

Europe on the 1st of May.

"The Idea of March have come; but they are not yet gone."

The arrival of the French packet has been anxiously expected, and she has brought most important news of an alarming character. It had been reckoned that May would fulfil the terrible predictions which had not ripened into facts in March, and certainly we may state that while we write, blood is flowing profusely in Europe and in America. "Wars and rumors of wars" be-taken the end of the world, and it does not require a fanatic's credulity, to imagine that European astronomers, observing the signs in the sun and stars, have vigilantly foretold the possibly proximate annihilation of our globe and species. But taking our every-day view of things, the most sceptical must admit that North America has already entered, and Europe is on the verge of the most critical crisis, that Christendom has known since the crusades. The United States have committed a lamentable suicide. Fort Sumter has been taken after a conflict of 48 hours, the honored flag of the stars and stripes has been trampled on, and the "Al-matto" reeking with brothers' blood has been raised, a trophy of iniquity. President Lincoln died, almost crossing the threshold of the Capitol; for, a few weeks additional, only gave time to hope for peace from his policy when we hear of his demise. Heaven seems angry with men, we hear of a new war in Texas; the Mexicans having sent a vanguard of 3,000 men to invade that country; and Miramon and O'Donnell count confidently upon carrying out the annexation movement, (begun in Santo Domingo,) fully in Mexico in favor of Spain. The Yankees are not now in a position to resist the growing power of the St. Ideofonso cabinet, while England and France have their hands rather too full in the old world to turn their attention to the New.

And indeed, the aspect of Europe portends such a tremendous hurricane, that every one is naturally putting his house in order, and bolting his door against the marauders and assassins that will soon over-run the continent.

In France, we learn that, "122 light field-pieces were put in readiness for the Rhine, and the neighboring frontier and camp of Chalons have received large reinforcements." Prussia in sight of this manifestation has hesitated to invade the Holstein Duchies, though the Chambers of Ytchoe have refused the King of Denmark's concessions and 20,000 men are awaiting the signal by which King William lights up the European conflagration, endangering his own monarchy.

Napoleon III has at length thrown down the gauntlet; in backing Denmark, he has alarmed Prussia; his sympathy with Poland has broken confidence with Russia; he has defied England by formally and permanently occupying Syria, and appointing Prince Jerome his vice-governor in that province; he has at last scattered to the winds the treaty of Vienna, and by abandoning the Pope, suppressing convents and silencing bishops, he has overturned the oldest dynasty in Europe, and cast away the clerical influence that was so instrumental to his elevation. He thinks he can now rule, without the English alliance, the friendship of Germany, the prestige of the Church, or moderation of policy. His puny neighbor Belgium is sorely alarmed, and votes 50 millions of francs (£2,000,000) for defence; yet Leopold dreads that same day he shall be the victim of an annexation or occupation idea, and read in the *Moniteur* that he has been superseded by the Prefects of the Departments of Flanders and Brabant.

General Garibaldi at in the Italian Parliament in his shirt, and if his dress was indecorous, his language was even worse. The assumed modesty which has been so often laid at his door was, like his coat, forgotten, and in an air of kingship superiority he browbeated ministers, called harsh names, and played good-fellow-well-met with his Majesty Victor-Emmanuel. It is a pity the end will not justify the means, (for if it did we would ourselves advocate a Free United Italy,) but Garibaldi outpassed the just limits in pressing the claims of the filibusters or patriots who had accompanied him. He is now very ill and has possibly taken cold from leaving off his upper clothing, especially during and after the heat of the debate.

The Pope is still in *status quo*, but the removal of the French is fixed on. Troubles daily occur in Rome, and the University lately hosted the Italian tri-color. It is proposed to remove the Papacy to Cyprus in the Mediterranean, and some talk of Jerusalem. The difficulty in choosing all these foreign sites, is that the Bishop of Rome must naturally stop in Rome, and if the Pre-late of the Eternal City be not the Pope, the religion of half Christendom must change name, since it would be no longer *Roman Catholic*, at least in it's head. The womb of futurity may yet bring forth some means of leaving the Papacy in Rome, and securing it from Victor Emmanuel's persecution.

Austria has concentrated 200,000 men in the Quadrilateral, and prepared for a gigantic campaign. Hospitals and sisters of charity are ready to receive the wounded; and Francis Joseph takes so little pains to conceal the intended invasion that, the Italian Chambers have agreed with Garibaldi on the necessity of calling out the "Nazione armata," and Victor Emmanuel writes in evident terror to Napoleon, anticipating that this campaign may terminate at Novara instead of Solferino, and the "gentleman King" fare like his father in 1849, losing his crown and dying in exile. But if, as is almost certain, the French arms fight against the double-headed eagle, then Austria can gain nothing and may lose the Quadrilateral fortresses of Mantua, Peschiera, Legnago and Verona and, [with them, all hold of Italy. If not, Sardinia is undone, being abandoned in her utmost need, and as little able to cope with Benedek's dragons, and Marshal Nugent's Hussars as she was to gain unaided the battles of Solferino and Magenta.

The Sublime Porte is in great difficulties and quite bankrupt. The sick-man is not even "so well as may be expected" for he has been obliged, to witness a permanent French occupation, to sanction the execution of the Druses and to ratify, the union of Moldavia and Wallachia under Prince Couza which is the prelude to an emancipation of those Danubian principalities.

