They began by corrupting the public schools, and have ended in pillaging the revenues of the Church and degrading the sanctity of marriage. When a government is come to this point, heresy naturally steps in, and so English gold and English corruption made themselves a home in Genoa the Superb.

It is not very long ago that the world heard of the progress of heresy in Piedmont. Protestantism had built its palaces in sight of Rome, and the faithful nations of Italy had begun to embrace the religious theories of the English government. Turin received the Waldenses with open arms, and a Catholic people was seen to attend the sermons of the heretics. Genoa, too, fell; and Protestantism lifted up its head there and defied the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Pope. Exeter Hall looked younger than it did before, and prophesied to its frequenters a more pleasant sojourn in Italy. All kinds of men, Liberals, and Radicals, Whigs, and Conservatives, were delighted; for the prospect was nothing less than a representative government, with the usual hypocrisies of Protestant corruption.

Everything went on well; novelty charmed the Genoese; such of them as had ceased to observe the precepts of the Church occasionally attended the Protestant ministrations, of which they understood little, and for which they cared less. Money, personal spite, and unrepented sin helped on the movement, and the rest of Europe was taught that the Genoese were changing their nature and abandoning faith, not for infidelity, which is an intelligible process abroad, but for a doubtful religion, which every one of them in his heart despised. All this was very sad, and the great mischief was undoubtedly done, while greater mischief still was in preparation. The grown-up population was not all liable to be ruined in this way, but the rising youth was exposed to incredible dangers from the principles publicly taught by the Government, and from the evil examples of men who professed externally what they never believed for a moment.

Well! a new light has dawned on Genoa. God, in His mercy, has sent the cholera, and the discipline has been most profitable. The poor wretches whom English gold or a wicked life had led astray to the Protestant conventicle return in fear to the Faith, and beg to be reconciled to the Church they had outraged, for they have no wish to die in sin. Thus the boasted perversion of the people was only skin deep; when death appeared awful in the streets of Genoa, it was not to the Protestant preacher that the people ran for help, but to the poor Priest whom they had wantonly insulted before. The Genoese are of the opinion of Charles II., who considered that Protestantism might do very well to live in, but that it would not do when the time came for dying. The cholera is in truth a dreadful scourge, but in the present instance it is one of mercy too, for, unless you believe that the body is more valuable than the soul the present visitation of Genoa is a merciful dispen-

Thus it is in all ages. Faith lives when all the other virtues are death. Charity, chastity, justice may, by successive outrages, perish from the soul, but faith survives the ruin, and even watches over it, and on a favorable occasion bring back again the expelled hosts. So it was in what are called the Ages of Faith. A country gentleman pillaged his parish church, or a neighboring monastery, or hung up some of his friends without the usual legal formalities, and his conscience was generally tranquil. But when his physical strength began to decay, and his battle-axe to be heavier than it was wont to be, or a serious illness interfered with his carouse, he generally contrived to present himself at the gates of a monastery, and humbly to sue for admission within the sacred

Finis coronat opus. The test of a thing is its uninstructive. The policy of the coalition ministry and. Protestantism fails the Italians in their last extremity, and they abandon it as a soldier his musket the manner in which they dispensed their patronage on a disorderly retreat. It is of no use to them when the scourge has reached them—they have had experience of the two religions, and they are at no loss to decide which is the unsafe one when danger presses.

They return like the prodigal child to their first home, and abjure the errors they thoughtlessly adopted. It is the same story all over the world; the most careless and the most wicked Christian, whose last Mass was perhaps that of his first Communion, cries for the last Sacraments when his last hour is come. Exeter Hall is incapable of learning a lesson even if it were written in the heavens before its eyes : but we hope better things of Genoa, and trust that when the cholera has passed away the people will remember how invisible the Protestant Ministers had become in the day of trial, and that they will not again countenance those mountebanks by whose machinations they had been led into so great a risk.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DOMINICAN COLLEGE AT FINGLAS. - We understand that the Dominican Fathers have purchased a suitable residence in the neighborhood of Finglas, for the purpose of founding a college, which is to be in connection with the Catholic University.—Evening Post.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN M'DONNELL, P. P., OF WHITE GATE.-We regret to announce the death, on Sunday last, of this estimable clergyman, at his residence, Ahada. The Rev. Mr. M'Donnell was in the tifty-seventh year of his age, and twenty-eighth of his ministry. A more zealous, pious, indefatigable Minister of the Gospel, we have never known, or in every respect, a more worthy man. - Cork Examiner.

