

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

Paris, Aug. 10.—Blockading may be an exciting pastime for certain elderly ladies, but it is surely an undignified occupation for two great nations. Nevertheless, it seems to be that of England and France at the very moment when the chiefs of their respective Governments have been exchanging friendly greetings, and when it was understood, a renewal of amity, momentarily and slightly ruffled, between the two nations was to be the agreeable event of the day.

The Sovereigns have scarcely separated, the amicable assurances that passed between them have hardly been published to the world at large, when a brisk skirmish commences, the weapons employed being irritating newspaper articles, offensive pamphlets, and satirical speeches. Unless there exists an intention—which we well know there does not—that this bloodless warfare of words and paper should be followed by a serious conflict with powder and ball, it is hard to imagine what either party expects to gain by this vexatious hostility.

Cherbourg is no novelty; we knew that the works were commenced long ago; it was natural to suppose they would one day be completed, and for some time past we have been aware that the day was fast approaching. It is certainly vexatious to be forced to keep up large and expensive forces merely because it pleases one man in France to arm, in profound peace, as if he were preparing for a great war; but we cannot deny his right to do so, and it seems impossible to devise peaceable means of preventing him. It is certainly not such speeches as those of Messrs. Roebuck and Lindsay that will have that effect.

Cherbourg's walls will not fall before their railings. Members of Parliament and other gentlemen addicted to addressing meetings would do well to consider, before giving the rein to their humor and sarcasm, how very differently their discourse will be viewed and even understood by Englishmen and by Frenchmen. The French are a vain and highly susceptible people, and do not know how to pardon a joke at their expense for the sake of the humor or wit of its expression. What is said or written in England is placed before them often in a very free—that is to say, incorrect or exaggerated—translation; the good-humored fun (if such there be) disappears; whatever is harsh remains and is even magnified, and the Frenchman gets very angry.

Moreover, the great fuss that has been made about Cherbourg in England causes the French to think us afraid of them, which most assuredly we are not. The speeches of Messrs. Roebuck and Lindsay have given opportunity to the haters of England for a great deal of irritating declamation, calculated to inflame the minds of the unreflecting, who are certainly a majority in this country.

They are a godsend to those political partisans and factious who hold in horror a good understanding between the two great Western Powers.

ITALY

Letters from Genoa of the 12th of August states that Mazzini having issued a fresh proclamation, precautionary military measures had been taken to prevent an expected Mazzinian landing.

The Paris correspondent of the Times says the resumption of diplomatic relations with Naples has not been announced officially in one of the late conferences.

RUSSIA

The St. Petersburg Journal of the 25th July (August 6th) publishes an ukase, dated the 30th June, addressed by the Emperor Alexander to the Minister of the Imperial Household, with reference to the enfranchisement of the peasantry belonging to the imperial appendages, and granting them the same immunities of person and property as are enjoyed by the other free peasants.

SWEDEN

Some of our contemporaries have given currency to a rumour that the six Catholic exiles of Sweden, had received from the Regent a complete and spontaneous pardon. We had reason to doubt the correctness of this statement, and the *Univers* of Thursday mentions that the intelligence from Stockholm does not confirm this boasted, and even if true, no worthless concession.

TURKEY

The Sultan is seriously ill. Letters from Constantinople, mentioning the fact, state that the population are deeply moved. The mosques are crowded with the faithful, who offer up prayers for his recovery.

Abdul Medjid is more beloved by the people than were any of his ancestors; even the political errors of which he is accused by the old Turkish party are attributed to his goodness of heart. The difficulties which now surround Turkey cannot but be aggravated by the Sultan's illness.

INDIA

The Bombay mails bring but scanty intelligence from India, but what there is, may be pronounced on the whole most satisfactory, as confirming in every respect the favourable news furnished by the telegrams. The Gwalior rebels, after a second defeat by General Napier, are pursued in their flight by General Roberts, who, doubtless, calculates upon obtaining some portion of the immense treasure in their possession consisting, it is said, of some three or four millions, and an enormous quantity of jewels, including the crown jewels of the Maharajah.

