

THE CHOLERA—INTEMPERANCE.

The *John Bull* states, that upwards of 2000 men and 5000 women were taken off the streets of Alexandria, drunk, during the last year! At one time thirty five females were huddled together in a small cell in the police-office.

Ramonon Lodge, a native physician of India declares that people who do not take spirits or opium do not catch the disorder, even when they are with those that have it.

In China, according to Dr. Reich, the disease selected its victims from among such of the people as live in fish and intemperance.

Mr Huber, who saw 2160 perish in 21 days, in one town of Russia, says.—It is a most remarkable circumstance, that persons given to drink have been swept away like flies. In Tils, containing 20,000 inhabitants, every drunkard has fallen—all are dead, not one remaining.

A physician of Warsaw says that the disease spared all those who led regular lives, and lived in healthy situations, whereas those whose constitutions had been broken down by excess and dissipation were invariably attacked. Out of one hundred individuals destroyed by cholera, it was proved that ninety had been addicted to the free use of ardent spirits.

In Paris, of the 30,000 destroyed by cholera, it is said that the greater part were intemperate or profligate.

Dr Rhmelander, who visited Montreal during the prevalence of cholera there, in the summer of 1832, says, that the victims of the disease are the intemperate. In that city, after there had been 1200 cases of the malady, a Montreal paper states that not a drunkard who has been attacked has recovered, and almost all the victims have at least been moderate drinkers.

Dr Sewall, who visited the cholera hospitals of New York, states that out of 204 cases in the Park Hospital, there were only six temperate persons, and that those had recovered, while 122 of the others, when he wrote, had died, and that the facts were similar, in all the other hospitals.

336 died of cholera, in the city of Albany, U. S., above 16 years of age, of which the following is a detailed account:—

Intemperate persons	140
Free drinkers	55
Habitual moderate drinkers	131
Strictly temperate	5
Members of temperate societies	2
Idiot	1
Unknown	2

336

According to the experience of Dr Elliston, cholera was very fatal amongst spirit drinkers; and it is now a well known fact, that that portion of the lower orders who had everything calculated to keep them in good health but who indulged in drinking, were sure to suffer; and however well persons may be off, if they enfeeble their bodies by dissipation, they are rendered unceasingly liable to attacks of cholera. JOHN C. HALL, M. D.—*Times*, 2d November, 1847.

ENGLISH MORALITY.—The Saxon press, as well as the Saxon people, take great liberty with the moral and religious character of the Irish people, from time to time, and often visit upon the entire acts of individuals. But any person in the habit of perusing the English Metropolitan and Provincial Journals must confess that more immorality and irreligion, nay, barbarous atrocity, appear daily recorded in the sister country, than could ever be found in Ireland. One of the latest enormities, in which the English Press daily abounds is, the incestuous conduct of a father in the debauchery of his own three daughters, all under twelve years of age, and the making them victims of disease, which was clearly proved! Why, Ryan (Puck) about whom so much has been said, as well as all others convicted at the late Commission, are Saints compared with this Saxon Monster!—*Lit. Reporter*.

ALARMING EXTENT OF PAUPERISM—KILKENNY, JAN. 19.—The condition of this entire union is alarming enough, but the state of the electoral division, the principal portion of which is this city, is frightful in the extreme at the present moment. In this division there is at present a mass of pauperism that really threatens to overwhelm the rate payers; the majority of the Guardians are seemingly inattentive to the duties of their office, whether through press of business or otherwise we cannot presume to say; and there is no relieving officer, whilst hundreds of wretched beings are starving for want of victuals. On Monday, Messrs J. Kelly, Lanigan,

and J. Walsh sat all day, from ten o'clock in the morning, Mr Lanigan remained until that hour at night. On the face of the returns appeared 897 separate and distinct applications, which, at the very lowest computation, embraced claims for relief from something near 2,000 people, adults and children! And, mark, this was from the city alone—the return of one relieving officer!—*Kilkenny Journal*

Correspondence.

[For the Cross.]

