

We have made inquiries from a veteran Irish officer in the French service on the subject of Marshal Pelissier's descent, and hope, in the course of a few weeks, to be able to publish an unmistakably authentic verification of the facts. The following passage is from our gallant and venerable correspondent's letter:—"Since the receipt of your's, I have seen a friend of mine, a superior officer of the French army, who is intimately acquainted with Marshal Pelissier, and Generals McMahon and Niel. He has promised to get from themselves the information you desire. He does not think the inquiry can annoy them, but on the contrary, that they may feel flattered by the interest felt in them in Ireland, and by Irishmen claiming them as their countrymen." Another communication which we have received from an authentic source, adds to our information the fact that Alexander Pelissier, the Marshal's father, served against the English in one of the American wars—whether of the Revolution, or of 1814, we cannot say—and a third recalls our attention to the statement that the Marshal himself first faced fire, in the ranks of an Indian war against the Queen and the Company. Little facts of this kind wonderfully increase one's confidence in the "entente cordiale" of the Alliance.—*Nation*.

"REDAN" MASSEY.—More than a month having passed since the public were made somewhat acquainted with the fame of the young officer of the 19th Regiment of Foot, "Redan Massey," through public and private sources, but not through the *Gazette*, it is presumed that the following notice of the boy-hero will not be unacceptable. William Godfrey Denham Massey, was born at Rathfarnham, near Dublin, early in 1838, consequently he is now in his 18th year. Although connected with great landed proprietors, his immediate family are not wealthy. He had the advantage of a good education. In the Hilary term of last year he entered Trinity College, Dublin, and then a good linguist and draftsman, he was remarked for his untiring devotion to study, and also for his zeal in manly exercises.—He was known as an active cricketer, bold horseman, and a daring swimmer. Still Denham Massey did not forget that he was intended for the Church, and he is well remembered at the Rathfarnham Sunday School as the attentive teacher of one of the classes there. When the war broke out he treated his friends to interest themselves for him at the War Department. The result was that last July he presented himself at Sandhurst, when his creditable matriculation at his university was at once recognized, and in October, Lord Hartington presented him with an ensign's commission in the 19th. He did not at this time abandon his studies. He left Sandhurst for his university, in the following month, where he obtained honors both in classics and science, and was thereby raised in his first year to the class of senior freshman. After this success he proceeded to the depot of his regiment, at Walmer. There he completed his drill in a wonderfully short time, and in the early part of this year was sent to Malta and promoted to a lieutenancy. At Malta he showed such aptitude in his profession that the commandant of the Light Division, provisional battalion, appointed young Lieutenant Massey as his assistant adjutant.—Soon his concise style of writing, and superior penmanship, made him distinguished in the orderly-room, while his untiring energy and determination made the men look up with wonder and respect to the boy adjutant. Draft after draft was sent to the Crimea, still the spirit of the youth was doomed to pine at the loss of an opportunity to win glory in the field. The doctor said he was too young for field service, but he protested that he would "stand it no longer;" he should go off to the seat of war. He reached there in June, and immediately commenced trench duty, in which his coolness often saved his life. Then came the Redan where his conduct was among the bravest, so distinguished, and to which daring service he volunteered in order to replace his cousin, Captain Hugh Massey, who was lying severely ill. Redan Massey was the first of the assailants into the ditch, and the last beaten out of the fortress. This young hero will not soon be forgotten by his countrymen, though now unremembered, even unmentioned by any official notice from the general of his division, or any other authority.

A RAMBLE THROUGH TIPPERARY.—A correspondent of the *Freeman*, writing from Templemore on the state of the country and the opinion of the people, says:—"I recollect being in Templemore at a twelve o'clock mass on a Sunday in the year 1841, and I do not exaggerate when I state that out of the congregation I saw assembled there on that occasion a regiment of 1,500 of the finest looking men I ever beheld could be formed—men fit for the Guards—men unrivalled, I may say unequalled in any part of Europe. Where were they last Sunday? Good Heaven! what a change! The chapel was tolerably full, but the congregation consisted chiefly of old men and women, I am certain that fifty able-bodied young men could not be picked out of the crowd. I asked an old man who had a standing of apples on the street what happened all the fine young fellows who were to be seen in Templemore on a Sunday some thirteen or fourteen years ago? He said that "as soon as O'Connell was sent to jail, and that the people saw there was no justice to be had for Ireland, and that they continued to be turned out of their lands without the government doing anything to protect them, they all began to leave the country; then the potato failure and the famine came, and swept away all that remained; and the government instead of doing anything to keep the people at home, were in a hurry to get rid of them, and a sore day it was for the Queen that she did not keep them to fight for her instead of Frenchmen, who will have all England in their power when the fighting is over, and must get whatever they will ask; but if it was all Irishmen were fighting they should take whatever they would get—that is the difference in the case; and a bad day for England it was to let the people away; but I hope the villainous Rooshans will be all destroyed at any rate, for I am told they flog the nuns in the nunneries for nothing but because they are Catholics. From the chapel I went to the church, and found the gate locked, and was informed that there had not been any service there for some months—that it was transferred to the military chapel at the barracks. I went there, just looked in, found the congregation to consist of the military, some police, and about half a score of superannuated looking old men, probably pensioners. It was certainly no place for a recruiting sergeant. There is no Methodist or Presbyterian meeting house, and consequently, no congregations at all belonging to these sects." From Templemore I proceeded on foot to Roscrea, a distance of ten Irish miles. The road runs through a rich agricultural country; the wheat and oats were everywhere out and saved, and I found that the same complaint with

