

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The 20th of March is announced by the *Moniteur* as the day on which the *Corps Législatif* will be convoked. Louis Napoleon, who seems to study the imperial calendar with the superstition of a fatalist, and picked out the anniversary of the battle of Austerlitz for the perpetration of his *coup d'état*, has fixed on the day of the Emperor's return from Elba to assemble his mock parliament. Rumor some time ago assigned to the Prince the intention of assuming the imperial purple on the same auspicious date.

It is expected that the Eagles will be distributed to the representatives of the army on the 20th ult.; in the Champ de Mars, in presence of the deputies, and senate, and the garrison of Paris. The army may then and there salute the President with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" If this should be the case, a new appeal will be made to the nation to "ratify" the imperial dignity. The deputies and senate will meet on the 22nd, and will no doubt show no hesitation in completing the act.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, writing on March 3rd, says:—"Although the northern powers—Austria and Russia—view some of the measures of Louis Napoleon with dissatisfaction, they cannot but approve his general policy. Those in office here certainly speculate on a rupture between France and England, which would enable them to carry out their plans without molestation. I have recently had several opportunities of conversing with a highly intelligent German, who resides in the capital of one of the Danubian Principalities, and I now give you his opinions in a condensed form:—"A war between France and England would inevitably lead to the accomplishment of the favorite plans of Russia and Austria. A simulated revolution in Moldavia and Wallachia would give the Russians an excuse for occupying those natural granaries, and such a quarrel might be picked with the Porte as would render an advance upon Constantinople imperatively necessary. On the other hand Austria has cast a longing eye on some of the Turkish provinces on the other side of the Save and Uuna.

"It is asserted here that this government will do all in its power to induce Louis Napoleon not to violate the Swiss territory, but I am strongly inclined to believe that Austria would be but too willing to lend him a helping hand in crushing the little Republic. Prussia was not only wronged in the matter of Neufchatel, but her pride was deeply wounded. Will she be ungenerous enough to make common cause with her gigantic neighbors?"

SPAIN.

Letters from the north of Spain mention that slight shocks of earthquakes have been felt, which have caused great alarm, and produced, as general in such cases, a great attendance at churches.

A Madrid newspaper published the account of an event supposed to have happened in a town in the interior of Spain, where it was stated that two Priests at the time they were about to say Mass quarrelled and fought in the sacristy, using the chalice and crucifix as arms, the one eventually killing the other. This news found its way to various London papers, where it was repeated without any doubt being entertained of its veracity; but the Clergy of the town where the scandalous act was said to have been perpetrated immediately addressed themselves to the Madrid journals, denying in direct terms that any such event had occurred, the story being a most unfounded calumny. It has been satisfactorily proved that there has been no quarrel, much less such an assassination, nor anything to disturb the peace and harmony of the Clergymen amongst themselves, or with the inhabitants of the place. This refutation appeared authenticated in *La Espana*, one of the principal Madrid papers, on the 27th of Feb., and in various others of the journals. The calumny having been circulated by means of the London press, it is but just, for the sake of truth, and the honor of the Spanish Clergy, that its denial should be made equally public.

SWITZERLAND.

The *Postamt Gazette* of Frankfurt publishes, under the head of Berne, March 2nd, the text of the note respecting French refugees, presented by the French ambassador to the Swiss government. After enlarging upon the right of the French government to demand that Switzerland should not be made the focus of intrigues against France, the ambassador says:—

"I desire a formal promise that every expulsion of refugees that I may solicit shall be granted, without inquiring to what category belong the French political refugees affected by this measure; and, moreover, that the orders of the central power shall be executed on the terms prescribed beforehand, without mitigation by the authorities of the cantons. The ambassador of France is alone in a position to know the individuals whose former or present relations render impossible the prolongation of their residence on the territory of the Helvetic Confederation, as well as those to whom toleration may be shown, if their conduct should render them worthy of it. The first must leave them as soon as they are designated, and the others must be told that they can only be permitted to remain in Switzerland on condition of their giving no cause for complaint. The President of the Republic expects from the Federal government, in consideration of the relations which he wishes to keep up with it, and which a refusal to satisfy would gravely compromise, that it will give him this proof of friendship and good neighborhood, which have been so long traditional in Switzerland. A different line of conduct would produce sad complications, and impose upon the government of the Republic the duty of devising measures, which, it is true, it would apply

very unwillingly, but which it would be forced to adopt, if the demand which I have the honor to address to your Excellency should fail in its object.

