

town there have recently been driven off the soil 605 families, 3,006 individuals. Of the 605 families 81, or about a seventh part, were the families of widows; and a note appended to the MS. copy of this terrible record informs us that "there were a far greater number of widows ejected than those marked out here. There can be no less than 150 widows, most of whom have since perished."

Now, we wish our English readers to dwell for a moment upon these facts. Three thousand souls is a very considerable number to be out of or driven from their homes by the hand of man in time of peace. We are so used to hear these things being done on a large scale in Ireland, that we get to fancy there is nothing in it. But if we can only bring the matter home to this side of the Channel it will appear in a very different light. If, some morning, after devouring a due complement of toast, broiled ham, and coffee, John Bull were to cast his eyes on the damp sheep of the Times and were there saluted with the astounding intelligence that some landlords or combination of landlords, by due legal process and the payment of a few shillings a head, had ejected from their warm homes all the inhabitants of Dorchester, or Shaftesbury, or Sandwich, or Stratford-upon-Avon, or Melton Mowbray, or St Neot's, or Truro, or Matlock, or Eton, or Finchley, or Dawlish; or the aggregate population of a score of parishes in the city of London; and had converted these habitations of men into mere smoking ruins—it seems to us that John Bull would open his eyes rather wider than usual, and inquire who was to be punished for such nefarious wickedness. This, however, is the plain matter of fact with regard to Strokes town and its vicinity and numberless other parishes in Ireland.—*Tablet*.

The Cross;

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, MAY 27.

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

Another Steamer arrived on last Wednesday night. The news is important. The Austrians have sustained several defeats in the North of Italy, yet Venice is blockaded. There are conflicting accounts from Rome. The Pope, it is said, refused to declare war against Austria, and his ungrateful subjects have threatened to depose him from his temporal Sovereignty.—Some Cardinals who attempted to fly from Rome were prevented, and guards placed upon their Palaces. We know not what degree of credit can be given to these rumours, but we should not be surprised to see a French army soon in Italy, and an imposing English fleet on the Italian coast. May Heaven preserve his Holiness from French or English protection. Either would be a bear's hug. No matter what may happen, the bark of Peter will ride triumphantly over the angry waves, as she has always done. Meantime every good Catholic should pray fervently for our common Head that he may be endued with power from on high, and that he may resist with fortitude all the assaults of the enemies of the Church.

The French National Assembly have not yet determined the exact nature of their form of Government. Some sweeping changes are contemplated. Much is said about their disposition to keep peace with foreign powers. But who can depend on the French? Amidst all their fickleness there is only one sentiment to which they are constant, and that is, undying hatred of England. If the latter be wise, she will set her house in order—we mean her Irish house—without any delay. The Irish have no wish to separate from her, unless they be forced to it by continual ill-treatment.

The accounts are far more cheering for Repeal, than those by the former packet. The Repealers of both sections are heartily fraternizing, and above all the Irish Protestants are crying out for a domestic Legislature, and Sharman Crawford has joined them. They are right, and will have no reason to repent for having joined their Catholic fellow-countrymen in this glorious national struggle. Six hundred Protestants were enrolled the Dublin Protestant Repeal Association at their last meeting. The Catholic Repealers should throw open their arms and receive them in a fraternal embrace. They should convince them, by word and deed, that they seek for no undue ascendancy over any portion of their brother Irishmen, and above all, that they repudiate a Religious ascendancy, which has been the curse of Ireland in times past.

It is confidently said that the Queen will visit Ireland this summer. If the object of the Ministry be to stifle the cry for Repeal, we suspect, may we firmly trust, that it is too late. It is cruel to place our beloved Sovereign in this predicament. They would not permit her to go to Ireland when her visit would have been gratefully appreciated. But after they have passed their odious "Gagging Bill" and robbed the Irish nation of the last remnant of the Constitution, they want to subject her Majesty to all the chances of discontent. We believe that instead of Mitchell & Co., Lord John Russell and the Whig Ministry ought to be placed in the dock, and tried for treason to the Constitution and the Sovereign. It now appears that it was on false pretences they assumed the reins of Government two years ago, and turned out Sir Robert Peel Ireland was the great difficulty then; and what have the base Whigs done to ameliorate her condition since? The present state of that country affords a convincing reply.

Of one thing we are certain—the Union will be Repealed. England may as well make up her mind, and be prepared for her fate. Come weal come woe to her, the connection with the "Sister (?) Country" cannot last. It is *de facto* broken at this moment. From our hearts we thank God for this happy consummation. England has neither knowledge, nor honesty, nor will, to legislate justly for Ireland. The last half century has demonstrated this, and every true Irishman feels it. Our country, then, must get back her own Irish Queen Victoria, and her own Irish Lords and Commons to make her laws and rule her people—in justice, peace, and order.