regard to the lightness of the oat crop prevailed, and was informed that a portion of the wheat crop was damaged from having been lodged by the heavy rains in July, but that on the whole there was a fair crop. With regard to the potato, I must say that the blight appeared in the stalks in almost every field I saw, but the people told me that there was really very little harm done—that the planting having been early, the potato was strong and ripe before the blight fell, and that they were nearly all safe. I went into the fields where women and little boys were digging them, and it was painful to see such creatures endeavouring to perform such labour. They told me the men were not to be had, and sure it was a happy thing to have the potatoes, and strive to dig them. Within three miles of Roscrea, at the road leading from Borrisoleigh, I fell in with a pedestrian who demands a passing notice. I found, after a little conversation, that he was a man exceedingly well informed, with great ease and fluency of expression. I thought at first, from his accent that he was an English bagman, but I believe none of that tribe was ever half so well educated. Our conversation naturally turned on the war. "The end of it will be," said he, "that France and England will fall out, and Louis Napoleon will take Ireland, and make a military cradle of it." I treated his speculations perhaps rather rudely, when he offered to attest the sincerity of his views by making a bet of one hundred pounds that such would be the case within seven years. "We can," said he, "I lodge the money on a deposit receipt in our joint names in the bank in Roscrea or any other place; it will be bearing interest all the time. If the event does not occur you will have two hundred pounds and the accumulated interest to get." I replied that a bet was looked upon as a fool's argument; that I never made a bet and never would; and that at all events I could not afford to be out of so much money such a length of time. Just at this moment a post car drove up that had a couple of trunks on it; he mounted it, and drove on to Roscrea without offering me a seat. Shortly after going into Roscrea I saw the postboy who drove him, and inquired if he knew anything of him; he said, nothing whatever, but that he took the car at Borrisoleigh, and desired that it should follow him in about half an hour after he set out on foot for Roscrea. He left him down at Brown's Hotel, where he gave him a similar order, and walked on towards Borris-in-Ossory."

This is verily a sad picture of Ireland's depopulation drawn in the heart and soul of the county—at the base of the Devil's Bit—but in its correctness we do not fully concur. No doubt, since the year '41, the face of the whole of Ireland has undergone a sad, a striking change. True, there was no county in Ireland where the footsteps of the desolator can be more distinctly traced than in Tipperary, and particularly in that very locality from which the *Freeman's* correspondent writes; for there are still to be seen the countless ruins of happy homesteads, from which the relentless lord of the soil drove the old stock to seek a shelter within the damp walls of a workhouse, or become fugitives on the earth. True that the Tipperary of to-day cannot count as many bold hearts and sinewy arms as it did thirteen years ago. True that with a tearful eye the *Soggarth wron* beholds many a vacant spot in the chapel on Sunday, once filled with the noble, brave, and stalwart sons of Tipperary. True that, in melancholy mood, he may survey the mouldering ruins of homesteads, where erst a thousand welcomes greeted him as he wended his way home from Mass in by-past years. True—alas, too true—that the strength of Tipperary is weakened—but yet, thank Heaven, not so much so as the *Freeman's* correspondent imagines. We have counted at a funeral, in the barony of Eliogarty, but three months ago, as many gallant "Tips" as could capture the great Redan—redeem the lost glory of the British Lion—or, perhaps, wrest Ireland from its oppressors.—*Tipperary Leader*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Bank of England has just raised the rate of discount to 6 per cent. for short, and 7 per cent. for bills exceeding 60 days.