The *Tessino Gazette* of the 26th ultimo publishes an impudent letter addressed by the Council of the State of the Swiss canton of Tessin to the Archbishop of Milan, who, it may be remembered, closed the seminary of Poleggio some time ago, because he would not allow the pupils to be drilled and practised in the manual exercise, as required by the existing laws of the canton. Poleggio belongs politically to the Swiss canton, but spiritually to the diocese of Milan. In this letter the Council of State regrets that the determination of the Archbishop has undergone no alteration on the subject in dispute, and states that in consequence the government of the canton had taken measures, without the Archbishop's consent, to re-open the seminary, and refuse any longer to acknowledge either M. Bertoglio or M. Ferrario (the nominees of the Archbishop) as rectors or vicars.

TURKEY.

A letter from Constantinople, in the *Constitutionnel*, states that the affair of the holy places has been terminated in a manner honorable to France, and advantageous to Catholic interests in the Levant.

EGYPT.

A letter from Alexandria of the 9th ult. says:—"Abbas Pacha had received some days before a notification from Constantinople that his demand to be allowed to continue to exercise the power of capital punishment was definitively rejected, and that measures had been taken for carrying the *tanziimat* into effect in Egypt, with a few insignificant modifications. Although this had been expected, it caused great irritation to the Pacha. He immediately convoked the consular body, and communicated to them the news he had received. After expressing his astonishment, he dwelt at some length on his reasons for demanding the maintenance of the power of life and death; it was, he said, not only essential for the due carrying on of the government, but for the safety of travellers and Europeans. He concluded by declaring that the pretensions of the Porte were incompatible with the government of Egypt, secured to him by treaties, and that he was resolved to resist them by all means in his power. The Pacha then asked their advice, and they unanimously expressed the opinion that before all he should obey the Sultan, his Sovereign, but that they would refer the matter to their respective governments. It is said that, dissatisfied with this, Abbas Pacha declared that he could no longer answer for the safety of Europeans in Egypt. The Pacha, according to his custom in all cases of difficulty, subsequently left Cairo and proceeded to Upper Egypt. As to the question of the railway, it remained in the same state; the English engineers had terminated their plans for more than a month, but neither materials nor workmen were supplied them. The numerous Turks of the administration threw continual obstacles in the way of the delivery of wood and stone, and the *moudira* (chief of provinces) said that the fellahs, taking advantage of the *tanziimat*, refused to work without being paid. It was evident that all this was only done to compel England to relieve the Pacha of the demands of the Porte. A petition, to be signed by all English travellers in India, praying the British government to support the Viceroy, was being got up; it represented that if he were deprived of the power of life and death, the Bedouins could not be kept in order. The Duke Charles Bernard of Saxe-Weimar had arrived at Cairo from Batavia."

INDIA.

INDIA.—Advices have arrived, via Trieste, in anticipation of the Indian mail. The *Bombay Times* of the 3rd of February says:—