The Irish Militia to be organised next year, will consist of 38 regiments, amounting to 21,000 rank and file. It is anticipated that there will be some difficulty in raising this force, in consequence of the emi-

Mr. Smith O'Brien .- The family of Mr. W. S. O'Brien received a letter this week from that gentleman, dated the last week in May, from Van Diemen's Land, when he was preparing to avail himself of her Majesty's gracious pardon, and to leave the colony for Europe. Mrs. Smith O'Brien, and other relatives will meet the liberated exile at Brussels, where it is probable he will reside; and we have the pleasure to inform his countrymen, that Mr. O'Brien accepted with the best feelings his Sovereign's spontaneous clemency in remission of the penalty for a political offence.—Limerick Chronicle.

FLESH-POTS IN BANTRY. - Day by day, as the unstable fabric of proselytism crumbles away, the rotten materials with which it was erected is exposed to our view. From north to south, wherever the swindle had been tried, we are made aware of the break up of the speculation by the calls of its missionaries on the British constitution to prevent desertion from the soup camp. But all in vain. One by one, and in dozens and hundreds, the wretched participators in the fraud steal from the ranks or openly desert, and beg for readmission within-that church which offers not soup but salvation. One day it was Achill-another Tuam; yesterday it was Dingle-to-day it is Bantry that supplies its tale. A pauper, named Ellen Leary, was baptised in broth, and went to Mass no more. She had an infant who shared the nourishment and the change. Within the pleasant dormitories of the Bantry workhouse, the child, of course grewsick. The mother, who was playing the proselytisers false, trembled lest it should die; and had her sister (a Catholic) to beg the priest to baptise it. He hesitates, and asks the mother is she not a Protestant?-"No," she replies, "no more than you are." "When I get something from them," says she, "I'll leave them altogether." He remonstrated with her on the wickedness of her deceit. She promises to give it up, and he accedes to her request, and baptises the child, whereupon the Protestant Chaplains calls out, "British Constitution" to the rescue; and the Poor Law Commissioners rebuke the Catholic Clergyman for his breach of their regulations. In Bantry, Ellen Leary's class was very numerous. When broth was flooding Berehaven, and flattening Carrigboy, an unflinching Catholic spirit prevented that town from being made the theatre of religious strife. The Protestant Clergyman, too, was not a bigot, and thus a good feeling existed among all classes, till the appearance of an Evangelical Rev. Mr. O'Halloran, who appears to hate Popery with that thorough hatred which only an old Cromwellian or a perverted Celt can be stow upon it .- Nation.

PROSELYTISM MADE EASY.—The extreme fanatical spirit exhibited in our metropolitan workhouses, of late, has just received a decided impulse from Lord Aberdeen's Irish Attorney-General. In consequence of some equivocal proceedings in the North Dublin Union, the Poor Law Commissioners recently submitted to Mr. Brewster some queries upon the subject of registering the religion of deserted children on admitting them to the workhouse. To these queries Mr. Brewster has replied—1. That the production of a baptismal certificate is no evidence of the religion of a child whose parents are unknown; 2. That, unless the child is an orphan (a fact not remarkably easy of proof, in the case of a deserted child, one would think,) no person has a right to interfere about its religion.

3. That "it is a difficult question" whether a child who can bless itself, and go through a certain form of prayer, should be registered as of the religious denomination in which these ceremonies are practised!-Obviously, Mr. Brewster, during his whole "Orange" career, has never been able to do anything better calculated to advance the designs of the proselytisers: and we may soon expect to see the result of this manœuvre in every workhouse throughout Ireland .- Na-

