

from the disgrace of being represented by an opponent of the Bishop's Pastoral and a law officer of Lord Palmerston, and he may have been rather sanguine of success. It is to be regretted that the great county Cork could not itself provide a gentleman of character and position, able and willing to enter the lists. If we are to depend for candidates on the chance of inducing strangers to come forward and do our business, why, our business will be done imperfectly, if done at all.—Wexford People.

IMPORTANT OR URGENT WRITING.—Last week an inquest was held at Rathistown, County Louth, before P. Neary, Esq. coroner, on the body of Patrick Byrne, a young man, aged thirty-nine, a laborer in the employment of Myles W. O'Reilly, Esq., of Knockaboy Castle. It appeared that the deceased had been a fortnight from work, and under treatment by Dr. Moore, for a tendency of blood towards the head. One morning Mr. O'Reilly called to inquire about the poor man's health, and after learning his state, wrote a letter for some medicine to Dr. O'Raher, of the Louth Dispensary, and annexed the words "for a strong man." The doctor mistook the words "for a strong man" for "a strong mare," and made up a draught accordingly, writing on a label which was affixed to the medicine bottle, "horse medicine," or "medicine for a horse." The sister of the deceased Byrne, who took the message and brought back the medicine, thought Dr. O'Raher was joking about "horse medicine." At night Byrne took a pill, and in the morning the draught, composed of castor oil, tincture of rhubarb, and tincture of jalap. The draught did not operate, and on Dr. O'Raher subsequently learning that the horse medicine was taken owing to the mistake in deciphering the letter of Mr. O'Reilly, he directed an emetic to be administered to the patient, which had the desired effect in causing a discharge of the medicine. The patient subsequently improved, but ultimately became drowsy and died. Dr. Moore said that the medicine was not the cause of death, but that the patient died from natural causes. Dr. O'Raher had no idea of the mistake till there was a second application to him for medicine, when, to his surprise, he learned that the horse medicine had been administered to the deceased.

IRISH REFORM STATISTICS.—From a return just issued we gather the following interesting statistics in regard to the representation present and possible of the sister island:—The number of members returned by the Irish counties to Parliament is 64, who represent the opinions of 172,284 registered voters, of 596,650 occupiers of tenements rated, and of a population of 5,960,109 (according to the census of 1851) and who pay income-tax to the amount of £737,552, to which sum those assessed under Schedule A alone contribute £655,944. Of the registered electors 8,567 are freeholders, 1,237 leaseholders, 914 rent-charges, and 161,566 occupiers, thus divided among the four provinces—Ulster, 60,945; Munster, 46,230; Leinster, 47,436; Connaught, 17,673. The total number of members returned by the Irish boroughs is 39, who represent 39,444 registered electors, and a population of 878,430, who occupy 83,478 tenements rated under £10, and 58,641 tenements for which landlords are rated as immediate lessors. The amount of income-tax paid by the boroughs is £400,833. Of the 83,478 tenements in Irish boroughs rated under £10, 2,178 are cases in which two tenements are occupied by the same person; 1,352 in which more than two tenements are occupied by the same person, 9,102 are tenements occupied by women, and 70,050 are the number of instances in which the rating includes a dwelling-house. The total number of tenements rated at £4 is 55,164; the total number rated at £4, £5, £6, £7, £8, £9, £10, £11, £12, £13, £14, £15, £16, £17, £18, £19, £20, £21, £22, £23, £24, £25, £26, £27, £28, £29, £30, £31, £32, £33, £34, £35, £36, £37, £38, £39, £40, £41, £42, £43, £44, £45, £46, £47, £48, £49, £50, £51, £52, £53, £54, £55, £56, £57, £58, £59, £60, £61, £62, £63, £64, £65, £66, £67, £68, £69, £70, £71, £72, £73, £74, £75, £76, £77, £78, £79, £80, £81, £82, £83, £84, £85, £86, £87, £88, £89, £90, £91, £92, £93, £94, £95, £96, £97, £98, £99, £100, £101, £102, £103, £104, £105, £106, £107, £108, £109, £110, £111, £112, £113, £114, £115, £116, £117, £118, £119, £120, £121, £122, £123, £124, £125, £126, £127, £128, £129, £130, £131, £132, £133, £134, £135, £136, £137, £138, £139, £140, £141, £142, £143, £144, £145, £146, £147, £148, £149, £150, £151, £152, £153, £154, £155, £156, £157, £158, £159, £160, £161, £162, £163, £164, £165, £166, £167, £168, £169, £170, £171, £172, £173, 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GREAT BRITAIN.