Alas! that emancipation comes not where it is most needed. Poor Poland, the eye-sore of Europe in vain Warsaw is hourly decimated by the Russian soldiery; an unarmed population devotedly rushes to meet a ready death by the bayonet or sabre, mothers present their infants to the lances of the Cossacks, and the national tumult and Russian hectorations are alternately productive of the sympathy and horror of civilized mankind. There is no organized resistance, no patriot choir. Not the bones of Sobieski, who saved Europe from the Turks, now rot in their shroud; is the seed of Kosciusko extinct, or has the blood of so many martyrs to Liberty sunk into barren soil, and not quickened into life a single off-shoot of any one noble branch? Poland has given a sad lesson

of the effects of national disunion. Let Irishmen and Argentines take heed. This is a curse that has already eaten the hearts core of our own country and of that of our adoption. The Poles have resolved "which of the two to choose, slavery or death," and after receiving the sacraments of the Catholic Church, they meet their fate with a fanatical heroism. The Russians too have resolved, that, as they burned Moscow, rather than let Napoleon take it, they will make Poland a barren waste and a howling wilderness before releasing their iron-grip.

From Madrid, orders had been issued to the various Captains-General, to "expecting an invasion of the pretender Don Juan who had left London, they were to shoot him if taken prisoner." Marshal O'Donnell's cabinet seems to have weathered the storm, and gained firmer footing. Colonel Riso was awarded, with despatches from General Sarrailh, who took possession of Santo Domingo for Spain; and on his arrival, the government, being informed of the circumstances, would give their definitive resolution.

Who is to blame.

Foreigners must be naturally reserved on local politics, not that we are afraid to speak our sentiments, but that it is more proper at least, not to intrude our ideas upon matters of angry tendency in which we have only a secondary interest. It has been complained that our readers cannot tell on which side "the Weekly Standard" shall be arrayed and if we always succeed in concealing our party color, the object of our programme herein fulfilled.

But, as faithful chroniclers of events we cannot pass over the present political crisis, in silence; and if we perceive breakers ahead, it is our duty, tho' only passengers in the ship of the state, to point out the common danger.

It is a lamentable fact that the Argentine provinces are on the eve of civil war, and they scarcely know why. Did not the *Concordancia ad hoc* level all difficulties, or has the thing been so "bothered" that we are farther from peace than we were on Nov. 11th 1859? The world will ask what was all this show of friendship and mutual concessions if one or both of the contracting parties resolved to make it a sham. Who first broke the bond is the necessary question! Was it Paraná, who hailed unanimously the reforms? Was it Gen. Urquiza, who merited a title of moderation for his conduct towards Buenos Ayres? Was it the Unitarios, who gave such proofs of magnanimity in their reception of those who had been their enemies, and stood foremost in the movement of national union. Probably our rulers understand the quarrel; we do not. Our Deputies were rejected; but were they properly elected? It matters nothing that those who rejected them were, or were not, *aliquinos*. Our neighbor's sin will not justify ours. Therefore if Buenos Ayres had not followed the letter of the law, she is rationally bound to re-elect. Again, were the provincial deputies possessed of the requisite qualifications: if not, let them take the beam out of their own eye, ere taking the mote out of their neighbor's.

If both parties were inclined for peace, it is clear neither would shew itself hypocritical; but as affairs now stand, Europe will probably regard this Republic as an inevitable prey to civil war, and men who are far from local excitements, and judge of things at their first blush, will condemn both Buenos Ayres and Paraná saying that one is as deep in the mud as the other in the mire.

Answers to Correspondents.

The Irish Shepherd.—Rhyne is no Always reason; the verses you send us have many defects, and we are unable to make out whether the original measure was intended as hexameter or pentameter. As an effort of pentameter it is creditable, but we have so much eneration for "the vocal nine" that we neither attempt poetry ourselves nor encourage it in our friends. If you try your hand at prose, we shall be most happy to make you "a camp correspondent."

Lobos.—M. R. complains that the "Weekly Standard" has not been unfriendly in his neighborhood. He will find it canvassing recruits in Lobos.

Barbero says that he likes our quality but requires more quantity. When we count 155 more subscribers we shall have an enlarged form.

Rancho.—A. C. We sent your papers to Suttons posada, and cannot conceive why you and your neighbors have not got them. It is probably the fault of the *Diligence*.

A Reader. Our chapter of travels in France has given place this week to Dr. Cahill's letter to the Emperor Napoleon.

SOUTH AMERICA.

President Derqui has gone to Cordova, but judging that his prestige of authority was insufficient, he is accompanied by 300 men. Sao is said to have returned to San Luis, so there seems no fear of the *hacha* near. But the levying of armaments is ominous, and the President has apparently lost hope of a pacific arrangement. We hear that in addition to mobilising the national guards of Santiago, San Luis, Santa-Fé and Cordova, extensive preparations are being made for war in Corrientes and Entre-Rios; 1,000 muskets are (says the *Tribuna*), sent by mistake to Uruguay, and military stores are arriving at Rosario. The journals of Entre-Rios also assume a defiant attitude, and give much moral weight to the respectable force under orders of the Captain-General, who also has a fleet at his command. The united government of Derqui and Urquiza seems resolved to carry everything with a high hand, and if necessary enforce their dictates by cannon-la.

