

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

## FRANCE.

The Emperor of France had ordered a French force to assemble on the Spanish frontier as a measure of precaution.

The returns of the public revenue for the past six months of the present year are said to be satisfactory. There is an increase of £2,000,000, including new taxes of £600,000.

The Emperor, by a decree of June 16, founded on the proposition of Count Walewski, minister of foreign affairs, and published on Wednesday last in the *Moniteur*, has nominated in the imperial order of the Legion of Honor, nearly 450 officers and soldiers of the English army, and 140 officers of the English navy.

*Galignani's Messenger*, in its summary of news from the Crimea to the 28th June last, says: "The English soldiers, in order to occupy their leisure time, had constructed on the heights of Inkermann, an immense battery with 20,000 bottles. It has been christened 'Lord Cardigan's Black-bottle Battery.' It is said that the Russians intend to build a similar one opposite."

## SPAIN.

The *Nation* has the following notice of O'Donnell whom the late Revolution in Spain has placed at the head of the Government:—

"Since the time of Hugh Roe, the O'Donnells have had colonies in Spain and Austria. An O'Donnell saved the life of the Emperor of Austria a few years ago, and is his most familiar courtier. The O'Donnells have always been high grandees at Vienna, since the days of *le beau Irlandais* whom Maria Theresa thought the handsomest man at her court. In Spain, this reputation has been more essentially military. They have given at least half a dozen eminent Generals to the Spanish army. The present Marshal seems to belong to that class of soldier-statesmen, of whom Napoleon and Cæsar are the highest types, whom Nature appears to call upon to govern with deadly vigilant rigor, a country recently disorganised through incessant ineffectual revolutions. For the last twenty years he has been by far the most eminent man in Madrid. His contest with the Queen's Ministers, two years ago, was a veritable *coup d'état*. Since, in alliance with Espartero, an unwilling Coalition, which circumstances seem to have made necessary, he has been the real strength of a Cabinet the most powerful that Spain has known for the last twenty years. At the head of affairs, and separated from Espartero, he will either fall on the Red Republican barricades, or found the most powerful authority that any man can attain in his country. If he be able to fulfil his career, he will probably prove to Spain a modern military Ximenes, the man that to such a country is of more use than a dozen of constitutions—than all the mines of Mexico, than all the lands that Charles the Fifth swayed. May this glorious labor, the regeneration of the old country of our forefathers, be the mission of an Irishman! A thorough Irishman he is! The last Australian emigrant does not retain a livelier affection for his native land than, it is said, O'Donnell does for that country between him and which so many generations intervene. It is said that, from faithful family tradition, he speaks the old Celtic tongue, in which his fathers used to harangue the hosts of Tyrconnell, and prides himself far more upon the high, unblemished, and patriot blood which he carries from his Irish descent, than upon all the rank, dignity, and power which Spain has conferred upon him. Such is the man who is at present struggling for Power or Death with the Spanish factions, and who stands at the head of a faithful army in defence of his authority, while the barricades are up in Madrid."

## ITALY.

Serious disturbances broke out at Cazia in the Papal states, also at Naples.

Republican conspiracy had been detected at Farentina, Two Sicilies; several arrests were made.

The Russian ambassador at Rome, had arrived. Difficulties with the Holy See, touching the nomination of Bishop for Poland.

Advices from Florence, state that a negotiation has been pending for sometime between the Governments of Rome, Naples, Florence and Modena, for the purpose of forming a confederation of those states, under the patronage of Austria.

We have reason to believe that the reply of his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies to the joint representations of the Governments of England and France has been received, and has been for some days in the hands of Her Majesty's Ministers. This reply, we understand, is curt and haughty. It is said to be founded on a principle very difficult to be questioned by Her Majesty's Government. As the Sovereign of an independent nation, the king denies the right of any foreign Government to interfere in the internal affairs of the State.—*Press*.

## RUSSIA.

A Vienna paper learns from the Russian frontiers that Prince Gortschakoff has, in a confidential way, informed the first Polish families that the Russian Government hopes to see them strongly represented at Moscow during the coronation. According to the correspondent, the Polish nobles have been assured that it is the intention of the Emperor to make all those concessions to the Poles "which are compatible with the arrangements now existing in Russia." As the phrase is ambiguous, every one interprets it according to his own good pleasure, but the prevalent opinion certainly is, that the state of things in Poland is not likely to undergo any change of importance.