There is a rumor that the Lord Chancellor, to make up the war expenses as well as to retain at home the poorer description of emigrants in order to have them for the army and militia, has decided upon imposing a tax upon future emigrants.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.—We believe that there is a doubt of the fact that Gen. Simpson has resigned his command in the Crimea, and recommended General Eyre as his successor. The government, however, have declined to accept Gen. Simpson's resignation.—*Daily News*.

BRITISH LAURELS.—Exquisite reflection for the enlightened, tax contributing Briton! After squandering such enormous treasures of gold and blood, the war entitles him to not a particle of practical advantage, nor to a single ray of glory but what is conceded by the contemptuous magnanimity of his "august ally!"—*Nation*.

We have lost, from fatigue, sickness, and the enemy's fire, so many engineer and artillery officers during the past year that Woolwich can no longer supply grown and educated recruits to fill their places.—*Times*.

During the past month the number of men who deserted from her Majesty's service amounts to 381. The reward for apprehension, which was formerly but 10s., has been raised in consequence of the great increase of offences, to £1. The reward also will not in future be withheld from a soldier of the same regiment as the deserter whom he may arrest. Of the number who have deserted, 204 are from the Infantry; 24 from the Cavalry, 52 from the Rifles, 6 from the British German Legion, 10 from the Land Transport Corps, and 4 from the Royal Sappers and Miners. Of the total number, 381, the Irish only amount to 95, the remainder being native born subjects of the sister countries.

The West York Rifles, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. E. G. Monckton, has received orders to embark at Liverpool for Dublin.

SOCIALIST REFUGEES IN JERSEY.—The *Morning Post* gives extracts from a letter from one of the French refugees at Jersey, suggesting the commission of murder upon the French Emperor, and containing offensive remarks respecting the Queen. The *Post* says:—"We are not alarmists. We do not anticipate from the machinations or the language of these men any demoralising effect on the healthy public mind of England, or even for a moment a relaxing of the hold which the character and virtues of the Queen have fixed on the affections of her subjects; but we

do think that there still, unhappily, exist among political refugees in this and other countries, sufficient of fanatics or scoundrels to act upon the obvious suggestions of M. Pyl against the remarkable man upon whose life, under Divine Providence, the future of Europe so materially depends. We ask for no such inflictions upon the refugees as they savagely invoke upon others; but we hold it a public duty to require that they be not tolerated in prostituting the freedom of our press; or if that be impracticable—which we do not believe—that their presence be no longer permitted to pollute our soil."

RUMORED DISAGREEMENT WITH THE UNITED STATES.—Saturday's *Hants Telegraph* says—"The Powerful, 84, Captain Massey, is ordered to Jamaica; and the Cornwallis, 70, Captain Wellesley; Pembroke, 60, Captain Seymour (screws); and Rosamond, 6, paddle, Commander Crofton, to go to Bermuda. It is rumored that this movement is in consequence of the American Government having replied to some communication made to them by the British Government on the subject of Cuba in a tone insulting to this country in the highest possible degree. The American Government bids the English Government to beware what they are about; tells them that England has its hands full already; and that, in defiance of England's interference with them, they will do what they please as to Cuba. The Powerful goes first to Lisbon before steering for Jamaica. The Powerful takes supernumeraries for the Neptune and the St. George, three-deckers, at Lisbon, and also for the squadron on the West India station. These two last-named ships, now that the Neapolitan business is settled, are also expected to go to the North American station, so that a force will be assembled that will be more than sufficient to defend the honor of England and the interests of her colonies."