GENTLEMEN,

Once more I come before you in the hope of doing some good. I cannot look upon this beautiful Province of New Brunswick, and behold the misfortune that, by means of Party-Spirit are daily overspreading it, without feeling a sorrow too deep to be expressed by words. If the infatuated men who are persevering in the propagation of their foul Orange principles of which I complain, could see the dreadful fruits of their work, nothing but insanity itself could excuse them. In the usual course of things every novelty gets a trial before adoption. If it prove well, universal patronage will foster it; if otherwise, none but madmen would seek for its continuance. Now, it may be asked, how has orangeism wrought since its foundation or origin? Has it accomplished those ends for which it was intended? If the maintenance of loyalty, as it is asserted, had been its aim, I ask, has loyalty, since William's time, been more sound, more general? Have the people been more happy, more prosperous, more content? The facts teach the contrary. If again, the extirpation of Catholicity had been, as it is likely, the motive, I ask once more has orangeism been more successful? Universal evidence flatly contradicts this, too. From the statistics of the times it is found that Catholicity was never so flourishing as it is at present; and, what is better still, never was there less hope of decrease in its members. In both these suppositions Orangeism has failed. When the system has, therefore, after so many years trial, been proved to work so ineffectual, why is the cause supported? This is not the way with other bad speculations. We hear of opposition coaches, which, when they disappoint the hopes of enterprise, are abandoned in despair. We know of steamers after steamers, in like manner, giving up the route, when the advantages are not worthy of the chase. We find various and innumerable systems and opinions broached as deserving of deep attention; but again, after examination, yielding to the pressure and proof of the times, and at length passing away into oblivion, because they were worthless. Every failure, in a word, is set under, save and except that of Orangeism. This coach, of all bad coaches, is alone kept rolling, though the company are every day plunging themselves deeper and deeper into difficulties. This profitless steamer, though its boilers are constantly bursting and killing hundreds of wretches around them, is the sole exception to every dangerous thing of its kind, that continues running: This is the only unsound philosophy that has not been long ago exploded. From every light we view it, most clearly does it appear that the great aim of Orangeism has been altogether unattained. We shall address ourselves now to its blinded followers, and ask them a few questions. Tell us, in the first place, with this view of things before you, what can be your hope in this causeless campaign? Are you not certain that as long as you exhibit a hostile front, so long will Catholics oppose you. This is not the dictate nor the wish of the writer—God forbid—but unfortunately, it is human nature. I only speak of men as they are, not as they should be. Lay down your arms, cease waving that sickly flag of yours, and the dove of peace, with its olive branch in its mouth, will come and make abode among you. But should you still desire to stand the grant, here is what will happen, and I give it to you from an analogous judgment. If the victory be upon your side to day, it will be upon the Catholics' tomorrow. The loss will always balance the gain and leave you just as you began. This is an argument drawn from the facts of last summer. When one fell from the Catholic side, another was invariably singled from the Orange. There was no ultimate triumph, and as long as man is what he is, there never will be. Do you not know that your opponents are flesh and blood like yourselves? That their fathers and mothers

are as pure, as fond as your own? That they themselves are as brave, as sober, and as just as yourselves? Do you not recollect, finally, that they are more numerous than you are, or possibly ever can be? With what, then, are you warring? Is it not with you, a most "forlorn hope!" Can you understand these plain truths? If you can, let me further claim your attention. Hear me attentively through the sequel. I ask you, do you love your fathers, mothers, kindred, friends? Undoubtedly you do. Well—do you think that you provide for their safety whilst the unholy war is being carried on? I can tell you that you do not. They are, every one of them, in danger. The exasperated feelings of those men whom you hate and persecute, will not in the hour of strife, distinguish your companions or kin. The fiery passion will have way, and perhaps, that upon your most beloved and dear, as well as any one else the unconquered wrath will fall. This was the case in St John last summer. Is it now? Alas! this is not, like the deluge, passed away—there is no vow of promise, no "arch of peace," rising between you to warrant this assertion. Scenes, such as are alluded to, may again occur, and oh! in the name of the God of peace, why will you not prevent them by suspending hostilities, and raising the siege? But why do I speak? Better and bolder appeals than this, have been, time after time, made to you in vain. What is there left for us, then to do? Shall we prepare an antagonistic body—draw out rules by which it may be regulated—appoint commanders to lead on the assault? Shall we propose the old or a new system of Ribbonism? Shall we call upon Catholics to unite as one man for the purpose of treading Orangeism down to the earth? Shall we give way to our natural inclinations and burn your pits of iniquity, your lodges, into ashes?—Shall we, at last, bid farewell to peace, and array ourselves in bloody phalanx for self preservation and defence? No. This is contrary, diametrically opposite to the peaceful spirit of our Church. No true member of Catholicity would suggest such a course, but rather scout the renegade wretch who would entertain it for a moment. Every good Catholic hates and abominates Ribbonism as much as he does Orangeism, and looks upon it as the dictate of the same evil genius. No, no—we would pursue no such path—but leaving you to your sins, we would turn to our Catholic brethren and make a proposal.