"We mentioned in our last that during the preceding fortnight our fears of war with Burmah had at once been awakened and allayed. At the date referred to intelligence to the 2nd of January had reached us from Rangoon, intimating that the King of Burmah, on receipt of the letter of the Governor-General, had ordered arrangements to be made which seemed peaceful, and in all respects satisfactory to us. It quickly appeared that these professions were delusive; their object was to gain time; within a week war began. On the 4th the new Viceroy of the province arrived at Rangoon, and immediately proceeded with a series of acts in the last degree suspicious. British subjects were once more insulted, and the late governor, whose insolence had occasioned our remonstrances, was taken into favor. A polite message sent by the commodore, requesting to be informed when a deputation from the squadron would be received, was met with derision, and afterwards with a flat refusal. The deputation having presented itself was informed, by orders of the Viceroy, that he was asleep, and all intercourse with the shore and fleet was forbidden. Matters having come to a crisis, Commodore Lambert, on the 6th, directed all British subjects immediately to embark, and offered refuge in the squadron to all who desired it; 60 unfortunates, who were endeavoring to save their property, were detained and thrown into prison, the fleet having proceeded to the opposite side of the river, and remained at anchor for 24 hours, the steamers being usually engaged meanwhile towing the lesser vessels out to sea. At length the Viceroy warned the commodore on the 9th that should he attempt to move down the river the squadron would be fired on from the shore. On the morning of the 10th the Fox was towed down and anchored within four hundred yards of the stockade; the steamer having returned to bring away with her a Burmese man-of-war, was fired on as she neared the Fox with great rigor. The enemy dispersed after some 300 of them were supposed to have been slain.

The squadron then proceeded on its course, and the river ports of Burmah proclaimed to be in a state of blockade—an arrangement conditionally agreed upon beforehand by the Governor-General. Commodore Lambert proceeded immediately to Calcutta, to receive further instructions. We are now in the midst of active preparations for a campaign which cannot be fairly commenced until October, by which time a reinforcement of steamers may be received from England should this be deemed requisite. American as well as British subjects have been insulted. Our transatlantic brethren are said to long for a slice of territory in the East. The Malayan Peninsula is nearer the Western States than it is to Europe, and is scarcely less attractive than Hindoostan itself. The conduct of Burmah justifies a war of annexation, and the sight of republican energy and enterprise beside Anglo-Indian indolence, apathy, and extravagance, might be of greater benefit to India than the direct acquisition of territory. The troops ordered to concentrate on Roroe in Scinde, with the view to the coercion of Ali Moorad, are moving towards their destination. It is believed that the arch traitor, feeling himself at our mercy, will concede everything required of him without a blow, and that the troops will be countermarched before they have accomplished half the journey assigned to them. The Punjab seems tranquil; nothing decisive has within the past fortnight occurred on the frontier. The Governor-General was last heard of at Secrole; he had declined visiting Lucknow or seeing the King of Oude. His lordship was expected at Calcutta about the 6th. The Commander-in-Chief of India has left Peshawur, and is on his way back to the provinces."

MURDER IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

(From the *Rumbler* for March.)

Who killed Mr. Bateson? "Dr. Cullen," replies the Protestant Briton.

In this question and answer we have in brief the popular sentiment with regard to Ireland and the Catholic religion. The process of reasoning by which "the most sensible nation in the world" arrives at this conclusion, may likewise be compressed in a few words. "Popery," it runs, "absolves men from all crimes, especially against Protestants, in confession; Popery also forbids the cultivation of the intellect, and fosters idleness and its attendant, poverty; Popery, by its degrading superstitions, has reduced the Irish people to the depths of brutality and sensuality, and rooted out their natural conscience; Doctor Cullen is the chief upholder of this debasing system, opposing all knowledge, trampling on the majesty of Parliament, hating Protestantism and Protestants, and seeking only the advancement of Priestcraft and superstition; consequently Doctor Cullen is virtually the murderer of Mr. Bateson."

Who can be familiar with the common talk and feelings of Protestant Englishmen and Irishmen, and not perceive that this is, on the whole, a true picture of their mode of accounting for the agrarian assassinations of Ireland? They see that these atrocities are almost unknown in Protestant England, and that they are far from unknown in Catholic Ireland. "Is not, then," they say, "their origin palpable to the simplest capacity? Evidently, Popery does it all. What else can account for the difference between the countries, governed by the same Queen and Parliament, and speaking the same language? If Popery is not the true assassin of landlords and agents, what is?"

