

If I was to give a list of all who die of starvation here, it would fill a column of your paper. There are, at least, from ten to twelve victims of starvation here every week. Whole villages have been starved out. I will give you one sad proof. A poor widow died last week here; the corpse lay in the same bed with her sick son, and there was no neighbour to bury it, although two years ago the house of this widow was surrounded by no less than thirty families, but now, alas, they are all dead. She had a son-in-law in the next parish, and on him fell the duty of burying the corpse. The poor fellow borrowed an ass's car, placed the corpse on it, yoked himself then to the car, and drew it three miles to the graveyard.

Some persons will ask why don't these people go to the workhouse? The answer is, the Ballinasloe poorhouses are crammed to suffocation. By the last return I see that 4,700 are already there. The deaths recorded last week to the frightful number of 225. Ballinasloe is turned into a monster poorhouse; there are, I believe, fourteen of them there. Just think of 14 poorhouses in one town. And, while our people are slaughtered thus before high heaven, what is our government doing? It is recorded of the Roman tyrant that he played the fiddle while looking at the city of Rome in flames. Perhaps our lawmakers—but what avails censure or remonstrance?—the lives of the people are in their hands, and they have no mercy.

And while we are surrounded with the dead and dying, exterminations by landlords are carried out on a large scale. It seemed as if the ministers and the landlords had held council together to starve the Irish out. Several evicted families lie scattered on the road side in this neighbourhood. We have two resident landlords here, and I must state, in justice to them, that they are charitable and kind to their tenants.

[The gentleman who wrote this appalling narrative has communicated to us his name and address. We can assure our readers that his statements may be relied upon with the most implicit confidence. He is in a position in which he cannot avoid being conversant with the condition of the people, and a more intelligent or trustworthy witness could not be found.]

In placing these horrifying details before our readers, we are happy to be able, in some degree, to lessen their harrowing effect, by announcing that yesterday the General Relief Committee was enabled, through the generous subscriptions that poured in, to forward a donation of TEN POUNDS to Killymor. The donation, though nominally small, by being promptly sent, will be of instant relief.]—*Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JUNE 9.

M. POWER, PRINTER.

STATE OF EUROPE.

The Steamer Europa arrived at noon on Tuesday last, bringing a week's later advices from the old world.

The situation of affairs becomes every day more complicated. French intervention in Italy has only retarded the object for which it was apparently used. The French were always about as much loved in Italy as the British in Ireland, and the Romans were particularly conspicuous for their deadly hostility to the Gallic nation. The bitter recollection of former French occupations is not yet erased from the Italian mind. Hence nothing could be more odious and unpopular in the Eternal City than a French invasion. The foolish and fatal precipitancy of Oudinot, resulting as it has done in bloodshed and discomfiture, adds not a little to the general embarrassment. Had France behaved loyally, and with a genuine Catholic spirit—had she waited as she was bound to do, until the other armies of intervention had taken up their position beneath the walls of Rome—the holy city would have been long since delivered, without a single blow, from the ruffian violence with which it is now disgraced. But no, France should have all the honour and glory to herself—she should monopolise all the credit of intervention, and Providence seems to have con-founded her ambitious views. The Austrians, Neapolitans, and Spaniards, have shown much

more sincerity and principle. All their acts prove that their object is the restoration of the Pope. On the cities and fortresses which they take, they hoist none but the Pontifical colours, and the keys of surrendered towns are transmitted to the legitimate sovereign at Gaeta. In the eyes of Europe and the world, France occupies a humiliating and ridiculous position in every thing that regards her Italian intervention.