It is reported that they have received Armstrong guns lately, and the whole Republic resounds with arms' as if reason had lost all sway. Still at the eleventh hour it is possible to avoid the catastrophe; the retirement of Sao is a point gained, and we believe that a conference might obviate hostilities.

Gen. Pedernera is provisional President; Congress has completely ratified all the acts of Sao, and declared him well deserving of the country.

In this city events have like the taken a rapid course; the Provincial Government demanded extraordinary facilities to settle the pending difficulty, and as the Chambers submitted the project to the committee of constitutional matters, we are happy to say the latter has recommended its acceptance. Too many cooks spoil the broth; it is probable our able Governor will be much more capable of bringing about an accommodation than all the wise-heads of our Chambers together.

On the subject of the rejection of our Deputies, Senators Sarmiento and Rawson pronounced telling orations before a crowded audience.

LOCAL EVENTS.

What next.—Governor Milla has applied for extraordinary powers to treat. We always considered him possessed of extraordinary powers, especially in

treating political subjects, for instance in Belgrano. Therefore we confidently say "General, stand, treat, but by half and half measures, or we will re-treat."

Municipality.—It is not all true that the Municipality intend removing their session-rooms to the Hospital de Mujeres or Convalescencia. At least no change will be made until the new clock has been put up, and the May column coated with marble, and the Plaza Retiro finished, and the streets well paved; and the docks built, and the Arreife well sunk, and the people convinced that our Municipal board is composed of active intelligent men.

Jacobson's Genoa.—The late Gefe de Policia got many a square in the press. The "Tribuna" ran him down saying it did not keep a look-out for the vetches. Perhaps Mr. Jacobson's time-pieces may turn up. We understand they were marked *General* the case looks rather rum.

What's in a name.—Don Justo José says that Unitario does not mean a lover of union, any more than Rio de la Plata signifies a river of silver or Justo Urquiza, the just captain general, or Reforma Pacifica a pacific anodyne.

Minister of Police.—The new Gefe is Mr. Cazon. He deals in the stocks, and besides the anti-cholera conflagration policy, manages the slow-coach department, which permits any person galloping on business, to reduce the national debt by taking shares of 205 payable on sight, Agency fee to vigilantes, 68.

Double-ouces.—Persons who advocate decimal calculation, and a fixed price for ounces, say "see the error of their ways," by stepping into the *Bata*, any day from 12 to 2; or by seriously reflecting on the fluctuations of the money market.

Commercial Times.—Our English colleague some two numbers back hinted that we had invented the transfer of Santo Domingo to Spain. "As he cannot yet have received an answer from Boulogne or Santa Anna, we can assure him beyond a doubt that we were perfectly right and he was all in the wrong."—Vide packet news.

Gas House.—This institute of popular enlightenment is under debate, but as we are "in the dark" on the matter we leave it to those who have studied Coke, &c. Also, we have heard of no inany feet of gas, we do not understand the *metre* (meter), and consequently cannot even invoke the *pipe* to a strain on the subject.

Derqui's Oracle.—The President, as was formerly the custom with *Ugheims*, consulted a soothsayer on his expedition. The oracle said "you are for-getting-the-welfare-of-the-Re-public." Derqui, mind your steps!

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

London, Wednesday, April 17.
The budget of Mr. Gladstone is now fairly before the country, and whatever the Conservative portion of the press may say to the contrary, it is a complete success. The boldness of the manner in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has tackled with the repeal of the paper duty shows that he is in earnest, and under such circumstances the House of Lords will not, indeed cannot, interpose their authority to prevent his propositions becoming law. The right hon. gentleman has also conciliated Mr. Bright and his friends, without a host of operations, the government could scarcely have hoped to carry any budget which did not include the repeal of the paper duty. The reduction of the income tax is, it is hoped, the first step towards the gradual extinction of that unpopular impost. The extension of the license

system is but the precursor to the imposition of other moderate burdens of the class which the trading community will not object to pay as a means towards extinguishing the heavy charges now levied under Schedule D of the income and property tax. The only classes who appear to be dissatisfied at the scheme of the Chancellor of the Exchequer are the farmers and the total dealers in spirits in the metropolis. The representatives of the agricultural interest think that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should have reduced the duty on malt and abolished that on gin. The publicans of the metropolis apprehend that if the wholesale dealers are allowed to sell small quantities of spirits, they (the publicans) would be obliged to sell unadulterated articles, which, of course they don't like. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has answered the complaints of the grumblers by reminding the farmers that they already possess many valuable exemptions, and that they have no just ground of complaint, because at no previous period of their history have they enjoyed so much uninterrupted prosperity, while he assures the publicans and gin palace keepers that their protection is in their own hands, inasmuch as if they retail wholesome and unadulterated wines and spirits they need fear no competition from the wholesale dealer. The right hon. gentlemen has also anticipated any possible obstacle which the House of Lords may seek to throw in the way by including the whole of his propositions in one bill. This measure will, therefore, embrace not only the customs and excise modifications and alterations, but the remission of the penny income tax, and the repeal of the paper duty, so that the House of Lords will have no alternative but to pass or reject the bill precisely in the condition in which it is presented to them. That they will pass it in its integrity there can be no doubt whatever. The resolutions upon which the bill is to be framed are to be proposed on Monday next in the committee of ways and means.

