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Jesus said to his disciples. Whom do you say that I am?

Simon Peter answered and said: Thou art Christ the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona: because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven. AND I SAY TO THEE: THAT THOU ART PETER: AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT.

AND I SHALL GIVE TO THEE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven.—S. Matthew xvi. 15-19.



"Was anything concealed from PETER, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth?" —TERTULLIAN Praescrip. xxii.

"There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon PETER. That any other Altar be erected, or any other Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious." —St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebem.

"All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, PETER the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God.—St. Cyril of Jerusal. Cat. xi. 1.

IRISH INDUSTRY.

The Rev. Dr. King, Rector of Kilmore, seconded the resolution. He said he felt extremely proud of the present meeting, altho' it had been so long deferred, and he only wished that it had been held in the Round Room of the Rotundo, that accommodation might be provided for the immense number of persons who were so conspicuous in coming forward on such an occasion as that for the purpose of rescuing the lives of their ill-fated countrymen, and of exhibiting that feeling of humanity and nationality which every Irishman should entertain at such a crisis, when the people were dying in hundreds and thousands, unnoticed and unknown, save by a few who were overpowered with the burden cast upon them of even listening to their groans without the power of relieving them (hear, hear). He (Dr. King) had seen the sufferings of the people under every aspect; and he had been astonished at their forbearance (hear, hear). Never would he listen to the accusation against the Irish of their being an unruly, idle, blood-thirsty people. On the contrary, they were a docile and submissive people; and no man who knew them would say they were an idle people (hear, hear). He had a small patch of land, about seven acres in extent, and in order to set an example to others he formed the determination of tilling one-half of it, the other half being sown in oats. He was so assailed by unfortunate beings applying for food or work, that he told about two dozen of them to come into the field for the purpose of gathering the stones and scotch grass, and depositing them into a ditch. Why, what was the fact? The field was inundated with the population before evening, although in order to prevent too many coming, he had told them that he could afford but to give the grown persons two pence, and the young women three-halfpence, and all of them only a morsel to eat (hear, hear). Next morning he had to alter his terms and to reduce the hire; and against evening such were the numbers assembled that he was obliged to say that he could give no hire at all (hear, hear). Thus, because employment was scarce the people were called idle—because they were lying peaceably in the ditches, hungry and wretched, they were represented as idle vagabonds, than which a greater untruth could not be asserted (hear, hear).—No, they were not idlers, but the ruin of the country was the want of employment; and until such a revolution took place in the condition of the country as that, like bread and butter, men who had land should have capital too, Ireland could never prosper (hear, hear). That was a political idea; it was a practical conclusion to which he and every person must arrive who had seen the state of the country (hear, hear). Why, he had for weeks together been afraid to walk outside his bell door lest he might encounter the shrieks and groans of his dying fellow-creatures (hear, hear). He did not by any means intend to say that the administration of relief on the part of individuals was wrong or useless; on the contrary, he believed it was in the power of an individual to work astonishing effects, but he deliberately asserted his conviction that what was now wanted for this country was employment—employment for the adults, for the children, for the aged (hear, hear). He had always expressed his delight in the greatness of the liability, and he regretted that it was reduced so low as five shillings. He wished it was 19s. 11d., because the capital infliction of so high a responsibility would drive persons to the alternative of either performing their duties or of vacating possession (cheers). He feared those remarks might be somewhat irrelevant of the subject which

had brought them together, but he was merely pointing out what to his mind was the source of the grievous sufferings of the people. The potato crop, were it ten times as valuable, could not have inflicted such woe upon the country if men had come forward the year occurred and the following year, and had acquitted themselves as men and as christians. But no, their senseless gentry thought to refer it to God and to the wickedness of the country, and neglected to do what reason dictated to them. The misery under which the country suffered was aggravated by this—the people were in the winter season put out into the ditches and exposed to the raging elements; as if hunger could not speedily enough perform its dreadful work, the inclement elements and the cold and damp of the ditchside were called in to assist. If the people were to be turned out of the land some means of shelter and employment should have been found for them, instead of having been flung aside and maltreated by those to whom they naturally looked for sympathy and support (hear, hear). The sufferings of the country would never be thoroughly known or revealed until the day when human guilt would be fully exposed (hear, hear). He could not illustrate the Scriptures more forcibly than by referring to what he had seen during the past three years. The patience—resignation to the will of God—the relinquishment of self—the love of offspring—the horror of indecent exposure at the last hour—the careful fulfilment of the social duties towards the dying—he had seen those virtues so fully developed during the trying scenes he had witnessed, that the recollection of them had sunk deep into his heart and would ever be treasured there, (cheers). Never would he listen in silence to the assertion that the people were idle, for he knew they were willing to work if they could get employment on any terms. It was also said, there was the poorhouse for them; but he had seen starving creatures waiting for weeks to get into the poorhouse. While they wait, death comes to relieve them of their sufferings—their lives were sacrificed to some absurd rule laid down, and maintained, while hunger and misery were doing their deadly work (hear). He had seen respectable peasants in the country collecting the scattered particles of rice, mixed with the winter's mud, putting it into their aprons and carrying it home to relieve their families. But that was called by some scheming and humbug. Persons might be malignant enough to assert such, but they could not do so in the presence of those who knew the contrary, or without being guilty of an offence in the sight of Heaven, who knew the sufferings of the people (hear, hear). He also knew that it was unjust to accuse the people of turpitude and ingratitude. Some solitary murders might be cited by those who desired to blacken the character of the people, but if persons were behind the scenes, and were able to know the whys and the wherefores they would not have such difficulty in conceiving why such should occur. They would be rather astonished at the forbearance, more than human, of the insulted and ill-used population (hear, hear). The poor starving people were thankful for the smallest aid given them, and even one pound judiciously expended was capable of bringing relief to many who must perish if not rescued from the horrors of starvation. They drop on their knees and pour out their grateful thanks for the least assistance given them. The objection against gratuitous relief was urged; but the only way to remove that objection was to give the people employment—for without either they must perish in thousands. As to the poorhouses being open