It is considered that a great expedition will be undertaken in the Caucasus in the spring, as the officers of engineers are busily employed in surveying the

different passes. That part of the plan of operation which relates to the construction of fortifications and strongholds is to be entrusted to General Todleben.

## CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Considerable bodies of troops have gone to the Cape. Sir George Grey, however, hopes that a border-war may yet be averted.—*Weekly Register*.

## UNITED STATES.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES ON PRACTICAL FREEDOM IN THE UNITED STATES.—An incident worthy of being recorded in the *Celt* occurred at the late Exhibition of St. John's College, Fordham. It was referred to at the time by two of our daily papers, the *Times* and *Tribune*. It has since become the subject of many comments wherever Dr. Brownson is known or his peculiar views receive the least attention. It appears that after a part of the exercises proper for the occasion had been concluded, Dr. Brownson made a speech on the Compatibility of the Church with Republicanism. In the course of his remarks he reiterated the favorite theories that "the Church is necessary to the Republic" and that "this is the freest country in the globe," together with some other prime hobbies equally at issue with History and Experience. The purpose of such conduct was evident to all present. The Dr. wished to implicate his auditors, and an illustrious one especially, in his own folly. The time, the place, the witnesses, were eminently suited for such a coup. But, as the sequel shows, he failed signally. The Archbishop after the Doctor had finished his discourse, got up and "cautioned the students against a credulous reliance on the words about freedom they had just heard from Dr. Brownson." He said that in this Republic "he did not deny that there was freedom—freedom in the institution of the country, freedom in the profession of its laws, freedom in theory—but he did deny the existence of practical freedom within the limits of this Union." He advised the students to consider and reconcile themselves to this stern reality, and "not to be led away by a delusive ideal. They could not," he added, "belong to or move in society without being promptly and thoroughly convinced of the truth of what he had endeavored to impress upon their minds." After enlarging upon these views with an unusual degree of force and feeling, the Archbishop concluded his remarks, say the reporters, "with a severely ironical allusion to what Dr. Brownson had done to demonstrate the terrific energy of our Anglo-Saxon tongue." A more impressive rebuke to the wild system of extravagant assertion in which Dr. Brownson has lately indulged could not be administered by any one possessing less weight and judgment than the Most Rev. Dr. Hughes. It will, we hope, have the desired effect, in putting a stop to statements which can only gratify a guilty pride of opinion or render assistance to the common enemy.—*American Celt*.

Will Irish Catholics ever learn from experience?—Will they go on trusting to the "sense of right" which they foolishly imagine is put into practice in America? Will they, in spite of all that has been said of the heartless trafficking in words which mean nothing, still trust politicians, and repose confidently on the bosom of Party? We tell them that they need expect no justice in the present state of the American mind. Do they believe us, with Herbert's acquittal before them? We tell them that all parties are impregnated with hostility to them openly or secretly. Will they act as if they thought so? If not, let them not wonder that every second man of their creed and race should be another Thomas Keating before this day twelve months!—*American Celt*.

Henceforth let it be known and understood that if a poor Irish man should happen to kill "a distinguished man," he will be hung without mercy; but when "an honorable member of Congress" wishes to shoot an Irish waiter in cold blood, he is privileged to do so without being amenable to law. It is well to know these facts, that we may be prepared for contingencies.—*N. Y. Citizen*.

In New Hampshire and other parts of New England, a violent epidemic prevails among the horses. It is a congestion of the lungs, causing difficult breathing, shivering, stopping the action of the bowels and rendering the animals powerless. The sickness lasts from 8 to 12 days, and is readily cured if attended to in season.

The *N. Y. Herald* says there are four spots in the republic beyond the pale of civilization, to wit:—California, Utah, Kansas, and the city of Washington. The last is the worst of the four. Murders in hotels, riots on the floors of Congress, gambling in the avenues and corruption everywhere.

DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT OF AMERICANS IN PARIS.—The title of American citizens—so long a passport to favor!—now raises prejudices against one in Court circles, in consequence of disgraceful scenes which stain the honored name, and but few of which ever reach the public ear in the United States, although they are the gossip of all Europe. It has not been long since four or five Americans became beastly drunk at a ball in the Tuilleries, and forced their way to the Emperor's table at supper, making the greatest uproar, and indulging in liberties which might be pardoned only at the penultimate hour of a political calm-bake. The annoyance a "scene" would cause, and the fact that two of the party were \* \* \* prevented them from being excluded from the precincts of the palace by the imperial menials. But the disgust and astonishment raised by their degrading misconduct persuaded the Court Chamberlains that there must be mistake here somewhere; they believed these brutes had surreptitiously obtained their tickets and uniforms; several detective police officers were summoned, and ordered to observe these persons during the remaining period of the ball, and to dog them home when they retired, that they might ascertain if these persons were the people they represented themselves to be. To the astonishment of the French, the police discovered that there was no manner of fraud. You will not be surprised after this, when I tell you that these persons regard this whole occurrence as a very good joke, and the circumstance of their being attended home by the detective officers as "decidedly rich." With the exception of a forcible entrance into the Emperor's supper saloon, disgusting incidents of this nature occur whenever the Emperor or the Prefect of Seine gives a ball. Americans regard the invitation to these places as a *carte blanche*, on which they may write any "spree" they please. At the last ball given at the Tuilleries, two Americans went in full court costume from the palace to the

Maison d'Or, where they exhibited their beastly state of intoxication! Drunkenness is a vice which is here confined to the most degraded of the lowest classes. American ministers fail to exert the influence which belongs to them, and which, if used, might altogether put an end to these disreputable scenes.—*Paris Cor. Boston Atlas*.

THE STATE OF ITALY.—Lord Lyndhurst in the House of Lords and Lord John Russell in the Commons, on the same day, delivered their harangues and inveighed against Austrian occupation. The French occupation of Rome was passed very lightly by, though it has lasted equally long and was occasioned by similar circumstances. The real cause of this anxiety and noise about the occupation of the Italian States is a jealousy that England has not been called on or furnished with an excuse to occupy some one of them herself. But what people or what ruler on the face of the earth will seek for British protection? Some of the unfortunate monarchs of India did so, or were made appear to do so, with what result the rest of the world has seen and are warned accordingly. Lord John Russell advocates British interference in Naples on the ground that the people suffer and are discontented. He forgets the state of Ireland under the British Government from the days of Henry to the present time, and forgets even the state of affairs in this country under his own administration, when the people suffered not from imaginary or romantic evils, but from famine and disease, and he looked on gratified, and openly preached the most cruel policy that ever cursed the world. To hear such a man grow eloquent and pathetic on the present state of Italy is even more disgusting than ridiculous. The course of action he now desires to be adopted towards Italy, is still characteristic of the noble lord, for it is an inconsistent and cowardly business, as is sufficiently shown in the able speech of Mr. Disraeli. Similar ground for English intervention exists in France and Austria; why is it not recommended or attempted there? "I want," said Mr. Disraeli, "to know what there is in the state of Naples more exceptional than in the case of Austria; and if the cruel imprisonment of citizens by a Sovereign be considered so exceptional a thing as to permit the violation of the cardinal principle of our diplomacy, why do we not violate it in the instance of Austria (hear)?—Why, when we hear of those dreadful banishments to Siberia with which hon. gentlemen are so familiar, do we not consider that an exceptional case; and what other difference is there between Naples and Austria and Russia than this—that Naples is a weak Power and the others are very powerful ones?" But the debate led to no result in either houses, beyond the delivery of various speeches. Lord Clarendon refused to produce the papers moved for in the House of Lords, and who would suspect Lord Palmerston of delivering them to the Commons?—*Nation*.