The two bills for the registration of births, deaths, and marriages in Ireland have been referred to a select committee, on which not without a struggle, on which the government sustained a defeat. Mr. Vincent Scully having carried an amendment to the second reading of Mr. Cardwell's bill by one hundred to ninety-four. The select committee will not, however, take evidence; all they will do will be to go through the clauses of the bill, and make such amendments as they think fit. The motion to refer the government bill to a select committee was supported by forty-four, and opposed by fifteen Irish members.

Freeman's Journal.

NORTH AMERICA.

New-York, April 6.—The New York Herald says that the warlike rumours and naval preparations of the government created intense excitement throughout the city yesterday. A panic prevailed among stock operators. The government had received no intelligence from Fort Pickens for several days past. This caused a belief that the fort had been attacked, and that telegraphic communication had been cut by the Secessionists.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald says the country is on the brink of a civil war. A dispatch from Charleston, dated April 6th, says the terrible moment is evidently at hand. The news from Washington and New York corroborates the general impression that within twenty-four hours war will be upon us. Every man has been ordered on duty. The utmost activity prevails. The highest officials

say the present state of things can last but a short time longer. The excitement is intense; everything wears a warlike aspect.

The New York Times says that General Beauregard has declared that Major Anderson must evacuate Fort Sumter or be shelled within forty-eight hours. Major Anderson's supplies were to be cut off immediately.

The United States frigate Powhatan has been fully equipped for sea. The government has chartered the steamer Atlantic. These, with the Illinois, were to sail immediately with sealed orders. Jamaica dates are to the 23rd ult. Prince Alfred met a royal reception at Barbadoes. Preparations were making to give him a magnificent ball at Jamaica.

One of our Washington correspondents calls for an extra session of Congress will be issued within sixty days.

REMOURED DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The death of President Lincoln, at Washington, was rumoured in London on Thursday.

OPPOSITION TO THE BUDGET.

A petition to parliament in opposition to the Budget has been signed by nearly 500 members of the London Stock Exchange, against the abolition of the paper duty, and praying that if a surplus exists, it may be applied to reducing the duty on tea and sugar. The petition is to be presented by Mr. Disraeli.

THE LONDON STRIKE.

The builders' strike is completely at an end. So satisfied are the men with the new arrangement made by Messrs. Kelk and Messrs. Lucas, of job payment, and a Saturday half-holiday gratis, that there are more anxious to participate in its benefits, than they can find room for; thus Messrs. Lucas have not only all their hands, but nearly a hundred additional, and they are daily obliged to refuse applications for work. In other establishments also, a wish has been expressed that the hour system should be permanent, and the half holiday be adopted. In a few days, therefore, the new system will be introduced throughout all London.

FLOODS IN JAVA.—GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

Batavia, March 2.—Great floods have taken place in this island, causing calamities only inferior to those in Holland, and, indeed, in one sense greater, as there seems to have been more loss of life. In the residences of Soerakarta, Djokjoharta, Kudi, Bagelan, and Banyumas, immense damage has been done. Hundreds of persons have lost their lives, and many thousands have also been ruined. Earthquakes have also taken place in many places, which have destroyed whole tracts of country. Several villages have been completely submerged, and the roads have been everywhere rendered impassable. The telegraph communication has been interrupted, and the destruction of houses, crops, stores of all kinds, roads, &c., has been such that many millions will not compensate for it. The government has despatched Mr. Van der Wyck a member of the Supreme Council to the scene of disaster, and placed 800,000 florins at his disposal. The commercial company of Batavia has already subscribed 160,000 florins, and subscriptions are to be collected all over the Dutch possessions.

IRELAND.

Death of the very Rev. Dr. Milroy.

With deep sorrow the citizens of Dublin will bear of the death of this

distinguished ecclesiastic. So unprepared were we for the sad event that we had not even heart of his illness. Dr. Milroy combined many eminent qualities—he was distinguished as a scholar, a writer, and a preacher. His attainments as a scholar were fully illustrated in his great work on the History of the Pappal States, which was translated into several European languages, and obtained the unqualified approbation of the "Edinburgh Review." As a theologian he was equally distinguished, while as a preacher his eloquence was of the highest order. A generation has almost passed away since Dr. Milroy filled a prominent position in our city. He was the true and trusted friend and counsellor of O'Connell, and on him devolved the melancholy duty of attending the last hours of his illustrious friend. He also accompanied the remains from Genoa to their final resting place in Ghenevin. Dr. Milroy was subsequently transferred to the Irish College in Paris, where he discharged the duties of Rector for several years. On his retirement from that high position he was appointed to the parish of Bray, where his amiable and conciliatory disposition won him the esteem and love of every class.



Death.

On May 30th, Mr. Richard Egan, in his 37th year, of rapid consumption. Deceased was a native of Westmeath. R. I. P.

On Monday, at Montevideo, of Typhus fever, Catherine O'Neill, aged 35 years, sincerely regretted by the family in which she lived, for her trustworthy and kind disposition. May she rest in peace.

On June 2d, Mrs. Bridget, alias Hickey, aged 25, native of Westmeath.

