

world does not defy Nemesis, but she still exists, and still, perhaps, is lame. The logic of Crime is Retribution. The perjured traitor who now rules France but by terror only. The sanction of that treason by universal suffrage is too gross a sham to need expounding. The Butchers of the *Bourgeoisie* commenced already. The officers have got promotion on war allowance. The officers have got promotion and gratuities—no man knows how much. Martial law of France have been created, and a Council of Fire is "in the air."

But this military tyrant is not himself a soldier.

"Never set a squadron in the field,
"Nor the divisions of a battle knows
"More than a spinster."

Conwell and the first Napoleon were the great captains of their age; their lieutenants had served, their armies had been formed under them, and both were bound to them by a common glory—not, as to this man, by a common crime. He is dependent wholly on his generals; the state of siege compels the concentration of enormous forces in the several military divisions of France under some half-dozen chiefs. Who is to answer for their fidelity and for their accord? When jealousies spring up, as they certainly will, can the puppet of the Elysee appease them? "Give, give," will be the cry; and woe to him when he refuses. Can the rotten financial system of France sustain the inevitable prodigality? Whence will the money come? From the people? I dare him to increase taxation. Socialist that he was, madman and impostor that I believe him to be, he talks of shifting and of lightening it. The abolition of the *octrois* and the wine-tax is possible on one condition—the reduction of the army. The Republic might do that—he cannot. Will he borrow? Will you capitalists of England lend? Is the experience of Spain, of Portugal, of Austria lost upon you? You cannot be such idiots as to pitch your incursions in the gulf of this despot's necessities, and of a sure repudiation of a future France. Will you rush to war? For what? That matters not. Any pretext is enough for him who launches at truth and oaths. But he cannot assail the military despots of the continent. They are his natural allies, and their tyrannies prop his own. The old Republic conquered to the cry of liberty, and Napoleon but completed, under the flag of despotism, what that cry had commenced. Did the modern Republic march its battalions into Germany with "Liberation of the people" on its banners, the issue might be fearful for the houses of Hohenzollern and of Hapsburg. But no shout of freedom can be raised by this man's Janissaries, and they must face the hatred of the German people as well as the discipline of German hosts.

It is England that he dreads, and on England he must war, if he war at all. But war has its special perils for him. If he fails, he is damned past saving; if he succeeds, it must be by the hands of others. Will some new "hero of a hundred fights" be content to work for him? Why should he? The usurpation of Napoleon is a school and a lesson for usurpers. War with England has its peculiar dangers. If steam has done much for France, it has done more for us; the sad alliance with America looms larger and newer; and, as it is to think of such strife, I believe that ere many campaigns were past the commerce of our enemy would be extinguished—his ports would be blockaded, his mercantile marine laid up, or prizes in the British harbors—his fleet sunk, burnt, or captured, and his naval power a tradition.

The struggle, however, is probable—perhaps imminent. We may confide in God and our right, but we may not be supine. We have to deal with duplicity, faithlessness, and daring, reckless professions, stealthy preparations, and a sudden blow. The lover of peace must be ready for war, and Mr. Cobden, cannot now recommend us to disarm. Our house must be put in order; no more quarrels with our colonies; a speedy end to Caffre campaigns; concentration at home of disposable troops, an efficient maritime force in the Channel and in the harbors most accessible to France; wise concessions to public opinion, and consequent combination of all classes.

Men are too apt to forget the past and to take counsel of their passions. Charles X. fell because he attempted despotism, Louis Philippe because he refused reform, the Legislative Assembly because it was reactionary, and Louis Napoleon has triumphed to the cry of universal suffrage. If such a bait could hook democratic journalists here, can we wonder if French workmen and soldiers should have swallowed it? Time will undeceive them, and the moral is to come.