for them, he often wondered how Protestants, who are so much opposed to the doctrine of infallibility among the Roman Catholics, should set up an infallibility for themselves in the harsh and stringent rules and regulations of the poor law system, as if the most imperious dictate to man was not to save his fellow-creature from suffering and death, if possible, or as far as in him lay (hear, hear). With respect to the proprietors of the soil, they had not the means of giving employment, and their land was worse off than if it was in the hands of the ejected peasantry. The support of the poor was now a burden on the land, as it ought to be, for if the land did not employ them for the benefit of all, the owner (who is like the dog in the manger) would not be comforted or consoled in his suffering (hear, hear). He hoped the country would reap the benefit of Sir Robert Peel's plan (cheers). The only objection he saw to it was, that it would introduce strangers into the country, for he would prefer seeing the land in the hands of Irishmen; but if they were not able to manage or cultivate it properly, as the interests of the whole community demanded, it would be better that those who possess capital should be enabled to expend it upon the land, give employment to the people, and make it as productive as possible. After some further observations, the reverend gentleman sat down amid loud applause.

IRISH MORALITY.

Mr. JOHN O'CONNELL said—Sir, the thunderbolt has fallen, and we are not crushed. The storm which we have been told by the newspapers had been so long gathering has burst over us, enforced by the—what shall I say?—enforced by the grimaces of a mountebank and the spirit of a viper (cries of order, and cheers.)

The SPEAKER informed the hon. member that the expressions he had just made use of were quite unparliamentary, and must be withdrawn.

Mr. O'CONNELL was always ready to bow to the authority of the chair, and of course to withdraw the expressions he had used, as the right honourable gentleman had decided that they were unparliamentary; but he must submit to the chair whether the honourable and learned gentleman had not exceeded the limits of order when he spoke of Irish members as persons calling themselves gentlemen (hear, hear). The honourable and learned member had given them a lesson about the poverty and crime of Ireland, and he had included all Irishmen in his denunciation. The hon. member had accused Irishmen of immorality. Were they to defend themselves from that charge? If so, he was ready to go into that question. When the hon. gentleman spoke of immorality let him compare the two countries. Had they in Ireland any instance of parents poisoning their children for the sake of the burial money, as they had in England? had they a regular system of abortion houses, such as existed in this metropolis? was the state of society in Ireland so very "moral" that it was unsafe for a person to pass near a sentry box at night as was the case here?—or had they instances of children receiving education in public schools who, when asked the question, were ignorant of who the Redeemer was?—or had they above all, professors of economy, writers in the public newspapers patronised by the government, who put forward the inhuman and blasphemous doctrine unrebuked, that the population of Ireland, being out of proportion to the capital of the country, must be starved down to an equality with that capital? (oh, oh.) Now,

if these things existed in Ireland—and he throw back on the hon. member the sweeping charge of immorality which he had brought against his (Mr. O'Connell's) country, was it not cruel to a people who were suffering the extreme of misery, and suffering the most unexampled privations, who were dying of starvation, and yet submitting to their fate with the most exemplary patience—was it not cruel that they should be accused in the heartless and reckless manner in which the hon. gentleman had accused them? (hear, hear.) The honourable gentleman had talked of the Irish members coming to beg English money. English money! Why Ireland paid a much larger proportion to the general funds of the empire, as compared with her means, than she had a right to do under the act of Union (hear). Give Ireland again the free management of her own affairs, and she would not ask you for your money. The honourable and learned member had made a violent attack on the landlords; but if the landlords had been guilty of the misdeeds the honorable member charged against them, they had been encouraged in them by the legislature, whose whole course had been to throw power into the hands of the landlords. If parliament had passed laws for placing the relations of landlord and tenant on a better foundation, the tenants could not have been oppressed as they had been; and in accusing the landlords the hon. member was accusing them for that which the house had compelled them to do, by refusing that assistance which would have afforded the means for giving employment to the Irish people (hear.)

MELANCHOLY STATE OF KILLYMOR, IN THE UNION OF BALLINASLOE, AND COUNTY OF GALWAY—THE POOR DROPPING DEAD IN THE FIELDS AND ON THE HIGHWAYS.

To the Editor of the Freeman. KILLYMOR, May 9, 1849.

SIR,—The poor people are, I believe, doomed to starve here. Each day we hear of some unfortunate persons found dead on the roads near this town. Allow me to give you a few details, all of which occurred in this town and neighbourhood within the last few days:—

Patrick Walsh, found dead by the Ballycrussane police in a heap of straw at the rear of their barrack.

Patrick McDonagh, found dead by the said police in a fir bush in a field opposite their barrack.

Mary Mulloy, found dead by said police on the public road.

John Quirk, found dead by the relieving officer on the public road.

Whelan found dead by the relieving officer in an open field.

Patrick Lyons, found dead on the public road.

Mrs. Grimes, found dead in a heap of straw at the rear of this town, and a son was found dead the day before on the public road.

Lawrence Kelly, found dead in a field at Heathlawn, near this town.

Tom Cleary, found dead this morning in the ruins of a deserted house.

I have now to give you a list of no less than five human beings of the same family who on yesterday fell victims to starvation in this parish—Owen Moran crept into his brother's house and died; the same day his brother, Larry, was found dead in a field; the same day his sister, Mrs. Whelan, with her husband and child, found dead in a deserted forge. What a sad spectacle! The two brothers, the sister, the husband, and child—all dead the same day.

