

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.

PARIS, JULY 28th, 1858.—You may remember that in one of my late letters, I insisted upon the activity which the French government were displaying to place their navy upon a most respectable, if not formidable, footing.

long ago told you that the result of Bernard's trial would continue to rankle in the breast of many a Frenchman. That feeling, naturally enough, is still smouldering among the army, wherein it is easy to trace a bitter feeling of hostility against England.

From Trieste, we have a telegram announcing that 200 of the fanatics, implicated in the massacre of Christians at Jeddah, had been arrested.

CHINA.—According to a report addressed to the Emperor on the harbour, roads, and docks of that place, these are capable of receiving 80 ships of the line.

CHERBOURG.—According to a report addressed to the Emperor on the harbour, roads, and docks of that place, these are capable of receiving 80 ships of the line.

CHERBOURG.—According to a report addressed to the Emperor on the harbour, roads, and docks of that place, these are capable of receiving 80 ships of the line.

CHERBOURG.—According to a report addressed to the Emperor on the harbour, roads, and docks of that place, these are capable of receiving 80 ships of the line.

BELGIUM.

The following has been received from Brussels:—The reception given by our King to the head of

the elder branch of the house of Bourbon has astonished the entire political world in this city. The Count de Chambord has been received as a crowned head, inasmuch as the King never pays a personal visit except to a crowned head.

SWEDEN.

The intolerance and despotism of Sweden is not confined to Catholics. The country which has the audacity to brave public opinion—to insult the great Catholic powers—and above all to call down vengeance from on High, by sentencing to exile those of her subjects who embrace the Catholic religion, is not likely to be sparing of human life.

TURKEY.

The Times' correspondent writes:—"Do not let us flatter ourselves that no outbreak of Mussulman feeling is possible because all Europe would rise against it. The late Indian mutinies may have convinced the most sceptical about the recklessness with which Asiatics follow their impulses, even in the most hopeless of cases—how regiments revolted when all chance of success was over and destruction certain.

From Trieste, we have a telegram announcing that 200 of the fanatics, implicated in the massacre of Christians at Jeddah, had been arrested.

INDIA.

We (Times) have received the following telegrams:—The capture of Gwalior is confirmed. The enemy lost 27 guns, besides elephants and treasure.

As we anticipated last week, the rebels had succeeded in making good their escape from Gwalior, although many of them were overtaken and routed by a force under Brigadier Napier on the day following their defeat at Gwalior.

CHINA.—According to a report addressed to the Emperor on the harbour, roads, and docks of that place, these are capable of receiving 80 ships of the line.

CHERBOURG.—According to a report addressed to the Emperor on the harbour, roads, and docks of that place, these are capable of receiving 80 ships of the line.

CHERBOURG.—According to a report addressed to the Emperor on the harbour, roads, and docks of that place, these are capable of receiving 80 ships of the line.

are overrun by rebels and bandashes, who move about as they please, marking their course by plunder and destruction of property, and setting at defiance every attempt to restore order and tranquillity. Indigo factories, public and private bungalows, and railway depots have been burned, and we are thankful that these deeds have not been accompanied by the murder of Europeans, though doubtless, not for want of inclination on the part of the rebels; but want of opportunity. It will be seen that our troops have again been engaged on several occasions with the enemy, and although in each instance perfectly successful, yet the majority of the rebels have as usual managed to escape.

"Next to the affair at Gwalior, the publication of the despatch rebuking the Oude proclamation creates the most excitement. The popular hatred of the Governor-General has in no degree diminished. In spite, however, of this, the publication of the despatch is unequivocally condemned. It is considered almost an act of treachery, and Lord Ellenborough is declared on all hands to have gained nothing either in judgment or in courtesy since he quitted India. The following passage from the Friend of India, a journal which disbelieves in Lord Canning, and condemned the Oude proclamation, expresses the universal feeling:—