THE LATE SESSION-THE IRISH PARTY. - On look ng to the legislative results of the session, we find them as regards the advancement of popular rights a perfect nullity. We have had a doubled income tax, and no redress of admitted wrongs. Reform was shelved in deference to Conservative liberalism, and the Irish tenant bills were flung aside in deference to liberal Conservatism. Thus between the two delusions walls. It was not safe then, any more than now at ministers managed to keep their places. But, though Genoa, to die excommunicate, or in unrepented sin. the session has been unproductive, it has not been has been demonstrated to the edification of the empire and the special instruction of Ireland, if only we have the wisdom to learn. Two years have not elapsed since fifty Irish members pledged themselves in the City Assembly Rooms to accept no favor involving dependence from any minister who would not make the protection of tenant property a cabinet question. Amongst those who intrigued most busily to prevent that pledge from being put in a binding form, were the O'Flahertys, and the Sadleirs, and the clique who act with them. Three or four men detected the intrigue in time to defeat it, and all the intriguers swallowed the pledges with a simulated zeal that only gave a higher coloring to the treachery which they were meditating. One man, trading on the sobriquet of "honesty" given to his near relative, was more active than the rest in working out the intrigue of which the trick we allude to was but a part, and the first of which was made apparent four months afterwards by the bestowal of patronage on the leaders of the plot. But what has been the result? Discomfiture to some, dishonor and disgrace to others. Mr. Sadleir was driven from office before he had enjoyed it much more than a year, and Mr. Edmond O'Flaherty, whose "honor" and "repute" with the highest men in the cabinet, were deemed sufficient by his friends" to cause his oath to override the sworn testimony of two of the most honorable and chivalrous of the Irish members, is now a fugitive, Heaven knows where, avoiding his creditors, and fearing still more to meet his "friends."

THE IRISH POOR LAW .- The Clare Journal, alluding to the flight of the peasantry from that quarter, remarks that, but two brief years back, the workhouses were filled to repletion, whereas now they are almost literally deserted, save by old people and young children, who are incapable of labor. What the result may be of this "social revolution"-whether for good or evil-it would be difficult to foretel,

THE CHILLERA. BELFAST, Aug. 15 .- We regret to state that this dreadful disease is not manifesting any evidence of cessation, but rather the reverse. Since

last evening. The type of the disease is very aggravated, death supervening in the proportion of 60 per cent. of those attacked, after periods varying from six hours to three days.—Northern Whig.

The supersedeus dismissing Mr. Carden from the Deputy-Lieutenancy and Magistracy of Tipperary, will be forthwith issued.—Limerick Chronicle.

THE HARVEST AND THE POTATO CROP.—There has been some heavy rain in and about Belfast these last few days; but no serious damage has been done to the crops of the district round the town. Though the weather has been, on the whole, not as warm as could be wished, the fields look promisingly, and a very abundant harvest is expected. The wheat crops look good; and oats and barley are very favorable crops.

THE POTATO BLIGHT.-It would be idle to conceal the disagreeable intelligence that, so far as the metropolitan county and the districts immediately adjacent, are in question, a great proportion of the potato crop may be considered as lost. Like all previous visitations of the disease, the change from apparent soundness to palpable decay came on quite suddenly, and fields that but a few days since looked verdant and healthy, have all at once assumed the worst symptoms of the fatal blight of 1846. Nor were the ndications limited to outward appearances, for, when dug out of the ridges, the potatoes were found to have been extensively tainted—in some instances the disease nearly reaching the core, while in others its devastations were only just commencing on the surface.

THE MAYOR AND THE JUDGE. - In a neighboring city, at the late assizes, when Chief Justice Monaghan entered the Crown Court, the Mayor, who had not been in time to meet him, suddenly appeared robeless, and as flurried as it is possible for a mayor to be.—
"My lord," said he, "I must apologise to your lordship. Your lordship has been too early for me; but I really have come in a great hurry." Chief Justice: "So I perceive, Mr. Mayor; in such a hurry, that you have left your robes behind you." The reply was excellent :- " My lord, it's not to our robes but to our brains, we owe our present position."-Leinster Express.

CURIOUS RUMANCE IN REAL LIFE. - Some weeks ago a widow in a parish not 100 miles from Limerick, expressed an anxiety to enter again into the bonds of wedlock. In a short time she chose a person who, she hoped, would prove true to his faith to her, and who made every preparation to make her his own, for better, for worse, till death. The appointed day arrived; but the faithless swain declared off, and left her in her weeds to pine over the fickleness of man. Being in comfortable circumstances, she confided her distressing case to one who could, she thought, provide a husband on whom she might rely. Her wishes were complied with without much loss of time, or any apparent trouble. The new suitor arrived in due course; he was accepted; and to make the matter more serious, the indissoluble knot was tied by the pastor of the parish. But as the widow had experienced the frailty of one suitor she was apparently resolved to prove that however anxious she had been to possess herself of a partner, she would not live with the individual to whom she had just been married. Immediately after the ceremony she summarily rejected him, proclaimed she would never recognise him under her roof, and to establish the fact that she was serious in her resolution, she commenced a negociation with her husband as to what sum of money he would take, provided he was inclined, to enable him to emigrate to America, or the more distant and favored land of Australia! A bargain was speedily concluded; a sum of £20 was handed over to Benedict, and he relinquishing all claim to the hand of the widow married,' and bidding adieu to the beautiful scenery close by the Shannon, amid which he first saw the light, belook himself to Liverpool a few lays ago, whence, we have heard, he has already sailed for that far distant land which is now the object of so much attraction to our countrymen. Such is the story, and it is generally believed .- Limerick

