

For the sake of religion, for the sake of the church, for the sake of the people, we hope the ensuing Parliamentary session will see a cause removed from which springs crime, which libel, stains the fair, and belies the last. We hope to see a state of things inaugurated which will soon remove the people from the category in which they have so long remained of being the worst clad, housed, and fed people in Europe—eye in the world. Though of late, wholesale offences, such as have mainly filled English unions with Irish paupers, and English union schools with Irish perverts from the faith for which their fathers bled, and long endured sore trials, have not been of late taking place, still the growbar is busily, silently, and unobtrusively employed, though in a smaller way. Notices to quit are not rarities. Of course very often this harmless legal contrivance, before which strong men tremble, as at touch of the plague, is only resorted to for the most generous purposes. Believe landlord organs, and it is but the harbinger of good. The tenants think differently; but there is no accounting for tastes. In Wicklow, ejections are effected only to "square" an estate; in Mayo, "Apostolic" laird-Bishop used them as a convenience for "stripping" the land; in Tipperary, they are instruments "mercifully" for raising the rents; and in Limerick, Lord Derby plays with these edged tools for the purpose of what he calls "Saxon justice." As to what may have been "Saxon justice," it is difficult to speak, seeing that Time's twilight rather prevents a clear insight into the period in which it was supposed to exist; but, now-a-days, plain men call his means and his end nefarious. But let us do Lord Derby justice. There was a locus penitentiæ open to him, and he has availed himself of it. He hearkened to the voice of the public reproaching his act, and he has undone that which it were not for the present, to be victimized to their lordly owners; ideas of antique "justice." Let us hope that ere long the Irish peasantry will rejoice in possession of just security given them by law, and not dependent on the varying sense of justice, or the caprices of individual landlords.—Weekly Register.

The air is still ringing with clamour raised by the anti-Catholic organs against the Irish Bishops for demanding separate education for the Catholic youth of Ireland. Now, let us see what the Lutherans and Calvinists in Austria are demanding.

1. That there shall be a representative constitution of the Church by means of Presbyteries and synods. 2. That the communities shall have a certain influence in the composition of those organs by means of which the State exercises its right of superintendence. 3. That changes shall be made in the laws respecting mixed marriages. 4. That in case of a proposed change of religion Catholics and Protestants shall be on the same level. 5. That Protestant employes shall superintend the Protestant schools. 6. Either that a Protestant University shall be founded, or that there shall be a complete parity between Roman Catholics and Protestants at some of those universities which are now exclusively Catholic.

All this is endorsed by the Times as fair and proper in the teeth of its virulent abuse of the Irish Catholic Hierarchy for demanding somewhat similar, but less sweeping concessions. In Austria, the Lutherans and Calvinists are a minority. In Ireland, the Catholics are an overwhelming majority. In Catholic Austria, the Protestant minority demand equality with the Catholics, and a legal recognition of their ecclesiastical status, and this is considered all right; but in Protestant England, where the Catholics are a minority, and even in Catholic Ireland, British Protestant legislation make it penal for the Catholic Hierarchy to even call themselves Bishops of sees, or deans, or archdeacons of dioceses, and this is pronounced all right also! And so, doubtless, will be the proceedings of the bigots in the St. Francis vestry who are pouring all manner of anathemas upon the heads of some liberal Protestants, who, on the principle of fair play, have, it seems, introduced Catholic publications into the workhouse for the use of Catholic inmates, when introducing Protestant publications for the use of Protestants. A Mr. Turner, who boasts that he is a friend of religious liberty, has taken the leading part in this crusade against the very principle he professes to uphold. He is doubtless, an evangelical liberal. From them only do such foul deeds emanate.—Weekly Register.

UNION OF WINTER AND SUMMER.—On Monday the Rev. Mr. Kee united in the bonds of wedlock, in Collegeland Chapel, near Charlemont, Mr. Wm. Pusey, of Edenderry, and Anne, daughter of Mr. James M'Alinden, of Slash, both in this county. The groom's age is eighty-five, while the bride is only twenty-eight years.—Armagh Guardian.