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 Gandolpho, 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 Coughaught, 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.*

## PROTESTANT CHURCH.

**THE EX-VICAR OF COCKERHAM.**—The *Weekend Mercury* says:—"The resignation by Mr. Dodson of his vicarage at Cockerham, and his secession from the church, have caused much interest in the neighbourhood. Mr. Dodson assigns eight reasons for secession, and dwells separately on each of them. "My first reason," says he "is, I cannot maintain the subscriptions. The minister is required to declare that every and all of the 39 articles is agreeable to the word of God." Of these he instances, among others, the assertion in the 26th article of the 36th canon, that 'evil ministers do minister by Christ's commission and authority,' a statement, he says, which is not agreeable to the word of God. This, he emphatically declares 'makes secession inevitable. I would not be a living lie.' The second reason which he assigns is, that his views and convictions are increasingly at variance with the establishment, and he speaks of its prelatical episcopacy, its state-supremacy and government, its patronages, its surrender of all pretensions to any exercise of a scriptural discipline over its members, and its tyrannical discipline over its members. Six other reasons are given."

Rome.—Our readers will be anxious to learn the actual condition of Rome. Private letters tell very little. The most peaceable inhabitants who are in a position to be suspected disguise their hand-writing and conceal their thoughts, writing only just so much as *terror* permits them to reveal. The few lines that follow are from a gentleman well known to many of our readers, and who has resided many years in Rome. His brief letter implies more than it expresses:

Rome, May 4, 1849.

"My Lord—Of course you are aware that we are in a state of anarchy and terror. On Monday last the French attacked the town. What was the result we know not. It is now several days, and we absolutely know nothing official. The Neapolitans are expected today, and for what we know they may have arrived. Last night, on the Piazza St. Apostoli, they (the mob) broke open the coach-house of Cardinal Macchi and burnt all his carriages: afterwards, they went to the Palazzo Altieri and burnt the Cardinal's carriages of that family. They are driving the Nuns out of their convents, the streets barricaded, everything ruin and destruction; in a word, all the powers of darkness are concentrated in Rome! All is mystery, which may Almighty God in His infinite mercy bring speedily to a conclusion. No Priests to be seen about the streets. Night after night they go about breaking Cardinals' carriages and no opposition made. They will begin next with the palaces no doubt. All the scum of Italy is hourly pouring into Rome. In your prayers I am sure you will not forget us. Yours faithfully in Christ,

—*Tablet.*

At Ancona the same frightful spirit prevails as at Rome. An Irish Priest, well known to many of our readers, the Rev. Mr. Kellegher, a Carmelite Friar, whose life was spent in works of mercy, and who made it his business to visit every vessel that entered the port to fulfil the work of his apostolate among their crews, has just been shot by revolutionary assassins, as a preliminary to taking possession of the house of which (we believe) he was the Superior. He had said Mass at Loretto, was returning home, and had just reached the door of his house when a ruffian rudely accosted him. Mr. Kellegher, a powerful man, pushed him aside, and was at the point of entering when two shots were fired, of which the second wounded him and mortally. He had just time, in falling, to pronounce the holy names of Jesus and Mary, and then expired. God rest his soul!

God help, also, Rome, Italy, and Europe! A fierce and godless spirit is unchained and rages over the whole surface of the Continent. Germany is rising up in fiercer convulsions than ever, and her populations seem slowly grouping themselves for civil war. Russia is once more in the heart of Europe. Her old victims, the Poles—hers and the victims also of their own deep internal anarchy—are in every capital of Europe, the emissaries of blood, and of a wild, blind and ferocious anarchy. Europe is indeed being rewarded after a memorable fashion for having perpetrated or allowed that infamous partition. And the strongest criminal of all, as is the way of this world's affairs, advances to reap her har-

vest out of the confusion she has sown by the enormity of her guilt. She advances at once cunningly to fasten on the weaker criminals, her accomplices or abettors, and to inflict a yet more immediate chastisement on the victims whose rights she has already trampled under foot, and of whose guilt she has been the most fearful scourge. God, and He alone, knows what will be the issue. But in Poland, in Hungary, in Prussia, in Germany, and in France, the same war is raging or preparing as that which now desolates Italy; a war which, if prognostics are of any value, is deliberately "gathering together from every quarter the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation," and of which the elements are fierce, blind, reckless and diabolic fanaticism on one side; and, on the other, an aimless, inorganic, material love of order, wealth and luxury, which is equally without faith, without trust, without purpose, without right, without nobleness, and without God. On both sides, thank Heaven, there are many exceptions; but the rule which these exceptions demonstrate is indeed fearful to behold.—*Tablet.*

The Times thus accounts for the temporary repulse which the French sustained at the gates of Rome:—

It has excited great astonishment that a well-appointed corps of French troops, not wholly unacquainted with street warfare and barricades, should have been foiled with considerable loss in their attempts to enter an open city like Rome, with no better defences than the emergency supplied, and no stronger garrison than the partizans of Mazzini and the degenerate remnant of the Roman people. No one, certainly, anticipated that this modern invasion would find an Horatius Coclus on the bridge. But this circumstance is of a piece with all we know of the dominant faction in Rome. As Florence was held till the ether day in the hardest durance by a party of Livornese *facchini*, so Rome is occupied and ruled by a nest of adventurers from every part not only of Italy but of Europe. The heads of the Roman government and of the popular bands in this revolution are all foreigners. The failure of the revolutionary party in Sicily and Genoa has driven the soldiers of anarchy to Rome and Leghorn as their last retreat. The French Red Republicans themselves have sent no considerable reinforcements to M. Mazzini's "Rome of the people," and it is by no means improbable that the same hands which barricaded the Porta del Popolo had served an apprenticeship in Paris on the barricades of February and of June. The leading spirit of the insurgents in the latter contest is known to have arrived in Rome some time ago, and it has been boasted in the National Assembly by the extreme party that these French Propagandists will be the first to mount the barricades of Rome against the French troops. Hence no efforts have been spared to debauch the French troops now in Italy, by the influence of their own language and their own countrymen, even in presence of the enemy; and the uncertain spirit of the army both abroad and at home is a formidable addition to the perils of the government and of society in France. The revolutionary party in that country looks to the anarchy of Europe for the recovery of its power.

