

Mrs. NIGHTINGALE AND THE SISTERS OF CHARITY AND MERCY.—To the Editor of the Tablet.—It seems unnecessary to criticise the excellent letter of your correspondent "Justitia," upon Miss Nightingale and the Sisters of Charity and Mercy. The few remarks, however, for which I request a small space in your columns have been suggested, by much in the same tone I have read and heard as well as by "Justitia's" letter. Without presuming to dogmatise, or supposing that my opinions must necessarily be the right ones, but merely by way of suggestion for the kind consideration of wiser heads and better hearts than my own, I would enquire whether it would not be better to leave Miss Nightingale in the full enjoyment of the world's honours, and the dear Religions who pursued their vocation in the Crimea in the quiet hope of those of Heaven? Deeds of heroic charity constitute the daily life of the "Religions;" they are no nine-days' wonder; they occupy the daily life of the cloister. They form, indeed, a favourite theme of the Church's ceaseless thanksgiving; but, as it is the obedience and humility in which they are performed which mark them with the genuine stamp of charity, their authors are anxious above all things to escape from the observation, much more the praises of men. And those who know how the least spirit of self-complacency, on account of good works, puts all in peril, will be little disposed to invade the inestimable seal of the Religious with noisy adulation.—Testimonials and leading articles, and "royal honours," and to have one's name in everybody's mouth, and to be the subject of the world's rewards, and the world's attentions, and the despicious patronage of courtiers, and such like, are the world's rewards, and the best it has to bestow. Far from judging Miss Nightingale an absolute monopoly of them; such acts as hers, which externally resemble the deeds of heroic charity, in all but the obedience in which the latter are done, and the obscurity of the deeds of them—would seem to deserve a far higher reward. It is not to be wondered at that the world should welcome such with its coarsest admiration. They are a phenomenon to it. It can hardly contain its triumph at beholding no close resemblance to the Church's fruits growing on its own tree. But how can any Catholic regard these demonstrations, except as a misfortune to Miss Nightingale? The very extravagance of them tends at once to rob her benevolent doings of whatever merit may belong to them, to mark their failure, and to bring out into unnecessary bold relief their spuriousness. Should not Catholics, again, exercise some little reserve in joining in the world's indiscriminate applause? Of Miss Nightingale personally there is not, perhaps, much risk of speaking too highly. Her work in the Crimea, eminently successful as it was, far outstripped, nevertheless, all modern national standards of human benevolence, and fell but little short, in self-sacrificing disinterestedness, of the heroism of Quintus Curtius, Marcus Scaevola, and other mythical and historical personages of Pagan times. And charity permits us to ascribe the best conceivable human motives even to those who are not within the reach of supernatural ones. But these works, of priceless benevolence in the hands of holy charity, are impracticable, and their attempt positively pernicious, when they are the mere fitful paroxysms of individual benevolence. Nothing could be more disastrous than for Miss Nightingale's proceedings to be taken as a precedent. A female philanthropist of less head might meet with even yet more lamentable failure, and something worse than failure might befall an imitator of less virtue. There is no possible security in these freaks of heady enthusiasm for either qualification. But to say the best, the excessive notoriety which Miss Nightingale has earned must be most painful to her ladylike feelings, as well as to those of her whole family. The heroic deeds of charity of the monastic orders and religious confraternities are free from these fatal drawbacks.—Matured by habit and experience, directed by Christian prudence, and sheltered by obedience and humility, they can bring no failure either to the performers of them or to the end proposed. Like the money of each; they are thrown into a common fund, and their reward is deferred to a wiser judge and a more exalted tribunal than a contemporary public.—Those consecrated ladies live for such duties. It is to be devoutly hoped that their effective and unostentatious performance of them will never again be thwarted by the inopportune, however well intentioned, meddling of ladies of excellent hearts and quick wit, but with less discretion than their neighbour.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant.