Nothing can be more deplorable than the state of things in Rome. We have received private accounts through Naples of as late a date as the 13th of May. It seems it was a foolish expression of General Oudinot that enraged the Romans, and excited them to make so formidable a resistance. When Rusconi, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, was sent to Civita Vecchia to ask what were the intentions of the French, he threatened Oudinot. 'Oh!' replied the French General, 'the Romans will never have the courage to fight.' This, although perhaps a false report, exasperated the whole city; and even officers, who had resigned their commissions rather than take the republican oath, were seen to take up arms and run to the barricades as private soldiers. The reputed saying of Oudinot was nevertheless almost literally true. The Roman people did not fight. The mass of the defenders was composed of French, Poles, Lombards, and Piedmontese. Spoliation and massacre are the order of the day in the Eternal City. All the wood and carpentry at the splendid Basilica of St. Paul, has been removed. The trees in the villa Patrizi, the villa Albani, and a great number of those at the villa Borghese have been cut down to form barricades. The Church and Convent of St. Sebastian outside the walls have been levelled in order, as it is pretended, to complete the defences of the city—an act of savage vandalism which every lover of christian art and ancient monuments will deplore. One of the principal entrances to the Roman catacombs was through this very church of St. Sebastian. The Benedictine monks of St. Paul were obliged to fly to Gaeta, as the revolutionists threatened to fire their convents. The Nuns at Trinita de Monti were forced to take refuge in a tavern at the Piazza di Spagna, over which the American Consul hoisted his flag in the hope of protecting them. Several priests, amongst whom were the parish priest of the Minerva, and two Italian Jesuits, were assassinated. They were accused of favoring a reaction. Contributions are levied on the unfortunate citizens in the most arbitrary manner by armed bands of robbers and assassins. It is enough to say that any one is suspected of being a Jesuit to have him immediately murdered. No one will dare to interfere. Meantime public opinion at Gaeta is entirely opposed to the French. Their tergiversation and treacherous conduct are loudly condemned. The conduct of the King of Naples and his army presents a brilliant contrast. His advanced guard was at Castel Gandolfo, Marino and Frattocchie, the body of the army at Allano, the artillery at Genzano, and the rear guard at Velletri. Eight or ten thousand Spaniards were expected to arrive at Porto d'Anzo to reinforce the army of the King of Naples. The Austrians have taken Bologna after an obstinate resistance. They have also occupied Leghorn, and are also probably now at Rome. The only apprehension now felt concerning the immediate return of the Pope arises from the duplicity of the French. At the late Consistory, held towards the end of April, at Gaeta, His Holiness delivered a remarkable Allocution to the Sacred College. We have seen a copy of the original Latin, and it is by far the most elaborate production which has emanated from Pius IX. since his accession. We may translate a portion of it for our next number. It fully develops and defends the policy of the Pope from the commencement, and exposes

all the hollow artifices as well as open violence of the Communists, Socialists and Red Republicans.

Unfortunate Franco has been in all the throes of a ministerial and electoral crisis.—The number of Socialists returned to the new Assembly threatens to be very formidable to the friends of order. The Cholera was raging at Paris to a certain extent, and the Archbishop had published a Pastoral on the subject.

Public opinion in England has pronounced significantly against the rioters of Montreal.

Dr. Dixon, Professor of Sacred Scripture in Maynooth College, has received 26 votes for the Irish Primacy. Dr. O'Hanlon, of the same College, and one of the most eminent Theologians in Europe, obtained 12 votes, though not a native of the North of Ireland. The Parish Priest of Dundalk received a similar number. The latter is a priest of the Archdiocese of Armagh. Famine and disease are still doing the work of death in poor Ireland, whilst England looks on with unfeeling apathy. The *Times*—that unprincipled and heartless literary camelion—encourages this unchristian feeling.

Russia has really interfered in Hungary, and the Emperor Nicholas has published a manifesto in which he announces and justifies the intervention of Russia in the distracted affairs of Western Europe. Lord Palmerston will soon meet his retribution for all the pains he took to excite revolution in Italy and other parts of Europe. A general war seems imminent, England *volens volens* will be plunged into the vortex, and it requires no prophetic gift to foresee that she will come out of such a war one of the most crippled and disabled of nations, with an intolerable weight added to the millstone of debt which now crushes her to the earth.

THE IRISH CHARACTER.

We publish to day two remarkable speeches in defence of the Irish Character,—one from the Protestant Rector of Kilmore, the Rev. Mr King, at a Meeting in Dublin for the relief of the starving creatures in Coughnought, and another from Mr John O'Connell, in reply to some previous philippic against Ireland from Mr Roebuck, the newly elected member for Leeds.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

A Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament is given every day during the Octave of Corpus Christi in the Cathedral, at 7 o'clock in the evening on week days, and at the usual hour on the Sunday and Holyday. There will be also a Benediction on next Friday evening, the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The beautiful devotion of the Quarant Ore, or forty hours exposition and adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament, will commence in St. Mary's on to-morrow at High Mass, and terminate on Tuesday morning, when there will be High Mass also at 8 o'clock.

The same devotion will commence on Tuesday at St. Patrick's Church, and will terminate on the Octave Day of Corpus Christi.