If there be a man who is not to be envied, that man is Louis Napoleon. A self-convicted perjurer, an attainted traitor, a conspirator successful by the foulest treachery, the purchase of the soldiery and the butcherery of thousands, he must, if not cut short in his career, go all the lengths of tyranny. For him there is no halt, for his system no element of other stability or progress. It is a hopeless and absolute anachronism. The Presidential chair or the Imperial throne is set upon a crater—the soil is volcanic, undermined, and trembling—the steps are slippery with blood—and the darkening steam of smouldering hatred, conspiracy, and vengeance is exhalant round it. Each party can furnish its contingents for tyrannicide; the assassin dogs him in the street, and even at the balls or banquets of the Elysee he may find the fate of Gens-d'Armes. He who has been false to all must only look for falsehood, and is doomed to daily and to nightly fears of mutinies, insurrections, and revenge. Conscience cannot be altogether stifled, and will sometimes obtrude, in her horrible phantasmagoria, the ghastly corpses of the Bonapartes.

But, where is the national party in his favor, of which we heard so much? I see no sign of it. The army has been corrupted and inflamed by appeals to its basest and bloodiest instincts, the Jesuits are enlisted by the earnest, and the promise of spiritual and material plunder, the timid are terrified by the past, the present, and the future, the servile, of the Baroche class, are crawling, belly in the dust, to place and pension—and the foul herd of sycophants and parasites that suck the strength and blood of power in France, the *roué*, the gambler, and the desperate in character and fortune, choke the doorways of the Elysee. If Napoleon has a party at all in the country, it is among those Socialist workmen whom he has seduced with hopes and has begun to bribe with largesses. The peasantry may be on his side, but three years' experience has cooled, if it has not worn out, their enthusiasm, and the fiercest resistance to his

usurpation has been encountered in the rural districts. He is playing his old game of bamboozling the Legitimists, as well as some chiefs of the Orleanists.—They must be fools indeed to help to consolidate his tyranny.

If this man's reign is destined to continue, even for a brief duration, the world will witness the most heterogeneous jumble of despotism and of demagoguery, of Socialism and corruption, that history has ever chronicled. The bribery of Walpole, the theories of labor of Louis Blanc, the stockjobbing of the worst days of Louis Philippe, the depredations of the Czar, the razzias of Algeria, will all meet in one marvellous system of anarchy that will be called Imperial Government. Its great aim and object are to gag the country and to "rig" the market; and under this patent of tranquillity and order France will be one vast military hell, with Louis Napoleon for its *croupier*.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

A LETTER TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M. P.—By JULES GORDON. London: Dolman; Dublin: Bellw.—In all the accounts that reach us from Italy through the London press, there is something which compels us to hesitate ere we yield our credence to them. We cannot help remembering that they come to us through a distorting medium in which a fanatical hatred of Catholicity is ever at hand to bias the pen, and if not to invent, at least to torture facts by exaggeration or extenuation, so that the truth can scarcely be even guessed at. The abhorrence of Pope and Popery is the magic mirror which gives the peculiar aspect to all Italian affairs as viewed by the bigoted London newspapers; while unfortunately, the prejudice is not confined to the daily or weekly press, but pervades the more matured and durable productions of English writers on the subject.—If an Italian insurrection breaks out it is sure to be lauded, and, if possible, supported; but it does not follow that this is done from any innate love of popular principle. In the same way, Italian absolutism is painted in black and hideous colors, not because absolutism itself is looked upon as so very bad a thing; but it is hated in this instance because it happens to stand on friendly terms with the Court of Rome; and in the same way insurrection is encouraged with the hope that Catholicity may be injured through its means. Even infidelity itself, and vice, or no matter what kind is taken by the hand by your regular religious scribbles, provided it be against the religion of Rome that it is more immediately engaged in contest.

Those who recollect Mr. Gladstone's memorable speeches on the Whig penal law of last session, will not easily believe that in writing his recent pamphlet on the affairs of Naples, he suffered his mind to be directly swayed by this low spirit of fanaticism; but it will be difficult, nevertheless, to give him credit for having been perfectly independent of its effects; and the effect of Mr. Gordon's pamphlet would be to show that although Mr. Gladstone did not himself invent calumnies against the Neapolitan laws and government, he has been induced to sanction with his name the statements of others who were less scrupulous.