S. B. A. HARPER.

EXHUMATIONS IN GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.—During the last two or three weeks, workmen have been engaged in laying pipes in the nave of the Cathedral for the purpose of heating this part of the structure. To carry out this work, it has been necessary to dig a trench round the four sides of the nave, about two and a half feet in depth by three feet in width, and in the course of the operations, a large number of skulls and other remains of mortality have been brought to light. Small portions of coffins have also been found, which have this peculiarity, that they show the timber to have been about two inches in thickness, the separate portions of which have been pieced together by wooden pins. In all about fifty skulls were brought up, the great majority of which were found close to the wall on the north side. Many of these mortal remains are in an excellent state of preservation, although it scarcely admits of a doubt that all of them must have been interred previous to the Reformation. It would be a vain effort to attempt to fix, with any degree of accuracy, the identity of the men and women who animated these dry bones in the flesh; but it is highly probable that they were distinguished people in their day and generation. Glasgow Cathedral, it has been recorded, contained an altar to almost every saint in the calendar, founded and endowed by the pious and noble layman. In this way the space between every column of pillar would be occupied by an altar, and it is not unlikely, that the bones now discovered may have been those of the respective founders with the members of their families. A tradition has been long extant to the effect that the remains of the Bishop-cardinal Wardlaw had been interred in the north-west corner of the nave. Strange to say, a skull was found in this very spot the other day; there were no other remains of mortality near it, and we have the authority of those who were present at the exhumation for stating that the ground had every appearance of having been undisturbed since this interment took place. The bones which were lifted from the nave have been carefully interred in the High Churchyard.—Glasgow Herald.

NOTWITHSTANDING the general prosperity of the country, and the generally-believed efficiency of the British system of police, it is painful to read the evidence of the increase of crimes against life and property, which the papers afford.

THE SLAVE WIPPER.—Washington, Dec. 18.—Thirty-two of the slaves arrested at Alexandria, Va., on Sunday morning last, upon a charge of insurrection, have been fined and whipped upon the bare back fifteen lashes each for assembling at a ball. Not the slightest testimony has been found against one of them; that they intended to create an insurrection. The impression is that the whipping will incite those to insurrection now, who never dreamed of the subject before. The whites are armed, and constantly on the watch, though it is asserted by many that there is no real cause to fear insurrection. The movement of the blacks in Tennessee and Kentucky has struck terror among the slaveholders all over the South.

HONORABLE INDIAN OFFICERS.—By the arrival of a gentleman in this city, yesterday, we are in possession of the details of a terrible outrage committed by the Sioux Indians, near Glencoe, on Sunday, the 29th ult. A party of Sioux Indians captured, a few days previous to the 23d, near Glencoe, a Chippewa Indian. The Indians in Council determined, after retaining the Chippewa in their possession several days, to burn him. Accordingly, on Sunday, the 23d, the Sioux, numbering some seven hundred warriors, took the Chippewa to a point on Buffalo Creek, near Glencoe, and there burned him to death. Our informant derived his information from a teamster, who was passing near the spot selected for the terrible outrage, with a wagon loaded with dry goods. All efforts made by him to save the Chippewa were futile. He represented that the Chippewa met all the horrid tortures inflicted on him by the Sioux with the greatest indifference. He was burned at a slow fire, and lingered several hours before he expired. When the teamster passed the Indian was tied to a stake, and the slow fire by which he was destroyed had partially consumed his feet and ankles. While tied to the stake the Indian was scalped and otherwise mutilated. It is supposed this outrage was committed by the Sioux in revenge for the horrible murder of Dakota women, in the fall, near Lac qui Parle.—St. Paul, Minnesota, Pioneer, Dec. 2.