POISONINGS IN MORAL ENGLAND.—To what extent this terrible crime had spread in England, before attention was directed to it we shall never know, and perhaps it is as well we should not. But there can be no doubt that as insurance from fire has largely increased the crime of arson for the sake of gain, so life insurance has been prolific of secret murder for the same object. Mr. Henry Mayhew, the author of many valuable statistical papers on Poverty and Crime in London, has lately collected the experience of the Life Insurance Offices there on this subject, and some of the facts developed are extraordinary. Many of the offices refuse to insure the lives of wives in favor of their husbands, particularly those of surgeons. The mortality among insured females is admitted to be greater than among males. One case is given of a Mrs. E., the mistress of a baronet banker of the West-end of London, who is believed to have poisoned over thirty persons, many of them her relations, after previously insuring their lives. Her confederate was a surgeon of respectable standing, who was the medical reference, and signed the certificates of death. The poisoner called at the offices to effect the insurances in the carriage of the banker, and the insured were sure to die within a few months after acceptance. On the life of a female friend she had obtained £6,200; on her Father's £5,499; and on her own sister's £24,000. The suspicions of the Companies being at last aroused, payment was refused; but upon trial she won the suits, but immediately after the Companies obtained further information upon which they still resisted payment, and the plaintiff from fear of criminal proceedings was content to forego her claims.

Speculation in bad lives has also been a fruitful source of loss to the Offices, one Company having lost £148,000 by taking such risks from Frankfurt Jews. The Companies have also lost heavily by pretended deaths, in some cases the supposed deceased assisting at their false funerals.

## REMINISCENCES OF '98.

THE KILKENNY REBEL.—In my school-boy days there lived in the Marble City a bourgeois, then hale and old, who had figured conspicuously in the Croppy Summer. He was a tall, active man, rather spare in figure, but with an honest, open, frank, countenance in which were plainly written honor and resolution. This famous old rebel often visited my father's house, and that house then held eight of us, younglings, (boys and girls), amidst whom there was always an open rebellion of inflammatory joy whenever this our general favorite was announced. Oh! how we waited for his welcome knock—how we clung to his knees and arms—my father assailed him with his old soubriquet of "Gallows Paul," and how my mother, who loved him as much as we did, dragged over a comfortable arm-chair for him near the fire, and gave us all leave to stay up "all hours!" On all other occasions we were sent to bed when the "blackguard bell" rang, as the old Curfew nine o'clock bell was then always denominated.

Gallows Paul (so called from having so often escaped hanging in '98) was systematically and ever the staunch friend and advocate of every one of us, striplings—in all our troubles, wants, emergencies, petitions, joys and sorrows. He struck out boldly with both our parents for our Christmas boxes and Easter gifts—he joined our sports at "All Hallow Eve"—he patronised our dramatic performances, and greeted all actors with applause—he joined our country parties—and above all, and before all, his fascinating accomplishments, he told many and many a personal narrative of his exploits and miraculous escapes during the memorable year of the great "rebellion." I know all his stories still, they are in my memory as

freshly as when they set my little heart beating with joy and sorrow; whilst listening to their details from the mouth of the gallant relater, in that very dingy, though very snug back parlor, in the back-lane, now King's Street, of the City confederates. When my father noticed that Paul was half-way down the second tumbler, he took off the crown of an old pepper and salt straw hat which he always wore on the top of his head, whilst indulging in his after-dinner nap, and placed it on the table.

"Come, Paul," he would say, "tell the children a story of the Rebellion—stay—let me see—tell them how you were going to be hanged below at the old jail, or anything else you like."

Then Paul would strike into the middle of his story, like an experienced old Sennachie. He usually commenced after this fashion:—

"Yes—they sent down General Hunter at last to make peace—and indeed it was easy enough to make peace then—for all the blood in the poor old land was nearly shed out, and the yeomen had it all their own way. At the time I had been nearly six months on the run and had been hunted like a wild fox up and down, here and there, from dog to devil, until I was sick and weary of my life. Some of my friends advised me to apply to the General for a pardon, or a 'protection,' or something by which I might get a little rest, or peace, or ease, for, as I was, I had not stretched my aching sides on a bed for many a dismal day. I did not think much of the advice, but, nevertheless, I at last adopted it, and sent a trusty messenger to Hunter's military quarters, stating my case, acknowledging my participation in the rebellion, and asking him whether he would oblige me to 'see it out,' or would he enrol me once more amongst my quiet fellow-burgesses, and let me try could I behave for a start, until the troubles in the country blew over. The General laughed heartily over my impudent letter, read it at the military mess, where it caused great merriment, and crowned all by sending me a 'protection,' written with his own hand, and promising me a full pardon if I could manage to be quiet for a month. Armed with this document, and on a fine merry sunny morning, I made my unexpected appearance openly in the streets of Kilkenny. Sheriff Blank was at that time, in his glory, as an official, and a relentless Orangeman. He was a merciless persecutor under the laws of his Most Gracious Majesty the King, and had as much consideration for anybody bearing a rebel-taint, as a hyena would have for a king, or a kite for a robin. He was the terror of the citizens at large, a bully, a blusterer, and a coward."

