

berents the part he was to play. Finally, they appointed the evening of the 29th November for the accomplishment of their hazardous enterprise. The burning of two old buildings, one in the south, near Belvidere, (the residence of the Grand Duke Constantine) the other in the west, was the preconcerted signal of attack on every point of the city where the Russians were stationed. The Polish regiments then in Warsaw, officers and men, were almost to a man engaged in the conspiracy. Unfortunately the signal-fires, which were to have roused all the people at once, were almost a total failure, which necessarily retarded our success, as waiting for those fires the people were at first misled. However, one of those intrepid citizens, who have for many a year daily staked their lives in the national cause, Peter Wysocki, resolutely presented himself at the ensign's quarters, crying out—"Polcs! the hour of retribution is come. Now is the time to conquer or die—to arms!" Whereupon, all the students, to the number of one hundred and sixty, put themselves in motion and rapidly followed Wysocki to the Russian cavalry barracks, not far from there, at the gates of the city. A fierce engagement ensued, when the Russians, deceived by the darkness into the belief that they were attacked by a strong force, gave way, and sounded the retreat. About the same time another band, consisting of some students from the University, had a task to fulfil not less perilous or important, being nothing less than to surprise the Grand Duke in his palace, and make him a prisoner. This handful of brave men divided into two parties, of which one entered by the gardens into the palace, while the other gained admission through the principal entrance, crying out "Death to the traitor!" The Grand Duke was then sleeping, but was instantly aroused by a rattle-de-chambre, and carried off by a private passage to the apartments of the Grand Duchess. This it was that saved his life, for the students having vainly sought him elsewhere, had the noble delicacy to respect the privacy of the apartments of the princess. In the meantime the prefect of police, Lubowidski, and the Russian General, Gendre, the Grand Duke's favorite, were both sacrificed to vengeance. This tumult speedily attracted the Russian troops from Belvidere, and our friends had barely time to retire by the little wood of Lazienki. They then rejoined Wysocki, whose position had become critical in the extreme. The Russian cavalry having at length discovered the real number of the assailants, had determined to cut them to pieces, but fortunately the diversion made by the conspirators at the Belvedere had enabled this whole band to draw itself off with little loss, and to seek in the interior of the city those reinforcements which they had reason to believe awaited them. During the first attack the Polish troops of the garrison had left their respective barracks, and took various positions to keep watch on the movements of the Russian infantry. At the same time the people were drawn forth in crowds by the protracted discharge of musketry, and led on by some young patriots, and a few officers, proceeded to the arsenal, chanting the hymn, "Poland! thou art not without defenders!" The struggle at that point was somewhat prolonged, but at length the Russians were forced to retire and the arsenal fell into the hands of the people. This new victory redoubled the popular enthusiasm; the Belvedere was speedily taken, and the Grand Duke Constantine, followed by his guard in disorder, abandoned the palace, and was slain to take refuge in a cottage beyond the gates of Warsaw. Having thus made ourselves masters of the principal strongholds of the city, from that night our triumph was certain. On the following day, it is true, the conflict was renewed, but the Russians were everywhere repulsed—and before sunset, the citizens of Warsaw were free. But how can I give you an adequate idea of the joy, the acclamations, the transports which followed? It seemed as though the entire city made but one great family: people accosted each other in the streets, conversed, and even embraced, without the slightest previous acquaintance. Open house was everywhere kept; rich and poor, officers, soldiers, and workmen seated themselves at the same table, broke bread together, and touched their glasses as they drank to "Liberty and Poland." In the midst of these clamorous festivities the chiefs assembled in council to concert what was next to be done, for the Russians were still at our gates busied in reforming their scattered battalions. In the course of the day General Blopick appeared amongst us, and accepted the command of the army.—Without a moment's delay the work of organization commenced: the Polish troops ranged themselves under the national banner, and several corps of volunteers were formed. Provisions, clothes, ammunition, and money poured in on all sides, and the women of all ranks came eagerly forward to place their jewels and other ornaments in the public coffers. Public enthusiasm knew no bounds, and patriotic devotion was at its height; how, then, could we augur aught save freedom and prosperity to Poland?" "I am astonished, my dear Casimir," exclaimed Stanislaus, "that you were able to tear yourself from such a festival as that."