THE PROTESTANT SECTS ESSENTIALLY DISUNIONIST.—A hasty perusal of this week's file of pious papers abundantly justifies the severe remarks we had occasion to make a day or two since in reference to that branch of journalism. We need hardly refer to particular instances; we shall leave it to every intelligent layman who shall read them attentively to say whether the whole of them from the Puseyite Churchman to the canting, snuffing Observer, are not imbued with a thoroughly mean, base, dishonest, hypocritical and grasping spirit, and whether their circulation among the women and children (for no man, we take it, ever look at them) of this growing country, can be conducive to the maintenance and right education of a sound manly American mind. We leave it to any person of sense to decide whether the wretched puerilities which constitute one-half these religious sheets, or the miserable bigotry which fills the other, can be fraught with anything like advantage to their readers, or whether they are not, at all times and in all places, a positive nuisance. We hear surprise expressed by observant persons at the general indifference that is evinced on the subject of religion by the leading minds and intelligent classes of this country. But it is, in reality, the simplest thing in the world. The sects, with the exception of the Roman Catholics and Episcopians, which for obvious reasons can never include a majority of the people of the United States in the present age, have not only pursued a persistent course of insult to their congregations by refusing to move along with them in the current of human progress, and by wasting their energies in needless barren conflicts with each other, but have superadded the enormous mischief of uniting—and that in the most pernicious manner—in the political questions of the country. The sects were the first, as they are the most sincere disunionists of the day. They first set the example of dividing this country geographically on the question of slavery; and having done so they have never ceased to applaud the act, and to point it out inferentially as an example to follow. The Methodists, for instance, had a Book Concern, in which the worthy fathers turned an honest penny (as they know how) by publishing little books with such titles as—"Spiritual Buttons for Believers' Breaches," and so on; well, one day these pious tract publishers discovered that they couldn't possibly remain in communion with each other because some of them thought niggers should be paid by the day or the week, while others believed in capitalising their wages and working them compulsorily. On this ground the Book Concern split, and the Methodists South and the Methodists North went to law with each other, and fought each other for a good many years, and the lawyers got the best part of the proceeds of the pious little tracts at that time. Now, we believe, the quarrel is settled, and each section has got its fair share of the spoils; but the moral effect of the division is to suggest a similar operation in the political world. We have no question, in truth, but the split in the religious sect has been a far more potent teacher of disunion among the people of the country than all the ravings of Garrison and Wendell-Phillips at the North, or Kett, Wise and Toombs at the South. We draw attention to the fact the more gravely because some of the people of this Protestant country attach more weight to the teachings of their religious pastors than to those of any other secular authority. These should ponder well the slope down which the disunionists are drawing them. It is a very easy thing to be a paragon; a smattering of education such as any fool can acquire in a given time; a few texts learnt by rote; a habit of speaking intelligibly; a Concordance and a volume of Tillotson, or other old sermons, are all the stock in trade that is required. Yet the man thus accounted and set up acquires over the mind of women and children an authority such as the highest genius cannot claim, and uses that authority, in the instance we have mentioned, for the promotion of the very achievement that would be most destructive of the prosperity, and order, and well being and permanence of the United States.—New York Herald.

PROTESTANT DECEITS.—It is with increased frequency we are called upon to record the unhappy results of Spiritualism. The latest instance is presented by the suicide of Mr. John Fairbank's a young man of amiable repute and irreproachable life, industrious, diligent and successful in his business avocations. Depressed in spirits by the loss of a relative, he was attracted by the allurement held out by the Spiritualists, of corresponding with the departed through the non-sensical chaff of rapping and involuntary revelations—addicted himself to the pursuit of the illusion, and ended in becoming its victim. He is consigned to the grave of the suicide; but it will not be the fault of the spirit-rappers or mediums as in their jargon they style themselves, if his ghost like that of the elder Hamlet, be not heard from again and again.—N. Y. Times.

THE NORTHERN ADVOCATE, a Methodist paper, has exclusive ideas with reference to the name Christian.—It censures the Christian World for applying the name to Universalists and Unitarians. We do not know why the Editor places Unitarians and Universalists under the denomination of Christians. They first deny the Trinity, the Deity of Christ, atonement by vicarious suffering, original sin, and the necessity of faith, as it is held by evangelical churches, in order to salvation. The latter deny the Trinity, future punishment—many of them the creation, and also the resurrection. And their notion of receiving due punishment for sin, in this life, destroys all proper notion of atonement by Christ, of repentance and faith. Now, an anti-Trinitarian is a Deist. This is according to the proper use of terms, and it is a great misapplication of terms, therefore, to call such a one a Christian. We recommend to our brother to leave these names of his Christian life. We do not say this out of unkindness to those denomination, but from a regard to truth and verity. To this the Christian World replies, and asserts that as the Protestant