The Rev. Charles J. B. Forster, late Curate of Stoke Abbas, Dorset, has been received into the Catholic Church.

This week go to the ground, all the calculations on which the policy of the Great Liberal Party has been based for the last twelve months. The Anglo-French alliance is at an end—and much more conclusively at an end, seeing that it has been broken by Lord Palmerston, than if it had merely lapsed under a Conservative Ministry. We walk up the Strand, and see in every window blazoned the cheap gloves, the cheap silks, the cheap fruits, and the cheap wines which we are to use and consume, thanks to the Commercial Treaty—but the fact which every man is endeavoring to realize is, When, How, Where, and on what pretence is the War to begin? For after so many tremors, and tentatives, after postponing the evil day, after the most conscientious endeavors to "misunderstand our epoch," and resist the inexorable "logic of facts," it seems to be the will of an all-wise and all-powerful Providence, that the Whigs should be His instruments to force a war with France. It is not immediately near, perhaps. There are a dozen French liners and frigates yet to be fitted with the auxiliary screw.—There are a thousand French cannon yet awaiting the process of rifling in the foundries of Brest and Cherbourg. There is a million tons of British coals yet in the bowels of Wales or Lancashire, for which French magazines yawn. But Lord John Russell delivered the *petit* declaration of a pseudo-post-utero war in the House of Commons on last Monday night. It was a night which yielded the one great sensation of the session. And no one seemed to expect it.—Let me except the Foreign Ministers, much better informed on this occasion than the *quidnuncs* of the clubs or the *habitués* of the lobby. I saw the pudgey Persigny wend his way to the Ambassadors' Gallery soon after the Speaker swooped his train into the House. Appony followed, looking like a magnum of Hungary beside a *bourgeois* of the Boulevard des Italiens. All the envoys of the leading courts were there. Mr. Horsman had had a historical occasion, and a speech which went off like a rocket, which you have fired at the right angle. It is said that Lord John spoke his speech, as he used to speak long ago, when it was supposed he had a soul. Certainly he spoke, as no one in that house ever again expected to hear him speak. But when it came to the last six or seven sentences, to the definitive words, previously prepared and absolutely declaratory, for which their Excellencies in the gallery were waiting to send their telegrams in cipher, and despatch their couriers by special train, the House seemed to shake. The fact appeared to transpire beforehand—"We are done with the hypocrisy of the *entente cordiale*"—and every sentence was cheered, and every word, and every syllable.—*Tablet*.

BRREAK UP OF THE FRENCH ALLIANCE.—In reply to a violent attack from Mr. Horsmann in the House of Commons, as the Foreign policy of the Ministry, with reference to the annexation of Savoy by France Lord John Russell replied in terms clearly showing that the *entente cordiale* is at an end. The conclusion of the speech, couched in the following terms, has created a sensation in France, and throughout Europe:—

"Sir, my opinion as I declared it in July and January I have no objection now to repeat—that such an act as the annexation of Savoy is one that will lead a nation so warlike as the French to call upon its Government from time to time to commit other acts of aggression (hear, hear); and, therefore, I do feel that, however we may wish to live on the most friendly terms with the French Government—and certainly I do wish to live on the most friendly terms with that Government (cheers)—we ought not to keep ourselves apart from the other nations of Europe (loud cheers from both sides of the House) but that, when future questions may arise—as future questions may arise—we should be ready to act with others and to declare, always in the most moderate and friendly terms, but still firmly, that the settle-

ment of Europe, the peace of Europe is a matter dear to this country, and that settlement and that peace cannot be assured if it is liable to perpetual interruption (loud cheers)—to constant fears; to doubts and rumors with respect to the annexation of this country, or the union and connexion of that other; but that the Powers of Europe, if they wish to maintain that peace, must respect each other's rights, must respect each other's limits, and, above all, restore and not disturb that commercial confidence which is the result of peace, which tends to peace, and which ultimately forms the happiness of nations. (Loud cheers.)