Gen. Napier, it should be remarked, succeeded in seizing 25 guns and some treasure, on the occasion of his victory. Indore is still comparatively quiet, the threatened rise being a false alarm. The correspondence between the rebels and Jung Bahadour is interesting, as showing that the wily chieftain disregarded the appeal made to him to unite in the common cause from a conviction, that the side he had chosen at the commencement of the outbreak was the winning one, and that it was his best policy to aid the English, from whom he will, doubtless, expect to receive something more substantial than the ribbon with which he has been decorated.

about 90 Europeans fit for duty. The rebels near Sberghotty encountered a body of 160 prisoners, sent under escort to Sasseram. The Nageeb guard of 50 men, recently levied, immediately fraternized, murdered the Barogah, and released the prisoners. The rebels then divided, Ameer Singh proceeded to Judgapore, while a detachment invaded Gya. The former compelled Captain Rattray, with his Sikhs, who had been left by Sir E. Lugard to watch the jungle, to retreat, and began murdering the coolies who were cutting roads. They mutilated a number, and the remainder fled. One unhappy wretch was seen by a European—I can prove this—buried up to his neck, for the kites to pick out his eyes. He was quite dead. All natives serving with Government are threatened with the same treatment, till there has been a general panic among employes.

The latter body marched to Gya, bribed the gaoal guard, released the prisoners, and left the town, which they were afraid to attack. They are now near Tikaree, apparently besieging the Ranees, an old lady of enormous wealth. The people are not by any means disposed to side with them, but they seemed cowed, and in the last four months 9,000 of them have arrived in Calcutta on their way to the Mauritius.

They bring their women, a thing they never would do before, and will probably settle in the island. The colonial Government are still crying for more, and what with our own troops, Ameer Singh, and emigration, society in Bhojpoor is as much changed as society in Connaught.

The necessity of defending Bengal seems at last to be recognised. We have now 2,600 men in Calcutta, 1,700 in Dum Dum, 900 in Barrackpore, and 1,200 sailors scattered over some 13 stations. These men have been just attached to the Indian navy, thereby coming under martial law, and are to be increased to 2,000. A force of European policemen are also, it is said, to be organised in each division, the divisional battalions being abandoned as unsafe instruments.

It is still necessary, however, to organise a native force for Behar, where we have obviously not sufficient strength to keep down the armed classes.—*Times* Correspondent.

A VISIT TO THE PALACE OF THE GRAND MOGUL.—A grand face of rich red sandstone, darkened by time, crenellated in two rows, rises to a height of 50 or 60 feet above us, and sweeps to the right and left in melancholy grandeur, slightly broken in outline by turrets and flanking towers.

The gems of which the casket is so grandly out, indeed, to be rich and precious. The portal is worthy of the enclosure. Except the Victoria gate of our new Palace of Westminster I have seen no gateway so fine in proportion and of such lofty elevation. The massive iron and brass embossed doors open into a magnificent vestibule in a great tower, which rises high above the level of the walls, and is surmounted by turrets and four cupolas of elegant design. On passing the gates we find ourselves in a sort of arcade, vaulted and running for the length of the tower, in the midst of which there is a very small court, richly ornamented with sculptured stonework. The arcade conducts us to an open courtyard, surrounded by houses of excessively poor aspect.

At one side there, in the turreted gateway, Mr. Saunders points out to us the room below a cupola where two of our countrymen were brutally murdered. But in the courtyard before us a more terrible scene was enacted. There is a dry stone well, in which there once played a fountain, in the centre of the court. Above it a venerable and decaying tree casts an imperfect shadow over the stone seats on which in former times those who came hither to enjoy the play of the waters and their refreshing music were wont to repose.