SYDNEY SMITH'S OPINION OF THE IRISH PROTESTANT CHURCH.—Sir—As an "Appendix" to your leading article on the Irish Church Establishment, in last week's Register, I send you the following story—so well told by the witty writer named above, together with his comments on that scandalous anomaly—the Irish Protestant Church:—"There is a story (these are the words of Sydney Smith) in the Leinster family, which passes under the name of 'She is not well.' A Protestant clergyman, whose church was in the neighborhood, was a guest at the house of that upright and excellent man, the Duke of Fife. He had been staying there three or four days; and on Saturday night, as they were all retiring to their rooms, the Duke said 'We shall meet to-morrow at breakfast.' 'Not so (said our Milesian Protestant), your hour, my Lord, is a little too late for me; I am very particular in the discharge of my duty, and your breakfast will interfere with my church.' The Duke was pleased with the very proper excuse of his guest, and they separated for the night. His Grace, perhaps, considered his palace more safe from all the evils of life, for containing in its bosom such an exemplary Sor of the Church. The first person, however, whom the Duke saw in the morning, upon entering the breakfast room, was our punctual Protestant, deep in rolls and butter, his finger in an egg, and a large slice of the best Tipperary ham secured on his plate. 'Delighted to see you, my dear Vicar,' said the Duke, 'but I must say you are much surprised as delighted.' 'Oh! don't you know what has happened?' said the sacred breakfast-faster—'She is not well.' 'Who is not well?' said the Duke. 'You are not married; you have no sister living; I'm quite uneasy. Tell me who is not well.' 'Why, the fact is, my Lord Duke, that my congregation consists of the clerk, the sexton, and the sexton's wife. Now the sexton's wife is in very delicate health. When she cannot attend, we cannot muster the number mentioned in the Rubric, and we have, therefore, no service on that day. The good woman had a cold and sore throat this morning, and as I had breakfasted but slightly, I thought I might as well hurry back to the regular family dejeuner.' I don't know that the clergyman behaved improperly, but such a Church is hardly worth an insurrection. Though I have the sincerest admiration of the Protestant faith, I have no admiration of Protestant insinuations, on which there are no knees; nor of seats, on which there is no superincumbent Protestant pressure: nor of whole acres of tenantless Protestant pews, in which no human beings of the five hundred sects of Christians are ever seen. I have no passion for sacred emptiness or pious vacuity.

Can any honest man say that in parishes (as is the case frequently in Ireland) containing 3,000 or 4,000 Catholics, and 40 or 50 Protestants, there is the smallest chance of the majority being converted? Are not Catholics gaining everywhere on the Protestants? The tithes were originally possessed by the Catholic Church of Ireland; not one shilling of them is now devoted to that purpose. An immense majority of the people are Catholics. They see a Church richly supported by the spoils of their own Church, in whose tenets not one-tenth part of the people believe. Is it possible to suppose that all this can endure?

THE WIDOW OF CONSTABLE M'CLELLAND.—We are glad to be enabled to state that the government,

in reply to the influential memorial from the magistrates, and other residents of Dungannon, and its neighborhood, has granted to Mrs. M'Clelland, the widow of the murdered constable, an annual pension of £10.—Tyronne Constitution.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—Died, at Mountrath, on Thursday, the 20th of December, Edward Cahill, Esq., formerly of Moneyclear, near Ballynakill. The deceased gentleman was brother-in-law to the late Michael Comerford, Esq., of this city. Mr. Cahill lived to the extraordinary age of 105 years, retaining all his faculties clear and distinct nearly to his demise. In the family burial-place of Oloppook, Queen's County, where he was interred, the monumental inscriptions bear testimony to the longevity of his numerous kindred. More than one of the family appear to have lived beyond one hundred years.—Kilkenny Moderator.

A curious notification, described in the Tyronne Constitution as "official," has been made to the pensioners in Tyronne. The "United British Army Scripture Readers and Soldiers' Friend Society" appear to be hard up for "souper" agents, or, in the words of the official advertisement, "in need of devoted and Christian men to go forth as Scripture readers to the various regiments in Her Majesty's service," and accordingly they offer inviting salaries for the discharge of the duties required. Those duties are described as being "to read and explain the Scriptures to the men in barracks, camp, or hospital." Here, then, we have a society in full working order, with abundance of money, and central offices at Charing-cross, whose object is indiscriminate religious teaching amongst the army, composed as it is very largely of Catholics as well as of Protestants. In other words a society which proposes to itself to use all efforts to undermine the faith of thousands of those brave men who risk life and limb in their country's service.