"Why, truly, in the midst of such thrilling excitement, and in presence of a Russian army with whom we burn to engage, I might doubtless have forgotten myself; but in the very first council of war that was held, it was judged absolutely necessary to propagate the insurrection as widely and as speedily as possible. It was found indispensable that a very serious diversion should be made, so as to leave us time and opportunity to organise our forces, and to offer an energetic resistance to an enemy who could, in a few days, have command of the most ample resources. It was determined to send emissaries without delay into all the Polish provinces, in order to raise the country in all directions, and thus menace the retreat of the Russians. You were too well known, my dear father, not to be instantly thought of, and I was at once despatched into Lithuania with a commission for you, investing you with the command of all the volunteer corps that may be formed in these parts."

"It is admirably well," exclaimed the Count, "for to-morrow all our friends are to assemble in a retired spot, under pretext of a grand chase, and I trust we shall only separate to take up arms at once."

"And how will you dispose of me, father?" demanded Rosa with a smile that denoted the tranquil firmness of her mind. "I am really at a loss to know what post you design for me in your staff."

"My dear child," replied the Count, with an involuntary sigh, "I fear we must separate for a while, and I propose to leave you in Warsaw with your aunt, where you can pray for us in safety."

"Oh! but not so far from you, dear father! With your permission I will remain with the rear guard of your army in order to watch over the wounded. Anything less would ill become the daughter of an old soldier, and still less a Christian."

"Since even our women display such heroic courage," said the Count, as he tenderly embraced his daughter, "what may we not expect?"

"Oh! as to that, my dear Count," said the priest, "there are many women whose example it would be well for men to follow."

"I perfectly agree with you, father," exclaimed Stanislaus throwing an impassioned glance on Rosa, "and really that sentiment could not be better expressed."

Raphael bowed a silent assent.

"Well, we shall certainly fight all the better," observed the Count, "when we know and feel that the safety of those we love so well is depending on our success. But, hark! what tumult is this in the castle? Go, Valentine, and see what it is."

Just as the old man was leaving the room, a Russian officer appeared on the threshold, and behind him some glittering bayonets. He entered the hall, bringing Valentine back by the shoulder, and addressed the Count, who had stood up to ask the cause of threatening apparition.

"I am to suppose that I address Count Sialewski," said the officer, stiffly, though politely. "We have been informed, on good authority, that your lordship's son, Captain Bielawski, lately in the service of His Imperial Majesty, has traitorously deserted his colors, and taken refuge in Lithuania, with the most criminal intentions, which it is our duty to frustrate. Consequently, my lord, I have received orders to search this castle, as the captain may be reasonably supposed to be somewhere in or about it?"

"What!" cried the Count, "you tell me my son has deserted?—for what purpose, I should like to know! Surely, there must be some strange mistake."

"I have no explanation to offer, my lord, but I have orders to execute, and at once, too, as circumstances do not permit delay."

"What circumstances do you mean?" persisted the Count, anxious to learn something from the rigid officer. "Is there anything new going forward?"

"I have something else to do than retailing news," muttered the officer, in an impatient tone, and with an embarrassed air. And then, with a sheet of paper in his hand, he set about making his investigation. Confronting in turn each of the guests, he compared them with the written description which had been sent to him, and finding that none present tallied exactly with the portrait, he withdrew to extend his search thro' the castle, announcing that if unsuccessful he would leave a garrison in the house for some days. This occurrence, so entirely unforeseen, had stupified all present, and though the Count and his son had preserved an admirable composure while the officer was present, he was no sooner gone than they acknowledged themselves confounded by the suddenness of this fearful blow. Rosa then threw herself, pale and trembling, into the arms of her father.

"Save him!" she cried, "oh, save him!—They will return—I know they will, and Casimir will be lost. Now is the moment to take up arms;—now is the time to expel the enemy. I am but a woman—a weak, trembling woman, but I am sure I can wield a weapon in defence of my brother, and my father's house. Hitherto I have offered up prayers only for my country; now I can willingly sacrifice my life in her cause. My father, my friends, and you, young lords; let us do something to save my brother!" With all her assumed courage, the tears streamed from her eyes as she spoke, and the sight of her grief touched every heart. In a moment she was surrounded by a sympathising group, all vying with each other in their assurances of entire devotion to her wishes.