principle makes every man his own interpreter, no Protestant sect can properly withhold the name from any other Protestant.—It is a matter of no little astonishment to us to find journals so intelligent, so exclusive. Is it right to distinguish one nation as one of the chief distinctive territorial designations of the world? Is it right to distinguish one nation as a Christian nation? Who would object to such popular application of these appellations? Nay, who would seriously object to the common classification by which the Eastern and Western churches—the Catholic and Protestant systems—are recognised as great Christian divisions. Yet Christendom, in whole, or in any Christian nation, may be half full of theoretical or practical infidels. So, indeed, it may be with either of the great ecclesiastical parties. If then, the cherished name is used in such connections by all parties, with one consent, how unreasonable it is to disallow its appropriation by any Protestant sect.—The Protestant principle is—the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, its own Interpreter and every man's Teacher. What then? Shall any party organized upon this principle, and appealing only to this authority, be denied by another party similarly constituted, and avowing the same sanction, not only the faith, virtue, and institutions of Christianity, but the very shelter and shadow of its name—a name borne by millions of ignorant dependents upon absurd legends, and unbelly devotees of idolatrous superstitions?

LECTURES BY DR. BROWN.—Dr. Orestes A. Brownson delivered, on Friday evening, at Hope Chapel, the second of the three lectures announced, on the subject of "Modern Civilization." A more numerous audience was present than on the occasion of his first lecture, though the attendance was still small. The lecturer resumed the consideration of human progress. Much of what was regarded as progress he questioned, as it was progress in the concrete only, and was the necessity for other changes in the existing order to make it correspond with a previous change. The more remarkable progress manifested might be expressed by the term humanity, or philanthropy; the latter term he disliked, as it was a profession of an undesirable class of people—gentlemen were lovers of humanity in the abstract, but great haters of men in particular—unless they chanced to be rogues or have a black skin. The progress was manifested by the recognition of human rights. In ancient times there was no recognition of any rights by virtue of man's existence. But Christian law, which taught that every man had an immortal soul, and in the rights appertaining thereto, all were equal before God had infused into man the sentiment of humanity. This sentiment was first realized in the church, when, noble and ignoble, master and slave stood on the same ground of equality. It was true that after the conquest of England by the Normans, a nation not more than half Christianised, the jurisprudence and laws of that country deteriorated, and were more cruel; yet during the past two hundred years there had been efforts made to ameliorate the penal code, and in some respects it had been carried to a contrary excess. These palaces were built for prisoners, who were better cared for, better fed, and better clothed, than the majority of the laboring classes in any country. The ancient nations had no institutions for the aid of the poor, and this feature of progress did not develop itself until after the birth of Christianity, when hospitals were provided for the rich and poor, even in the time of the Roman Empire, and soon all of Europe was covered over with these institutions. But in those countries which had broken away from the Catholic faith, there had been a retrograde in this respect. Poverty in England and America was considered very much in the light of a crime. The old New England plan of giving out the support of the town poor to the lowest bidder was bad enough, but the plan of imprisoning them in poorhouses, where they are taught to believe that they lack the elements of manhood, was worse. In Protestant countries, philanthropy expanded itself by building palatial prisons, so that those who were under the sentence of the law should suffer as little as possible. In Catholic countries, what one was struck with was the tenderness with which the poor were cared for. In war, too, progress had been made. From ancient times, when prisoners were sold into slavery, or killed, when reached a time when it was a principle to treat prisoners with respect, and on land to respect the rights of private property, through the influence of the pontiffs of the Church; and now the United States had taken the lead of all the European Governments except the Pontifical Government, to make the same principles apply to the sea as to the land. This accomplished, and war would soon become nothing but a duel between armed forces of nations, the folly of which would soon be seen. Since the peace of Utrecht, the English system had been gradually coming more in vogue in Europe, and that system was pure materialism, and this has grown even upon nations which had not entirely shaken off the Catholic faith. This materialism appeared not in the form of charity, but in the form of humanity—a natural sentiment—seeking by means of State and civil legislation, to do what the Church had done by charity. But, carried away by this natural sentiment, the most dreadful revolutions had occurred. The sentiment, in its blindness, rushed to great extremes. It sympathised with the slave, forgetting the Constitution, and forgetting the security due the white as well as the black. We were now deluged with a watery sentimentality, while strong, manly feeling and energetic virtue, which could laud and defend itself, was hardly to be found. In the conclusion of his discourse, the lecturer spoke of the blind pursuit of wealth, which, he stated, characterised our people. We needed lessons of religion to moderate our desires, and raise our affections from earth, and place them on things above.—N. Y. Citizen.