A GRATEFUL GOVERNMENT.—Felix Mullan, Esq., proprietor of the Cork Daily Reporter, has been appointed to the commission of the peace for that city. Lord Carlisle and his superiors are grateful to the humble servitors. But rulers so politic should become cautious in their doings. There are various grades of what is vulgarly called "bribery"—some more delicate others more coarse. This case of the Cork Reporter is too bad. A few years ago John Francis Maguire, proprietor of the Cork Examiner, was Mayor of Cork; and he performed his functions so admirably that the citizens unanimously petitioned the then Lord Lieutenant (his name Lord Carlisle) to make him a magistrate. Against this unanimous petition, a very brutal and offensive article was written in the rival paper, the Reporter, edited by Mr. Michael Joseph Barry, quondam Young Irelander and "rebel." The appointment was refused; and it was only when the Tory government came in that Mr. Maguire was offered the magistracy, which he declined to accept, lest it should appear to compromise his independence. The "Catholic proprietor of the quondam 'rebellious,' but now most humbly Whiggish Reporter, is made a magistrate because that wretched paper has supported every 'Anglo Saxon' abomination of late years, from the Queen's Colleges to the infamous attacks on the Pope. But, after all, the Whig Viceroy is unjust: it was Michael J. Barry, the Editor, who did the "dirty work" for which Mr. Felix Mullan, "proprietor," is rewarded with the barren honor of a J.P."

VICE AND DESTITUTION IN BELFAST.

(From the Northern Whig.)

ANDERSON'S ROW.—THE "MENAGERIE." As one-half of the world is said not to know how the other half lives, so also may it be said that three-fourths of the world neither know nor care how the other fourth ekes out an existence. There are multitudes of good people who believe that the prosperous town of Belfast is the chosen seat of the opulence, refinement and grandeur of Ireland, and that filth and squalor, misery and distress, are localised in other and less favored portions of the island.—The first supposition is not without foundation, but, as the brightest lights cast the deepest shadows, so are the prosperous indications of one portion of the town in close connection with the most deplorable manifestations of human wretchedness and depravity. People may possibly have noticed in the Belfast Police reports for the last few months the ever-recurring name of the "Menagerie" in these necessary chronicles of local crime—necessary, we say, because many criminals dread exposure more than punishment. They know that their offences will be laid bare to the world, and the perpetration of many an iniquity is prevented which would otherwise be most willingly perpetrated. True, such people, abstain from crime on a very narrow principle. They regard not God, though they fear man. But the frequency with which almost every crime short of homicide has been committed in the place which bears the sadly suggestive title of the "Menagerie" has astonished even the accustomed mind of our worthy stipendiary magistrate, who was not in error when he called it recently "an infamous and horrible den of scoundrelism, where all that is impudent and shameless meets with all that is profane and dishonest." Reluctant to believe that such a place could be permitted to exist in a town where £40,000 is annually given for the support of the Gospel, we, last Saturday sent a commissioner from our reporting staff on the difficult and unpleasant duty of exploring this notorious locality.