Mr. Gordon's elaborate answer to Mr. Gladstone's letter to Lord Aberdeen, appeared originally in the shape of a series of articles in the *Univers*, of which he is the able and talented editor. These were subsequently published in a collected form; and the answer has now been given to the English public in their own language, with some additional matter prepared for the English edition. The following extract from Mr. Gordon's recapitulation, will show many of the points with which he meets the statements of Mr. Gladstone:—

"You speak of twenty or thirty thousand political prisoners, according to general belief, avowing, at the same time, that there can be no certainty on the point. You then divide this belief, because persons, whom you designate as respectable and intelligent, consider it correct, admitting, in the same breath, that the assertion is grounded on opinion, reasonable opinion according to your belief, but still an opinion only. I have proved to you that the number of political prisoners does not exceed eighteen hundred.

"The four or five hundred prisoners of whom you speak as implicated in the affair of the 15th of May are reduced, by the bill of indictment, to forty-six.

"You pretend, on the strength of what you have been told, that confiscations and sequestrations are of frequent occurrence. Not a single confiscation has taken place.

"You accuse the government, on the strength of a simple 'it is said,' of paying a pension to the assassin Polso; whereas he received nothing more or less than the blood money paid by all governments under similar circumstances.

"The Neapolitan magistrates are slaves and monsters in your opinion, because they are removable, and the best paid amongst them receive only 4,000 ducats a-year; but they happen to be irremovable; and 4,000 ducats a-year in Naples are as valuable as £1,200 a-year in Paris, or £3,000 a-year in London.

"The men in power at Naples attach 'little or no value to human life,' and the reason you give thereof is, that they repressed an insurrection of galley-slaves, whom you confound in your letter to Lord Aberdeen with political prisoners.

"You speak of a condemned prisoner, saying, 'that there may be some reason to fear' that he is subject to physical torture, which torture you specify from 'a respectable, but by no means certain authority.'

"You say that 'you have been assured' that the custom of chaining prisoners in couples was adopted expressly for the political prisoners in question—whereas the custom has existed at Naples, as well as elsewhere, from time immemorial.

"You insinuate that the prisoners are attached to their informers, or to assassins—whereas, it is quite the contrary that exists.

"You maintain that the secret society of Italian Unity is imaginary—whereas I have produced its statutes, its rules, its principles, and proceedings.

"You pretend that the Unitarians are the most pure, loyal, and intelligent men in the kingdom—whereas the judicial documents prove them to have been guilty of a crime, which in England as well as in other countries, is denominated high treason.

"You pronounce the Neapolitan police arbitrary and brutal, whereas, like the police in London, they only do their duty in arresting robbers and assassins, and preventing plans of conspiracy and insurrection.

"The courage and independence of the Neapolitan magistrates, whose firmness was never shaken by the menaces of the accused, are the only grounds on which you charge them with undue subserviency to the state; while it required from them no more than strict impartiality.

"You complain of the filthiness of the prisons and of the non-observance of prison rules, forgetting that prisoners in all parts complain of their gaolers.

"The prison diet appears to you detestable, nevertheless 'the bread that you saw and tasted was good.' You saw nothing really bad but the soup, which you did not taste, but which was, 'as you were assured,' nauseous.

"You describe dungeons according to what was told to you, as situated 20 feet below the level of the sea; whereas you neither visited nor saw them; and the description you give thereof fully authorises the belief, that they are not deeper than those of the Conciergerie of Paris, situate on the first floor!

"Your blood rises at the sight of the chains and clothing of Neapolitan prisoners—whereas they are absolutely the same as in all European hulks—the same even as those of Botany Bay.

"Of all that you point out as having been seen by you, I do not find any thing that does not exist in French or other prisons; but the serious and revolting facts with which you arm yourself to reproach the government of Naples with cruelty, barbarity, and ferocity, are precisely those which you have not seen, and of which you speak to Lord Aberdeen upon 'on dit'—I hear—I am told—I am given to understand!"

AN INDIAN PET.

The ichneumon, called in India the *neulah*, *benjee* or *mongoo*, is known all over that country. I have seen it on the banks of the Ganges, and among the walls of Jaunpore, Sirhind, and at Ludiana; for like others of the wasel kind, this little animal deluges in places where it can lurk and peep—such as heaps of stones and ruins; and there is no lack of these in old Indian cities.