Clarendon, the *alien* Governor, is heart sick of Ireland, and begs to be released from his dreadful position. Ah! my Lord John Russell; it is much easier to make a bombastic speech against Repeal in the Saxon Parliament than to grapple personally with the "Irish Difficulty" in Ireland! Whigs and Tories will soon find this out.

IRELAND.

We gave a brief account in our last number of the most recent news from Ireland. It was disheartening and painful enough. The old demon of discord, the hereditary curse of Ireland, had re-appeared. But we will never despair of our Country. We are not surprised at the divisions of her children, though we lament them. We could easily shew that Irishmen are not more prone to quarrel with each other than the people of other nations. Those who prate so flippantly on this subject, should remember that Ireland has been held in captivity by the most ruthless tyrant that ever bestrode the earth—that her soil has been confiscated twice or three over—that her people have been massacred—that aliens in blood, language, and religion have been planted in one fourth of her territory—that a bitterly hostile Church Establishment—an angel of darkness impudently bearing the name of an angel of light—has been quartered on her—that her towns and cities are garrisoned by a hireling soldiery—that her villages and hamlets are occupied by spy gangs of Policemen—that this accursed spy system is in full operation throughout the Country, and that the *Directors*, as they are called, are everywhere in the pay of the Government—that it is their interest to deceive, mislead, betray—that they worm themselves into the confidence of the people, and then sell their blood—that they write threatening notices, fire off alarm shots at nights, send reports to the Castle and the Orange Journals of outrages that never occurred, and that it is their direct and immediate interest to keep Ireland in a state of perpetual excitement. It should be remembered that the infernal maxim by which England has secured her unholy sway has been *Divide et Impera*, Divide and Govern. We repeat, then, that we are not surprised at the dissensions that unfortunately occur in Ireland. Subject any other nation on earth to the same abominable system. Send amongst them a million of men whose interest it is to distract, and divide, and promote bloodshed, and strife, and malice, and all uncharitableness. Do this to any other nation, and the consequences would be still more fatal. The great wonder, in our mind, is that the Irish people have been so united, so constant and so determined in their hostility to their wealthy, powerful, insidious, and unscrupulous oppressors. The Government are chafing over the recent outbreak at Limerick. Stupid fools! That will not save them. They are whistling before they are out of the wood. Is

Repeal dead? Has the national spirit been extinguished? Is England more loved now than she was before the Limerick Sore? How many soldiers has it enabled her to withdraw from Ireland? How many thousands a day does it save her in her present enormous expenditure? How many ships has she removed from the coast? So far from Repeal being injured by the recent occurrence, we think the cause will derive from it additional strength. The people will see the folly of division, the necessity of union. They will be more vigilant against the spies of the enemy, and the seductions of the informer. They will bide their time, and keep their temper. The horizon of Europe is dark, and the uncertain future alarms England. Ireland will keep her in a state of nervous trepidation. England is panting to engage in European Diplomacy. She would fain get on her old stilts, and thrust her insolent nose amongst other nations. *But Ireland won't let her.* Ireland will require half her army to keep even two counties quiet, if the Pikemen should appear on the hill side. Ireland will worry her, and tease and torment her. Ireland will keep before her affrighted eyes the vivid images of her ancient murders, massacres, and pillage. Ireland will rattle in her ears the dry bones of her famished myriads, and this hoary murderess will be haunted day and night by the shrieking ghosts of her innumerable victims. Ireland will drain John Bull's pocket, directly and indirectly, at home and abroad, by land and by sea. Ireland will keep her on the rack not only in Ireland, but in every part of the globe. Ireland will retaliate on her in England and Scotland, in India, and Australia, and Van Dieman's Land; in British North America, and the *United States*, whose Irish votes generally decide the election of a President. Ireland, in a word, will compel England to do her justice, or she will drag her down to the lowest depths of humiliation and disgrace. This is her mission, a great and glorious mission—a mission from on high—a mission whose successful result will prove to the whole world that there is a God of Justice in Heaven.

That puny lordling, John Russell, that stunted descendant of sacrilegious robbers and traitors, that hypocrite who lives on the property of the Church and the Poor, that base whigging, has blown his penny trumpet against the people of Ireland. "Whilst he lives," foregoth, or has breath in his body he won't grant Repeal! How can Ireland resist the shrill treble of that shrivelled windpipe, or the windy puffs of that bag of inflated vanity! Poor little Lordling! Ireland will succeed in spite of all the breath in his diminutive body.

He and his mercenary allies pretend that Ireland is of no use to England, and that a severance of the connection would injure Ireland herself. The hypocrites! Why don't they there fore, leave Ireland to herself? Why not give up this expensive neighbour, and let her manage her own affairs? But those English robbers and murderers don't believe a word of it. They have kept Ireland in a state of misery to enrich themselves and to promote English interests. Much as they affect to despise her, they know her value too well to part with her so easily. However the day of reckoning is come at last. The monster must disgorge its prey. Ireland will have her own again, and until she does, her remorseless plunderer will suffer deeply for her long career of villainy and oppression. Ireland will have her own again; and when that day comes there will be a jubilee amongst the nations of the Earth.