**SACRED MEDITATIONS.**—From the French of Pere Griffet. Dunigan & Brother, New York. For sale by F. Donahoe, Boston.

The Rt. Rev. W. Walsh, Bishop of Halifax, has here given an elegant translation of an old and admirable book of devotional exercise. It was written by Griffet at the express desire of the Dauphin—father of Louis the Sixteenth. It contains a meditation for every day in the year, composed in the most ardent spirit of devotional piety. Like the rest of Dunigan's publications, it is excellently got up, and contains two beautiful engravings from pictures of Carlo Dolce and Rubens.—*Boston Pilot.*

**A SAILOR'S CONVERSION.**—Amongst the numerous conversions to Catholicity during the progress of the epidemic, the following is worthy of being recorded:—An English sailor who never knew or practised any kind of religious observance, was brought into one of the hospitals in a state of collapse. He was asked if he desired the aid of any religious minister. He said he was not anxious for it; that he never minded religion at all. Being pressed on the point, he at length said—"Well, then, I will be whatever religion your lady in black professes, for I see her most

attentive to the wants of my fellow-sufferers, and I am told she is not paid for her services—she must be right." The lady was a Sister of Mercy.—*Limerick Examiner.*

## LORD GOUGH.

Lord Gough has published a farewell address to the Indian army. He dwells with proud satisfaction on the result of the recent operations in the north-west of India, achieved by the matchless energy and valour of the forces under his command. Lord Gough has exercised a wise discretion in his selection of particular points for commendation. There is more than there is of terror in a battle-field. The exposure to the inclemency of the skies, the forced marches under an Indian sun, the alternations between glowing hopes and moral discouragement, constitute the real touch-stone of the soldier's merit. The following is very characteristic of the courageous old soldier in the manner in which Lord Gough dwells upon this subject:—"The next battle-day, when every feeling of the soldier and the gentleman is called into action, will ever be encountered nobly where British arms are engaged; but it is in the preparation, the difficulties, and endless toils of war that the trial of an army consists, and it is these which denote its mettle and show of what material it is made." In the whole of the Indian army there was not a man more eager than its commander to fly from the trials of which he speaks to the comparative reprieve of a dashing charge or a sharp cannonade. Many were the faults of Lord Gough as a strategist, but *Army List* has never contained the name of a more successful or more daring soldier. His was always the hand to execute, if in too many cases the very name of his courage stood between him and the formation of plans which a man of cooler temperament would have devised. Grievous as were the perils to which he unnecessarily exposed the troops under his command, it was well known throughout the army that the Commander-in-Chief would gladly have exchanged places with the soldier who stood in the most imminent peril. As a strategist, Lord Gough would have been a man after Napoleon's own heart. He would have disregarded every other consideration, and every direction would have been forgotten but the immortal hint "that a Captain who had his ship alongside of an enemy, and thought it out, could not go far wrong."

The possession of this quality of unswerving valour, and the successful termination of the campaign, were so far with the country to obliterate the errors that were so painfully apparent in the course of the operations. If any additional motive were wanting for a candid opinion, we think it might be found in the general feeling of feeling with which the warm-hearted old man addressed the army for the last time. He is not ungrateful to the brave men who have won for him, at the peril of their lives, wealth, honours, and fame. To Lord Gough the resignation of his command is the dissolution of many ties of friendship and good will. It is to him many a sharp pang to say adieu forever to the companions of his dangers and his toils. His is no cold nor formal parting:—"To every General, to every individual officer and soldier, European and native, of the army of the Punjab, Lord Gough finally repeats his cordial and affectionate farewell. Their persons and services are engrained in his heart and affections; and to those of them who may hereafter, within the brief space of a few years, revisit their native country, he tenderly the unfeigned renewal of that intercourse and friendship which mutual esteem and regard, and mutual dangers and exertions, have produced and established." We do but express too wish and feeling of the country when we say that our hope is that Lord Gough may yet be to enjoy many years of happiness and repose after his heavy toils and anxieties. We can understand that such a commander should have been beloved by the British soldier—in fact we believe that no small share of Lord Gough's success may be attributed to this kindly union of warm-heartedness and courage.

**SALE OF MR. O'CONNELL'S LIBRARY.**—The *Freeman's Journal* says:—"The sale of Mr. Jones, bookseller, D'O'Connell-street, presented yesterday a scene fraught with interest, and of a nature, to many present. The library of O'Connell having been advertised for sale by public auction, by Mr. Jones, the first day's proceedings for that purpose commenced at 1 o'clock. Generally speaking, the volumes submitted for sale yesterday, when considered apart from their association with the name of the venerated deceased, were not of anything like a high order in their respective classes. They comprised some rare volumes of divinity, but they were few. There were some scarce and ably written tracts, and also a collection of pamphlets on leading political subjects, all selected by Mr. O'Connell. None of them, however, brought anything like the prices which it might naturally be expected they would realise. Even copies having affixed to them the 'Liberator's' autograph, sold at prices not amounting to the mere intrinsic value, and, in many instances, far below the trade price at secondhand. The law portion of the day's sale began at 3 o'clock. Some of these works were valuable as books of reference, and many of them had the Liberator's name preched in his own hand, and others had copious marginal notes in the illustrious owner's writing. Generally speaking, the prices got for the works presented yesterday did not approach the average value of the volumes, apart from all considerations connected with them."