CRIME IN ENGLAND.—The Socialists and Voltarians of the Continent—entirely destitute of a sense of morality—have often extolled the Protestants of Britain. They admitted that the English commit crimes, but (as it was alleged) they never perpetrate useless wickedness. Calm-thinking and deliberate, no sally of passion prompts, as no foolish pity retards the murderer. Crime in Britain presented the perfection of Satanic depravity, which Voltarians and socialists admired, but did not always succeed in imitating. On the other hand, the Irish were flouted with the scornful observation that Irish crimes put no money in Irish pockets. In their agrarian mutinies, it was said they exhibited no patience or perseverance. Their wickedness was fitful, as if they served the Devil reluctantly. A burst of violence was followed by an interval of torpor, as if they were prostrated by remorse, and this remorse gave way to a sudden outburst of fury. Crime was never followed up with steady perseverance as in England at the present. Goaded to madness by intolerable oppression, the Irish hastened to perpetrate a few great outrages, and have done with them. Unprincipled journalists made political capital of these unprofitable outrages, and English newspapers painted them in the most revolting colors, and held them up to the world as a vindication of British oppression in Ireland. Thus Ireland got a bad name while the rising surge of English depravity, noiselessly and steadily swelling, was flooding society in England with an ocean of enormity. But journalists were too busy in proclaiming Irish crime to attend to the deluge of English corruption, rising steadily to swallow all classes. Nor was it the journalists alone; our wise legislators were too busy in increasing the severity of the laws, and multiplying transport ships for Ireland to attend to English depravity. In short, the crimes of Ireland sprang from exasperation. They, therefore, aroused attention. English crimes resulted from cold-blooded calculation. They naturally escaped animal vengeance. Rookie notices fill a district with alarm, while the hidden butchery of burial clubs never awakens a remark. The real cause of Irish crime has been the oppression of the Irish. But while in all other countries England denounces the tyrant, in Ireland she invariably stigmatises the oppressed. She is not content to flog—she preaches at the victim of her scourges. If Russia or Austria were the oppressor of Ireland, how the "Tartar robber" or the "German freebooter" would be denounced by the indignant *Times*! That talented journal would exhaust its vocabulary in decrying the oppressors of a pious, ancient, and virtuous race—the Celts would suddenly become the paragons of human nature, the most gifted of mankind; their heroism, their eloquence, their fidelity, would be extolled in the most powerful articles. Unfortunately, Ireland is oppressed by England itself—liberal England! constitutional England! Protestant England! the protector of the persecuted! the manufacturing, and commercial, and enlightened nation; that model of modern civilization! the most perfect and accomplished of modern communities! Thus Ireland is peculiarly unfortunate: to be wronged by a rascal is often a great calamity, but the crown of all misfortunes is to be swindled by a "saint." This is Ireland's misfortune. Those who wrong her are people who in the world's esteem can do no wrong. It is impossible for the enlightened classes on the Continent or in America to take the part of ragged Ireland against well-dressed England. Ireland clings to Catholicity, and has invented no spinning jennies. To be sure she is pious and moral, but then where are her steamships, her railroads, and cotton factories? To be sure she educated and Christianised the Pagan Continent; but what has Ireland done for modern Europe? What machines has she invented? That is the question. No manufacturer, no merchant, or political economist can think or speak well of a country that looks on religious truth as more important than capital. But if she has nothing to expect from these idolaters of industry, from the revolutionists of the Continent she has still less to anticipate. The most fervent advocates of physical force in Ireland lag far behind even the monarchists of Europe in what are designated "liberal ideas." The fiercest demagogues of Ireland are less revolutionary than even the sober shopkeepers of England. They have the accent on their tongue, but they have not the true principles in their heart. They employ the jargon of liberalism, but their mind is at the opposite pole. They know not what they say. Meantime, it is impossible for the Liberals of Europe to sympathise with a people who are devoted to Catholicity. It is out of the question. In short, violent revolutionists cannot respect the Irish, because they are not Atheists; nor the moderate and wise classes, because they are not rich. Meantime, a people who are not Atheists may be very moral, and a people who are extremely wealthy may be profoundly depraved; and this is really the case. The reputation which Ireland has forfeited by her poverty she is certain, eventually

to recover by her moral goodness, and this in spite of the libels with which she has been overwhelmed; while the reputation which England has won by her industry she is likely to forfeit by her crimes. We cannot open an English paper without being shocked—horrified—by some appalling evidence of English depravity. Here five hundred women have been deserted by their husbands—a circumstance giving us a glimpse of a world of vice. There the mother of a family comes home at five o'clock in the morning, and is struck dead by her husband with a butcher's knife, which he handles with all the dexterity of a butcher. Now a child, only ten years of age, is murdered for—apparently—a pint of beer which she carries in her hand, and which constitutes the miserable bounty of the assassin. Anon a young man is accused of poisoning his own father, whose food the son, with every appearance of pious solicitude, cooks in a frying-pan for the purpose of dosing him with arsenic. Here an old man sixty years of age comes staggering from his bed at the dawn into the street, his body covered with blood, and his throat cut from ear to ear by the tender hands of his own amiable spouse. Now we have a most determined act of self-destruction by a young gentleman travelling in a railway train, who suspends himself from the ventilator at the top of the carriage door. Anon an Englishman puts bullets in his pockets, and jumps into the sea. But we should never have done were we to give even the faintest summary of the diabolical atrocities that crowd the columns of the English press. Meanwhile, Catholic Ireland is admitted even by her worst enemies to be entirely free from such revolting offences. In short, nothing can equal the depravity of England, except her untiring efforts to diffuse the erroneous religion that is at the bottom of all her errors and crimes.—*Tablet*.