It was at this spot, beneath this tree, and round the fountain, that the Christian captives, women and children, after several days of painful repulse and anxiety, worse than the fate they dreaded, were hacked to pieces by the swords of the ferocious and cowardly miscreants, who in their bloody work forgot that even Mohammed has ordered women and children to be saved from death. There is as yet no other memorial of the tragedy, but lo! "ex ossibus ulior" the dungeon of the captive monarch who permitted the defilement of his palace by such deeds is close at hand—the house of Timour, the descendants of Baber, Shahjehan, and Aurungzebe have fallen never to rise; smitten in the very palace of their power, which has become their dungeon. Around the very place where that innocent blood ran like water, as grim monuments of retribution, are ranged, row after row, the guns taken from our enemy; our guards are in the gates; and of the many who took part in the murders, it is probable few live to strike the punishment which, sooner or later, will strike them. The mouldering walls of the palace buildings, broken lattices, crumbling stone-work, and doors and wood-work split, decayed, and paintless, the silence only broken by the tread of the sentry, or our own voices, rendered the whole place inexpressibly sad and desolate.

Throne, reclined a private of Her Majesty's (dist) of a very Milegian type of countenance, who, with a very large head, and a pair of shoulders, as if he were engaged in a masterly requiring extraordinary exertion of muscular strength, was occupied in writing a letter for the edification of some humble resident "West of the Shannon." The hall was so obscure that the richness of the decorations, and the great beauty of the interior were not visible till the eye became accustomed to the darkness, and penetrated through the accidents of the place to its permanent and more pleasing characteristics. Then, indeed, one could form some notion of the extent to which the praises of travellers and poets had been justified in some times gone by, and could bear without a smile the scrolled hieroglyphs over the three entrances, in precious stones and metals, translated into the hackneyed and pompous boast, "Oh! if there be a Paradise on earth, it is this! it is this! it is this!"

As one of the soldiers said, "Begorra, the chap that put up that had a droll notion of Paradise anyhow. Wid the bate and the fies I think it must be more like the other place." But, notwithstanding such drawbacks in the mind of a resident, there was much for the visitor to admire. The magnificent pavement has, indeed, been taken up and destroyed, and the hand of the spoiler has been busy on the columns and walls of the Divan; but still above and around one sees the solid marble worked as though it had been wax, and its surface inlaid with the richest, most profuse, and fanciful, and exquisite designs in foliage and arabesque, the fruits and flowers being represented by sections of gems such as amethysts, cornelian, bloodstone, garnet, topaz, and various colored crystals, set in the brasswork of the decorations. Every one of the columns are thus decorated and covered with inscriptions from the Koran, and the walls have the appearance of some rich work from the loom in which a brilliant pattern is woven on a pure white ground, the tracery of rare and cunning artists. When the hall was clean and lighted up, and when its greatest ornament, the Takht Taons, or Peacock Throne, and the Crystal Chair of State were in the midst, the coup d'œil must have been exceedingly rich and magnificent.

The Crystal Chair is still in existence, but I know not whether the Peacock Throne, which cost one million and a quarter sterling, fell into the hands of Nadir Shah or of some smaller robber. I do know, however, what became of the bath cut out of a single block of agate and beautifully carved, which was talked of all over Hindostan. Our soldiers broke it into pieces. They were also very clever in picking out the stones from the embellishments of the Dewani Khass with their bayonets, but that exercise of their talents is now forgotten. The Crystal Chair still remains intact, and is, I hope, intended to grace one of our palaces in England. An old conqueror, with steam and rail at his command, would have carried off the whole Dewani Khass piecemeal to his own Windsor Park, or St. James's. The larger, more dirty, less remarkable hall of public audience is near at hand, and the small and graceful mosque of which I have already spoken—which has plainly been decorated by the hand of an artist from Europe, who has actually infringed upon the Koran and introduced figures of Bacchus and of animals in the mosaics. The garden, once so celebrated in India, is now in ruins, and the river has receded from the walls of the palace—emblem of the departed greatness of the house. Laborers are busily engaged in pulling down one of the colonnades and breaking through the court, to open a passage which shall render the promenade of one of our officials less lengthy whenever he wishes to visit the court. We are an eminently practical people, but I wish we did not find such admirable excuses for the destruction of the beautiful.