**DEATH OF MARIA EDGEMORTH.**—According to a morning paper the celebrated Maria Edgeworth, the once popular novelist, died after a few hours' illness on Monday morning, at Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford. She lamented deceased was I believe, in her 83d year.

**WANT OF TENANTS.**—The following curious case of "reaction," as it may be called, is mentioned by the *Tipperary Vindicator*:—

"We understand that in Clare, those landlords who were conspicuous some time ago in clearing their properties, are now doing all that lies in their power to procure tenantry to till the land, which in whole districts is waste. In few instances can tenants be

obtained, and the consequence is that these landlords are in the utmost distress. The land cannot pay poor rates, and thus under the circumstances."

And again, to quote from the same authority:—"In several parts of the country from which tenantry have been lately ejected, and the lands tilled by proprietors or agents, there is nothing to meet the demands of the rate collector and county cess man but the growing crops, but these they cannot touch, and the result is that these lands for the present are so far unproductive towards meeting the fiscal requirements of the country or of the unions in which they are situate, unless the owner be compelled to pay by summons."

**REPRESENTATION OF LIMERICK.**—There are two candidates in the field for the seat vacated by Mr. Smith O'Brien, who, on Friday last, was voted civilly dead in the House of Commons. The claimants for the honour are Mr. Samuel Dickson, a large proprietor in the county of Limerick, and Mr. Thomas Fitzgerald, who dates his address from Merrion-square, Dublin. Neither of these gentlemen states what his political opinions are, but it is understood that both profess Liberal principles. The election is fixed for Friday, the 1st of June.

NEW YORK, June 5.

**THE CHOLERA.**—The Sanitary Committee report yesterday twenty-three new cases and nine deaths by cholera for the preceding twenty-four hours, sixteen of which were in private practice and seven in the hospital. Five of the fatal cases were in private practice, and four in the hospital. The most active measures are being taken to cleanse the streets, especially in the lower wards, where there has long been an accumulation of mud and filth, occasioned by the late wet weather. Lime, too, has been very freely sprinkled throughout the city.

The accounts from California continue favourable, and the return of the first two Pacific steamers to Panama from San Francisco, gives promise that regular intercourse may now be counted upon. An officer of the Navy sent with despatches from the commander of the fleet in the bay of San Francisco, reached Washington in forty-four days. What the effect is to be upon the currency of the world and the standard of value, of the great accession to the supply of gold, which it now seems certain the United States will furnish, can as yet only be conjectured. It cannot, however, in our view of what is likely to be the extent of this supply, be other than considerable.

The Cholera, which has been lurking around our shores and following the course of the Mississippi for some time past, has declared itself at length, though in a mitigated form, in this city. The cases are comparatively few, though the mortality is large in proportion to the cases. But the absence of panic and the precaution actively adopted by the city authorities to promote and preserve cleanliness, by removing from the infected districts to healthier positions, and rooms well ventilated and well attended hospitals, the patients whose circumstances do not permit them to avail of these advantages at home, seem to warrant the hope that the suffering and loss of life may be more moderate than on the first invasion of this scourge years ago.

There is no perceptible interruption in the business of the city, although doubtless some persons from the country who at this season usually visit New York for amusement, or in the way of trade, will be deterred by apprehension from doing so this year.

The *Railroad Journal* of Saturday last has a share list, embracing all the roads in operation in the United States, amounting to 6,674½ miles. The actual expenditures upon these lines (so far as they are given in the list, and they are not all given) amount to one hundred and seven and a half millions of dollars.

There are now some 3000 miles of railroad in progress, and which will in the proportion of the roads completed, absorb some sixty millions more of capital, to which adding the cost of roads finished and in use, but of which the cost is not given in the *Railroad Journal*, such as the Georgia Railroad, the Michigan Central, the New Jersey Central, New Jersey, New York and New Haven, New York and Erie, and others—and it would probably not be an excessive estimate to assume two hundred millions of dollars as the amount invested, or in process of being invested in railroads in the United States.

Of this large sum a very small proportion only is held abroad.

**THE CHOLERA IN BOSTON.**—Two or three cases of sudden deaths occurred in this city Monday and the day before, all of which are pronounced by the physicians who attended the deceased persons, to have been cases of cholera. The first, was the case of David Edwards, a passenger in the bark *Argyle*, which arrived at this port on Friday last, with 145 Scotch passengers. The vessel was hauled up to Battery wharf, and soon after Edwards came on shore, he took up his quarters at 11 Hamilton street, where he complained of feeling somewhat unwell. His complaining attracted no particular attention, until it was too late to afford relief, and he died about noon on Sunday.

The second case was that of another passenger, who was suddenly taken ill on board the bark on Sunday night, and terminated in his death 11 o'clock Monday forenoon.

The third case is that of Mark Noble, of No. 215 Ann street, who had been at work a day or two on board the vessel, but who was attacked yesterday morning with symptoms of cholera. About noon he was thought to be convalescent, but his disease soon assumed a more alarming aspect, and about 5 o'clock on Monday afternoon, he expired.

The authorities have been busily at work for several days past in cleansing every nook and corner of the city, from all useless animal and vegetable substances, and filth of every description. The work is still progressing with increased determination on the part of those engaged in it, to make Boston a thoroughly clean city.