11. de Setiembre Market

Dry cow hides, narrow	perdo	145 to 150
Hides of all sizes	"	130 to 125
Half skins	"	90 to 100
Hides of calves	each	50 to 60
Sheep skins unwashed	dozen	40 to 45
Do. mixed	"	50 to 60
Do. clean	"	70 to 80
Nete	lb	4 to 4 1/2
New grass North	arob.	105 to 110
Do. South	"	44 to 48
Tallow pure	"	70 to 75
Do. washed	"	40 to 42
Do. mixed	"	50 to 55
Flax seed's seed	"	40 to 45
Lumber	"	24 to 25
Cowhich fresh to loose	"	26 to 30
Do. woven	"	80 to 90
Or bone	"	300 to 400
Interior do.	"	180 to 190
Do. midling	"	12 to 17
Do. inferior	"	10 to 115
Indian corn	"	70 to 75
Oats	"	"

Doubloons.

May 29th	\$ 377 3/4
31th	385 3/8
June 1st	380 3/8
2nd	381 3/8
3rd	384 3/4
Goa shares	7 1/2 p/s
Colo do.	7 to 10 p/s does

Interest.

Market rate of interest at 3 1/2	June 1st 1861
Bank receives imp. at 6 1/2 per an.	"
" " up to 11 1/2	"
" advances imp. at 10 1/2	"
" " up to 12 1/2	"
Ordinary media.	"

Sheep	30 to 35
Fine do.	40 to 45

Exchange.

Eng and — 65 s.	
France — 8 1/2 fa.	
Un. d. St. — 30 s.	
Do. — 30 s.	

Current Price of Cattle	
Good horned cattle for sale	\$ 220 to 225
Do. mules, picked bullocks	250 —
D. C. we picked	220 — 250
Three year old males	250 —
Asses	15 — 20
Fat horses	85 — 90

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COLON THEATRE.

Thursday June 6th.
To commence with
EL ARTE DE HACER FORTUNA.
And conclude with the admired after-piece;
MALAS TENTACIONES.
At 7 1/2 P. M.

To Subscribers.
The present form of the Weekly Standard is only a temporary arrangement, as it is felt to be too small. The Editor therefore contemplates enlarging it by one-half more; but owing to the expenses of a new undertaking, it is necessary to wait for an increased number of subscribers, ere we can afford to give it its full dimensions.

Those kind friends then who wish us well, will please to bear this in mind, and make some allowance. "Casi lo premier pas qui coute."

Agencies.

Buenos Ayres.	Messrs. Mackerns.
"	Victoria Hotel, calls Reconquista.
Rosario.	Robert Taylor Esq.
Villa Mercedes	D. Silvestre Torrobas
Lobos	Mr. Patk. O'Neill
Cañuelas	Mr. Griffin.
San Antonio	D. Leopo'd. Taload
Giles	D. J. Pichete.
Barracas	Mr. George Noble.
Once Setiembre	Mr. M. Duggan.
Villa Lujan	Mr. Michael King.
Capilla del Señor	Doctor Priestley.
Pilar	Mr. Bollschini.
Paraná	Mr. Evers.
Montevideo	Messrs. Mackern Bros
Asuncion	Mr. Nesbett.

KNIGHT & PAROBY

SUCCESSORS TO G. TEMPERLEY

Calle Cangallo No. 80

DEPOSIT OF READY MADE CLOTHING.

Winter stock.

M. Guitierrez, huckling-ma, ragline-cavair, Gait-via and a choice assortment of al. winter clothing constantly on hand. They are composed of the very best materials and latest cut.—Complete suits of mackintoshes, linen shirts, linen frocks do, colored shirts linen drawers and vests, silk drawers, flannel vests, and woolen drawers and vests, silk drawers and vests, w. rum corbats, dressing gowns of all descriptions: w. ulster, linen and cotton coats, winter gloves, umbrellas, walking sticks, &c., &c.

The above will give an idea of the immensity of all kind of clothing which we have on hand for gentlemen and youths necessary for the present season. Terms moderate.

Also a kind of clothing made to order.

WANTED.

An assistant cook, or house peon in the Victoria Hotel. Call Reconquista.

Wanted a housemaid.

By a family in Barracas. Any person who can speak English, pay 1000 pesos.

Sheep and Land.
To be sold a league of land, (with or without the sheep thereon), situated at 35 leagues from this city. Suitable. Also a *Suarta* of half a league at Pergamino, and two leagues at the Fortin de Arecco.—Apply No. 46 calls Reconquista.

Country House.

To be let a beautiful country house situated on the Barranca de los Olivos, Partido de San Lido; frontage to the River.
The house has every convenience necessary for a family residence, it is papered throughout, has boarded floors and spacious corridor looking to the river. Further a pigeon house, coach house, afflar and some land for sowing. It will be rented for a lease of some years.
• Apply calls Cangallo n. 145.
m. 15—3p.

To the lovers of good wines.

A French gentleman whose family resides in Burgundy, has recently received of "Akiah" from Havre, a consignment of the richest wines of Burgundy, well known under the names of Costa de Olivares, Pomard, Chateau etc.
The above wines only require a trial to prove they are the best and purest ever introduced into South America.—Prices moderate. Apply at calls May. p. No. 37.

FOR ROSARIO

Touching at San Fernando, Zarate, Baradero, San Pedro, Obligado & San Nicolas.

THE NEW STEAMER

DOLORITAS

Captain—DAVID BRUCE.

Will leave for the above mentioned ports every Tuesday at 10 O'clock a.m. and return every Saturday at the same hour.

TERMS OF PASSAGES.