Scarlet-fever is prevalent throughout the city of New York, but generally of a very mild type.—American Call.

A BACHELOR JURYMEN IN A BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.—A Miss Kay, of Lowell, has obtained \$1,000 damages in a breach of promise case. The Cambridge Chronicle explains that "the comparatively low figure at which the damage was set, resulted from the influence of a rusty old ball on the jury, who, to totally ignorant of conjugal felicity, possessed no more qualification to decide a claim of that nature than an opossum or a kangaroo!"

AN AMERICAN PAPER laments the death of one of its chief supporters, who, painful to relate, was carried off by a fit of apoplexy at the moment of writing out a long advertisement intended for a series of insertions in its columns, but of which it is now entirely deprived.

MISERIES OF A CRUSAIDER.—The Rev. Dr. Bethune, in a recent lecture at Newark, New Jersey, gave an amusing sketch of the miseries of a public lecture. In which he is reported to have said—"Then, again, the reporters (whose irate quills he would no sooner provoke than those of a hundred frothy porcupines), often made him say very queer things. Once, when he stated that he was not by birth, but only ecclesiastically, a Dutchman the reporter made him an ecclesiastical deduction." At another time he spoke of the devil as sowing tares, and was astonished the next morning to hear that he had mentioned the devil's sowing tares. Another occasion he was made to say that the patriarch Abraham taught Coccyos Arithmetic. Nevertheless his experience of life had taught him three important practical rules.—1st. Never contradict a woman; 2nd. Never challenge the bill of a hotel keeper; 3rd. Never quarrel with an editor. Then, again, it was often annoying to see one's name "hoisted on pinnacles in ludicrous proximity with those of negro minstrelsy, and all sorts of other connexions, and especially so when the bills have become torn and partly overlaid by newer ones, so as to read something like this: "Julien's grand operatic troupe will, this evening, give a magnificent performance."—By Horace Greeley, Esq. "Highest cash prices for rags"—by Hon. Rufus Choate,