Thus far the President appears to have fulfilled his duty well. He had mitigated without recalling the obnoxious menace. He had expressed in terms not to be mistaken the disapproval of Her Majesty. He had hinted not ambiguously at the policy which must hereafter be followed with the landholders of Oude, but Nature, who has bestowed upon Lord Ellenborough no stinted measure of her choicest gifts, has denied him the minor attributes of prudence and good taste. He has inserted in the despatch words condemning the annexation of Oude, and though as out of place as a diatribe against Hengist, they were in the Secret Committee at least simply silly. Secrecy is not in the character of the intellectual charlatan. The paper was shown to Mr. Bright, was hawked about over the clubs, and at last published for both Houses. A proceeding more thoroughly opposed to all maxims of policy, to the most common and necessary etiquette of Governments, we never remember to have seen. We utterly abominate the Oude proclamation. It is to us the most perfect example of what Arthur Helps is wont to call the tyranny of weakness. An official condemnation was required, but no sooner than that condemnation should be published we would have endured another year of administrative anarchy. The publication is a direct attack, not on Lord Canning, which matters nothing, but on the authority of the Governor-General, which is essential to the empire. It proclaims at once to every native that a menace or a promise from the Governor-General for good or for evil is not to be absolutely sacred? The natives distrust our proclamations already. Liars themselves, they believe official words to be only instruments to conceal official thought. Lord Ellenborough has contrived to add one additional distrust—to prove that, even when true, the words may be ineffectual. As for the evil so much dwelt on in England of telling the Oude men they are patriots, it is little in comparison. The Sepoys do not fight for patriotism, or the landholders either. They think themselves already in the right, and no approval uttered by a Kafir Peer is likely to increase much the happy quiescence of their consciences. But the evil of publicly upsetting such an order of teaching men in arms that the menaces of their rulers are mere talk, cannot be exaggerated. Nor, to revert to the personal aspect of the question, can we perceive the manliness of publishing such a censure, while declining the responsibility of recall. The Oude proclamation was ground sufficient for the removal of Lord Canning. It would have been ground sufficient for the removal of his father. But, gladly as we should hail the accession of Sir John Lawrence to supreme power, we cannot, as Englishmen, commend the man who, afraid to dismiss a servant insults him into resignation. Lord Canning may hold on in spite of the despatch, but his intention is as manifest as its impudence.

CHINA.

The Hongkong Register of June 1st gives the following account of the successful operations at the mouth of the Peiho:—

"The mouth of the Peiho is defended by forts on each bank, about a mile and a half from the upper edge of the bar, which averages from a half to three-quarters of a mile in width. Beyond this and about four miles and a half distant lay the larger ships.—On the evening of the 19th all preparations were made for the attack by the gunboats and ships lying inside the bar. At seven a.m. Captain Hall, of the Calcutta, pulled in and desired the forts to surrender, telling them if the flags were hauled down by nine a.m. the forts would be taken possession of peacefully; if the flags were not hauled down, firing would commence, and the forts be captured by force. Nine o'clock came, but with no sign of surrender, and another hour was given them. The two admirals were on board the gunboat Slaney, with the English and French pennants flying. The Cormorant, which was the leading ship of the attack, had been lying close up the forts on the right bank of the river, and the people of the forts had been observed training their guns on her. At ten a.m. the flag of battle was hoisted by all the gunboats and steamers along the line, with the exception of the Cormorant, which ran up the French flag, almost at the same moment running her anchor up to her bows, and getting under weigh. On her deck were only to be seen three solitary individuals, the Captain, Soumarez, the master conning the ship, and the steersman, the men lying down at their quarters. She gradually edged over towards the forts on the right bank, running past them in beautiful style, fired upon as she passed each fort hulled ten times; but, owing to closing so much on the forts, their shot, for the most part, passed over her without doing damage. After passing them she ran over to the left shore, and, running into the mud with her broadside to the forts on that side, commenced the action. She was followed by two French gunboats and the Nimrod, which latter vessel came to the assistance of her comrade. The different gunboats took up their stations, and as they fell into them opened fire with precision. After about an hour's cannonading, to which the Chinese reply was quick but ineffective, the Slaney, with the admirals on board, ran straight up through the fire, towing the attacking columns under Sir F. Nicholson, of the Pique, and Opossum towing another party under Captain Hall. The French supplied an attacking party for the forts on the right bank. The boats pushed off and the men were soon on shore. Then followed the usual scene—the Chinese bolted, and the French attack being made quick, a mine was sprung which caused them considerable loss. The forts on the left bank were taken by the British without much loss, although mines were also exploded on their advance, by the bursting of one of which the carpenter of the Calcutta and two seamen were killed. In about an hour and forty minutes we were in possession of all the forts at the mouth of the river. The admiral then proceeded on board the Cormorant, while Admiral de Genouilly went on board one of his gunboats. At this time a mass of flames from a number of firebrats was observed drifting round a point of land higher up; by some mis-

management, the raft was allowed to go too far over to the right bank, and there the leading raft speedily grounded, while the others were helped into a position by the boats of the fleet.—Had they taken the right direction, the Cormorant would have had a narrow squeak, as she was rather tight in the mud. Sir Michael, leaving the Cormorant, returned to the Slaney, but Admiral de Genouilly continued on board his gunboat. The Slaney and Cormorant, with other gunboats, steamed up to attack a large fort mounting thirty-one guns, situated round the bend of the river, while the Nimrod was left to direct her fire at the fort over the spit of ground. In a short time this fell into our hands, and in about two hours and a half from the commencement of the attack the action had ceased by the capture of all the forts.