	CABIN	DECK
Rosario.....	\$ 350	\$ 150
San Nicolas.....	250	90
Obligado.....	250	90
San Pedro.....	250	90
Baradero.....	200	80
Zarate.....	150	60
San Fernando.	30	

For further particulars apply at the office:
BENAL V. CARRERA
Reconquista 59.

At the urgent entreaty of numerous subscribers we publish, for the first time in S. America, the following remarkable letter of our distinguished countryman and relative.

Ed. Weekly Standard.

Letter of the Rev. Daniel W. Cahill, D. D.

TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY NAPOLEON THE THIRD, PALACE OF THE TUILLERIES, PARIS.

Rome, Onedia Co. U. S. America. Dec. 3, 1860.

O wall some power the giftle give to see ourselves as liars see us. It wad from monie a blunder free us. And foolish notion, What airish drave and gait wad lead us And o'en devotiqn.

—BURNS.

IMPERIAL SIR.—As your Majesty is a Catholic monarch holding the garison of Rome by your army, it is not out of place if a Minister of the Gospel and a devoted child of the Church address a letter to you in the present disastrous persecution of the Pope. Be sides, I am not unknown to you; and it is not from any silly conceit I say that I am intimately acquainted with some of the eminent statesmen of your nation. Neither am I a stranger to your cousin of "the Palais Royal," when I recall to your recollection the time when you were the accom-

plished guest of Sir John Gerrard, of England, when I was in correspondence with French Cabinet Ministers. I humbly hope that, under all these circumstances, this communication from me to your Imperial Majesty will not be considered either presumptuous or impertinent.

I have quoted the pastoral stanza of Burns from no unbecoming feeling of familiarity; but from a conviction that, even Napoleon the Third, the genius of the *coup de main* of December, the hero of Solferino, appears to be utterly blind to the "vagaries, the headlong impulses, and the conflicting decisions of his Italian policy." Although it is not likely that an Irish priest can stop Napoleon in his course, yet as the smallest metal point lifted on high can arrest the wildest leap of the lightning it might happen (as reported of Peter the Great) that one humble, earnest, argumentative voice, reaching your lofty consuming path, may perchance have the power to change your direction.

How can your Majesty know the Catholic popular feeling of Europe against you, when your despotic policy has gagged the entire press of several surrounding Catholic nations? You have singularly silenced your former warmest friends, while you have strangely encouraged the malicious license of your deadliest inappreciable enemies. You have smothered the voice of the children of Bossuet and Saint Louis in the fenshish howl of Voltaire, and the spurious offspring of Diderot. Neither Italy, nor France, nor Spain, nor Belgium dares publish the tears of the Pope, or the grief of the Church in your Imperial domain; while you grant a willing audience to the thrilling infidelities of Geneva, and the bleeding sacrilegious of Great Britain. As far as present appearances go, you are the friend of Garibaldi, while you chain the Head of the Church. You seem to oppress virtue, and to encourage vice. Your language and premises are all bland and assuring, while your conduct and conclusions are cruelty and plunder. One step farther and you are the most perfidious of civil rulers, the bitterest modern enemy of the Christian Church.

Let us understand you. How can you rule long over the French Church, if you persecute or oppose the Hierarchy? How can you demand allegiance from hearts that must soon abhor your name? How can the persecutor of Pius the Ninth command the Catholic French army to spill their blood in defence of the enemy of Peter? How can you listen without fear to the *Te Deum* in the Church of Notre Dame, chanted by voices that would sooner entreat your funeral service? The Catholic soldiers, the Catholic children of France will not long endure the hypocrisy that would thus degrade and oppress the nation for *self aggrandizement*. This was the fault of the rule of Louis Philippe, namely, an organised hypocrisy under the name of sincerity, a cruel family despotism under the aspect of universal popular liberty. Your Majesty knows the result of this policy. Like your uncle, bound in English chains, and lingering slowly on a deserted rock towards a premature grave, the late King of France died a mendicant exile at the gates of London. Let the nations know who you are, and do not insult the feeling of mankind by assuming the appearance of a follower of Christ, while you put the vinegar sponge to his burning lips. In this honest, frank language of mine, I have not imperiously ascended to your place; it is you who have insultingly come down to mine. The friend of Cavour, the Champion of Exeter Hall, the correspondent of Garibaldi, you can no longer claim kindred with Ca-

thollicity: you are on the eve (unless you change your course) of taking your historic rank with Henry of England, with Frederick of Prussia, and with the most treacherous leaders of the ancient Lombard oppressors of the Papacy.

And I pray your Majesty not to take lightly these remarks of mine. I have been, in my humble way, up to the present time, amongst your most ardent admirers, your warmest friends. I am read every week by millions of men; and I am read all over the civilized world. This is no silly boast. If I cannot restore the Pope to his ancient patrimony, I can beyond all doubt raise a shout of horror against the robber. If I cannot myself take my place amongst a faithful army in defence, I can enlist bands of Christian heroes on every Catholic soil, more valiant than your Zouaves, to hunt down with execration the perjurer who, with honour and truth on his lips, has stolen the sacred vessels from the temple, and has drunk sacrilege. I am amongst those who *trusted to the last point of belief*, your verbal promises, your written declarations, your solemn avowments, made in repeated, and repeated sworn allegations. You are pledged by documents (copies of which I hold in my possession) which would convict you as the veriest moral criminal before any jury in Europe, if you *now swear* from these your oaths before God and man.