THE AMERICAN FILLIBUSTER.—The American Fillibuster is fast taking a definite and recognized place in the order of wild heroes. Robin Hood, the Italian bravo, the Highland cateran, and the moss trooper have had their day. The class of cavalier robbers who used to stop carriages with the courtesy of finished aristocrats has died out. Piracy is all but obsolete. The Fillibuster has succeeded to the eccentric hours and pretensions of these dashing warriors.—He is a personage in the first place, of high mottle, quick resentment, and a sharp sense of injury. Entire inability to wait for explanation is the proud infirmity which forms the basis of his whole character and dictates his code of honour. A touch, a word, a look, a cough out of place, a yes or no, is enough; forgiveness is impossible, and death must take place. The relation of touch-paper to gunpowder supplies his only idea of the relation of man to man. Man was intended to be shot as the sparks fly upwards—that is the design of his creation. All intercourse of man with man that does not produce this result is an anomaly in his eye, which he hardly knows whether to charge most with folly, wickedness, or blasphemy.—The great Grecian philosopher describes happiness as "an energy." The Fillibuster adds to this definition what the energy is—it is shooting your neighbour through the head. That is the bull's eye of human existence and duty. All other relationship—parental, filial, or fraternal, public or private, commercial or social—give way to the relationship of the shooter to the shot. That is the one fundamental and sacred connexion. Society is valuable in so far as it promotes this intimate tie. Did men live alone like hermits they could not shoot one another, and makes this not only possible but easy. To the first Frederick William any provocation was a reason for the cane; to the second vicinity was enough. It is the same to the Fillibuster. Mr. Blanco White could not forgive St. Augustine for the summary explanation with which he solved the difficulty of universal celibacy, with which some of his theological antagonists pressed him, as a consequence of his ascetic teaching on that point. He was told that if he thought celibacy such a virtue, he ought to be glad if nobody married, and that if nobody married the world would come to an end; and his reply to this difficulty was the simple ejaculation—"Oh Felix mundicietatem!" If the whole human race could, by one magnificent, universal, mutual shot, fulfil the Fillibuster's precept of perfection, he would say the same. The extinction of the human race would be more than compensated by the heroicism of his final act. It would be at once the glorious martyrdom and apotheosis of humanity, and, though no earthly millennium would follow, a sideral abode would doubtless receive the heroic race.

"Ecce tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens. Scorpius, et caeli iusta plus parte relinquit."

The Roman Emperor wished the whole population of Rome had one throat, and the Fillibuster is inspired by the dream of a universal mazzle, one terrible report, and so all over with mankind. The Hindu saint, after passing through ten thousand temporary chases, is at last rewarded with the infinite bliss of total annihilation. The Fillibuster's Elysium is the Hindu Nirvana, or the state which follows after all mankind have shot each other. The improvements of gunsmiths are the auguries which usher in the new millennium, and the revolver is the herald of the great regeneration—i. e., the annihilation of the human race.

But the more general appetite for shooting does not complete the character of the Fillibuster. He must have something of a public or patriotic cause to call forth, exercise, and give a direction to this appetite. War gives him a good excuse and a respectable disguise, as well as a rich harvest. War has a twofold effect on human character; it imparts forcibly to peaceable minds it gives some responsibility to ferocious and wild ones. They find their place in the military life and are not so eccentric there as they are at home. How many a wild lad in our towns and villages has been improved by recruiting! He goes to the Crimea, and finds a scene fiery enough to satisfy his utmost cravings for excitement in a legitimate way. How many a Crusader was a robber in legal guise—i. e., would have been a robber if he had not been a Crusader! He was lucky in having a legitimate vent for his wild nature offered him, which made all the difference between his being canonized and hanged. The Fillibuster, in the same way finds a public and a patriotic, if not a strictly legitimate vent, to his appetite for shooting in the cause of American aggrandisement. He is determined to spread American sway, and he enlists for Cuba or Nicaragua upon the principle of the Ostend Manifesto. He thus mixes the enthusiast and the patriot with the shooter, and his revolver becomes a weapon of American inspiration instead of simple murder.

The confession of one of Walker's Fillibusters in Nicaragua will illustrate this portrait. This unfortunate young man attempted to combine private with public filibustering, and, not content with the large and patriotic field which the Nicaragua invasion offered to the exertion of his peculiar gift, exerted it upon individuals as well, the consequences of which was, of course, a military execution, which was accompanied by a confession. "I was born," says Lieutenant Jennings Estelle, "in Marshall, Tennessee, in the year 1833, and was raised from my infancy in Hinds County, Mississippi. I started to California in 1852. On the road I had a difficulty with a man of the name of Howard, and shot him. I afterwards shot a man of the name of Hays, but the wound did not happen to prove fatal. In the same year I had a difficulty with Charles Robinson, and stabbed him in three places. My last two difficulties, while in California, occurred at the State Prison, where I had been employed for the last two years. After getting in the last scrape I came to Nicaragua, and shot Thomas Edwards. I afterwards shot Charles Gordon. I must say that in all my difficulties I was not once in my right mind. Twice I had been forgiven, and hope to be forgiven for them all. I think there is a God in Heaven that will and can forgive, and He knows, and I know, that it was not I that killed Charles Gordon. It was whiskey and my crazy mind that did it. I say that I was not in my right mind when I did the deed, and God knows it. Forgive me, officers and soldiers, and I can die a happy man."