In a dingy, dark passage leading from the open court or terrace in which we stood to a darker room beyond there sat, crouched on his haunches, a diminutive, attenuated old man, dressed in an ordinary and rather dirty muslin tunic, his small lean feet bare, his head covered by a small thin cambric skull cap. The moment of our visit was not propitious, certainly it was not calculated to invest the descendant of Timour with any factitious interest, or to throw a halo of romance around the infirm creature who was the symbol of extinguished empire. In fact, the ex-King was sick; with bent body he seemed nearly prostrate over a brass basin, into which he was retching violently. So for the time we turned our backs on the doorway, and looking round the small court, which was not more than 30 feet square. In one corner, stretched on a charpoy, lay a young man of slight figure and small stature who sat up at the sound of our voices and saluted respectfully. He was dressed in fine white muslin, and had a gay yellow and blue silk sash round his waist; his head was bare, exhibited the curious tonsure from the forehead to the top of the head usual among many classes in the East; his face, oval and well shaped, was disfigured by a very coarse mouth and skin, but his eyes were quick and bright, if not very pleasant in expression. By the side of his charpoy stood four white tuniced and turbaned attendants, with folded arms, watching every motion of the young gentleman with abject anxiety. One of them said "He is sick," and the Commissioner gave direction that he should lie down again, and so, with another salaam, Jumma Bukht—for it was that scion of the House of Delhi in whose presence we stood—threw himself on his back with a sigh, and turning his head towards us drew up his chudder, or sheet of his bed, to his face, as if to relieve himself from our presence. At the head of his bed there was a heavy-looking, thick-set lad of 13 or 14 years of age, who was, we were told, the latest born of the house—by no means "a sweet young prince" and whose claims to the blood royal the Commissioner considered more or less doubtful, considering the age of the ex-King and the character borne by the particular lady who had presented the monarch with a pledge so late in his life; but I am bound to add that, at all events, "he has his father's nose," and his lips are like those of Jumma Bukht.

mond, Wind cloth of gold, and of some of state, music and cannon, and herald and glittering cavalcade and embroidered elephant, perhaps I might have succeeded, but as it was I found—I say it with regret, but with honesty and truth—I found only Holywell street. The forehead is very broad indeed, and comes out sharply over the brows, but it recedes at once into an ignoble Thersites like skull; in the eyes were only visible the "weakness" of extreme old age—the dim, hazy, filmy light which seems about to guide to the great darkness; the nose, a noble Judaic aquiline, was deprived of dignity and power by the loose-lipped, nervous, quivering, and gaping mouth, filled with a flaccid tongue; but from chin and upper lip there streamed a venerable, long, wavy, intermingling moustache and beard of white, which again all but retrieved his aspect. Recalling to that sunken cheek, restoring its freshness to the face, one might see the King glowing in the beauty of the warrior David; but as he sat before us I was only reminded of the poorest form of the Israelitish type as exhibited in decay and penurious greed in its poorest haunts among us. His hands and feet were delicate and fine, his garments scanty and foul. And this is the descendant of him who "on the 12th of August, 1765, conferred on the East India Company the Dewance (or Lordship) of the Provinces of Bengal, of Behar, and Orissa, and confirmed divers other possessions held by the Hon. Company under inferior grants from the Sobahdars of Bengal, the Deccan, and Carnatic."

Well may he now say with his ancestor, Shah Alum, in his celebrated poem—the great Moguls were their own laureates—"The tempest of misfortune has risen and overwhelmed me. It has scattered my glory to the winds and dispersed my throne in the air." Well for him if he can add, "While I am sunk in an abyss of darkness, let me be comforted with the assurance that out of this affliction I shall yet arise, purified by misfortune and illuminated by the mercy of the Almighty." I could not help thinking, as I looked on the old man, that our rulers were somewhat to blame for the crimes he had committed in so far as their conduct may have led him to imagine that success in his designs was feasible. In what way did the Majesty of Britain present itself before the last of the house of Timour the Tartar? With all the grandeur of a protecting Power and the dignity of an Imperial conquering State? No. At least with the honest independence of an honorable equality? No. Our representative, with "bated breath and whispering humbleness," aye, with bare feet and bowed head, came into the presence of our puppet King. More than that, the English captain of the palace guard, if summoned to the King, as he frequently was, had not only to uncover his feet but was not permitted to have an umbrella carried over his head, or to bear one in his own hand, while proceeding through the courtyard, a privilege permitted to every officer of the Royal staff. This was the case in the time of the last Resident up to the moment of the revolt, and in the time of the last captain of the guard up to the moment of his assassination. In such degrading servitude we recognize the instincts of a commercial corporation—*quocunque modo rem*. But to the King the representative of the East India Company was the representative of the British Empire.