There is time, yet time, Sir, for the fulfilment of these, your solemn engagements. I pray God that you may return to the feeling which has raised you to a throne; before the recent nobility of your blood was dazzled by family alliance with ancient Savoy; and above all, before you conceived the idea of levelling the kingly titles of all the neighbouring dynasties. This is the new fatal idea which has lately possessed you, in order to bring down Royalty to the level of a City Mayor; in order to enable the grandson of the Corsican Lawyer to stand in an equality with Charlemagne; and thus by effacing everything kingly, to raise the present demagogue Emperor of France higher than all the ancient Monarchs of Europe. Even the Pope must yield to this new idea: all laws, human and Divine, must be changed, in order to give effect to this new theory, of dismembering Royalty, and of crowning Democracy. The laws of Nature, too, must, I dare say, yield to this Imperial decree of the younger Napoleon—

When the loose rock trembles from on high,
Must gravitation cease when he goes by?

When corporals and city nailors can aid in making Emperors in these days it is nothing surprising if ordinary scholars can become statesmen, and can know the policy, the schemes, the stratagems, and the deceit of their rulers. Things are changed in these days; and Emperors in modern times can break their word, violate their oaths, and become more demoralised than the lowest of their subjects. Do not mistake me, Sir, I am fonder of liberty than you are. I have long borne the galling yoke of oppression, and I have been trained in the school of the immortal O'Connell. And I have often, with my whole heart and soul, put forth and advocated the glorious proposition, namely—

"To a People, the source of all legitimate power." But I have never urged the doctrine of modern fashion, namely—that violated oaths, plunder of the sanctuary, robbery of neutral states, could ever be argued as the antecedents, the auxiliaries, the adjuncts, or the results of the pure, spotless, heaven-born, ethical principle of true liberty. When Judas is canonised by mankind, Christianity has failed; and when mur-

der, and sacrilege, and robbery, are associated with glorious freedom, human liberty has fled from this accumulated infamy.

In reference to the Pope, your Majesty's case of guilt, clearly stated, is very brief—

Firstly—You make war upon Austria, not in defence of France, but in the aggression of Sardinia. In the victory which your brilliant genius and noble, adventurous, enterprising French army gained, you have voluntarily and deliberately developed and committed two evils against the Holy See, viz.—you removed Austria, the Protector of the Papal States, and you advanced to the City of Rome, Sardinia, the avowed enemy of the Church. You have beaten off the guards of the garrison, and you have, beyond doubt, betrayed the principal entrance.

Secondly—The next count of your perjury is, when you executed the mock peace articles of Villafraña. In this document you closed the arrangement, leaving the Duchies and Naples in possession of their rulers, and appointing the Pope the honorary head of the five dynasties, then reigning in the Italian Peninsula. The honesty of this, your written appointment, is now tested in the sight of Europe by the usurpation of you, ally, in seizing more than one-third of the dominions which you guaranteed to protect.

Thirdly—The difference between the case of the Papal States and the case of Naples and of the Duchies is this—viz., the kingdoms under consideration had their boundaries arranged and policy settled by local conquest; and by *individual rule*; while the States of the Church have been bequeathed by the *united agreement* of all Catholic Europe. After the first territorial possession given by the family of Pepin, in the ninth century, succeeding princes gave additional provinces with the consent, the approbation, the legal contract of all Christendom, united and bound in one common political, legal, and constitutional document. Therefore neither you, Sir, nor any individual of the contracting parties have a right, without the consent of all the others, to alienate this European Catholic bequest. Your individual duty might be to invite a congress of the contracting parties and to alter or modify or annul the *political laws* of these districts or provinces; but you are no right to alienate or take away the *household property* of Europe against the will of the original testators. Unless, therefore, you restore the Provinces already usurped, you trample on all European law. You subvert the ancient statutes of our nation in this case, and you palpably rob the Head of the Church.

Fourthly—The state trick, of giving liberty to peoples, to select their rulers, is an argument to give legality and permanence to your own modern throne—Time will tell. Such a liberty granted to the people of the Papal States under the protection of Sardinian bayonets is the same kind of liberty as the voice of the lambs under the protection of the wolves in the absence of the shepherd! But, Sir, there is a more apt illustration of your scheme of universal suffrage, in the Papal States, than the example just quoted. This scheme in Ancona, Ferrara, and the Bologna is as old, as its cognate plan of popular suffrage in the hall of Pilate. This Pilate, the imperial officer of Tiberias, addressed the Jewish mob, holding Jesus, and said, "Whom will you that I release to you, Barabbas, or Christ? Whom ill you have, but they said Barabbas. Hah, Sir, here is your plan, your policy, in reference to Papal Italy, carried out by your Lieutenant Cavour. Again, Sir, do you remember that on the full occasion of this universal suffrage in the

hall of Pilate, it is stated, that as "Pilate was sitting in the judgement seat," his wife sent to him saying, have thou nothing to do with this just man for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him."

Sir take care what you are doing. In order to make the historical reference complete, it is said that a winning woman, an angelic creature, a lovely Empress has, with remonstrances and tears, addressed your heart in language like the warning given to Pilate by his wife! Sir, take care lest you be found fighting against God in your Roman policy. The universal suffrage surrounded by Sardinian bayonets is in the case under consideration a cruel mockery; opening the floodgates of licensed infidelity, and throwing down all the barriers of civil government. Sir, you have by the clearest testimony of European law, by your own acts, by the evidence of your word and your writing, you have cancelled the united bargain of seven Catholic Monarchs, you have betrayed the Pope; you have robbed the Church, and you have evaded a want of principle unknown in the lowest courts of jurisprudence.

