrived. Tea is going down freely to Foo-choo-foo, where all is quiet. A battle has been fought between the Imperialists and the rebels above Foo-choo-foo, and it is believed that the Imperialists have been victorious. The price of rice at Hong-Kong was four dollars per pekul. Sir John Bowring has intimated that compensation for loss sustained by British subjects will be demanded from the Chinese Government.

REVOLUTION IN INDIA.

The whole army of Bengal has revolted.—Thirty thousand British soldiers of every arm, horse, foot, and artillery, have renounced their allegiance, and declared for the legitimate King of Delhi. All the Northern Provinces of India are in open rebellion, and the revolutionary spirit is fast spreading to the centre and the South.—Through the lately-conquered districts of Oude, the Punjab, and Scinde, the British authority rests on a heaving volcano, every burst of which

explodes and controls the whole district around. We do not exaggerate, and it is impossible to exaggerate the awful convulsion which is rending that ill-got Empire asunder. The best informed and most candid correspondents of the *Times* write in stronger terms than we could coin. One of them says at Calcutta:—"We cannot depend on our Sepoy troops, or on the natives to keep the communication open between the European forces; we cannot withdraw a man from the Punjab; we have left Pague with only one European regiment; while the Madras Sepoys (the 10th regiment) have caught the infection of disobedience; and we are dependent for the very existence of our government in Northern India on the fidelity of the Maharajah of Gwalior!"

Another writing at Agra, and warning the British public against believing the concocted news of the Indian journals, declares that this Maharajah is strongly suspected of being deeply implicated in the plot; and that the communications extant in India with reference to the origin, causes, and progress of the movement are utterly untrustworthy, and only disguise the truth:—"Where you read in the *Mofussilite* that 'all is quiet,' &c., understand it to mean that the Native troops there have not yet risen in open mutiny; that the discontented portion of the inhabitant are not yet in open rebellion; that they are either too weak, or fancy themselves to be so, or that they are waiting for a more fitting time. When you read of the 'manifestation of loyalty, in any of the Bengal native regiments, cavalry or infantry, understand it to mean that one half of the regiments thus favorably mentioned only are really faithful; the other half are but acting a part, the better to find the Europeans off their guard when the proper time arrives, or by warding off suspicion, have it the more in their power to aid their mutinous companions."

This is a deadly crisis to follow the celebration of Clive's centenary. And we happen to have an additional authentic fact to contribute to the tale. An Irish Priest of very remarkable acuteness and sagacity, writing from Agra by the last mail, reports that Russian Agents are passing into the disturbed provinces in swarms; and that their authority and object, apparently overlooked by the Company's servants, are no secret to those who care to see an inch below the surface. We mark with interest the sublime silence of *Le Nord*, and smile at the announcement in yesterday's telegraph, that the news of the Indian Mutiny has created a profound sensation at St. Petersburg.—*Nation*.

The brutal atrocities committed by the mutineers in their first successes have provoked military severities which, if practised by the troops of the King of Naples or the Emperor of Austria, would doubtless, be denounced by the English press as instances of horrible cruelty. In the accounts in the Anglo-Indian journals the wholesale slaughter of the Hindus, whether mutineers, deserters, or merely suspects, is frequently spoken of with an inhuman exultation, which we honestly believe neither the press of Austria nor of Naples would be guilty of. Of course a military mutiny is not dangerous a thing to be temporized with, and great severities are excusable in repressing such a revolt; but wanton slaughter and cruelties, such as are related with perfect indifference, or worse than indifference in the Indian journals, are deserving of the strongest reprobation. No matter what may be the imminence of danger, we are not justified in having recourse to savage atrocities in order to spread the terror of our arms. It is stated that a new punishment has been invented and practised for the benefit of the mutineers who have been taken. They are tied to the mouth of cannon and thus blown to pieces, a death which has a peculiar and horrible terror for the superstitious Hindus.—Surely this brutal barbarity is not the act of British officers, nor authorised by the highest servants of a Government which is so scandalised at the King of Naples? As for the wholesale hangings and shootings, the burning of villages, and the other ordinary cruelties of civil war it is impossible to say how far they may be justifiable by the plea of necessity. No doubt the innocent must often suffer with the guilty. In such cases it is supposed to be the business of those who are employed to suppress rebellion to strike terror as widely and as deeply as possible, and for that purpose the shooting, hanging, and torturing of the innocent is probably more effective than the execution of just punishment on the guilty would be. But we doubt greatly that the severities and cruelties shown to the mutinous Sepoys, and to such of the population as are supposed to sympathise with them will have any but the worst possible effect. The immediate cause of the outbreak at Meerut was the cruel sentence of five to ten years' imprisonment in irons passed on eighty-five men of the 3rd Native Cavalry who, in a body, refused to use cartridges which their religious prejudices persuaded them it would be pollution for them to touch. It was these very men, aided by the fanatical rabble of Delhi, who afterwards committed so many barbarous murders of Europeans. We may depend upon it that, either in inflicting or in enduring cruelties, we shall prove no match for the Hindus, who have been accustomed to the bloody rites of Juggernaut, and to see their women burn themselves alive as an act of religious duty. Indeed, this resort to wholesale slaughter and barbarous cruelty is, in our judgment, the worst and most ill-omened feature in the last advice, because it shows that panic-fear has succeeded a too-easy security.—*Tablet*.