After a long interval of almost perfect tranquility, Tipperary has just been the scene of one of those brutal outrages which seem so totally irreconcileable with the shrewd good sense and generous kindly nature of the Irish peasant. A gallant young countryman, named Denis Mullowney, described as the pride prosperous farmers in Tipperary, was beset by seven ruffians in the street of Nenagh, a tew days ago, and so cruelly beaten that he has since died. Whether he murder was premeditated does not yet appear; t was perpetrated in the broad noon day-poor Mullowney returning on horseback from the fair, and the murderers rushing from a public house on his route. According to a local journal, "a dispute about land, the prolific source of crime in this country, is supposed to have incited to this fearful deed." It is galling to anticipate the eagerness with which this outrage will be seized upon by the English press as a pretext for reviving every hackneyed slander, against the men of Tipperary. Dark as it is, however, contrast it with that fiendish tragedy just brought to light in the English village of Chipping Barnet—a woman murdering her husband and child, that she might obtain a paltry sum from the Burial Society! "The father, who was often ailing," says the report, "died about two months ago, and £10 was allowed by a friendly burial society for his interment. Seven weeks after his father's death, the child was suddenly seized with illness, and died on the day following." Suspicion having been excited, an investigation took place, and the murderess now awaits her trial in gaol. British juries appear to be guided by a peculiar ethical code n cases like this, however; and we shall probably find her acquitted "on the ground of insanity," like the heroine of the Esher tragedy, Mrs. Brough.-Na-

THE WHITEGATE MARTYRDOM.—Sworn evidence n a court of justice is frequently a wonderful dispeller of romance, and a terrible foe to fiction. Our readers will temember how the mighty breast of the pious world of Exeter Hall throbbed with delicious agony at the recital, the picturesque and dramatic recital of the martyrdom of Williams the Bible-reader! Williams, slaughtered in defence of the Faith! Williams, brutally murdered by Popish savages! Devoted servant of the Lord! many a handkerchief was bedowed in thy memory, and many a sigh heaved to thy fate! The murdered Williams, to speak profanely, was a splendid card, a first-rate trump, in the hands of certain dexterous gentlemen; and so successfully were the bones of the sainted Martyr rattled on the platform gration, the abundance of laboring employment, and Wednesday last, when fifty-three cases were reported the bones of the sainted Martyr rattled on the platform the general enlistment for the regular army now in as having occurred in Belfast during the preceding progress.

"In cordial co-operation with the bones of the sainted Martyr rattled on the platform the bones of the sainted Martyr rattled on the