"We are happy to say the loss on our side was very slight. Only one officer, the master of the Opossum, being severely wounded by a shot in the side and thigh. We have no exact or reliable particulars of the loss on the British side, but do not hear that it exceeds twenty-five killed and wounded. Our allies, we are sorry to say, owing to the explosion of a mine, suffered more severely, fifteen men, it is said, being killed and forty men wounded; some of the latter dreadfully burnt and torn by the explosion. Among the killed are four lieutenants. One, the first of the Fusée, was cut in two by a shot; another had his cap knocked off by a shot, on which he exclaimed—"I am lucky to-day; but immediately fell down dead, without the mark of any wound on his person.

"The Chinese stuck to their guns manfully, and there were the usual acts of self-sacrifice. One blue-button mandarin was found by the French in the fort which they had captured, dead, beside a gun, having cut his throat; and in the assault on the highest fort of 31 guns, a mandarin jumped out and charged the party single-handed. The officers did all they could to prevent him being killed, but one of the men on the flanks, at some distance, shot him through the neck, and killed him, to the regret of those near, who admired his brave action. About 98 guns were captured, 68 of which were brass or composition metal. Some were 8-inch guns, but we believe they had none of the usual appliances of sights. The loss of the Chinese is supposed to have been very heavy, as the firing was very accurate, the shells bursting with great precision in the embrasures. The Chinese fired grape, and even attempted shells, but as their fuse was only a piece of common slowmatch, the shell generally burst close to the gun.

"Next day, the 21st, a mandarin went off to the Russian ambassador, who has been acting in conjunction with Mr. Reed, as a mediator between the parties. Count Pontiatine went with him to the French admiral, but it was some time before they could persuade him to go and see Sir Michael; eventually he did so, and asked for three days' truce. Sir Michael told him he could not give him an hour's truce, as they had given plenty of time, and that he certainly should at once proceed to Tientsin with all his force. The unfortunate mandarin went away considerably crest-fallen. We understand the admiral intends to do much the same as at Canton, securing the river at different points by anchoring a steamer. The river to Tientsin is of sufficient depth for the largest ships now over the bar, but above Tientsin to Pekin, a distance of eighty miles, the water is said to be very shallow, boats drawing more than five feet not being able to ascend.

"It is said that it was Lord Elgin's intention to push on at once to Pekin, and only in that city negotiate for the effective carrying out of which idea he has sent down for reinforcements. Where they are to come from is by no means clear, looking to the safety of the colony and the Canton garrison.

The London Times thus admirably vindicates the philanthropic cant of the day:—

The Howards and Baxtons, and Frys and Sarah Martins of our day are not struggling martyrs sustained by their own zeal. They rejoice in comfortable salaries and print their own good deeds at the public cost. Philanthropy has now become a profession. The glory is less, but the supply is greater. In the days of amateur philanthropy we were a very cruel people. Gentlemen used to arrange parties of pleasure to Bridewell on Court days for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there whipped. Judges who came back from circuit without having hanged the average number of pot-stealers, Gipsy haunters, or twig-cutters, or who had spared some child from the gallows because he was too light to hang without putting stones in pockets, were received with jeers by their brethren in Surjeants' Hall and nicknamed "Mr. Justice Mildman" and "Mr. Baron Softheart." Lean and yellow culprits, as Macaulay tells us, brought with them from their cells to the dock an atmosphere of stench and pestilence which averaged them upon society incarnate, in the bench, the bar, the jury, and the audience. A memorial of the gall fever still survives in the disinfecting herbs wherewith the Old Bailey is strewn; but the precaution is all unnecessary. The chances are that the prisoner is the cleanest and the strongest and the healthiest man in court—in full possession of what the cynical Frenchman declared to be the highest requisites for happiness,—a good stomach and a bad heart. A restless and sensitive compassion has long since succeeded to a savage enjoyment of suffering. It is 15 years since Captain Macconchie began to regale his convicts on the Queen's birthday with fresh pork, weak punch, and a play in the evening. After a reasonable interval Archbishop Whately was able to compile a catalogue of criminals who had committed crimes on purpose to be transported. A captive housebreaker became more interesting than a well-taught parrot. Benevolent visiting magistrates never failed to interrogate him in private, expressing a hope that the beef was good, and that he was not overworked. Philanthropic ladies took their pastime in the prisons, and were importunate with the Governor to show them "interesting cases." Amateurs in crime obtained a muster of the prisoners, and called on boys who had been three times in prison to stand up; then boys who had been four times in prison; then those five times. The six times imprisoned were doubtless as proud of their convictions as a veteran of his clasp, and the youngsters envied them their honourable experience. The stocks have been fortunately dissolved, or processions of young ladies would probably go forth to crown the victim with a garland, and to hold roses under his captive nose. The pillory has been forbidden, otherwise a cordon of philanthropists would draw round to save the feelings of the criminal by screening him from the public gaze, and also to intercept any unsavoury missile thrown by some unregenerate antiquary mindful of old customs.