Although the guilt of the King in the encouragement afforded by him to the mutinous and murderous Sepoys was great and undoubted, there is some reason to suppose that he was not so much responsible for the atrocious massacre within the walls of his palace as has been supposed. From the very first he had little power over the Sepoys and their leaders—his age and infirmity forbade all physical exertion. It is certain that for several days he protected the unfortunate ladies who fled to the palace, and resisted the clamorous demands for their blood which were made by the monsters around him; but it is true, too, that he did not take the step which would have saved their lives. He did not put them into his zenana. It is said that he was afraid of his own begums and the women of the zenana, who would have resented such a step. At all events he did not do so. Our countrywomen were murdered in his palace, and we have assumed that he could have saved their lives. It may be that we are to some extent punishing in the father the sins of the children. He seemed but little inclined for conversation, and when Brigadier Stisted asked him how it was he had not saved the lives of our women he made an impatient gesture with his hand, as if commanding silence, and said, "I know nothing of it—I had nothing to say to it." His grandchild, an infant a few months old, was presented to us, and some one or two women of the zenana showed themselves at the end of the passage while the Commissioner was engaged in conversation with one of the begums, the latest who remained inside her curtain, and did not let us see her face.

UNITED STATES

At St. John's (Catholic) Church, a striking spectacle was presented yesterday (Sunday), in the confirmation of more than four hundred of the children and young people of the parish—the candidates appearing in white veils, and the rite being administered by Right Rev. Bishop Bacon of the Diocese of Maine, assisted by Rev. Mr. Papet, Rev. Mr. Vetroville, Rev. Mr. Murphy, and another clergyman from Portland. The ceremonies attracted a large crowd to the church.—*Bangor Whig*.

The potato disease is affecting the crop very sensibly in Western Massachusetts. One farmer says that he has lost one bushel out of every four.

A NEW ROUTE FOR A SUBMARINE CABLE.—A correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* suggests the practicability of laying a submarine cable between Europe and America by the way of the Azores and the Bermudas. The advantages in favor of such a route are claimed to be the smoothness of the sea over a great part of it, owing to its lying to the south of the Gulf Stream, and out of the influence of the cold water currents of the North, and therefore the increased probability of laying the cable successfully, and also the fact that the distance between any two points is less than between Newfoundland and Ireland. The writer says—"The distance from Bermuda to Fayal is less than from Ireland to Newfoundland. These islands stand invitingly on the coasts of Europe and America. They stand as herculean pillars on which to rest the cable. If a wire was laid between them, shorter ones could be carried to the shores of the Old and New World. One wire between these islands would serve all practical purposes for a long time to come. The route by Fayal would accommodate England with one wire, France with one, Spain and Portugal with one, and Madeira and Africa with one." On our side the Bermudas route would be convenient for one wire to New England, one for the middle States and the West, one for the Southern States and California, one for Cuba and Mexico, and one for the West Indies and South America.

GERMANY

The government of Baden having called attention to the fact that the head of the revolutionary party are endeavoring to introduce into Germany grenades of a particular form for attempts at assassination, the Minister of Police has issued an order recommending a stricter watch to be kept over all travelers, and especially those coming from England, France, and Switzerland.

The *Eibergeld Gazette* alludes to a report, credited at Berlin, that the King will resume the reins of government on the 1st of October; but that on the 15th he will solemnly abdicate in favor of the Prince.

Her Majesty is still in Germany, in the enjoyment of excellent health. She has visited Berlin, and been received most warmly.

HOLLAND

The *Monitor* contradicts the report of the abdication of the King of Holland, and says that such a step has never been contemplated.