In my last letter I asked you to consider some measure by which we might right ourselves. If you have hit upon any let us know it, and, in the mean time, hear the one which I promised.—Without preface or preliminary I tell you that we must get an Act of Parliament passed, for the suppression of Orangeism. In this movement lies our only hope. But, methinks, that this idea has already scattered all your expectations of redress, and that it tempts you to throw by my letter. Yet, stay and let us reason. You must know that I don't imagine we can obtain such a favour from the members of the present House. Nearly every one of them is more or less favourable to Orangeism. Besides, they have refused us lesser grants than this. Even last winter, they rejected, as it is well known to you, every petition that you presented. I mean to say that we must look to the future for our rights; and to a future of our own creation.—We must heat ourselves, for hazy indeed have we hitherto been; we must obtain a louder voice in the Assembly. Previous to the last election there was not one Catholic to represent us in the Provincial Parliament. By the conduct we displayed up to that period, men would be led to suppose that we stood in the same predicament here as the Jews do in England. At last we got a thought—wondrous indeed!—came forward with our Candidates, and returned them all save one, (Fitzgerald) who, by the bye, were it not for his own cowardice, might have been as successful as his competitors. I mention this circumstance of elections to show that we have the power, if we wish, of raising ourselves to the position to which we are entitled. We can do so, and we must do so. Behold our battle ground. Considering Westmoreland and Albert as one, the Province contains twelve Counties in all: Restigouche, Gloucester, Northumberland, Kent, Westmoreland and Albert, King's, St. John, Queen's, Sunbury, York, Carleton, Charlotte. Now, if we please, we can, without a doubt, return at least one member for each of six of those counties. We might have two for some of them; besides we have a fair chance

of giving hard battle for the remainder.—The abolition of Orangeism is not the only motive that should lead us to this proceeding. If here never was an Orangeman in the country, we should endeavor for other considerations, to send representatives to the House. Bigotry is as bad as Orangeism, and creation knows that the Assembly of New Brunswick is as full of it as mortals can be. If these legislators would not shew such contempt for us as they invariably do, we would not so heartily make this appeal.—Liberality from their hands would be as welcome and savoury as if it came through the channels of our own. But such a hope is vain—vain as an idle dream. We propose this movement, then, not so much on the score of religion as that of right. We would even wait still longer in the expectation of better times, but we have been too often decided by this Administration, and should now, if ever, be determined to share in the game ourselves. I could enumerate many things from which we are shut out, as if they were "beyond the reaches of our souls;" but where would be the use of speaking what is already too well known to you. All we want to know is, first that certain privileges as due to us, as our sires are to Catholics, "banned and barred— forbidden fare." Secondly, 'tis our own fault if such a state of things continue. We are as good as our neighbours in every particular, and we are as numerous as they. All the difference between us is that that they have the low cunning of their mongrel origin, while we retain our primitive simplicity. 'Tis by this means that they had the mastery over us so long. Enough. Catholics of New Brunswick! only one more Session and a new Election will take place. You are called upon, to-day, this minute, to prepare for the contest. Look around you, and behold your numbers, your chances—look around you and take heart. This will be laying the foundation stone of your political edifice—of your honour—your rights. This will be the first step to your elevation. Your eyes have been shut—open them and see what you now are. There is not one of you holding any kind of respectable post throughout the entire Province. Ye are prescribed by bigotry and ignorance and oppression. All this long series of years ye have been of the "seven sleepers"—unconscious of your state. Ye have made not the sign of a struggle, and thus led your enemies to believe you were content. No wonder that the Orange perjurer is constantly seeking to damn you. He knows well your weakness, and imagines you too blind to see and better your condition. Arouse yourselves, then—make every effort—strain every nerve. Let every man of you, who is now on the way to pay for his Grant hasten as fast as he can in the work, and get his name registered. By the next election you may record hundreds of votes to increase your already numerous store. Do not fancy that because Ireland is fettered the manacle is still upon you. You must not be, as you seem, contented and happy if you can merely live free from grinding taxation and other unjust demands. You, and your half Yankee, half English, half mulatto neighbour are on the same equality now. A new heaven and a new earth is here, and doubly and trebly deserving of Orangeism, 'chans and slavery,' will you be, if you do not quickly 'share in the sunshine and eat of the fruit.' Rally then—rally for the next Election. Yours, &c.

ALPHONSUS.

New Brunswick,
March 11, 1848.

Births.

- March 18—Mrs. Shortis, of a daughter.
- " 20—Mrs. Crowley, of a Son.
- " 20—Mrs. Punch, of a daughter.
- " 20—Mrs. Foley of a son.
- " 23—Mrs. Ferguson, of a son.
- " 23—Mrs. Conolly, of a son.

Died.

- March 18—Catharine, Wife of Mr. Patrick Tobin, native of the County Kilkenny, Ireland, aged 40 years. 19—Johanna, daughter of Thos. and Bridget Hunt, aged 7 years. 22—Catharine, daughter of James and Margaret Lawlor, native of Newfoundland, aged 20 years. 22—Mary, daughter of Thos. & Cath. Griffin, native of County Kerry, Ireland, aged 6 years and 3 months.

THE CROSS,

Published by RICHIE & NUGENT, No. 2, Upper Water Street, Halifax. Terms—Five SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE, exclusive of postage. All communications for the Editors of the Cross are to be addressed (if by letter post paid) to No. 2, Upper Water Street, Halifax.