I hold you responsible, too, for the murder, the assassination of my brave countrymen in the breach at Spoleto, the pass of the modern Thermopylae. These courageous children of Ireland did not make war on Sardinia: they went legitimately to defend the Pope. The Sardinian attack, therefore, was murder without palliation. Your cherished ally has, therefore, spilled the blood of offending Ireland. You are an accomplice in this crime, and you can never wipe away this foul stain of the assassination of my beloved countrymen. An overwhelming force of eight thousand blood-thirsty assassins attack, unexpectedly, the garrison of Spoleto; Ireland's children mounted the walls, and with the proverbial courage of their race, they utter a shout of "No surrender." Thirty brave poor fellows then threw themselves in the breach and without flinching were killed to the last man! Ireland will remember this act to the Bonaparte race as long as we have hearts for revenge; and when your cousin makes his next visit to Kingstown in your Imperial yacht, I hope the wailing mothers of the slaughtered Irish Brigade will raise the cry of murder on the shore, as the hated, crimsoned Sardinian colours float in the murrining breeze over the angry waters of the Irish harbour. Your Majesty will learn soon that your Roman policy is built too high; it must fall.

Sir, you are treading in the footsteps of your uncle, and you are likely to meet the same fate. You know better than I do his former away. Your uncle Joseph was King of Spain, your uncle by marriage was King of Naples; your most immediate relative was King of Holland. Your aunt (your uncle's second wife) was an Austrian princess; and your cousin, the Duke of Reichstadt (your uncle's only son) was King of Rome! appointed by your uncle, in place of the Pope, King of Rome! Alas! appointed by a Bonaparte to sit in the sanctuary, to wear the Pope's crown! Alas! poor child, early in his little coffin, wearing his early shroud and sunk in his premature grave before his father's insane ambition placed the Kingly purple and the Roman crown on his puny faded head! Pray, Sir, have you as yet, in imitation of your uncle, appointed your little son, the adored little Prince Imperial, to the Papal crown; to be King of Rome! Ah, Sir, spare the beautiful boy! leave him longer to his fond mother! do not so soon, Sir, make his early grave; not so soon build his infant tomb! Spare the beauteous child, the pure blood of charming Spain, proud Ca-

tholic Spain. Ah, Sir, do not name him King of Rome!

Pray, Sir, have you ever reflected on the mean language of your uncle, when he was putting his foot on the English man-of-war, the Bellerophon, after Trafalgar? Oh! God! his retreat, his defeat at Valenbo! I shall repeat these craven words of your uncle— "Like Thersites of old, I show myself on the honor and greatness, and the hospitality of the English people." Alas, the hero of Marengo, and the genius of Austerlitz, how fallen! Sir, have you ever heard the words which (it is said) were addressed by Pope Pius the Seventh to your uncle at Fontainebleau, in a small room, where your uncle had him confined? I was in that room, and I wrote a letter on the little table at the fireplace, where your uncle offered him, through Gen. Berthier, a cockade, as a French symbol, and as a compliment! The Pope replied— "Sir, I can accept no ornaments, except those with which the Church invests me—namely, the papal tiara (which he held in his hand) and this little crown on my head. And, remember, Sir, although you may at present throw down the monuments of the living and uproot the tombs of the dead, you will soon be confined in a narrow bed (the grave); and this little crook, and this crown I wear, will govern all the universal earth, when your name and race and power will be forgotten amongst men." Sir, do you hear these words and do you take warning in time. They speak loudly from the paper. It was after your uncle had imprisoned the Pope that he entered on his Russian campaign; he entered the Russian territory at the head of five hundred and thirty thousand men; and he returned to France with only seventy-two thousand broken invalids! On his retreat over the bridge of the Beresina the river was choked with the slain and the drowned, it overflowed his banks, and carried the dead into the fields in thousands, where they remained unburied for weeks and months. Whole regiments of cavalry were frozen in their saddles; their horses like statues, the men erect as in life. Regiments of infantry stood in the snow to their waist in line of battle, dead and stiff in terrible death. It was a more thrilling awful case than the angry vengeance on Seneschal.

Sir, you shall hear from me occasionally. You cannot gag my mouth here as you have silenced your French hierarchy. I am in free America, where we can address Kings and Emperors as beings like other men. I shall, when necessary, tell your secrets perhaps not known to those nearest your person. And I am no unfriendly writer. You may perhaps change your policy before this letter will reach you. No one can calculate on your consistent policy a single day. If Russia forms an alliance with you, I despair of your ever returning to your former opinions. But Russia join your enemies another Waterloo awaits you from the same coalition as in 1815. I shall not presume in concluding this letter to bandy compliments in the ordinary way with an Emperor; I shall finish by quoting a few lines from Lord Byron, on your uncle being sent to St. Helena, and the merely sign my name:—

Die done, but yesterday a King,
And armed with kings to strike,
And now (thou art) a nameless thing
So abject, yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand throats
Who strove our earth with hosts
(Boo)
And can he thus survive,
Since he was called the morning star,
Nor man nor fiend had fallen so far.
D.W. CAHILL, D.D.