"Be not afraid, my child!" said the Count soothingly, "your brother is and will be safe, for even in the event of his being discovered, we are strong enough to defend him!"

"If you will only permit me, Count," cried Stanislaus eagerly, "I will undertake, with the aid of these noblemen and our united followers, to disarm this detachment, and then we shall again be our own masters!"

"Oh, no," said the Count, in a decided manner, "we must absolutely put off the attack till to-morrow. You have here yet another proof that God watches over us. To-morrow the entire population of the district will assemble round the castle, and a thousand arms will rise in obedience to a word or a sign. The pretended chase will lull to sleep the vigilance of the foe, and we shall have them in our power before they even suspect our design. And for you, my daughter, my dear daughter, summon all your courage, and be assured that our first moment of freedom shall see you conveyed hence to a place of security. As notwithstanding all your fortitude, I well know that you could never bear to look for any length of time upon the piteous spectacle of this place will soon present."

"My dear father," exclaimed Rosa, earnestly, "I should blush to see you trouble yourself at such a time on my account. Surely you cannot but see that it is not for myself I tremble. You have brought me up as a soldier's daughter should be, and you are already aware how little I am influenced by those imaginary terrors which usually enervate the minds of young girls. I trust I shall soon learn to restrain the expression of that uneasiness and alarm which I must nevertheless ever feel where the safety of those I love is at stake. But I entreat you, do not send

me away, for it is then that in the dread uncertainty of absence I should be truly miserable. You are about to rush into a thousand dangers; suffer me then to be near you that I may endeavor to console you in sorrow and in disappointment, and aid you should that be required. Besides, all woman as I am, I have imbibed so much of your patriotism that it will afford me inexpressible pleasure even to wait upon my country's defenders."

As she spoke, the sweet, clear tones of her voice, the sparkling beauty of her eyes, and her supplicatory attitude, were altogether irresistible.

"My dearest child," exclaimed the Count, "we are but too happy to have you with us—may Heaven prolong that happiness. You will now retire, Rosa, it is already late, and at dawn to-morrow you must be on horseback, for you have an important part to play in our chase, seeing that you must lead on the main body of the hunters, whilst we go aside to consult on what we are to do. Go, then, and remember us and our great enterprise when you kneel before our God in prayer!"

(To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAHILL.

SECOND LETTER ON NAPLES.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

From the statements and facts put forward by the writer of this article, in reference to the policy of England in foreign countries, the readers of the Catholic Telegraph are accurately informed on the origin, the character, and the object of the English faction in these kingdoms. And when one reads the histories of Spain, Portugal, France, Naples, and the Italian Duchies, it would appear, that English statesmen have devoted much more time in producing disorder abroad, than they spent in the management of their own political concerns at home. The constitutions and the creed of other States have so engrossed all the care of the English Cabinets during the last forty years that they have comparatively neglected the legislation, the institutions, and the religion of their own country. Commissions have been lately issued to inquire into the abuses of our entire system of social, political, and religious government; and the result has proved that total neglect and vicious mismanagement in all our institutions have placed England at the very lowest point of national progress, in her domestic policy, and in the moral advancement of the people. The imperfect state of the military regime, the unfitness of the whole commissariat, the strategic inferiority of the commanders, the blundering of the hospital accommodations, the palpable jobbing in the food, the clothing: everything except the unparalleled bravery of the soldiers, have called forth from these Commissioners the strongest language of censure—while the ignorance of the lower classes, the open infidelity of their opinions, their unnatural offences, their monstrous vices, have never in any age or country, been surpassed in shuddering horror. Parents forcing their daughters into street prostitution, fathers seducing their own children, and that, too, in their green childhood, are foul instances of iniquity unknown even in name in other countries, and in comparison with the aggregate of foreign immoralities is but a venial fault. And yet this is almost the daily record of a nation which, in order to throw dust in the eyes of mankind, in order to conceal their own turpitude, boast of English skill, English education, and British Gospel perfection above and beyond all the people of the whole world!