In order to make his survey general and complete, he obtained the service of an experienced public officer, who knew every nook and cranny of the place, and who was familiar with the topography of this labyrinth of vice. This is what they saw:—"The day was cold and cheerless, and the pavement—if a compound of cinders, manure, and straw can be called by that name—was damp and sloppy, and exhaling a reeking, offensive odor. At almost every doorway and recess stood half-naked, shivering females, relieved from their horrid calling to the shades of evening should hide them from the sight of honest people. In the row there are now ten inhabited houses, and three or four unoccupied. The first house we purposed to explore was that at the farthest end of the court, known as the 'Menagerie,' and after pursuing our way through a long passage or miniature tunnel, a dark deep with all kinds of impurity, we opened the first door which met our eye, when a villainous miasma, sufficient to infect with fever the whole town, made us shrink back.—Calling out courage we entered, and there saw four repulsive objects, begrimed with impenetrable cuticles of dirt, looking more like condemned spirits in some infernal prison-house than heirs to an eternal heritage. The group composed two women, a little boy, and a little girl. All four were crouching over a grate, in which the embers of a fire of sticks were fast dying out. Not one particle of furniture did the room contain. 'Are these abandoned people?' we asked the police-officer. 'Indeed they are abandoned enough,' he said; 'but only one of them is a prostitute.' 'And how are the rest supported?' said we. 'By what they can pick off the scumplings of the streets, and her earnings.' The police officer passed on to the second room; but, before we followed him, we took occasion to ask one of the women a question or two, seeing that she looked communicative. 'How long,' said we, 'is it since you were in a place of worship?' 'Not,' she replied, 'for seventeen years.' 'Are you ever visited by a minister or preacher?' 'Never one has darkened the door, nor even given us a morsel of bread.'

"We followed on to room No. 2, on the same floor into which the police officer had preceded us. It is kept by two women, mother and daughter—the one a freestone pounder, and the other a prostitute. It is about eight feet by six feet in extreme measurement. In the whole ten houses there is only one bedstead. We passed on to room No. 3, inhabited by three prostitutes and two thieves—when the latter are out of prison. Here was the same melancholy desolation—the same infernal stench was felt. The walls were daubed with a Jack Sheppard style of portraits of ruffians whose physiognomies alone

would have condemned them in any court of Christendom. In a room No. 4, there was only one inmate, a man—a new comee—and it is sufficient to say, that the officer made a survey of him lest an accident might occur in the evening. In room No. 5, four most repulsive looking women sat smoking round the fire in a room without a stick in it, looking like so many Hottentots. In the sixth room, an old woman sat crying; a child sat on the floor with two boxes of lucifer matches in her hand. She was the mother of a girl who was her only support—the support being the wages of the 'great sin.' The girl had been sent five years to jail, and the earnings of her daughter's prostitution would not now be forthcoming. The girl once wrought in one of our factories. She was cursed with the fatal dowry of pride and it is said, of beauty. She was attracted by the prospects of the 'gay' life she might enjoy, and she turned to evil. From this she came to theft, and five years' imprisonment.

"On going up to the third landing, the stairs to which were a perfect bog of mud and filth, we passed by a hole which was once a window, on looking out of which one of the people remarked—'That's a rum place; isn't it?' In the various rooms on this landing sights most distressing to the eye and trying to the senses presented themselves. A shake-down of straw—sometimes covered with a dilapidated rug, but oftener without it—formed, in each instance the bed. In some cases there are one or two articles of miserable crockery. The rooms are peopled with the gaunt and squalid forms of abandoned wretches, and children uncared for—stunted in growth, and brutalised in manners.

"Descending to the first landing, where there are eight other rooms, with large families of similar outcasts, where the atmosphere is close and loaded with miasma, we left the 'Menagerie' the home and habitation of one hundred human beings—when all are out of jail.

"The next house we visited is the principal hermitage in the 'row' for thieves, where little boys are trained, and where, when either a burglary or a petty larceny is committed, the detectives are sure to find their man. 'Who is that woman sitting at the fire,' said we. 'She is the keeper of the most notorious house in the whole row—worse than the Menagerie—far worse; it gives us more trouble.' Twenty-two residents of that house alone, were given to understand, were now in prison for various offences, and above half a dozen in the reformatories. Eleven, thirteen, and fifteen were the respective ages of three criminals from this pet-house who were sentenced on Wednesday last, to one month's imprisonment, and five years' confinement in a reformatory. One had been a good boy—so the mother said. The second was enticed there by another girl, and would not come home. She was lately a pupil in a most respectable school in town.

"We walked on to the next house. An aged-looking woman (they said she was twenty-six) sat crouching at an empty grate. Her eyes were bleared and colorless, save when the portion originally white was red with suffused blood. This woman once attempted to drown herself, and at another time tried to strangle herself in the cells of the police-office.—We need not describe the other houses visited. They are all of a similar character. The inhabitants without one exception, are thieves, prostitutes, and beggars, from eleven or twelve years old up to perhaps fifty. Thefts and drunkenness and crime are their occupations. The majority of them never uttered a prayer, nor heard of a Bible.