THE HALF SIR.

BY GERALD GRUFFIN. (Concluded from our last.)

CHAPTER X.

A pause here occurred—when Hamond, who already began to feel strongly prepossessed in favor of the lady's frankness and ready cordiality, petitioned for an ample detail of the circumstances of Lady Emily's life on the Continent, which was given with little hesitation. The conversation, as it had been long, now grew perfectly familiar, and the lady and gentleman talked as if they had been old acquaintances. The former, at length, ventured to become inquisitive in her turn. "Pardon me," said the lady, "if I am intrusive. But you have already given me half a confidence, and it is on that I would presume."

"You will show me a kindness," said Hamond, "if you use no ceremony. Pray, speak freely." "I know the cause of your retirement," said Miss O'Brien, after once more holding her peace for a few minutes. "Yet, if I should judge by the demeanor of Emily, and by my own heart, I should say that your state was far happier than hers who wronged you."

"You have not asked thus," you are not a friend, you are a spy," said Hamond, who added, suddenly arresting the lady's progress, as Miss O'Brien covered her face with her hands, and shrunk back in her chair. "The violence of my recollections compels me to throw aside the decorum that is due from me. I did not remember that you were her friend."

"Oh, sir," said the lady, "this is the very least that I deserve. I wish not to preserve a misplaced respect. My conscience is so galled with the burning weight of my errors—crimes I should call them—that I feel a dreadful luxury in avowing them, even though positive contempt and detestation must be the consequence. Hear me, I entreat you: Since you have learned enough to hate me, let me tell you all. For you can serve me well. You know the person I have injured."

Hamond resumed his chair in an attitude half irresolute, half attentive, while the lady, retiring still further into the shadow thrown by the window curtains on the already darkening apartment, spoke in a tone of deep agitation. "I was bound as Emily was, to a young gentleman whom you know, and who, I believe, sincerely loved me. He was handsome, witty, accomplished, elegant in mind and manner—passionate, and young—but lowly born—at least it seemed so, comparing both our fortunes. Indeed, I may truly say, that love never was deeper than his for me."

"Pardon me once more," said Hamond, rising impatiently, "I cannot always govern myself. This is not a tale for ears like mine, that are wearied with the sounds of falsehood." "You will not treat me so unfairly," said Miss O'Brien, using a gentle action to detain him in the chair. "Hear all that I would say: I wish not to escape your just reproaches, if you should find me worthy of them."

Hamond, chafing under the restraint, returned to his seat, while Miss O'Brien continued: "We were betrothed—bound by a registered contract, and still more by the intelligence that subsisted between our hearts—but yet, united as we were by anticipation, it was my hourly sport to play upon his sensitive nature—to awake his jealousy—to see him watch me with an anxious glance through the whirl of the ball and rout, where I had smiles and quips for all but him—and pretty sentences strung up like pearls for every ear but his—"

"Must I hear this?" said Hamond, struggling violently with himself—"Fit companions! Worthy friends! Pray, madam—let me beg—"

"I loved to see him," Miss O'Brien continued, not heeding Hamond's impatience, "when he afterwards crept to my side with a pale and fretted brow—and a gentle and reproachful eye—I loved to point out to his notice the various members of the youthful aristocracy that passed us—to speak admiringly of their wealth—their titles and high birth—"

"Hold! torture and madness!"—hold! Hamond exclaimed, starting up in a paroxysm of ungovernable fury, and flinging the chair across the room, while Miss O'Brien recoiled in terror at this unexpected burst of violence. "What! taunt him with his lowliness—with the station of life in which the mighty Lord of life and nature had placed him? Did you tax that poor being with the will of providence? 'Why do you not chide the wren that it cannot outsoar the eagle? or those dwarfish shrubs before us, that they do not uplift their boughs above that pine or oak? Shame on you! Shame and sorrow on you!' In this manner was it that my brain was stung, even to the very verge of madness—I feel the scourges of my heart renewed—but you are not yet too late—you have not yet flung your false vile person into another's arms—your injured love may yet be sought and satisfied. Oh, fly then! fly (since you speak of penitence) return to that poor wretch's feet—you know not the misery he endures—you know not how his heart is burning and his soul darkening within him—how restless are his nights, how bitter is his food—how lonely are his thoughts—how he howls and groans in the anguish of his spirit. You know not what that anguish is. Do, fly to him! Find him out! If you leave a corner of the earth unsearched, and save him not, you are a murderer! Seek him out—fling yourself at his feet—moisten the dust around them with your tears—and if his pride—his honest, injured, manly pride, refuse the atonement, and he should justly spurn you in your humbleness—go then, and hide you in your shame, where the eye of man may never look upon you more, and pray that the good and the virtuous may forget you, for a blessing."

"It is a just judgment that falls upon me," said the lady, faltering, "yet I would be penitent." Then with a still more hesitating voice, "but where's the hope from that? He never would forgive me." "Go, do your part," said Hamond, as he passed his handkerchief over his damp and heated brow—"your sin will end, at least."

"You have guessed it, Hamond, Emily, she is not a friend, she is a spy," said Hamond, who added, suddenly arresting the lady's progress, as Miss O'Brien covered her face with her hands, and shrunk back in her chair. "The violence of my recollections compels me to throw aside the decorum that is due from me. I did not remember that you were her friend."

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