We are not now about to enter on the general question of the comparative influence on morals of Protestantism and Catholicism, or to vindicate the confessional and the Archbishop of Armagh. We desire only to call the attention of reasonable Protestants, whether in England or Ireland, to the real contrast which exists between the popular crimes of Ireland and the popular crimes of England. If the two religions are to be judged by the number and character of the murders in the two countries, which will prove to be the more ferocious and diabolical? Looking, then, to facts, it is impossible to deny that the stain of blood-shedding lies in tenfold deeper dye on the people of England than on the people of Ireland. If it is a horrible crime to shoot a landlord, even a tyrannous one, or a little proctor, or a land agent, the enormity is comparatively little in presence of those incredibly revolting crimes which not a week passes without our hearing of in different parts of prosperous Protestant England.

Landlord-killing, then, undoubtedly is a mortal sin in the sight of God, as it is a capital crime in the eyes of man. A person who deliberately assassinates another, even his greatest enemy, is a murderer.—But though all murder is damnable, there are degrees of guilt even in murder; one murder is a proof of a far deeper depravation of the soul than another, though both are deserving of capital punishment on earth and eternal punishment in Hell. There are circumstances in which the provocation may be so vehement, and the confusion of ideas on the liberty of self-preservation so bewildering, as to reduce the actual guilt of the criminal to the lowest degree of enormity possible in the perpetrator of deliberate slaughter. Nobody denies this, unless his passions are so aroused as to render him blind to the dictates of common sense, like a thorough Protestant judging an Irish assassin.

Granting, then, the eternally unjustifiable wickedness of these hideous Irish crimes, are we not compelled by facts to admit that in their case a degree of palliation does exist, which is rarely to be met with in crimes of a similar stamp under other circumstances? Torments also defying human nature to endure have combined with an unhappy confusion of ideas on the subject of law and justice, to stimulate men to take the lives of their fellow-creatures, while their hearts have remained far less seared with the passions of hell than is the case in the average of English murderers.

Step into the inside of that cottage, or hovel, at the extremity of this long straggling village in the county of —. It is hardly a fit habitation for a decent English pig, yet its roof covers a half-starving family; and it is but one out of a hundred others in the same village, all wretched, all crowded with the poor, the sick, the famished, and the dying. The plots of land around and in the neighborhood of the hovels are nearly desolate. Dirt, neglect, ignorance, and the potato-blight have stamped a visible curse on the place and its people. Some cannot pay their rent, some will not; some can and some will, but they are not improving tenants, only ragged, filthy, dung-heap-

loving denizens of the soil, and the landlord loves them not.

Be it how it may, however, all must go. The landlord or his agent has decreed it, and against his law there is no appeal. If there is misery in the hovels, village is a nuisance, and a nursery (so says the agony) of idle vagabonds. In that last house the man's old mother lies dying; her mind is already gone, but her physical frame may yet endure for days or weeks. If she leaves this hut, where will she go? To the roadside, to die like a dog.

The whole village is in deep agitation, for the morning is arrived for the eviction of the whole population. The officers of the law are seen in the distance; they come near. Complaints, reproaches, entreaties, curses, threats, are all showered on them; in vain. The work goes on; the first house is unroofed; the dying woman is borne away by her maddened son, his children crying and moaning around him. One after another the bleak winds of heaven are let in upon the dismantled hearths; a whole people are cast homeless and penniless on the world; and, as the last thatch is torn away, the aged woman yields her latest breath.

What avails it to remonstrate with her raging son, while his wife and children are weeping and shivering around, and the falling rain beats on the uncoered corpse of this dead mother? What is this, in his eyes, but an outrage on all law and justice? What has he ever known of law and justice exercised on his behalf, that he should believe he is living in a civilized and Christian land, where laws exist, and have a claim on his obedience? "Is Ireland," he argues, though in his own rude way, "a country in which any authority exists, or is it a place in which anarchy reigns, and every man must take the redress of grievances into his own hands? If law exists, where are its results? In the penal statutes which forbade the education of the people under frightful penalties? In the insolence, tyranny, and exactions of that Protestant Establishment which the people disown and abhor? In the absenteeism of its landlords, and the petty despotism of its middle-men? If there is law in Ireland, what is it," thinks the miserable outcast, "that has made me what I am? Poverty, drunkenness, idleness, ignorance have been forced upon me; and am I now to be punished for these things, to be driven out like a wild beast, and to see my wife and children starve, my mother murdered at my threshold?"