But low could the English Cabinet attend to its own affairs, and the concerns of the nation, when it had to direct Portugal, Spain, Naples, Italy, Greece, Belgium, Sweden, and Denmark; and how could the Protestant Church find time to teach its own creed to the English people, while it was engaged in misrepresenting all southern Europe, and exciting the usual hatred to its name in India! Between the offices of collecting five millions sterling for the Bible Societies, slandering all Catholic peoples, and maligning the Irish, how could it have time to preach its own Gospel! The daily employment of exterminating and banishing the poor faithful Irish, the paramount labor of publishing in all the Government journals the grossest lies of the Catholic faith and discipline, left no time to spare to remove English ignorance, to correct English immoralities, or to teach English faith. Hence the London churches are empty, infidelity lifts its head in open day, the streets of all the towns and cities are deluged with vice, and the English policy in laws, and the English belief in religion are at this moment the byword of shame in all the neighboring countries. I utter this language not in triumph, but in sorrow. How often has this pen published within the last ten years, that the conduct of certain leaders of the Whig Cabinet would precipitate the present deplorable condition of England. This conduct has produced a reaction which after much suffering to Catholicity, has in the end, developed the most favorable results to Christianity, but irretrievable ruin to the name and the character of England. How agreeable to me to find that these views of mine, and the facts which I then adduced, have been published some few days ago by no less a personage than Mr. Bright, when at the Birmingham Banquet, he entered fully into the past folly of the English Cabinets, and plainly declared that the injustice of the Establishment, a thorough reform in Parliamentary representation, or vote by ballot, are the only measures which can save the country from revolution, and satisfy the firm combined demands of the present school of reformers. The extracts from Mr. Bright's speech are as follows:—

If you turn to the history of England, from the period of the revolution to the present, you will find that an entirely new policy was adopted, and that while we had endeavored in former times to keep ourselves free from European complications, we now began to act upon a system of constant entanglement in the affairs of foreign countries, as if there was neither property nor honors, nor anything worth striving for, to be acquired in any other field. The language coined and used, then, has continued to our day. Lord Somers in writing for William III., spoke of the endless and sanguinary wars of that period as wars "to maintain the liberties of Europe." There were wars "to support the Protestant interest," and there were many wars "to preserve our old friend, 'the balance of power' (a laugh). We have been at war since that time, I believe, with, for, and against every considerable nation in Europe. We fought to put down a pretended French supremacy under Louis XIV. We fought to prevent France and Spain coming under the sceptre of one monarch, although if we had not fought, it would have been impossible in the course of things that they should have become so united. We fought to put down the supremacy of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the Minister who was employed by this country at Vienna after the great war, when it was determined that no Bonaparte should ever again sit on the throne of France, was the very man to make an alliance with another Bonaparte for the purpose of carrying on a war to prevent the supremacy of the late Emperor of Russia (cheers). So that we have been all round Europe and across it over and over again, and after a policy so distinguished, so pre-eminent, so long-continued, and so costly, I think we have a fair right—I have at least—to ask those who are in favor of it to show us its visible result.

Do you not observe at a glance that as from a time of William III., by reason of the foreign policy which I denounce, wars have been multiplied, taxes increased, loans made, and the sums of money which every year the government has to expend augmented,

so the patronage of the disposal of ministers must have increased also, and the families who were enthroned and made powerful in the legislation and administration of the country must have had the first pull at and the largest profit out of that patronage? (Hear, hear). There is no actuary in existence who can calculate how much of the wealth, of the strength, of the supremacy of the territorial families of England has been derived from an unholy participation in the fruits of the industry of the people, which have been wrested from them by every device of taxation, and squandered in every conceivable crime of which a government could possibly be guilty (cheer). The more you examine this matter the more you will come to the conclusion which I have arrived at, that this foreign policy, this regard for "the liberties of Europe," this excessive love for "the Protestant interest," this excessive love for "the balance of power," is neither more nor less than a gigantic system of out-door relief for the aristocracy of Great Britain (great cheering and laughter). I observe that you receive that declaration as if it were some new and important discovery.