That the *neulah* is a fierce, terrible, blood-thirsty, destructive little creature, I experienced to my cost; but notwithstanding all the provocation I received, I was led to become his friend and protector, and so finding him out to be the most charming and amiable pet in the world.

In my military career, (for I was a long time attached to the army,) I was stationed at Jaunpore, and having a house with many conveniences, I took pleasure in rearing poultry; but scarcely a single chicken could be magnified to a hen; the rapacious *neulahs*, fond of tender meat, waylaying all my young broods, seeking their blood, and feasting on their brains. But such devastations could not be allowed to pass with impunity; so we watched the enemy, and succeeded in shooting several of the offenders, prowling among the hen-houses or meadow hedges, where the clucking hens used to repose in the shade, surrounded by their progeny.

After one of these *hunts*, my little daughter happened to go to the fowl-house in the evening in search of eggs, and was greatly startled by a melancholy squeaking, which seemed to proceed from an old rat hole in one corner. Upon proper investigation this was suspected to be the nest of one of the *neulahs*, which had suffered the last sentence of the law; but how to get at the young we did not know, unless by digging up the floor, and of this I did not approve. No the little young ones would have perished but for a childish freak of my young daughter. She seated herself before the nest, and imitated the cry of the famished little animals so well, that three wee hairless blind creatures crept out, like newly-born rabbits, but with long tails, in the hope of meeting with their lost mamma.

Our hearts immediately warmed towards the little helpless ones, and no one wished to wreak the sins of the parents upon the orphans; and knowing that *neulahs* were reared as pets, I proposed to my daughter that she should select one for herself, and give the others to two of my servants.

My daughter's protegee, however, was the only one that survived under its new regime; and Jummie, as she called her nursing, thrived well, and soon attained its full size, knowing its name, and endeavoring itself to every body by its gambols and tricks. She was like the most blithesome of little kittens, and played with our fingers, and frolicked on the sofa, sleeping occasionally behind one of the cushions, and at other times coiling herself up in her own little flannel bed.

In the course of time, however, Jummie grew up to maturity, being one year old, and forming an attachment for one of her own race—a wild, roving bandit of a *neulah*, who committed such deeds of atrocity in the fowl house, as to compel us to take up arms again.—If she had only made her mistress the confidante of her love—but alas! little did we suspect our *neulah* of a companionship with thieves and assassins; and so leaving her, we thought to her customary frolics, we marched upon the stronghold of the enemy. Two *neulahs* appeared, we fired, and one fell, the other running off unscathed. We all hastened to the wounded and bleeding victim, and my little daughter first of all; but how shall I describe her grief when she saw her little Jummie writhing at her feet in the agonies of death! If I had had the least idea of Jummie's having formed such an attachment, I should have spared the guilty, for the sake of the innocent, and Jummie might have long lived a favorite pet; but the deed was done.

The *neulahs*, like others of the wasel kind—and like some animals I know of loftier species—are very rapacious, slaying without reference to their wants; and Jummie, although fond of milk, used to delight in livers and brains of fowls, which she relished even after they were dressed for our table.

The natives of India never molest the *neulah*. They like to see it about their dwellings, on account of its snake and rat killing propensities, and on a similar account it must have been that this creature was deified by the Egyptians, whose country abounded with reptiles, and would have been absolutely alive with crocodiles, but for the havoc it made among the numerous eggs, which it delighted to suck. For this reason the ichneumon was embelished as public benefactors, and their bodies are still found lying in state in some of the pyramids. Among the Hindus, however, the *neulah* does not obtain quite such high honors, although the elephant, monkey, lion, snake, rat, goose, &c., play a prominent part in the religious myths, and are styled the Bahous, or vehicles of the gods.

In Hindoostan the ichneumon is not supposed to kill the crocodile, though it is in the mouth of every old woman that it possesses the knowledge of a remedy against the bite of a poisonous snake, which its instinct leads it to dig out of the ground; but this *on dit* has never been ascertained to be true, and my belief is that it is only based on the great agility and dexterity of the *neulah*. Eye-witnesses say that his battles with man's greatest enemy, end generally in the death

of the snake, which the *neulah* seizes by the back of the neck, and after frequent onsets, at last kills and eats, rejecting nothing but the head.