What, let us ask, is the natural conclusion drawn by an infuriated man from such reasonings as these, when the love of God is not sufficiently strong in his heart to strengthen him to endure all things? Is not the deed of the next night to be expected? The agent is hiding along the high road; the travellers to and fro are many; at a sudden turn two men rush from behind a hedge, one seizes the horse's bridle, another blows out the rider's brains. A score of persons hear the shot, and start, and stand to listen. The murderers walk quietly through the midst of them, and words of recognition pass rapidly from one to another; but none touch the shedders of blood, who disappear at their leisure, and are no more to be found. Days and weeks go by, and no effort and no reward succeeds in securing the guilty men; and not a soul of those who almost saw the deed done will admit that they have the smallest suspicion as to the real murderers. There is a wild, fierce, deep ineradicable conviction in the minds of the people, that the slaughter of the agent was not a murder, but an act of justice. They conceal their knowledge; if they dared, they would palliate the deed; though if an ordinary English murder were perpetrated by one of themselves, they would rush to seize the criminal, and give him over to the hangman; because, in their eyes, the agrarian and lawless outrage began with their masters, and the murderers are only acting in justifiable self-defence.

Come now to these happier shores, where for 300 years Elizabethan Christianity has held almost undisputed sway, and the amenities of social life are cultivated to their purest perfection, under the benign influence of the fifteen thousand married gentlemen who, in Clerical guise, are supposed to civilize and soften the urban and agricultural mind, till their parishes assume an almost paradisaical blessedness.—Any chance newspaper will supply the illustrations we need. The last published weekly journal will probably have a list of some four or five murders, not like the Irish crimes, perpetrated under a wild sense of retribution, or even of revenge, but upon children, women, wives, husbands, fathers, with deliberation, with calculation, and for purposes so utterly passing all ordinary limits of human depravity, that it would seem as if the Devil himself had become incarnate in the murderers' persons. Here, in one place, it is the wife who is the victim; destroyed with circumstances of violent brutality so disgusting as not to bear detail. There, the wife has been putting poison in her husband's food. Here, it is a youth stabbing or drowning a girl upon whom, until now, his dearest affections have been fixed. There, again, it is a maiden's jealousy prompting her to take her lover's life. Here, a human demon dashes an infant to the floor, and beats it till it dies. There—most horrible of all horrible crimes—it is the most sacred and tender of all natural ties that is rent asunder; and for weeks, months, years, it is the mother's own hand that prepares the subtle instrument of death; and for the sake of the face of a burial club, infant after infant perishes at the will of the author of its existence.

Honorable, candid, religious-minded Protestants! turn to facts like these, and say what is their frightful significance. You shudder at the recital of some startling Irish atrocity, and denounce the murderers as they deserve; and in your secret souls you thank God that you were born in a Protestant land, where these things are unknown. For a moment, then, be fair, even to Catholic and discontented Ireland. Does Ireland show such enormities as our own English towns and villages almost weekly unfold? Are the most binding ties of humanity there violated by such crimes as these? Are the murderers those who sit by the hearth and share the affections of their victims? Do Irish mothers poison their children for gain? Granting all the atrocity of these agrarian horrors, can you, with any pretence at reason, class them with the murder of father, mother, wife, or child? Is it worse to kill a man for revenge than to kill him for money? Is it worse to shoot a man from behind a hedge than to mix poison in his dish while he sits by your side and smiles on you with love or friendship?

Far be it from us to say that the Catholic religion has done for the Irish poor all that is possible. Yet, what could it do more? If the Irish Catholic Church has not done all she herself desires, and what you now reproach her for not doing, with whom is the blame? Who has persecuted her, trampled on her, robbed her, reviled her, outlawed her, and striven, by