If it were possible for us to behold, with other feelings than unmix'd pain and reprobation, the consummation of violence, fraud, and usurpation which is now presented on both sides of the Alps, we should find abundant sources of pleasure in many of the incidents which have lately come to light with reference to what has been cunningly and falsely called the Italian question. To the Catholic journal it must afford some gratification, while the Church is sacrilegiously despoiled, to see the robbers exposing their monstrous turpitude and baseness, as Napoleon III., Victor Emmanuel, and Count Cavour have now done by the shameful bargain about Savoy; as friends, too, of order and legal rights, it cannot be otherwise than satisfactory to us to see the humiliation which that scandalous bargain has brought upon those active partisans of Protestantism and revolution in this country, including the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and Lord Shaftesbury, who, in their hatred of Catholicity, and in the vain hope of subverting the Papacy, stupidly applauded the Franco-Sardinian invasion of Lombardy. The honest Cavour is now an unmasked traitor to the cause which he professed to uphold.—It is now notorious that this profligate revolutionist, while pretending to have no other object in view than the liberation of Italy from German influence and domination, and the establishment of freedom in that Peninsula, was negotiating for the mere aggrandisement of Piedmont, and had with that view the baseness to contract with the Emperor of the French for the surrender to France of the oldest patrimony of his King, the very cradle of the Sardinian monarchy. Sixteen months ago Cavour entered into this infamous contract with Louis Napoleon, by which the rights of a free people are annihilated, and the future of Italy and Switzerland is left to the mercy of the French Empire. And yet it is hardly four weeks since he had the effrontery to declare officially to the British Minister at Turin that the Piedmontese Government had no intention whatever to part either by sale or otherwise to France, with Nice or Savoy, or any part of these two ancient provinces of the Subalpine Kingdom. This assurance was received in England with great joy. The Anti-Catholic statesmen, politicians, and journalists were in an ecstasy because they were spared (as they thought) the humiliation of seeing their hopes blasted, their predictions falsified, and their idol exposed as a worthless lump of base earth. As the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France would have been a tremendous drawback upon the triumph which they enjoyed in the annexation of the Romagna and Tuscany to Piedmont, and would moreover reveal before the world the stupidity of the English Liberals in cheering on French Imperialism in its old career of aggression, spoliation, and conquest, the positive declaration of Cavour that such an outrage upon honour, decency, and nationality was not even thought of by the Sardinian Government was of course gratifying to those who had favoured the policy of Count Cavour, and put faith in his honor. To us who from the first foresaw the natural and inevitable end of that policy and looked upon Cavour as an unprincipled anarchist, without truth, or honour or generosity of character, or integrity of purpose, we need not repeat, what we have so often declared, that the assurance of the Sardinian Minister afforded no ground whatever for wavering for a moment in the conviction which for eleven months we have not ceased to entertain, that Savoy and Nice had virtually ceased to belong to Victor Emmanuel. Nor were we mistaken in the estimate of the man whom English whigs, English fanaticism, and English latitudinarianism have delighted to honor. Cavour himself now coolly announces to the world, that the foul deed, which a month ago he declared was not even thought of, is an acknowledged fact, and that he and his master have had the ineffable baseness to barter away the territory which gives its name to the Royal House of Piedmont for the Duchy of Tuscany and the eastern provinces of the Holy See—territories which the contracting parties had no right or colour of right to lay their fingers upon—which have for the moment become Piedmontese by raffle and sacrilege, but which will most assuredly cease to be Piedmontese within a very brief period, when the lawless robbers who have now seized upon them shall have finished their allotted course of turbulence sacrilegious and spoliation.

The Whigs have met the reward of their truckling and revolutionary policy sooner than was expected. On Friday, the 9th instant, they obtained the consent of the House to an address to Her Majesty sanctioning the Treaty of Commerce which was to do such wonders in strengthening our good understanding with France; and on Friday the 16th, just seven days later, they had to announce to the House of Commons the receipt of a despatch from M. Thouvenel, communicating the grounds on which France found it necessary to annex Savoy and Nice without consulting them. This shows that the Emperor and his Minister understand the men they are dealing with, and the profit they can make of them. But it does not show that either the Whigs, or the country they govern, gain anything by their subservience to the French Government. The ink is hardly dry with which the French Emperor signs the Treaty of Commerce, before he signs another treaty with the King of Sardinia, which scots and splits upon the Treaties of Vienna. And to give this act of contempt its full sting; he communicates to the Powers which signed those treaties, and sacrificed so much to accomplish them, that he neither asks their advice, their consent, nor their opinion.