**EARTHQUAKE AT MARACAYBO.**—Capt. Warner, at Philadelphia from Maracaybo, 15th ult., reports that on the 3rd there was a violent earthquake, which lasted seven seconds. Many beautiful buildings were thrown to the ground and others so much injured as to be valueless. The loss is estimated at \$200,000. But one person, a female, was killed.

**THE BISHOP OF NEW ZEALAND.**—The Right Rev. Dr. Pompallier has arrived at Ford's Hotel, from Ireland. We understand that his Lordship has succeeded in obtaining several Priests from that country to accompany him to New Zealand, and that he intends to return to his diocese in the course of the next month, attended by at least twenty European Priests, should he be able to procure funds sufficient to defray the expenses of their passage. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith has made him a considerable grant, and some private individuals have also contributed towards the expenses of his Mission, which, notwithstanding, are heavier than he can at present discharge. His Lordship has baptised with his own hands more than 10,000 persons in his extensive diocese.

**MISSION IN LAMB'S BUILDINGS, BUNHILL ROW.**—Father Hodgson has for several weeks been giving a mission in the immense school room attached to these buildings, and has been instrumental in reconciling hundreds to the Church, who had not been in the habit of complying with their religious obligations for many years. But last Sunday there was a scene worthy of the most religious Catholic countries, and which even reminded us of the Apostolic times, when the devout Christians followed St. Peter and St. Paul, and pressed them in on every side in order to touch the hem of their garments or merely to apply their handkerchiefs to their bodies, believing that virtue emanated from the very touch of the Church in her rulers and holy members. It had been announced to the people that the Bishop would preach to them on that evening; therefore, for some time before his arrival, the streets for a considerable distance were lined by the poor Catholics, anxious to receive him with due honour. When at last his carriage made its appearance they all advanced to meet him with lighted torches, and scattering laurels before him. With the greatest difficulty the Bishop made his way up to the altar, owing to the crowd in the school room, which holds at least twelve hundred persons. At last he mounted the platform, and addressed the people for about half-an-hour, with an exhortation encouraging them to persevere. The people responded to him as they do at Naples. Whenever he urged them on any particular point they gave their assent by making their promises aloud. The crowd, however, was so great outside as well as within, that the Bishop was not satisfied with merely addressing them from the platform in the schoolroom, but with great difficulty he got into the court, and then ascended a table and spoke to them again in the open air in about the same terms, receiving from the people the same answers. The sermon, or rather exhortation, was followed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the schoolroom, and never was a more imposing or touching Benediction given. A multitude of 1,500 people, many holding burning torches in their hands, many joining the service with their voices, and all entering heart and soul into the solemnity of the great act, and testifying their real devotion by their tears and characteristic exclamations, was a scene never to be forgotten. After Benediction, the Bishop made his way through the crowd as best he could, many laying hold of his hands, some seizing his feet to kiss them, others almost tearing his cassock off his back. This really consoling spectacle concluded by the people lighting him again to his carriage, and singing a hymn in chorus as he left them.—*Correspondent of Tablet.*

**FATHER MATHEW.**—During the whole of yesterday the house of Father Mathew, on Charlotte Quay, was surrounded by crowds of postulants, who flocked thither to receive a parting benediction from their beloved Apostle. Also numbers of his friends and admirers visited to take leave of him on the eve of his voyage to America. This morning, at a very early hour, the quay opposite his residence began to fill with troops of his disciples from the different Temperance rooms of Cork. Although the weather was not as propitious as could be wished, the banners and bands of the respective societies were in requisition, and each one vied with another in paying homage to their long-cherished patron and father. At ten o'clock Father Mathew proceeded to the coach office and started for Dublin, via Malinbeg, where he purposes to remain for a few days, previous to his departure for Liverpool. After a short sojourn with Mr. Rathbone, of that city, he starts per Ashburton liner for America. May Heaven prosper his voyage! —*Cork Examiner.*—An act of remarkable munificence has been performed by one of the

merchant princes of Liverpool. Father Mathew's life was insured some years since for several thousand pounds as security for his Temperance movement. He received notice from the insurance company that in going to America he would have to pay a fine of 300*l.* for the increased risk. But where was the worthy Friar to get such a sum, when his pension is consumed by the premium of insurance on his life? That veteran reformer and practical philanthropist, Mr. W. Rathbone, of Liverpool, heard of Mr. Mathew's difficulty, and, unsolicited, sent the good Friar the sum of 500*l.*, saying that "the friends of temperance should be responsible for the debts which its Apostle had contracted." The wealthy Irish Catholics might blush at such an instance of protestant munificence towards the greatest living ornament of the Irish Catholic Church.—*Dublin Correspondent of the Daily News.*

**BALLINASLOE.**—The Rev. P. Conway, in a letter to the *Freeman*, says:—"Sir—Since my last communication with you a period has elapsed of awful import to the neighbourhood—a thousand years of life could not banish it from my memory—death in all its terrors has been and is rioting amongst us. There is nothing to meet the eye but evidences of starvation and death. Your readers may judge for themselves from the fact that much more than one-half (I might say with truth three-fourths) of the rural population of this once most populous parish has disappeared. Lest it may be said, by way of Whig quibbling, that they have emigrated, I assert that ten families have not left this parish for America since 1845. Where, then, are the thousands? In the overflowing graveyards.—A few days since a person called on me in haste, to say there were persons dying in a deserted house near the police barrack. I went with him, and what was my horror to find stretched on a wet floor two children dead of starvation, and their parents just dying. Having administered the last sacraments, I sent for the relieving officer and his assistant to remove them, they came, but neither would enter the hovel, much less take them out. I was then obliged myself to procure a cart to carry out the dead bodies, and to place them upon it in order to have them removed for interment. On the following day I found three persons in a sandpit dying of hunger—complete skeletons—two of them are since dead. But these solitary instances convey a very insufficient idea of our state, not alone that whole families of the humbler and pauper classes are carried away by famine, but now our respectable and comfortable parishioners are disappearing by disease, the attendant of famine. On Monday week last an English lady died here, she arrived from London on the Saturday previous, and let our rulers hearken to her last words: "Oh, Sir, you live in a horrid country, there is nothing to be seen but starved creatures and coffins. I am now dying, frightened to death at having seen two persons (dead) carried without coffins. Our people in England know nothing of the state of your country." Then, turning to her husband, she said—"Henry, Henry, give all I have to the poor." I shall never forget her death."