"I was strutting as stiff as murder up High street, when whom should I encounter face to face, but the exemplary Sheriff!"

"Halloo, Paul, you bloody rebel!" he exultingly cried: "you here in the open streets, in the noon day, and I here to witness it!"

"So saying, he seized me by the collar, and arrested me in the King's name. My first intention, on the impulse of the moment, was to brain the rascal where he stood, and fly back again to the John's Well Mountains, but my better genius, for a wonder, came opportunely to my aid, and induced me to adopt the opposite course. So, putting my hand into my pocket, I pulled out my 'protection' paper and handed it to him with a sarcastic grin, that set him wild."

"What's this? What's this? he stammered out; a Protection for a rebel! Protection for a Papist!—Neither one nor the other will have any other protection in my day but the jail and the gallows!"

"Here he tore the paper in atoms, and flinging the fragments into the channel, gave me into the custody of five or six yeomen, whom the sight of the gathering crowd had called to the spot. And sure enough, in about five minutes, I found myself snugly seated in a corner of the old jail cell, and equated on a wad of wet straw. I set for some time shewing my cud with bitter reflections; and amongst other things, deeply regretting that I left the hill-side at anybody's instigation, and that I did not run my chance, and die, pike-in-hand, and thus have something like satisfaction out of the blood-thirsty thieves who would now assuredly hang me up like a dog."

"The Sheriff came in the evening to visit me—it was kind of him. More than that, he directed two turnkeys to lead me to the outward door of the prison. Was it to give me some fresh air? Oh no; it was to show me the gallows, which in those days, always stood erected opposite to the present Court-house ever ready for action. He pointed to it."

"I see it," I said coolly.

"You'll be hanging there, in your stocking vamps, to-morrow morning," was the consoling assurance.

"I remember the day," said I to his teeth, "when you ran through the streets of Kilkenny, without either shoes or stockings, and instead of a Sheriff's hat on your head—you wore a dirty little leathern cap—price five pence."

"He was speechless at my impudence and coldness, and after ordering me back to my cell, went off muttering all sorts of execrations and menaces."

"Well—I made up my mind to be hanged, as poor Quigly was, and many other better men than either he or I—and so, after saying my prayers and commending myself to God, I rolled down into my wet hammock, and soon fell into a sound sleep."

"An old friend who had witnessed my encounter with the Sheriff in High-street, and saw my protection paper rejected and torn, very fortunately for me, lost no time in acquainting General Hunter of the occurrence, and the result was that when this infamous enemy of mine proceeded the next morning to finish measures to ensure my instant execution, he was hastily summoned to appear at the Court-martial, then held every day at one of the city hotels, and at which, of course, the general always presided."

"You are the Sheriff of this city?" enquired the president gruffly,

"I am General,"—was the obsequious reply.

"Did you tear a protection paper which I gave to a person named Paul—?"

"I did, general, because he had no right to get—" (here, a tobacco-quid, with copious saliva, was shot directly between the two eyes of the presumptuous speaker, preventing the finishing of the sentence.)

"Go, now," exclaimed the indignant general, (standing up, and striking the table with his clinched fist as he was wont to, when much excited),—"go, miserable catiff—more mischievous than a thousand rebels—go, and by my honor as a soldier and a gentleman, if you do not bring me that written protection which you had the indescribable audacity to destroy every line of it—every word of it—every syllable of it, and put so accurately together that I can read it without the least inconvenience, and that before mid-day of this present day, I will hang