I should like to lay before you a list of the treaties which we have made, and of the responsibilities under which we have laid ourselves with respect to the various countries of Europe. I do not know where such an enumeration is to be got, but I suppose it would be possible for antiquarians and men of investigating minds to dig them out from the recesses of the Foreign-office, and perhaps to make some of them intelligible to the country. I believe, however, that if we go to the Baltic we shall find that we have a treaty to defend Sweden, and the only thing which Sweden agrees to do in return is not to give up any portion of her territories to Russia. Coming down a little south we have a treaty which invites us, enables us, and, perhaps, if we acted fully up to our duty with regard to it, compels us to interfere in the question between Denmark and the Duchies. If I mistake not we have a treaty which binds us down to the maintenance of the little kingdom of Belgium as established after its separation from Holland. We have numerous treaties with France. We are understood to be bound by treaty to maintain constitutional government in Spain and Portugal. If we go round into the Mediterranean we find the little kingdom of Sardinia, to which we have lent some millions of money, and with which we have entered into important treaties for preserving the balance of power in Europe. If we go beyond the kingdom of Italy, and cross the Adriatic, we come to the small kingdom of Greece, against which we have also a nice account that will never be settled (a laugh); while we have engagements to maintain that respectable but diminutive country under its present constitutional government. Then, leaving the kingdom of Greece, we pass up the eastern of the Mediterranean, and from Greece to the Red Sea, wherever the authority of the Sultan is more or less admitted, the blood and the industry of England are pledged to the permanent sustentation of the "independence and integrity" of the Ottoman empire (Hear, hear). I confess that as a citizen of the country, wishing to live peaceably among my fellow countrymen, and wishing to see my countrymen free and able to enjoy the fruits of their labor, I protest against a system which binds us in all these networks and complications, from which it is impossible that we can gain one single inch of advantage for this country (cheers). It is not all glory, after all. Glory may be worth something, but it is not always glory. We have had within the last few years despatches from Vienna and from St. Petersburg which, if we had deserved them, would have been very offensive and not a little insolent. We have had the Ambassador of the Queen expelled summarily from Madrid, and we have had an Ambassador expelled almost with ignominy from Washington. We have blockaded Athens for a claim which was known to be false. We have quarrelled with Naples, for we chose to give advice to Naples, which was not received in the submissive spirit expected from her, and our minister was therefore withdrawn. Not three years ago, too, we seized a considerable kingdom in India, with which our government had but recently entered into the most solemn treaty, which every lawyer in England and in Europe, I believe, would consider binding before God and the world. We deposited its monarch, we committed a great immorality and a great crime, and we have reaped an almost instantaneous retribution in the most gigantic and sanguinary revolt which probably any nation ever made against its conquerors.

Mr. Bright has, however, forgotten to state that the hour of English humiliation has arrived, through all Southern Europe; that the British Ambassadors at Madrid, Paris, Vienna, Florence, &c., are now compelled to adopt an obsequious conduct, the very opposite of their former intolerant bearing; that the English journals, which formerly were hired to ridicule foreign courts, have been summarily expelled from these kingdoms by orders in council; and that the revolutionary agents of the English Bible Societies are now watched by the police, and seized and punished for sedition. Napoleon III. has called on all the Prefects of France to disperse their assemblies if the number at these meetings exceed nineteen persons; and he has strictly ordered that all spurious editions and copies of the Bible, and all tracts of slander and malice against Catholicity to be put out of circulation; and the English hawkers of these books to be arrested and punished. The Commissioners which are now sitting in London reporting on English blundering on sea and land, on the food and clothing of the army, on our entire military and marine regime, are mild in their censure on England's maladministration in these varied departments, as compared with the loud voice of indignation uttered by every state of Southern Europe against the perfidy of English agents whose conspiracies to overturn the altar and the throne have forced all these countries, in self-defence, to expel these agents beyond their frontiers, and to guard against their return by penal vigilance.