#### ROME.

The Eternal City is now garrisoned by some thousands of the *condottieri* of rebellion, recruited by the sweepings of Paris and Algeria. They are headed by men whose whole career has been one long conspiracy; two of whom have lately shown, in other scenes of bloodshed, how cheaply they hold their own lives and the lives of others—whilst the third is a personage enjoying an undisputed pre-eminence among the professional plotters of Europe. Such unclean spirits as these are not to be conjured away by a few soft words, or exercised by a sprinkling of holy water—they are in their element, and they will not, without a struggle, be driven from their refuge to go to and fro and walk up and down in countries which have already been made too hot to hold them.

**STATE OF ROME.**—The following is an extract of a private letter from Rome, dated the 5th—"Rome may now be said to be a city of ruins. The Villa Borgliese and Medicis has almost disappeared. The ruins still encumber the soil. These barbarians only wanted time for their work, and they have been interrupted by the arrival of the French. They are flocking to the barricades. It is awful to look at these barricades; each one of them is a regular fortress. Three Priests, Jesuits, were discovered yesterday in a villa where they were hiding. The mob dressed them up in rags, dragged them through the

city, and overwhelmed them with outrages of all kinds. They dragged them then to the bridge of the Castle of St. Angelo, where they cut them in pieces, and flung their palpitating remains into the Tiber. I have received these details from an eye-witness of this horrible scene. The convents are attacked night and day. The object is to find money, plate, and linen, and visits are hourly made in search of arms, even in the deepest caves and cellars. You may judge of the terror felt during these visits, which are accompanied with cries and the most terrible vociferations. Poor Rome! It is her beauty, her wealth, her ruins I deplore. The present war is a social one. It is no longer a question about the Pope, he is no longer thought of, it is for the complete destruction of society, and for the triumph of Communism.

In the streets of Rome heaps of stones are piled up and muskets for women. Women keep the most dangerous positions and carry muskets, knives, stilettos, &c. 50,000 men are armed in Rome.

**THE ROMAN STATES.**—The *Milan Gazette* of the 11th, gives the following proclamation from the Austrian General at Bologna:—

"Inhabitants of the Roman States—In execution of the supreme orders received from His Excellency Field-Marshal Count Radezky I have entered your territory with the imperial and royal troops under my command. I come to restore amongst you the legitimate Government of the Supreme Pontiff Pius IX, overthrown by a perverse faction; to reconduct to you the Extraordinary Commissary of his Holiness, and to establish public and private security, hitherto so seriously endangered. I hope that the great majority among you will second my efforts and those of my troops, which will maintain that severe discipline of which they have given striking proofs. Inhabitants of the Roman States—I trust that you will, by your peaceable behaviour, spare me the unpleasant task of recurring to measures of rigour, which I should adopt against any anarchical attempt.

"From my head-quarters, at Castlefranco, in May, 1849,

"Lieut. Marshal WIMPFFEN,  
Commanding the Imperial and Royal Troops."

#### CIVITA VECCHIA, May 15.

Events of an opposing nature succeed each other so rapidly here, that it is very difficult for one to keep you well and truly informed. I know not whether we are at peace or at war, or whether this martial array by which I am surrounded is destined to put down or to support the Roman Republic. At one hour we have the whole army called before Rome, and the ground taken up for a second attack. In an instant after a steamer appears, a courier lands, and despatches are sent off, *tenue a terre*, with orders to suspend operations. Then arrives intelligence that the Tiber has been crossed at Ponte Mole, and that the work of destruction has begun. Next appear two steamers from Marselles. Another courier disembarks from one, a salute in honour of the arrival of a Minister is fired for the other. A diplomatist lands: the whole town is in commotion, and as he flies along the road to Rome, the report is spread, "Lesseps has come! Oudinot is recalled! France has declared war against Austria! *liber la Repubblica!* Paris has fraternized with Rome." In the midst of all this confusion, I will not pretend to know what is truth and what is falsehood.

Mazzini, Avezano, and Garibaldi, know that they are playing their last stake, and that their dream of peace and power are at an end when Rome succumbs. They are determined to stand the hazard of the die, and if they are to be believed, to make their end as fatal to the Christian world as it is possible to make it. None of these heroes is a Roman—I believe they are all Piedmontese—still they speak as if they were children of the Eternal City, and assume a right to dictate to those who have the claim of birth-right to be heard, but whose voice is not listened to. In like manner the fighting part of the population are likewise strangers. Garibaldi's band contain refugees of every soil; and the rest are Lombards, Poles, Venetians, or Neapolitans. Rome alone is represented by the Battalion of Students, the Carabincers, and the bands of volunteers created by the dictator of the day. Supported by men compromised like himself, Mazzini holds out for even the remotest chance of success, or, what is still as probable, he is but the puppet of more violent heads than his own; and his brother Triumvirs know that they are closely watched, and that the first symptom of a transaction would be followed by their being massacred in open day. Still, I cannot give up the hope, or rather the opinion, that a transaction must take place, and that the Triumvirate, seeing that the town is about being attacked by an all-sufficient force, that the Neapolitans are at Albano and Austrians at Bologna, will not hesitate on calling in the French, as their protectors from the violence of their declared enemies. Oudinot will promise everything, in order that he may have the exclusive honour of terminating the affair, and I have no doubt he will substitute to conditions reasonable or unreasonable to secure that end. Whether these conditions will be faithfully fulfilled is another question; but when the Triumvirate is dethroned and Pio Nono established in the Quirinal, under the safeguard of French bayonets, who is to drag the Commander-in-Chief to account, or in what court is the Republic to be sued for breach of