"On Saturday night and Sunday morning, we are informed that this Anderson's row is little short of a pandemonium. The pavement and passages swarm with human beings wallowing in dirt, in whiskey, and disease; volleys of oaths, ribald jests, and gross obscenities, mingle with the sound of church-bells, not far distant, we asked 'Is there another place like that in Belfast?' 'There is no place in Belfast like it for everything that is bad,' was the reply." This, ladies and gentlemen of Belfast, subscribers to foreign missions, is a picture of our "Menagerie." Will it please you to walk in? The fun is not only commenced, but it is going on all day and all night without ceasing. There is no charge for admission; but if your kind patronage of Patagonia has left you anything in your pockets the natives will gladly take it from you. Not at present? Well, another time perhaps; and meanwhile will you kindly permit us to submit to you an opinion of the press, by one Charles Dickens, who has studied in menageries, and has written some not bad things about them and their occupants.

"There is not one of these but sows a harvest which mankind must reap. From every seed of evil which we see there, a field is sown, which shall be garnered in and gathered up, and sown again in many places of the world, until regions are overspread with wickedness enough to raise the waters of a second deluge. There is not a father by whose side in his daily or nightly walk these creatures pass—there is not a mother among all the mothers in this land—there is no one from the state of childhood—but shall be responsible for this enormity.—There is not a country through the earth on which it would not bring a curse—there is not a religion upon earth that it would not sully—there is not a people on earth that it would not put to shame."

GREAT BRITAIN.

We (Weekly Register) are glad to be able to report favorably of the health of the venerated Head of the English Church. The writer of the first series of letters from Rome, which will be found in our next page, sends the following information from the Eternal City:—"Though at first overcome by the fatigue which His Eminence (Cardinal Wiseman) could not avoid entering Rome, he is much better than I had hoped to see him from the accounts of his illness in England on his journey. He is staying with Monsignor Searle at the English College, as is the Bishop of Birmingham, who, however, has despatched the business which has brought him to Rome, and is, I believe, about immediately to return. Archbishop Errington is at the Minerva. The Bishop of Nottingham (Dr. Roskell) is also here as the Conduitor of Glasgow, Dr. Smith. The Bishop of New Zealand is also in Rome, as well as the newly-consecrated Bishop of the New Australian See (Brisbane). Bishop Bacon, from the United States of America, is also at the Minerva. The English tongue is, therefore, well represented at Rome. Of the usual inundation of English Protestants, there are very few, to our great comfort, in the churches at this season, though, no doubt, much to the loss of the traders of Rome."

For other intelligence from Rome, we must refer our readers to the letters which we have already mentioned, may be found in another part of our impression, and which we have pleasure in announcing will be regularly continued during the present crisis. Meanwhile, in answer to the question raised by a reverend correspondent in another column, and in reply to enquiries most numerous from all classes, we would draw especial attention to the following passage bearing upon the advisability of offering to the Holy Father something more substantial than mere sympathy:—"I have good authority for saying that any assistance, not to the Holy Father personally, but to the public revenue of the States of the Church, will be most lovingly and paternally accepted by him.—I need not enter upon any detail of the methods by which this may be effected, either in the form of direct contributions to the public treasury, or by taking a part of the loan which it will be necessary that the Government should raise. I am certain that there are thousands—nay, millions—in our islands, who will gladly assist in either way; and Napoleon III. has shown us that a loan may be more easily raised, and on more favorable terms, by appealing to the mass of a people than by bargaining with a Hebrew

capitalist. Whatever means may be adopted, it is certain that our Holy Father, instead of refusing the pecuniary aid of his children, will gratefully accept whatever is offered, and once more repeat—not to himself, individually—but to the public treasury of his States.

This is highly important, and we trust that steps will be at once taken to act in the manner practically and energetically.