a martyrdom is as valuable to Exeter Hall as an inquest to a London publican; and we may be inclined to excuse the saints in wishing for an average supply every season. It is much to be regretted that we should be compelled to publish a more prosaic version of the untimely fate of poor Williams, the Bible-reader, than has met the eye of piety through the inspired pages of the Rev-John White, who, while accusing Catholics of deliberate perjury-an accusation which he had the audacity to repeat in the presence of a Catholic judge-has, as one of the counsel stated, "an eye to the main chance." Dr. Travers, who is neither Priest nor Papist, and whose oath may be relied on, describes the injuries received at the time in Aghada, injuries the result of his own folly and intemperance; and these injuries ceased to inspire the anxiety of Dr. Travers "at the end of a couple of days." Another Rev. Constant Another Rev. Gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Heatley, who must not be suspected of the slightest tendency to exaggeration, assured Dr. John Murphy. of Milltown, that an Injury had been inflicted on his chest, "caused by parties trampling on him and kick-ing him in his right side"—that this injury to the chest caused him to throw up quantities of blood!and that poor Williams had been left on the roadside for dead, few expecting he would ever recover. And good easy Dr. John Murphy of Milltown adds-" I took for granted all these statements"-that is, all these fee-faw-fum horrors-" were correct, until I heard in court the evidence of Dr. Travers."-At any rate, Williams was not allowed to remain on the road and he did recover; for we find him, a considerable time after the brutal mob of Whitegate had been executing a savage dance, upon his prostrate body, gallantly rowing a party of ladies on the Lakes of Killarney, with his coat off, under one of those abundant showers most common to that remarkably pluvious locality. Williams, whose chest was stove in, whose nerves were shattered, and whose wind was irreparably damaged, yet proved himself on that remarkable occasion, when exerting himself under the eye of beauty, a fellow of excellent bottom, and utterly oblivious of the Whitegate barbarites. Unhappily for the cause of Exeter Hall, Williams did not expire on the road-side, the sad theatre of his butchery. The poor man caught a cold from his exposure and incaution on the Lakes, and fell a victim to fever. Dr. Murphy attended the martyr in his last illness; and even to his doctor Williams "never complained (as the doctor swears) of his illness being the result of any injuries he had received." Still the Rev. Mr. White, in his entertaining work, attributes the termination of his pious and gallant friend to the Aghada slaughter; for he indignantly asks in that valuable book-are such men as Williams, who are only struggling to put into the hands of every Irishman the charter of his own freedom, to be "trampled upon and butchered by a mercenary Priesthood?" Of course not. If the true friends to religion will only subscribe with more than ordinary liberality. So much for poor Williams, who, under the influence of female fascination, fell a victim to a reckless but gallant impulse; and now a passing word to the unmercenary Mr. White, who denies that he has an eye to that main chance, but who asks for subscriptions in his veracious account of his co-struggler's martyrdom. A more andacious piece of impudence was never witnessed in a court of justice in any country, even where fanatics are most rampant, and ignorant pretenders are Most vulgar and presuming. The judge on the bench Most vulgar and presuming. The judge on the bench is a Catholic, the High Sheriff who stands beside him is a Catholic, and the counsel who prosecutes is a Catholic, many of the bar who surround him are Catholics, the vast majority of the audience are Catholics; and yet in that court, and in the midst of a great commercial city, where Catholics form the bulk of the community, we have this impudent fanatic declaring his belief that Catholic jurors freely perjure themselves, and consider it nothing wrong to do so! And this from one who is mixed with a system which is one gigantic imposture—which is not only a curse whereever it is put in operation, but is as silly and as foolish as those who are deluded into its support! To argue with such a belief-if it be belief-would be a positive degradation; and so we shall just reply to the belief of Mr. White by a story which we promise is more veracious than that pious gentleman's account of the slaying of his lamented friend, who died by Popish hands. A case lately came before the judge of the County Court of Liverpool. It was a claim made by a woman of humble rank for the cost of boarding and lodging. The defendant, a tradesman, swore that he was never in her house at all, and therefore owed her nothing. The plaintiff swore as to the time and other circumstances, but had no witness immediately present, who could corroborate her statement and justify her claim. Both parties having sworn the very opposite, the judge was fnaturally in a state of much embarrassment, for the one must have been a truth teller and the other a perjurer. In this state of the case, the judge asked the defendant of what religion he was, to which the defendant replied that he was a Protestant; but it appears that he was not strict in his attention to his religious duties, and, in point of fact, was only a nominal Protestant. The judge then turned to the plaintiff, and asked her of what religion she was, to which she replied, "A Roman Catholic." "Do you go to confession?" asked the judge. "I do," said the woman, "I go once a month." The judge at once decided in favor of the practical Catholic, and against the nominal protestant.
The judge was a Protestant.—Cork paper.

fate of the apostle and martyr was recounted. Indeed

GREAT BRITAIN.

The following wasHer Majesty's speech, on the prorogation of Parliament :-

" My Lords and Gentlemen,-

"I am enabled, by the state of public business, to release you from a longer attendance in parliament. "Gentlemen of the House of Commons,-

"In closing the session, it affords me great pleasure to express my sense of the zeal and energy you have shown in providing means for the vigorous prosecution of the war in which, notwithstanding my efforts to avert it, we are now engaged. This liberality in granting the supplies for the public service demands my warmest thanks; and, although I lament, the increased burdens of my people, I fully recognise your wisdom in sacrificing considerations of present convenience, and in providing for the immediate exigencies of the war, without an addition being made to the permanent debt of the country.

"In cordial co-operation with the Emperor of the