On Friday next, the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, there will be a High Mass at the Cathedral for the benefit of the members of the Confraternity.

The second Conference for the year of the Clergy of the Halifax District, will be held at St. Mary's on Tuesday, at 11 o'clock.

GAETA.

We have seen a letter from a Clergyman who was lately at Gaeta in which a touching instance is related. He was walking along in a narrow street of the Mola in Gaeta, when he suddenly found himself quite close to the King and Queen of Naples, who were surrounded by some Neapolitan troops that had just landed to join the army for the deliverance of Rome. Suddenly the tinkling of a bell was heard. It announced the approach

of the Most Holy Sacrament, which a clergyman was bringing back to the Church after having administered the Viaticum to a dying person. Instantly the Royal pair knelt down in the street to adore our Lord, when the clergyman stopped and gave them Benediction. The King and Queen then arose, followed this procession, entered the Church, and again kneeling on the pavement, received a second time the Benediction of the Holy of Holies before the Blessed Sacrament was reposed in the Tabernacle. A Cardinal, who met the procession, went over and assisted as one of the canopy bearers for the remainder of the way, according to the pious custom of Rome. Those edifying scenes speak for themselves. —*Et adorabunt Eum omnes reges terra.*

A PICTURE.

THE WHIGS THE NIGHT BEFORE THE CRISIS. Up to the date of the latest intelligence which has reached us from London, the unfortunate Whig ministry showed the same dull and dogged reluctance to meet their fate which characterised these culprits ever since sentence was passed upon them at the bar of public opinion. The leader of this ill-fated band was eating and drinking as usual. His manner is, however, said to be wild at times, and his gait fitful. It is, moreover, rumoured that he has been known to start in his sleep, and cry out, as if from troubled dreams. "There is no blood upon my hands—it is a falsehood—it was not I killed them, it was Clarendon did it. There—there—I see them, two millions on their knees—their skeleton faces raised to heaven—their skinny hands uplifted, with blood in them—as if blood was their prayer. Ha! there it ascends—look, look, it is a cloud of blood in the heavens—it obscures the sun—there are figures in it, there are painted on its crimson ground the dead mother, and the sinless orphan pressing her withered breasts for nutriment—deserted villages, burned cottages, the inhabitants seeking shelter from a winter night's inclement weather in the clefts of rocks, weak females stealing in the dark of night with the uncoffined dead on their backs to the graveyard, the gray-haired old man falling for want, the laughter of childhood hushed, and the young flower blighted, the unburied dead lying in the huts, and on the highways—and famine and pestilence slaying, slaying, slaying. It grows darker and darker—it rains. Rain not upon me, nor upon my house, nor upon my children. It was not I did it—it was Clarendon."

And then with a wild shriek he awakes and gasps out did any new "prozy" come, as if he would say, did a reprieve not come? Long habit has so hardened these men that it is not now expected they will be induced to make any public confession or show any contrition for their crimes even when they appear in the last fearful scene.—*Dublin Freeman.*

STRANGE COINCIDENCE—THE REV. MR. MONTGOMERY.

It is known to the public that the Rev. Mr. Montgomery, formerly Protestant curate of Castleknock, in the parish of Blanchardstown, resigned his place some time ago in the Protestant church and repaired to Rome. During his residence in the Holy City he became not only a Catholic, but a clergyman of the Catholic church. On last Sunday he celebrated mass in the Catholic chapel of the parish of Blanchardstown, in which he had for so many years officiated as a Protestant clergyman. This remarkable incident had attracted an unusual crowd of people; and on leaving the Catholic church the rev. gentleman was warmly greeted and loudly cheered by the assembled thousands.

The scene of this clergyman's ecclesiastical labours lies henceforth in England. He is under the spiritual control of the Most Rev. Dr. Ullathorne; he has, however, we understand, consented to favour his numerous friends in Ireland with another visit on the occasion of the dedication of the Catholic church of Chapelizod.—*Dublin Paper.*

CONVERSION TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Our contemporary the *Flying Post* says—It is rumoured that Mr. Charles Bowring, youngest son of Dr. Bowring, and grandson of Charles Bowring, Esq., of Larkdeare, in this city, has been received into the bosom of the Romish church, and baptized by the Rev. Dr. Oliver—intending to become a priest of that church:—[Dr. Bowring, we believe, is a member of the sect of Unitarians.]—*Exeter Gazette.*