The first Emperor Napoleon called England "a nation of shopkeepers," and his nephew treats us as such. The Commercial Treaty is the legitimate progeny of the sentiment which suggested the contemptuous designation. It certainly is not overflattering to the national character that Louis Napoleon's long and intimate acquaintance with this country, and his personal knowledge of English feelings, should lead him to the conviction which his Uncle formed by means of distant observation, that the ideas of Englishmen in general do not soar above shop, that their political opinions are moulded in the most grovelling selfishness, that in their dealings with foreign states they are guided solely by a spirit of commercial aggrandisement, and that their principles of political economy so warp their principles of public policy, as to render them utterly indifferent to the duties of national honor; and the obligations of public treaties, if, by the neglect of those duties, and the disregard of those obligations, they can open an additional market for the produce of Birmingham, and the mills of Manchester. And yet, judging by the decisions of the House of Commons upon the various questions that have arisen out of the Budget, and by the tone of the Press, we cannot say that the Emperor of the French has labelled this country by treating it as a nation of shopkeepers. It is admitted, nay, proclaimed aloud, that the Commercial Treaty was offered by him to us as a bribe for acquiescing in the annexation of Nice and Savoy to France; and how do we resent the insult? By vehemently denouncing the contemplated spoliation as a robbery, which it is not, and an aggression, which it is upon Europe, and then deliberately resolving that for the sake of the paltry advantages—for no one, not even Mr. Bright, ventures to say that they can be considerable—which may flow from the Treaty, we must resign ourselves to a proceeding which everybody declares to be

seeming, with the seeds of an early European convulsion. Could the bitterest Anglophobe give England a baser or meaner character than this?—*Weekly Register*.

THE PRINCE OF WALES A PRISONER.—Considerable amusement has been afforded at Oxford through the amateur conduct of a knight of the plough named Hedges, known under the sobriquet of "Lord Chief Justice Burns." It appears that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in company with Colonel Keppell, Esq., in waiting, Mr. Herbert Fisher, private tutor to His Royal Highness Earl Rowland, Sir Frederick Johnston, Mr. E. Le Marchant, Mr. H. Chaplin, and Mr. H. Taylor, went out with the South Oxfordshire hounds on Friday last; but, meeting with indifferent sport, the Royal party, on their return to Oxford, determined on a ride across country. Not being acquainted with the locality they made their way across the lands of Farmer Hedges at Barton, and, without being aware of the temper of the sturdy farmer, rode into the farmyard. Farmer Hedges, with his usual regard for trespassers, immediately closed his gates on the illustrious party, and levied a fine of a sovereign for damages, enforcing the demand with an intimation that none of them should leave until he had pocketed the amount. The party at first imagined that when Hedges was acquainted with the names of his visitors he would at once have claimed the Royal clemency; but in this they were quite mistaken, for upon being informed that he was detaining the future King of England, he remarked, "Prince or no Prince, I'll have my money." The astonishment of the Prince's retinue may well be imagined, but being mounted and encompassed with stone walls they were compelled to yield to the inexorable farmer, who, added to an "amiable" disposition, is possessed of a powerful frame, and on the occasion in question was armed with a dung fork, the emblem of his calling. The Royal party, although somewhat annoyed at their detention and the obstinacy of the farmer, made the best of the joke, the Prince above the rest being much amused at the turn matters had taken.

The squadron ordered to assemble at Spithead for the purpose of conveying His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales across the Atlantic, on his visit to Canada, will consist of the *Hero*, 91 screw, 600 horse power, the *Artaine*, the *Flyingfish*, and the royal yacht *Osborne*. His Royal Highness will take his passage out and home in the *Hero*, one of the finest ships in Her Majesty's navy. The *Osborne* will be retained for services on the coasts and rivers of Canada during the stay of His Royal Highness in that colony.