Such is the material of General Walker's army of occupation in Nicaragua. The American Fillibuster is a man who, having "had difficulties,"—i. e., having shot his man two or three times over,—enlists for Nicaragua or some other scene of American invasion and aggrandisement, and plays the American enthusiast and patriot. He becomes the favorite and constant tool of the Democratic party in the United States, who live upon the cry of American empire and greatness, and who put their Fillibuster on the back much in the same spirit in which the medieval monk was ready to absolve the lawless Crusader from all his sins, past or future, if he would only go and fight the Saracens. No matter what "difficulties" the poor fellow may have had, if he will fight for American sway, he is liberated from them all, he is absolved from all sins, and is raised at once from the murderer to the hero. Had Mr. Jennings Estelle only kept his hands off General Walker's own officers all would have been right, and no Crusader or Greek patriot would have deserved better of his church or his country.

Such being General Walker's cause, and such his military material, it will surprise no one to hear that probably Nicaragua is at this moment on the verge of a junction with the United States—i. e., of becoming a State in the American Confederacy. The tyranny of this government, indeed, and the tremendous consolidation of private property, have roused the indignation of the Nicaraguans and brought aid from the other Central American States; so that, when the last news left they were on the eve of a battle, which, according to some accounts, had taken place and ended in Walker's victory. Much of our course would depend on the issue of this battle; but it has proved favorable to Walker, the triumph of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency would

greatly aid the absorption of Nicaragua into the United States—a step which immediately revives the Central American question.—London Times.

TERRIBLE DIFFICULTY IMPENDING OVER ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

(From the New York Tribune.)

A new famine seems to be overtaking unhappy Ireland. Everybody recollects the last one—the subscriptions, the public meetings, the shiploads of provisions that were sent out, and the shiploads of emigrants that were sent back in return. An impudent Edinburgh reviewer once defined an Irishman to be "a six-foot machine for turning potatoes into human nature." So, perhaps, it was no more than reasonable after the flour and Indian meal we sent over had been worked up into human nature, that it should be returned to us in its manufactured state. But this is aside from the purpose of the present writing, which is to call the attention of the humane to the new blight which threatens "the first flower of the sea"—we allude to the distress which impends over that ill-fated island from a short crop of *laygers*, which has thrown a gloom over it the present season. We see by the late Dublin papers that at the last term of the court of Queen's Bench there only four applicants were called to the bar! This scarcity must be the more alarming from its being entirely unlooked for. That potatoes might rot, and that corn crops might fail, everybody knew; but that lawyers should ever cease from off the earth who ever could have dreamed!

As we were justly called upon to contribute of our abundance of breadstuffs to the famishing Irish, because of that very plenty, so it seems to us that we ought to administer to this new calamity out of our superfluity in the particular as to which this distressing dearth prevails in Ireland. We think that a ship-load of sbysters, of those practitioners that haunt the Tombs like vampires, or better about the Police Courts like carrion fowl, might be exported to Ireland greatly to our advantage, and, we should hope, to that of our beneficiaries. We think we might throw in a Police Judge or two without any vital injury to our civic, moral, or material interests, if our Irish pensioners should like to try a new variety of that necessary of life. Should any one question our ability to raise a sufficient supply in this city to load a ship larger than the largest size, a doubt, which we must regard as an unwarrantable reflection on the extent of our resources, an appeal to our sister cities could not fail of a response that would sink the Atlantic herself with the swarming weight of their contributions. Slave-catching Judges and Commissioners we might have for the asking, and they would be interesting to the curious among our Irish clients as an article of consumption with which they were entirely unacquainted. An invoice of Ingrahams, Kams, Mortons, Curtises, and Lorings, properly labeled, and the mode of using them set down in carefully prepared receipts, could not fail to astonish, if not to delight, the natives of that Emerald Island, which has never seen a reptile since the days of St. Patrick.