PRUDENTIUS.

We publish to-day, the first of a series of translations from the works of this celebrated Christian Poet. It is the first Hymn of his *Cathemerion* (a *Book of Daily Hymns*) which consists of hymns of prayer and praise, for different parts of the day—for morning, night, before and after meals, fast days, after fast days, for Christmas, Epiphany, the Lighting of a Candle, Funerals, &c. Many valuable testimonies in favour of the doctrines and rites of the Catholic Church are to be found in this ancient and elegant Poet, who was born at Calahorra in Spain in 348, fifteen hundred years ago. We feel much indebted to the gentleman who has devoted his leisure hours to the translation of these beautiful hymns, and if we may judge from the present specimen, we think he will merit the approbation of every lover of Christian poetry. This Hymn, as well as several other of Prudentius, is still used in the Divine Office of the Church.

Ales Diei unius
Lucem propinquam præcinit:
Nos excitator mentium
Jam Christus ad vitam vocat, &c.

•Feria testis ad Labdes

REPEAL IN ENGLAND.

The Chartists are Repealers to a man. An immediate Repeal of the Irish Union was one of the prayers of their greatest National Petition—those who acknowledge the leadership of Feargus O'Connor and Ernest Jones, and those who rally round W. J. Fox, George Thompson, Joseph Sturge, and Henry Vincent, unite in this opinion. The Westminster Review, Tait's Magazine, and the Northern Star have, from time to time, been organs of this sentiment, common to several millions of the working classes of England.

But new classes of Englishmen are embracing those opinions under the strong pressure of circumstances. When men are clearly determined to have their rights, ask what they may, the justice of conceding them becomes quickly manifest. And we verily believe if England were pulled from end to end a million anti-Repealers could not be found between Durham and Exeter. Here are a few proofs of the progress of opinion.

The Dispatch, a London paper of vast circulation and considerable influence among the humbler of the middle classes, and which formerly opposed Repeal with great violence, says:—

"Repeal cannot be withheld. Repeal would maintain order against a gang of law-breakers—it will not try to reconquer Ireland—The Intelligence of the sister Island then has the matter in its own hands."

The Morning Advertiser, the organ of the shopocracy, also declares repeal to be the alternative of the remission of the government in not stating at once some adequate (impossible) plan for the amelioration of Ireland; it says:—

"Should, however, ministers not come forward in this way, should they not stake the existence of their government on doing the most ample justice to Ireland, then we say that the Irish ought to have Repeal. We do not think it will be productive of those happy results which they so confidently anticipate from it; but that is their affair, not ours. If they are satisfied, so ought we. They have a right to make the experiment. They are justified in trying what a domestic legislature will do for them.

The Leeds Times, a journal that may be taken to represent the opinion of the sober English radicals of Colonel Thompson's school, thus states the position they will take in a contest:—

"The government may rest assured that it will not have the support of the English people in a war for the retention of Ireland. They will not waste their blood and money for such an object.

Ascending another step, the Leeds Mercury, the most influential provincial journal in England, the organ of two great interests, the Dissenters and the manufacturers, protests on behalf of the middle classes against any attempt to retain forcible possession of Ireland:—

"One object of monstrous difficulty remains—Ireland. We frankly admit that it is to us a subject of extreme perplexity. Friends, as we have always been, of every measure of justice, kindness, conciliation, and benevolence to Ireland, we shrink with horror with the thought of a civil war in that unhappy land. We believe we speak the sentiments of multitudes of English when we say, that England has no wish to rule over Ireland, to exact from Ireland one single shilling, to inflict upon her either wound, or insult, or degradation—that, in fact, England wishes to live on terms of full sisterly equality with Ireland, sharing with her in prosperity or adversity, and rather helping than burdening her. When the old Irish parliament existed, it was so dependent and so corrupt that it was of no real value to Ireland. A parliament now elected in Ireland on any reasonable basis would be substantially different from anything ever known in that country, and would, there can be little doubt so set as to make Ireland in effect a separate kingdom.

"For ourselves, and we believe for many there, we may say, that we begin to doubt the advantage to Great Britain of retaining the connexion with Ireland, if the Irish themselves are generally adverse to that connexion. If there can be a free and friendly Union, we should think it most desirable. The local situation of Ireland renders the connexion natural, and that connexion gives securities, strength, greatness, and might give mutual prosperity to both. Each might be the best customer to the other—England taking the agricultural produce and the linens of Ireland, and Ireland taking the manufactures of England. To be closely connected with the richest country in the world would (if