The annual reports of our professional philanthropists—the Inspectors of Prisons—gives us opportunity to glance from time to time at the working of our new system. One of these has just appeared. We can recommend it to all our philanthropic readers as a book which must afford them almost unalloyed pleasure. It will be found a gentle sedative after reading of the hard fare, the heavy labour, the consuming heat, the stiff stocks, and the overwhelming accoutrements which are wearing out the lives of our soldiers in India. It will be comfortable to be able to reflect that one class at least of our countrymen is well housed and well fed, clothed and bedded with unexceptionable warmth and cleanliness, put to no heavy or unprofitable labour, and made as fat and as strong as possible, in order that they may, at the expiration of a defined period, return to their usual avocations in the highest condition of efficiency. A happy country has a dull history; and for the same reason there is in these reports a certain tediousness, arising from uniformity and repetition. Of Reading Gaol we are pleased to read that the inmates have food of good quality, clothing and bedding in good order, no severe labour, punishments

but few and light in degree, porter and extra meat being given to the prisoners; that the gaol should appear to be a library, and a reading library; to beguile their leisure; when they leave their prison, they receive presents of books, and are put into good employment, or supplied with money to enable them to wait for it. Buckingham's Borough Gaol is rather more select in its character, but is not an intelligible residence. The inmates have 24 ounces of bread and three pints of gruel every day, with an addition of 1 lb. of meat and 1 lb. of potatoes twice a week. "Sickness," the Inspector remarks, "must be rare, as only one case is recorded in the surgeon's journal." The great defect in the Buckingham Gaol which afflicts the humane mind of the Inspector is that there is no artificial ventilation there. Taken in connexion with the surgeon's journal we think the Inspector has at least reported one important fact. The only ill-used people in Buckingham Gaol appear to be the gaoler, the chaplain, the surgeon, and the matron, "whose united salaries amount to £20 annually." Abingdon Gaol shelters a not uncomformable community of 24 men and 8 women. The food and clothing are excellent. There is a good school-room, laundry, washhouse, bathroom, a library with books of travels, natural history, &c. The cells (parlours) are of good size, and as well ventilated as they can be by natural ventilation; but, alas! here also there is no artificial ventilation. It is said to be obliged to add that in one respect some of the worst of the Abingdon prisoners are treated almost as ill as the best of our soldiers and sailors,—none of them, except only the debtors, are allowed sheets! The Inspector is naturally indignant at the contempt of health, cleanliness, and economy evinced by this inattention. However, as the Abingdon prisoners consume an expenditure of £41 9s. 1d. per head, or nearly twice the amount which is paid to an honest family for their labour, it is probable that the interests of philanthropy are not, upon the whole, much neglected. The comforts of our caged criminal community, so far as these consist of food, clothing, and medicine, appear to be uniformly well attended to in all the prisons. The grievances, however, vary. In Exeter Gaol they had actually cropped the prisoners' hair, almost like a soldier's; the Inspector, however, stopped this enormity, and the Exeter prisoners are doubtless growing the most fascinating mustachios. In Gloucester County Gaol and in Hertford County Gaol there is positively no church music. Dr. Perry complains that the service is not "attractive" to the prisoners, and reiterates his declaration that some musical instrument is much required to lead the psalmody, and "relieve the tedium of the prayers." At Clerkenwell and in the Surrey County Gaol the prisoners are in want of "something to do." Some light amusing work is recommended, avoiding, however, the example of those ruffianly people at Southampton who have actually put their prisoners to hard labour. Having stopped the hair-cropping, we only want the organ and choir, the artificial ventilation, and the light amusing labour, or rather pastime, and we shall have our prisons as Dr. Perry would wish them to be.