What the Pope's opinion of the movement in his favor in England is, may be gathered from the following letter with which we have been honored by the Hon. Charles Langdale:—

"To the Editor of the Weekly Register.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to inform you that I have received a letter from Cardinal Wiseman, dated Rome, Dec. 26, in which His Eminence says:—

"You will be glad to hear that the Lay Declaration has been read over to the Holy Father, who has expressed the greatest satisfaction with it, pronouncing it a high-minded and well-reasoned document, and that he has ordered its being at once translated into Italian and published in the Roman Paper.—I am happy to say that His Eminence adds:—

"I am, thank God, progressing favorably.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"CHARLES LANGDALE.

"Houghton, Jan. 4, 1860."

This communication will be highly pleasing to our readers.

DIVORCE IN ENGLAND.—So great is the pressure to obtain divorces in England that before long additional judges must be appointed to the court.—It is stated that there is now an error of six hundred divorce cases.

MR. CARDWELL AT OXFORD.—Mr. Cardwell and Mr. Legaton were, on Monday, at Oxford. Alluding to Ireland, Mr. Cardwell spoke of the rapid improvement of the country. Irish railways he described as generally superior to those of England. Besides the fact, that crime was diminishing, and the poor rates rapidly falling, there was in Ireland a universal thirst for education which was calculated to raise the people and the whole tone both of the country and the Government. There were difficulties with regard to the Government of Ireland; but he suggested that, by placing ourselves in the point of view of the people who are principally interested, we shall best encourage a similar feeling in the Irish people, and induce them to look at all imperial questions from the same point of view as ourselves. Mr. Cardwell was not sanguine as to getting rid of the Income Tax. On the question of Reform, he said, if the bill were a fair, judicious, and righteous measure it would receive an amount of general support very different from the excitement and strife which marked the advent of the first Reform Bill.

DEATH FROM CHLOROFORM.—On Sunday last Dr. Renwick, a medical gentleman in Alloa, expired while under the influence of chloroform, administered to him at own request and solicitation while undergoing an operation on one of his great toes, the nail of which he had suffered to grow into the flesh. Dr. Renwick had called in the assistance of Dr. Duncanson, and the latter, having poured some chloroform upon a towel, Dr. Renwick held it to his mouth with his own hands. After a little time, as it did not seem to be taking any effect, he asked for more, which Dr. Duncanson at first declined to give; but, by and bye, finding that no effect was being produced, some more was applied. As it still seemed to be having no effect however, another small quantity was at the patient's own request, applied to the towel, which after a short time produced insensibility; and his pulse having been found full and regular, the operation, which did not occupy more than a minute or two, was successfully performed. He still remained insensible, but his breathing was regular, and all was considered right. Some cold water was then thrown in his face to arouse him, but this not having the desired effect other measures were resorted to, but with a like unfortunate result; and when after a few minutes his breathing became less frequent and more laboured, and the appearance of his countenance began to change, and his pulse became all but imperceptible, serious alarm was felt. Artificial respiration by the modern method was resorted to, and in this manner breathing was kept up for nearly half an hour, but, melancholy to relate, his spirit had passed away. Dr. Renwick was in his 27th year. He was a native of Musselburgh, and came to Alloa about six years ago, where his professional skill, combined with his urbanity of manner, gained him an extensive practice and the esteem of all who knew him. It is supposed that Dr. Renwick had been labouring under heart disease.

The progress of "enlightenment" in this great country must surely be gratifying to the most "liberal" mind. The dogma that the likings of men are to be their laws, and that they are to obey nothing, they don't like, has not only been pronounced by the sympathy shown by Englishmen to the Italian rebels but in another way they have acted upon it themselves by the new Divorce Law, under whose fostering influence married ladies are running away with footmen and curates so fast that the Divorce Court is overwhelmed with applicants for the benefit of Lord Palmerston's Act. The last lady who took advantage of the new principle that the subject has a right to choose what government he will live under, and who selected her husband's footman, is informed in the newspaper paragraph which records her selection, that her full emancipation and public recognition cannot take place at the earliest within fourteen months from the day when she threw off the yoke, and no one who is obliged to read the reports of that court, which are daily published to the disgrace and not the edification of the age, can doubt that the Divorce Act is rapidly and extensively demoralising society by holding out a license and premium to sin.—Tablet.