IRISH POLITICS.—Lord Derby surprised many of his supporters, and perhaps scandalized some, when at the recent Liverpool dinner he spoke of our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen as being the "natural allies" of the Tory party. The events of the day, however, are giving a largely increased significance to this remark of the ex-Premier. It is true that a few years ago it would have sounded paradoxical enough. Spite of all historical traditions, it really seemed as if the Roman Catholic body had been persuaded that there was more sympathy between themselves and the authors of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act than between themselves and the authors of the Catholic Relief Act. Nor was this under the circumstances surprising. The Conservative party had been most especially engaged in defending the outworks of the Church Establishment and in those contests the Roman Catholics might be expected to oppose them. Then there was the Licifield-house compact and the infamous political swindle of the Appropriation Clause, both which professed to be concessions on the part of the Whigs in certain points which were supposed to meet Roman Catholic wishes. Later in the day we had the arrangement made by the Coalition Government with the late John Sadler and his friends, which was based not so much on any concessions in matters of governing policy as on the distribution of certain offices among the Irish patriots who agreed to the bargain. This last arrangement perhaps tended more than anything else to withdraw the Roman Catholic body from its false position. "Sadlerism" became a byword in Ireland, and it was from the disgust and contempt which it evoked that the reaction to which Lord Derby referred first sprung. How vividly that feeling wrought among the Irish population may now be discerned in the result of the two last general elections, especially that of the present year, when Ireland returned a large majority of members who announced their intention of giving a general support to the Conservative party. The present conjuncture of circumstances cannot well fail to increase this good understanding between the Tory politician and the Roman Catholic public. There must, of course, always be questions on which a Roman Catholic member of the Tory party will be at issue with his leaders. But on a general view of things the Roman Catholic will find that the true democratic element of our country, the ephemeral voice of a mere numerical majority, is anything but liberal, in the true sense of the word, as far as he is concerned. This is strikingly shown in the interpretation which the Whig-Radicals have one and all poured forth on the Roman Catholics who have presumed to express their opinion on the subject of the Pope and his temporal power. There was at first an attempt made to show that the demonstration in favour of the Pope had not the support of the Roman Catholic laity. This attempt turned out an utter failure, and probably, if it had any effect at all, added to the number of those who declared themselves in favor of maintaining the temporal rights of the Sovereign Pontiff. This advice having broken down, there was nothing for it but to abuse the whole body of Roman Catholics, whether English or Irish; and this the Liberal journals have been most pertinaciously doing ever since. The vituperations in which these people indulge themselves is an admirable illustration of the "liberalism" to which they pretend an exclusive claim; for certainly one set of British subjects has as much right to sympathize with the Pope and his loyal subjects as another set has to sympathize with the rebellious portion of the Pope's subjects. Now the Tory, in virtue of his principles, or prejudices if you will, has a leaning in favour of the maintenance of rights. He is apt stand up stoutly for each man's claim to enjoy his own, and all the more so because he insists most vigorously on each man's discharging the duties which appertain to the right claimed by him. Hence he is a supporter of legitimate sovereignty all over the world, and in conformity with that principle he insists on the right of the Pope to his ancient dominions as one which cannot be defeated by a newspaper outcry. It is enough for him as a Tory that the Pope holds his dominion by a most ancient right; it is enough for him as a man and a philanthropist that no adequate ground has been shown for such a lawless remedy as is involved in the taking from your neighbour that which is his. He hears, indeed, a vast deal about the misgovernment of the Papal States, but he does not feel himself entitled to judge between a foreign Prince and his subjects, even if the evidence were satisfactory on that point. For we are bound to recollect that Mr. Maguire's testimony is very strong in contradiction of the charge of misgovernment; and although Mr. Maguire is undoubtedly a witness with a bias, yet we have no witness equally trustworthy on the other side, for we all know how the despatches of "our own correspondents" are concocted. We are told, indeed, as a tangible proof of the alleged misgovernment, that brigands swarmed in the Romagna before the Revolution, and that there are none to be heard of now. Possibly they have all got good places under Farin's Government. Independently of this appeal to principle, there is much in the personal career of Pius IX. which commends itself to our sympathies. Few men have been worse used even by Democracy. He started in his rags with the most eager desire to reform all abuses of long established power, and to gratify the fancies of the greater number of his people. He brought

himself into much odium with the most trustworthy supporters of his throne by his innovating zeal in these matters. How was he rewarded? His Minister, his reforming Minister, was assassinated, and he himself was driven forth an exile from his realm. On his restoration he exhibited a magnanimity which restored princes do not always show in refraining from taking vengeance on those who had been the ringleaders in the treason against him. His duty to his people obliged him to stop short in those projects of innovation which had turned out so badly both for himself and them, ending by putting them at the mercy of a gang of stabbers, the majority of whom were not Romans at all, but were drawn from the *colonnies* of every State in Italy. This being the so-called Roman Catholic—whether he be Whig, Tory, or Radical in his general politics—will most commonly be drawn to take the Tory side of this question; adding to the considerations above noticed the all-important one in his view of preserving the free action of his Church. And we should think very ill of the man in whom his religious sympathies did not over-power the predilections suggested by mere political partisanship.—*John Bull and Brittanian*.

