

inhabitants as enemies, and in the midst of peace converted Ferrara into a town of war.

It was not to protest against a mistranslation of the word "place" in the Treaty of Vienna, nor with any reference to the extent of garrison rights, that the King of Sardinia has offered to place his army at the disposal of the Holy See; that Lord Palmerston has addressed a vigorous protest to Prince Metternich, and sent ships of war into the Adriatic; that the King of Naples has sent in his adhesion to the Pope; that Tuscany has made a proffer of its sympathy; that France—miserable France, even—has offered to send twelve thousand muskets to Rome to fortify and encourage the Holy Father.

Quite other thoughts, quite other designs, have impelled the Cabinets to these various acts of aggression and resistance. The purposes of the Austrian Government—the butchers of Galicia—have no doubt been purposes of blood. Her design—to all human appearance—was massacre and conquest. Her intent was to respect the independence of the Papal States no more than she respected the independence of Cracow, and to spare the lives of the Romans no more than she spared the lives of the Galician nobles, their wives, their daughters, and their little ones.

Not the Austrian Observer may reason as it pleases about the construction of the Treaty of Vienna; but the truth is, that Metternich the Miscreant is baffled for the present, and finds it necessary to draw in his horns a little, and to plant his cloven hoof a few paces backward. The Roman army he would have been delighted to encounter, and it would have given him great satisfaction to cut the throats of the Roman women and children. But a prospect of French muskets, English men-of-war, and Sardinian infantry, is not quite so gratifying; so the miserable assassin begins to prate about an "arbitration," and proposes to leave all differences between himself and his Holiness to any discreet person whom the latter may name!

Our correspondent thinks this offer a proof of the rectitude of the Austrian designs. We think exactly the reverse. Arms, threats, and military demonstrations are but poor evidence of a desire for peace. The show of war first, and the offer of a friendly arrangement just when the case gets too complicated for easy adjustment, has no good appearance. The plain truth is, that the Vienna murderers thought to try their Galician pranks a little too far to the South and West; Metternich a little too readily imagined himself to be a kind of German Napoleon—Pius IX. another Pius VII.—and the year 1817 an era of the same complexion as the year 1807. In what he has just attempted this diplomatist has got a little out of his reckoning both in respect to times, to places, and to persons. The world has not stood still during the last half-century, and there are possibly in store for himself, for Italy, and for Austria, issues not quite in accordance with either his wishes or his calculations.

THE LATE REV. P. DUGGAN, O. S. F.—The Solemn Office and High Mass for the late Rev. P. Duggan, were performed in the Church of the Capuchins, Church-street, on Friday, at half-past eleven o'clock. The Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Salda, presided. The choir was ably directed by the Very Rev. Mr. Walsh, Provincial of the Augustines, and the Very Rev. Dr. O'Reilly P. P. of St. Audeon's. Upwards of fifty of the metropolitan clergymen attended, and gave their

presence and assistance to the sacred and imposing ceremony.—The Rev. Edmund Burke acted as High Priest; Rev. Edward Murphy, Deacon; and Rev. Mr. Maccabo, Subdeacon.—The Church, which has been latterly improved and decorated through the exertions of the Rev. Mr. Murphy, the Superior, was densely thronged by a most respectable congregation, who came to pay the last sad offices to the memory of the man, whose virtues were worthy of imitation while living, and who became the victim of pestilence, and found a premature grave like many others of the Irish clergy, who nobly fell in the pious discharge of their sacred duties.—*Freeman's Journal.*

THE O'CONNOR DON.—On Sunday (says the *Freeman*) a Solemn Office and High Mass for the repose of the soul of the late O'Connor Don, were celebrated in the Metropolitan Church, Marlborough-street. The ceremony was attended by nearly 100 of the clergy of the city and surrounding districts. A numerous and respectable congregation, including several friends of the deceased were present on the solemn occasion, and the immediate members of his family, including his two sons, his sisters and other relatives occupied the reserve tribune in front of the altar, immediately under the organ gallery of the church. The sympathy evinced on the occasion by all classes testified the respect in which the deceased was held, and warranted the fervour with which they poured forth their pious prayers for the repose of his soul. Ever since the account of his demise arrived in Ireland, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has been offered up every day in several churches and chapels of the country and the city, by various clergymen who have piously discharged this sacred and Christian office for the advantage of the illustrious deceased. The O'Connor Don was a descendant of the most ancient family in Ireland, who for several generations were sovereigns of this country.—*Tablet.*

THE NEW VICAR-APOSTOLIC.—The Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman had an interview with Lord John Russell on Tuesday, at his official residence in Downing Street.—*Tablet.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### AN HOUR AT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN FRANKLIN STREET.

To a Protestant unaccustomed to such sights the scene presented at the Catholic Church in Franklin street, about the time when the regular morning service commences, is one of peculiar interest.

For an hour before service-time, you will see long lines of trimly dressed Irish maids, buxom old ladies, with troops of white headed boys and girls wending their way from all parts of the city to the scene of their devotions. As they enter the church you will see them bend reverently towards the altar, dip their fingers in the holy water contained in a bowl near the door, cross themselves, and probably kneel and utter a short prayer. As they pass up the aisle, you will see them bend or kneel again, before they enter their pew, and again repeat a prayer. If this is done with any sort of feeling or comprehension of the devotion which it signifies,