When we read these mawkish reports we are almost tempted to regret the "Little East" of old times, for we search in vain for any sign that these costly prisons are places of punishment. Dr. Perry and all his class of official philanthropists are useful people in their way, and they act in accordance with their instincts in seeing nothing beyond their own sphere. We have set them to valet tyroes, and they do their work with zeal; there is no fault to be found with them. It is utterly folly, however, to allow these people turn what should be a place of punishment into a Castle of Indolence. Justice to the honest man requires that the thief should have hard labour, and uncomformable labour, and plenty of it, and hard food, enough to maintain health, but no more. We should like to take the Prison Inspectors who talk to us of linen sheets, and artificial ventilation, and choral services, to see how our soldiers and sailors live, and then to see how the dwellings of those who pay the rates that are squandered on the pets of chaplains and Prison Inspectors. Nothing can be more demoralizing to a country than to make the criminals objects of envy to the honest classes, but you may add a bitter sense of injustice to the feeling of envy if you make the criminal a compulsory pensionary upon the industry of the labourer. Compassion, like all other qualities, should be under the control of reason, both in its choice of object and in the extent of its operation. If you intercept the penalty you perpetuate the crime.

UNITED STATES.

THE DEFAULTING SUNDAY SCHOOL AGENT.—Mr. Fred. W. Porter, the defaulting agent of the Sunday School Union, whose fall made such a sensation a short time since, has at length made a full and complete confession of the great wrong he has done.—He stood very high in the Society and in the church, and he was almost the last man who would have been suspected of so foul a deed. In a letter recently laid before the Board of the Sunday School Union, he has made a complete confession. He began his wrong-doing nineteen years ago! The plan was the same that he pursued to the last. His temptations began with the Mulberry and Silkworm speculation, nineteen years ago, and under the garb of religion he has for that long time carried on his dishonest plans. He allows that at the start he knew it was wrong; but he hoped to be able to meet the notes as they matured. But he was unable to do so: he was compelled to renew his notes and pay a heavy bonus. Thus, for nineteen years he has been treading the thorny path of sin, praised for virtues that he knew he did not possess, and taking of the sacrament, which, according to his own professed faith, was adding damnation to himself with each unworthy reception. He defrauded the Society out of over \$80,000; but the Philadelphia broker, who aided him to the dishonest gain paid all the notes that his name was on, and the loss was lessened nearly 40,000.—Mr. Porter confesses that in the nineteen years of his fraud, he had used the name of the Society to the large amount of \$600,000 by rewards and re-issues. No wonder he is a sick man, one whom, if the laws does not reach, the grave will soon cover up.—Nineteen years of fraud and crime, and perpetrated in the name of religion—with despair looking him in the face—exposure waiting for him at the corner of each street with remorse gnawing at his heart—and the worm that dies not hastening to his rest! Mr. Porter's confession will soon be made public.—N. Y. Correspondence of the Boston Journal.

SUBJECT OF A FREE LOVER.—DYING WITH A CURSE ON HIS LIPS.—We have already announced the death by suicide of a young man named Charles Latch, at Berlin Heights, Ohio. After firing the fatal shot he kept on uttering a perfect tirade of blasphemy until the death rattle choked his utterance. Among other things he said:—"I unite my protest against and I utter my curse upon marriage! And I curse religion! And I curse God! The Father-monster! Most of you will only think of me as having 'passed on to a happier sphere'; but I see no existence beyond, and I think I know what death will be to me, and I welcome the 'great gate of silence,' which the Universe has in store for its abnormal child! I die—as I have lived—alone! Farewell!"—Banner of Liberty.

ANCIENT PREACHING.—Mr. Trumbull, of the Connecticut Historical Society, has been looking over a collection of sermons, nearly three hundred years old. He notices the habit of preaching many successive discourses, sometimes twenty-five, from the same text. A chaplain of Cromwell's army preached eight hours upon the word "Pomegranate," taken from the description of the priestly robes of Israel.—He said he would proceed to unfold the divine truth contained therein, seed by seed. After discoursing eight hours, he postponed the remainder to the next day. We heard of a modern preacher once, who might have been a descendant of the latter, who announced that his subject naturally divided itself into nineteen heads, but for the sake of brevity, he should reduce it down to eighteen!—Colonial Presbyterianian.