WHAT WE EAT—HOW ADULTERATED.—The *London Times*, after a long report of Mr. Scholefield's Committee, says:—"As to Turkey rhubarb, one of the witnesses enlightens us by saying, 'One manufacturer at Banbury, near Oxford, produces twenty tons of rhubarb per annum; it is inferior to Turkey rhubarb, as fetching 4d. a pound, while Turkey is 11s. 6d.; China rhubarb, 7s. 6d. Cod liver oil is immensely adulterated: only 5 per cent. of genuine cod liver oil will answer the usual chemical tests. Mustard has 30 per cent. of lime or chalk as an adulteration; chloroform undergoes decomposition, but is not much adulterated; quinine is very much adulterated with starch and mahna.' Another witness stated he had found crystals of alum in English bread the size of peas, the 4lb. loaf often containing 500 grains."

MURDER OF A LITTLE BOY IN WILTSHIRE.—On the 9th of Oct. the people of Hungerford were horrified at the intelligence that a little boy, four years of age, had been found on the Downs, with his head fearfully mutilated. Inquiries were made, and it was discovered to be the body of a child named Rosier, whose father is a tanner. It was subsequently ascertained that a boy named Sopp, twelve years of age, whose father is a gardener, was sent on to the Downs by his master, Mr. Pocock, to cut some furze, for which purpose he took a billhook. At eight o'clock in the morning he was seen walking hand in hand with the child, and five hours afterwards its murdered body was discovered by a girl named Susannah Barnes. The boy Sopp was apprehended in the course of the afternoon, and the next morning confessed that the billhook slipped out of his hand and struck the child; he was afraid he should be blamed for this, and he therefore killed the child outright.—Sopp bears a very indifferent character, having been before the magistrates several times for petty offences. It was thought by some that the murder had been committed out of a spirit of revenge, the deceased's father having boxed Sopp's ears at the Congregational School last Sunday. On Friday the boy was examined before the magistrates. He appeared very unconcerned at the perilous position in which he is placed. An inquest was held on the body, and resulted in a verdict of "Wilful murder against William Sopp." He has been committed for trial.—*Berkshire Chronicle*.

HOW THE IDOLATORS ARE CONVERTED!—The following extract from a Birmingham paper, we find copied into the *Univers* of the 17th September:—"For the information as well as the amusement of our readers, we beg to direct attention to the following fact, which we might have been slow to believe, had we not seen it copied into the pages of a Protestant journal in this city (Paris), viz.: that in Birmingham, there exist a large manufactory of Gods, Goddesses, Demi-Gods and Devils, for the East Indies. We select the following from the Catalogue:—"Yamen (God of Death) in brass, finished off with great taste. Nirondi (the King of Big and Little Devils. A great variety of models, all shapes and sizes; the giant on whose shoulders he is borne, is splendidly designed. Faronnin (God of the Sun.)—This God is life-like and bold, his crocodile is of bronze and his whips in silver. Coucyren (the God of Wealth.) The workmanship of this God is of the most superior order. Also on hand a large collection of Gods, Goddesses, Demi-Gods and inferior Devils. No credit given—a liberal discount allowed for cash."

BAVY SNOWS.—The *John Bull* says:—"The practice of holding human cattle shows seems still on the increase. At Leeds, the other day, fifty mothers were not ashamed to hold up their babies for the examination of a mob of idlers—a small one, to the honor of the town be it spoken. At Withernsea, in Holderness, a similar exhibition has been got up, it appears, by 'some fast young gentlemen.' If helpless infancy affords no protection against this desecration of the holiest and purest instincts, we may expect one of these days to witness a cattle show of wives, exhibited by their husbands, or of husbands trotted out by their wives. 'And pray, why not?' we hear some modern philosopher inquire; 'are we not living in an age of progress?' To be sure we are: 'Facilis descensus.'"

A story is told of the clerk of a little village church in the west of England, where the service is never commenced on Sunday mornings until the "squire has taken his seat." One Sunday, however, this gentleman happened to be late, and a neighboring clergyman, not acquainted with the ways of the place, was doing duty. "So he commenced as usual with 'When the wicked man—';" up jumped the clerk, bawling out, "Stop, stop, sir! he's not come yet!"

A man who goes to church to chew tobacco and spit on the floor, ought to be taken by the head and heels and scrubbed upon the soiled spot until it is made clean.—*Punch*.