The color of the Indian *neulah* is a grayish brown; but its chief beauty lies in its splendid squirrel-like tail, and lively, prominent, dark brown eyes. Like most of the wasel kind, however, it has rather a disagreeable odor; and if it were not for this, there would not be a sweeter pet in existence.

So far the experience of an old Indian; and we now turn to another authority on the highly curious subject just glanced at—the knowledge of the ichneumon of a specific against the poison of the snake. Calder Campbell, in his recent series of tales, "Winter Nights,"—and capital amusements for such nights they are—describes in almost a painfully truthful manner the adventure of an officer in India, who was an eye-witness, under very extraordinary circumstances, to the feat of the ichneumon. The officer, through some accident, was wandering on foot and at night through a desolate part of the country, and at length, overcome with fatigue, threw himself down on the dry, crisp spear-grass, and just as the faint edge of the dawn appeared, fell asleep.

"No doubt of it! I slept soundly, sweetly—no doubt of it! I have never since then slept in the open air either soundly or sweetly, for my awakening was full of horror! Before I was fully awake however, I had a strange perception of danger, which tied me down to the earth, warning me against all motion. I knew that there was a shadow creeping over me, beneath which to lie in dumb inaction was the wisest resource. I felt that my lower extremities were being invaded by the heavy coils of a living chain; but as if a prove identical opiate had been infused into my system, preventing all movement of thigh or sinew, I knew not till I was wide awake, that an enormous serpent covered the whole of my nether limbs up to the knees!

"My God! I am lost!" was the mental exclamation I made, as every drop of blood in my veins seemed turned to ice; and anon I shook like an aspen leaf, until the very fear that my sudden palsy might rouse the reptile, occasioned a revulsion of feeling, and I again lay paralyzed.

"It slept, or at all events remained still; and how long it so remained I know not, for time to the fear-struck, is as the ring of eternity. All at once the sky cleared up—the moon shone out—the stars glanced over me; I could see them all, as I lay stretched on my side, one hand under my head, whence I dare not remove it; neither dared I to look downward at the loathsome bellow which my evil stars had sent me.

"Unexpectedly a new object of terror supervened: a curious purring sound behind me, followed by two smart taps on the ground, put the snake on the alert, for it moved, and I felt that it was crawling upwards to my breast. At that moment, when I was almost maddened by insupportable apprehension into starting up to meet, perhaps, certain destruction, something sprang upon my shoulder—upon the reptile! There was a shrill cry from the new assailant, a loud appalling hiss from the serpent. For an instant I could feel them wrestling as it were, on my body; in the next, they were beside me on the turf; in another, a few paces off, struggling, twisting, round each other, fighting furiously, I beheld them—a *mongoo*, or ichneumon, and a *Cobra de Capello*.

"I started up; I watched that most singular combat, for all was now clear as day. I saw them stand aloof for a moment—the deep venomous fascination of the snake's glance, powerless against the keen, quick, restless orbs of its opponent; I saw this duel of the eye exchange once more for closer conflict; I saw that the *mongoo* was bitten; that it darted away, doubtless in search of that still unknown plant, whose juices are its alleged antidote against snake bite; that it returned with fresh vigor to the attack; and then, glad sight! I saw the cobra de capello, maimed from hooded head, to scaly tail, fall lifeless from its hitherto demi-erect position, with a baffled hiss; while the wonderful victor, indulged itself in a series of leaps upon the body of its antagonist, danced and bounded about, purring and spitting like an enraged cat!

"Little graceful creature! I have ever since kept a pet *mongoo*—the most attached, the most playful, and the most frog-devouring of all animals."

At a public meeting at Manchester, Lord Shaftsbury dwelt on the great evil of beer houses and gin shops, stating on the authority of Mr. Porter, of the Board of Trade, that fifty millions sterling was spent by the working classes on beer, spirits and tobacco; and on his own authority as a lunacy commissioner, that six tenths of the insane in this country and America arose from intoxication.

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