The Friends of Revolution throughout the world take for granted that all the civil subjects of the Sovereign Pontiff are desirous of shaking off the yoke of obedience, and will not for a moment entertain a doubt upon the question. They assume that the multitude is of the same mind with the chief leaders of the rebellion, and that these men are merely the organs of the general discontent which is coolly assumed to be the normal condition of the people of the Romagna. Priests and quiet peaceable persons are not to be listened to, for such personages have no right to be heard. The men of liberty will tolerate no contradiction, it being notorious that nobody hates private judgment more intensely than the unbelieving wretches who make use of that doctrine for the purpose of subverting the faith. In the Ionian Islands, England makes no account of the disaffection of its subjects legally expressed in the Ionian Parliament, elected under its own protection; and the usual reply to the Ionian demonstration is a dissolution or a prorogation. The people are kept in order by a foreign garrison, and the cry for a United Greece is steadily disregarded. But in Italy England pursues a very different policy: there, its ears are opened to the slightest whisper of discontent, and the cry for a United Italy is respectfully listened to, because, in this case, our statesmen are anxious to vex the Pope, while, in the affair of the Ionian Islands, they are afraid to attend to the wishes of the people, lest, by so doing, they should increase the power of Russia.—Tablet.

AN INFANT'S WARDROBE.—Should he succeed in persuading any credulous tradesman, during this infantile period of his life the law will exonerate him from payment of any goods not necessary to his social status. As to what those necessities may be, the Courts have been from time to time at wonderful pains to determine. As some contributions towards the legal knowledge of our readers, we may mention that it has been decided that 19 coats (exclusive of regimentals), 45 waistcoats, 38 pairs of trousers, a black velvet dressing gown, and a racing-jacket, all furnished to a young officer in the Guards between October in one year and July in the next,

have not been considered to be absolute necessities. "There is a riding jacket shared for," said Baron Alderson, before whom the question was tried, "that cannot be suitable to any degree except that of a jockey, and if that were to be considered a necessary for a young gentleman, it will next be said that gambling is necessary for him." "Eleven guineas for a waistcoat!" proceeds the horrified Baron.—"Can that be considered necessary in any station of life? If a person of full age orders these extravagant things he must pay for them. If a person of full age is extravagant enough and absurd enough to order a coat to be made of gold, and it was made and delivered to him, beyond all question he must pay for it; but with minors the law is otherwise."—Horses and pigs, too, have been decreed not to be necessities of undergraduate life; nor can a tradesman, says my Lord Abinger, recover for dinners, soda-water, lozenges, oranges, and jellies supplied to a young gentleman of the Universities. On the other hand, however, a horse has been considered by Lord Denman a necessary for a chymist's apprentice, who had been recommended to take horse exercise. And the other day (as a balance in favor of cap and gown) we were gratified to find that portraits of Dr. Donaldson and the Dean of Ely were admitted to be necessities of an undergraduate, son of a distinguished member of the Evangelical Alliance. There is also extant a decision of Lord Ellenborough's, very applicable to the present day and highly satisfactory, no doubt, to the tailors of this age, in which he held that regimentals furnished to an infant who was a member of a volunteer corps were to be considered necessities. For the rest this doctrine of necessities applies only to goods supplied to the infant himself. Should he be a husband, and a father, he will be liable for necessities supplied to his wife and family.—All the year Round.

UNITED STATES. There has been introduced into the Senate of Ohio, a bill to punish all citizens convicted of raising military expeditions for the purpose of creating servile insurrections in other States. THE IMPUDENCE OF A ROGUE.—The Legislature of Massachusetts assembled on January 4, 1860. On that day, one of the members, a Senator from the county of Worcester,—having conscientious scruples against taking the customary oaths of office, was permitted to take his seat upon affirming that he would "bear true faith and allegiance" to the Constitution and laws of this Commonwealth. At that very moment he was a forger; at that moment, we say—when his conscience hindered his taking an oath,—his forged paper was in the street of Boston. He is now known to the detectives; but as their chief never deals with rogues, we ask the Legislature to purge itself of his presence. Let him go the way of Shepard, and Peck, and the other scoundrels who have dishonored high trusts and disgraced their parties.—Boston Courier.