Hence, there is an end, so far, to the old nauseous Biblical nuisance, at home and abroad. For the hundredth time this scheme has failed in Ireland, leaving behind its well-known mark—namely, the deserted village, the crowded poorhouse, and the red churchyard. Till some new scheme shall have been devised, like all their former devices, we shall for some time be relieved from this wasting persecution. Having now no pretext for sending their agents into Catholic countries, they can form no excuse for the sham of their Bibles and their Tracts; and hence neither the multifarious Societies of Ireland nor the Foreign Societies will be more heard of for some time to come, in Exeter Hall or the Rotundo, except to make a flourish of a feeble show, to cover their universal and ignominious extinction. Not a hint, therefore, is now heard at the meetings of the English Saints about the English Bible in Florence and Naples. The new topic, instead of the eternal claptrap of righteousness, is now "Social Science"—The Bible is now thrown in the shade for a season; and Decimal Fractions, Hawsey's Mensurations; Whitson's Euclid, Moore's Navigation, Bulwer's Novels, Gulliver's Travels, and the Loves of the Angels, are the only works Lord John Russell now recommends to improve, amuse, and sanctify the people of England! No allusion is now made by Lord Shaftesbury to the Jesuit Conspirators of Vienna, the Black Nuns of Florence, the murderous prisons of Naples, or the Idolatry of Connamara, and Kalla! No: India is now the rage of the Drummonds and the Spencers; Rome, and Kilkenny, and Gorey, are given up in despair, and "the Word" is now to be carried by the righteous weavers of Maclesfield, and by the holy London cabmen to the Hindoos and the Mahomedans, already so much prepossessed in favor of English justice, English charity, benignity, and all righteousness! This wicked farce will soon fall, like all the former stratagems, and will furnish an additional historical fact, a renewed evidence "that the Church Establishment has never been able to convert, a foreign congregation abroad, or to retain her own at home."

Perhaps no country has suffered more from English intrigues than the Two Sicilies; and beyond doubt no city has been more harassed by the English faction than Naples. If the readers of this article will reflect for a moment on the never-ending topic of the London press, they cannot fail to remember that the ignorance of Italy has been an inexhaustible subject with all the hired journalists of the British Cabinet. The tyrannical policy of Naples, of Rome, and the Duchies, the hatred of the people towards the Catholic Church, their anxiety to throw off the yoke of the Papal supremacy, have been so often repeated in all the English novels, tours, and newspapers, that it would be a waste of time and an unnecessary labor to make any extracts in proof of the universal outcry raised throughout all England and her various Colonies against the Legislation, the Courts, the Cabinets, and the Religion of Italy. In my last letter I pointed out, and proved, that to revolutionize the Two Sicilies, to enslave the Throne, and to degrade the Altar, was an object for which England struggled for upwards of a quarter of a century, with a perseverance never surpassed, and with a malignant zeal of which there is no former example in her varied acts of perfidious intercourse with all other foreign nations. If she could have succeeded in confiscating the Church property there, as she had done in Spain and Portugal, she fancied she could push infidelity up to the very gates of Rome, degrade the Pope, and crush Catholicity in its own fortress. And if she could successfully revolutionize the Sicilies, and reduce Naples to the abject condition of Lisbon, by converting it into an English town, she hoped to command the commerce of the Mediterranean, and make an English lake from Gibraltar to Alexandria. The Czar of Russia never planned the conquest of Turkey and the capture of Constantinople with more strategem than the English Whig Cabinet designed the fall of Sicily and the possession of Naples.

In view of these premises the late Prime Minister of England declared that all relations with Naples were suspended, menaced Ferdinand with the threat of the approach of a hostile English squadron, and attempted to organize at the conference of Paris, a combined European expression of condemnation against the laws and throne of the Sicilies. The true statement of facts, however, in this case is that Ferdinand, much more than Lord Palmerston, suspended all relations between the two Courts. The presence of the English Ambassador at Naples created all the ill will of the evil disposed, encouraged the cutthroats, animated the English party, and was the very mainspring of all the political disorder of the country. The Court of Naples, therefore, would never, if possible, renew friendly relations with England, since it is a fact, not contradicted, namely, that a more contented people, a happier clergy, a better system of police, more salutary laws, or a more popular administration, cannot be found in Europe than the Neapolitan regime; and, moreover, that no class of the community utter a complaint on these various heads, except the furious, infidel, revolutionary English faction who, being seduced by England, and being bribed by English gold and patronage, long for the license of overturning the throne and the altar, as the same class have already done in Spain and Portugal.