contract? One evil alone attends such a course of proceeding, but that does not concern the Provisional Government of Rome, but the Cabinets of Vienna and Naples. To them France will have to explain why she has departed from the plan laid down by Prince Sewartzenburg, in his celebrated note, and converted a tripartite-made intervention into an isolated physical attack. You remember that the Prince proposed that France should occupy Civita Vecchia, Austria Bologna and Ferrara, and Naples remain close to the parties at the Roman side, and that then, without advancing further, the Triumvirate should be summoned to give way. In the opinion of the Prince, such a demonstration was quite sufficient to insure the restoration of the Pope, and the world would see that a Christian act was accomplished without the shedding of blood, or more than mere coercion. That prudent course has been set aside by the extraordinary conduct of the French Government, much to its dishonour as a Cabinet, still more so to its military fame, and I think one is therefore justified in saying, that in case of a transaction taking place, the exclusive occupation by the French will be a circumstance very immaterial to Europe so far as Mazzini and his comrades are concerned, but most serious with respect to its Austrian and Neapolitan allies, and to the various Catholic Powers represented in Congress at Gaeta.

**ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE QUEEN.**—Another ruffian has attempted to obtain notoriety and a provision at the expense of the state, by firing a pistol at Queen Victoria. The attempt was made on Saturday evening last, shortly after six o'clock, almost at the threshold of the palace. The assassin was seen by the parties near him to present and discharge a pistol at the Queen as she drove rapidly past the Green Park to Buckingham Palace. He is about 22 years of age, 4 feet 6 or 7 inches high, fair complexion and hair, and was dressed in a flannel jacket, corduroy trousers, black waistcoat, and cap. For a long time he refused to give his name, but he at last said it was John Hamilton, that he was a bricklayer, that he was an Irishman, without father or mother, or any relation in England, and that he had left Ireland about a twelvemonth back. He said for the last two or three months he had no work, and lived for four months past at No. 3, Eccleston-place, Fimlico, and previous to that he had lived in the neighbourhood of the Newroad. Upon being searched only a few halfpence were found upon him. The scene along the public thoroughfares in the evening was of a very animated and pleasing description. Every person seemed delighted that her Majesty had escaped another attack upon her life. Along Regent-street, Pall-mall, and near St. James's Palace the crowd frequently gave vent to their expressions of loyalty, and cried out, "Long live the Queen!" and upon more than one occasion the National anthem was sung along the grand mall of St. James's-park; and in the various theatres the audiences rose en masse the moment the curtain fell, and demanded the performers to sing the National anthem, which was warmly responded to by the audiences. It appears that Prince Albert was not in the carriage with her Majesty when the attempt was made. Her Majesty had been taking an airing with the children. She was not the least alarmed. After arriving at the Palace she walked for some time on the garden walk with the prince. The prisoner states that the pistol was not loaded with either ball or shot, and that his object was to gain notoriety and some temporary relief, he being out of employment. On Sunday, at two o'clock, the prisoner was brought up to the home Office, and underwent an examination before Sir George Grey, Mr. Waddington, the under secretary of state, and Mr. Henry and Mr. Hall, the magistrates of Bow-street Police-office. The Attorney-General conducted the examination. The result was, that the prisoner, being unable to enter into recognizance, was committed to Newgate for "firing at Her Majesty with intent to alarm," &c. and will be tried at the Old Bailey Sessions in June.

#### FIRING AT THE QUEEN.

Lord J. RUSSELL.—Sir, before I move the postponement of two orders of the day that stand on the paper for to-night, I think it right, in order to allay public apprehension, to state that, a statement having been made in some of the newspapers of Saturday evening that a treasonable attempt had been made against the life of Her Majesty, I can state, that although it is unfortunately true that a pistol was discharged at the Queen when Her Majesty was passing on her return home to Buckingham Palace, it has been found that there is no reason to accuse the person who discharged the pistol of a treasonable attempt, and that it is a crime more remarkable for its baseness than its atrocity. (Hear, hear.) I have only further to state that I am sure if it had been an attempt of another kind I should have had the cordial assent of this house (great cheering) to an address to Her Majesty congratulating her on the preservation of a life so valuable. (Loud cheers.) I may add, that Her Majesty on this occasion, which might have been one of a most serious nature, acted with her usual intrepidity and self-possession. The noble lord then moved that the committee on the Poor Relief (Ireland) Bill be postponed till the 4th of June, and (as we understood) also the Ecclesiastical Commission Bill.

Mr. JOHN O'CONNELL hoped it would not be considered an intrusion if he said that, heavy as were the misfortunes of Ireland, it would be regarded as an aggravation of those misfortunes that the dastardly miscreant who had committed this outrage was an Irishman. He would say, however, that he believed amidst the greatest excitement that prevailed in Ireland last year there would not have been found one among the fiercest, the wildest, the most virulent that took part in those unhappy events, who would have harboured a feeling of personal insult towards Her Majesty. (Cheers.) And even now, although the misfortunes of Ireland were absorbing the attention of every one in that country, he might say that they would all be in a moment forgotten in one general burst of congratulation and fervent joy that our beloved Sovereign had escaped unhurt from this outrage upon her person. (Cheers.)