DR. HIRAM COX, official Inspector of Liquors in Cincinnati, in a recent report on the adulteration of liquor, relates the following:—"I called at a grocery store one day, where liquor is also kept. A couple of Irishmen came in while I was there and called for some whiskey, and the first drank, and the moment he drank the tears flowed freely, while he at the same time caught his breath like one suffocated or strangling. When he could speak, he says to his companion 'Och, Michael, but this is warming to the stomach.' Michael drank and went through like contortions, with the remark, 'Would it be blame in a cold frosty morning?' After they had drank I asked the landlord to put me out a little in a tumbler, in which I dipped a slip of litmus paper, which was no sooner wet than it put on a scarlet hue. I went to my office, got my instruments and examined it. I found it had 17 per cent. alcoholic spirits by weight, when it should have had 49 per cent. to be proof, and the difference in per centage was made up of Sulphuric Acid, Red Pepper, Pelletory, Caustic, Potassa and Brucine, one of the salts of Nux Vomica, commonly called Nux Vomica. One pint of such liquor would kill the strongest man."

REMARKABLE SUPERSTITION IN PHILADELPHIA.—A WOMAN CLAIMING THE HONOR OF DIVINITY.—That the day of religious imposture is not over is proved by the frequent revelations of superstitious belief in false prophets and religious fanatics. Females as well as males are often the leaders of these singular delusions, and among the most recent of that class is one Anna Meister, a resident of Philadelphia, who arrogates to herself the title "Daughter of God." The facts were publicly brought before one of the Philadelphia courts last Saturday, during a habeas corpus case, in which one Mr. Rudman claimed the custody of a boy five years old, then in the care of his mother, Mrs. Rudman, who had separated from her husband. One of the witnesses, Mrs. Address, testified to the good character of the mother, and gave the following strange testimony as reported in the Philadelphia Ledger.

Witness.—We do believe she (Anna Meister) is the last witness sent from the Almighty, and that we shall obey her commands and live a pure and just life. God gave his commands through Jesus Christ, and he tells us "to love thy neighbor and be pure and just, and then God shall call us for the first fruits of his flock." The witness continued in this strain at considerable length and with great volubility. Her earnest manner and evident sincere belief in the doctrines as taught by Anna Meister were painful to behold. The witness, after she had been allowed to run on this way for some time, was interrupted by the Judge, asking "You believe Anna Meister as though God were speaking?" Witness—"She speaks the pure doctrine to love our neighbors and to act just." The examination continued as follows. The child is taught to pray; I did belong to a Presbyterian Church. The child is treated now as when Mr. Rudman lived with his wife. I meet her with the child every Sunday at our meeting; have seen her ten times at our house during the year; I have belonged to this society four years; Mrs. Rudman joined first; my husband belongs to it; we take spring water because it is pure; we boil the hydrant water to take the impurities off; I believe in eating salad.

Mr. Remak.—What is the object of that? Witness—Anna Meister told me I should give it to my husband and child at 10 o'clock every night and it would take the impure stuff off their stomachs; I give it to my child at 10 o'clock at night; if he is asleep I wake him up and make him take his salad; we take three forks full at a time; I put on it a little salt, a little vinegar, and a little sweet oil.

Mr. Remak.—What else is there in regard to your regulations in regard to your eating and drinking? Witness—There's beer. It is not wholesome but the wine is pure, because there is nothing mixed in it; no quantity is fixed for us to take; I teach my child that what Anna Meister says must be believed; my child is ten years old; there are twenty-two or twenty-five who belong to the society; we give a tip or a levy, or a quarter a week, and sometimes a dollar is brought; and this is given for Anna Meister's board; we meet at Munster's house; we took her in when she commenced preaching; we have preaching on Sunday afternoon, and prayer meetings on Wednesday evenings; some of us have commenced to preach, because it is our duty to be servants of the Almighty, and must give the testimony; I preach sometimes. Mr. Andrews, a butcher in West Philadelphia, another witness as to the care taken of the child, also acknowledged his faith in the doctrines of Mrs. Meister. He believed she was divine. We believe that this Anna Meister has been carrying on her system of imposition for several years in Philadelphia, and has before this been in the papers. Some of her disciples believe that they will not die as long as they remain faithful to the tenets of the so-called "Society of the Daughter of God."