In reference to the ignorance and the want of educational resources in Italy, it will be sufficient, in order to expose this gigantic lie of the biblical press of England, to point out some few of their Universities. The system of lies in England, on everything Catholic, is perhaps the most wonderful invention of the age we live in; and the next thing in wonder to their lies of others is their boasting of their own perfection—and this, too, in cases where their inferiority, their national character stands at the very lowest point of European social, political, and religious progress. This is the peculiar characteristic of British strategem, to decry all others in proportion as they laud themselves; and to exaggerate their own character by a lie, more gigantic than they misrepresent their neighbours. Let us see now some few of the educational foundations of Italy—some few of their ancient Universities:—Bologna, founded 1110; Naples, 1224; Padua, 1228; Rome, with its three hundred and sixty colleges, schools, &c., 1248; Perugia, 1307; Pisa, 1329; Siena, 1337; Pavia, 1361; Parma, 1422; Florence, 1433; Catania, 1465; Cagliari, 1764; Modena, 1772. And when we add to this mere partial statement the schools of painting, sculpture and music; the public libraries, the botanic gardens, the observatories, the schools of architecture, the academies for the poor, the public halls where the poor are instructed in trades, &c., it will be found that Italy stands, as it should be, in the highest walk of learning and civilization, and that England, when examined in contrast with Southern Europe, is the New Zealand of the surrounding states! But above all, neither its small number of universities and schools, nor its low condition of education and morals, brands England with a stamp of inferiority half so degrading as the penal laws by which she excludes from the deserted halls of her fine Universities all those who refuse, on entering their gates, to accept the boon of her education except on condition of forsaking their faith, crushing out their conscience, perjurying their principles, and betraying their country!

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE MOST REV. DR. CULLEN—AN IRISH CARDINAL.—Letters from Rome, received in town this week, give the most gratifying confirmation of the previous accounts of the entire recovery of the venerated Archbishop of Dublin. One of those letters, dated the 3d instant, says—"Dr. Cullen has returned from Tivoli in most excellent health and spirits. His recovery has caused the greatest delight here; and I am happy to tell you that it is the intention of his Holiness to raise Dr. Cullen to the dignity of the purple, and thus to give to the faithful and devoted Irish people an Irish Cardinal. I can well imagine the delight with which this intelligence—which you may consider as perfectly accurate—will be hailed in Ireland."—Dublin Telegraph.

At Tullamore, as we learn from the Leinster Journal, the Jesuit Fathers have been holding a mission, attended by vast throngs of the people of the town and neighbourhood. The Retreat would seem to have been more than ordinarily successful, if we may judge by a singular exhibition of impotent malice into which the enemies of religion have been betrayed in reference to it. The King's County Chronicle published a statement that a poor Catholic, named Keenanah, had been driven "into a state bordering on insanity by having attended the Roman Catholic chapel during the recent services of the Jesuit missionaries, who had solemnly assured him that there was no salvation for him because he, a Roman Catholic, had married a woman of the Protestant Faith that he could do nothing towards procuring for him forgiveness for his heinous sin; and that there was no absolution for him unless he could procure 'the Pope's personal absolution,' the alarmed man being, from want of money, unable to go to Rome to seek the Pope's forgiveness." It is needless to say that this statement was wholly false. Luckily, it was a lie circumstantial, and so of a nature capable of disproof, on the authority of the very persons whose names had been brought forward in connection with it—the principal witness to the falsehood of the charge against the Jesuit Fathers being the man's own Protestant wife.

We (Tablet) are informed on good authority that before the end of this month, the member for Dandalk will take the simple vows as a professed knight of Malta. The Grand Master and Sacred Council of the Order have, by decree, given authority to his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop to administer the vows. The ceremony will, we hear, take place at the hospital of St. Elizabeth, on St. Andrew's-day. This is the first profusion of an English Hospitaller in England, since the Reformation.