THE DIVORCE COURT.—MORALS OF PROTESTANT ENGLAND.—On the 20th of March there were 142 cases set down for trial before the full Court of Divorce, besides 171 in less advanced stages of divorce, making in all 313 petitions for dissolution or nullity of marriage. There is also a petition for a declaration of legitimacy set down for hearing. There are six cases of judicial separation set down for trial, and 112 in various stages of progress, making a grand total of 432 cases pending.

SPASMODIC CHRISTIANITY.—Perhaps, however, the least unsatisfactory exhibition of this propensity is in the Regent-street *soirees*, at which revered clergymen and grave fathers of families have recently been entertaining the flaunting Phrynes of our streets and casinos. Any effort on the part of respectability to help these unfortunates by keeping up the bond of human sisterhood is a thing to be praised and valued; and we are not among those who have complained in letters to the newspapers that the movement is a failure because those who come to the tea-parties are not the most attractive of their class—as if, forsooth, the Gospel words were only given to call the good-looking sinners to repentance. But there are causes obvious enough that will operate to render such a gregarious effort nugatory, and perhaps mischievous. The quiet Sister of Mercy who works on with her silent personal influence will do more permanent good than all this noise and parade of the joint-stock system.—*John Bull*.

UNITED STATES.

YANKEE JUSTICE TO CATHOLICS.—Under the laws of Rhode Island as amended in 1857, all the property devoted to the Church, religious and educational purposes is exempt from taxation, except when the same belongs to the Catholic Church. All such property belonging to that Church is taxed.

DEATH OF AN Aged Irishwoman.—Mrs. McCabe, says the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, a resident of the Thirteenth Ward, Cincinnati, died on Saturday, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and six years. She was a native of Ireland, and the mother of Alexander McCabe, a well known leather dealer in this city. Mrs. McCabe was born in 1754, which was one year before Braddock's celebrated defeat at Fort Duquesne. She was fifteen years old when Napoleon I. was born. She had obtained the age of twenty-two years when the declaration of independence was made. If President James Monroe or the Marquis Lafayette were living, they would be several years her juniors. She was older than Alexander Hamilton, and approximated very nearly to the age of Thomas Jefferson, who was born in 1743. Mrs. McCabe was old enough to remember the taking of Quebec by Gen. Wolfe in 1759. She was verging on middle age when the American Revolutionary war closed. The memorable exploits of Frederick the Great of Prussia had not been performed when Mrs. McCabe was born.—When the first white man came to Kentucky, she was fifteen years old. She was born a subject a King George II. Since that time there have been three kings and one queen on the English throne, one of whom reigned sixty years. The population of the United States when she was born did not amount to more than a million and a half. She has seen it increase to over thirty millions. We are soon to elect the sixteenth President of the United States. Mrs. McCabe was thirty-five years old before such an office existed. She was born before William Pitt became prime minister of England, and before Maria Theresa became Empress of Austria. Two such lives as Mrs. McCabe's almost carry us back to the days when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth stock; and three and a half to the day that America was discovered by Christopher Columbus. Of the experience of such a protracted life, of what she must have seen in the way of change, our readers can very well appreciate.

IRISH LABORERS IN THE U. STATES.—TERRIBLE SCENE OF STARVATION.—A scene of misery and starvation was witnessed Wednesday evening revealed in an up town tenement house, which, for actual horror, is rarely equalled in fiction. As Officer Dancon, of the 11th precinct, was going his round of patrol duty, at 9 P. M. last evening, he was informed that there was a family on the verge of starvation in a rear tenement house corner of Avenue B and 14th street. The officer immediately went to the place and number of the room indicated. Knocking at the door and receiving no answer, he opened it. A man in a feeble voice asked him what he wanted. Making known the object of his visit, a light was obtained from an