And not Ireland only is threatened with this appalling destitution, but even England trembles before the possibility of a like calamity.—At the last time for the calling of new barristers at Westminster, not more than twenty presented themselves, whereas a hundred more than that was an ordinary batch in the good times gone by. The Inns of Court, too, which used to be thronged to overflowing, are half deserted. The very seed from which lawyers are grown is thus failing and falling short, so that the harvests of the future are blighted before their planting. Many circumstances are alleged to account for this distressing state of things. Among others, the opening of new fields of activity to educated and enterprising men by the new directions which have been given to industry of late years. That many persons may have been diverted from the profession of the law by the opportunities offered to industry and skill by railways and other joint-stock speculations, we may readily believe after the sharp but successful practice of Sadler, Robson, and Redpath. But the fatal origin of all this woe is to be chiefly looked for in the establishment of the County Courts; by which Justice is degraded from a luxury to a necessary, by being made cheap, and is brought to the doors of the lay vulgar without the necessity of the mediation of attorney or barrister.—What the canker is to the sore, the taint-worm to the waning flocks that graze, the frost to flowers, the rot to the potatoes, the smut to the corn, the weevil to the wheat, such is the cheapening of Justice to lawyers. And such is the being, end and aim of the County Courts.

The hereby that the administration of justice was established for the benefit of the people and not for that of the lawyers has been creeping gradually even into conservative England, and has at last taken this most dangerous shape.—John Doe and Richard Roe have been sent to the Parish Union for several years. After so many centuries of greatness, our cannot but mourn over the downfall of those two great names which have thus come to nothingness.—The fall of the Stuarts and of the Bourbons did but try and prostrate them. Then, too, the beauty has to a great extent passed away from the Poetry of Pleading. Had Hamlet lived to this day he would not have had to wait till a lawyer was knocked over the scene with a dirty shovel in a churchyard to moralize over the loss of "his quilldits and his quilllets," and all the rest of it. Many a lawyer, with his head on his own shoulders, may grieve for the mischief which the good-roosting spirit of the age hath made among the good pleases and replications, the rejoinders and the surrejoinders, the rebutters and the sur-rebutters of his fathers. But these pestilent County Courts are, after all, the crowning plague of the noble profession of the law, in which pleadings are all dispensed with—in which the parties manage their own causes—to which briefs and retainers are scarcely known, and where costs are but a moderate tax for the swiftness and certainty of the settlement of a dispute. We had proposed to ourselves to give our readers some brief account of these mischievous innovations, but must now defer it to a day suddenly to arrive.

The Tablet is no friend of "Jack-in-office" especially when that worthy happens to be a Catholic.—Our contemporary's remarks are especially directed to his coreligionists at home; but they are, to say the least, quite as applicable to the statesmen of Canada in general, and the hiring supporters of the Canadian government. The Tablet for instance says:—"Too many of us long for a Catholic in the Cabinet, or in high places. If we had a Catholic Cabinet tomorrow we should pray for its immediate resignation. Governments, upon the modern principle, and that principle cannot be got rid of, must be hostile to us. The Belgian Bishops have less reason to complain of the Whigs in office than of their Catholic friends.—The gainers are the men who want and get places.—Gentlemen of this persuasion are friends of the Church in general and not children: They are capable of all mischief because, destitute of a Christian sense,

SINGULAR COMMERCIAL FAILURE.—It is a strange failing and one we cannot account for in the English character (says a high authority in the city) but a man of honor, of unblemished integrity, no sooner becomes a director of a public company, than frequently he seems to lose all his private honesty. "A honorable man loses things as a director," which he would seem to do in his private capacity; or, banker, or fallow-chandler. There must be some obliquity in the commercial education; for I have noticed that a man who is a goodly, smaller, speck of dishonesty quite quick enough in his own counting-house, but that which is set in the board-room of a committee, he quietly winks at things ten thousand times worse.