

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

EXECUTION OF PIERRI AND ORSINI.—The correspondent of the Morning Herald gives the following sketch of the execution:—

"About half-past five o'clock, by the faint glimmering light of dawn the outline of the guillotine was faintly discernible among the trees which mark the entrance of the prison. As the light increased the form of the ghastly instrument became more distinct. It is a platform raised about six feet from the ground. At one extremity rise two beams, across the top of which a massive triangular knife shines like silver. The whole is painted a dull brick-red, in order that the blood should not be seen. Six o'clock passed, and then seven, when the executioners' assistants were seen throwing heaps of straw upon and around the scaffold, in order to absorb the blood. Then a pause ensued which seemed endless. At five minutes before seven the door of the prison opened, and a double file of soldiers formed a lane between it and the steps of the scaffold. In a minute or two more a tall man, neatly dressed in black, made his appearance, followed by two others. This was one of the executioners; then a form, the head covered by a black veil, with a priest on one side and one of the prison functionaries, I presume, on the other. This was Pierri. Another executioner then appeared, followed in his turn by Orsini, his head also veiled. The gloomy procession advanced rapidly to the foot of the scaffold, and almost immediately Pierri was seen ascending the steps, firmly, but a little hastily, and stood on the platform whither the two executioners had preceded him. It was then observed that he was barefooted. The executioners took the veil from his head; his face appeared rather flushed. He gave a quick glance around, and moved one step forward; he was then strapped to an upright plank, which, moving on hinges, turned steadily but rapidly upon its centre, thereby placing the neck of the prisoner in a kind of crescent. One of the executioners' men moved forward, and held the head by the hair, which was purposely left long at the top. The click of a spring was then heard, and the knife shot downwards like lightning between the beam. The assistant threw the head into a basket, while the body by some mechanical process was tumbled back into an osier coffin. All this barely occupied one minute. The assistants then heaped more straw on the platform, and Orsini, with a firm measured tread, mounted the steps. He also was barefooted. On his head being uncovered it was easy to see that the hair was a whitish grey; he looked slowly around, and appeared perfectly composed. He then gave himself up to the executioner, and the same sickening process was gone through. The knife fell for the second time as the prison clock had just struck seven. The troops then rapidly moved off, and the crowd began to rush up to the spot, but a line of soldiers still kept them at a distance until the bodies were removed and the scaffold demolished."

"The correspondent of the London Times says: 'The number of deaths from the attempt for which these wretched men suffered now amounts, I am assured, to 14. I am just informed that De Rudio is to be sent to London to give evidence against Bernard. I have reason to believe that the demand which the French Government has made on that of Sardinia for the extradition of Mr. Hodge, who, it is alleged, was implicated in the attempt on the Emperor's life, has been refused. It appears that an extradition treaty exists between France and Sardinia, one of the clauses of which provides for the extradition of subjects of a third Power, though not a contracting party, if the sanction of that Power can be obtained. The sanction of England has been requested in the case of Mr. Hodge, and refused by Lord Derby's Government. In the meantime Mr. Hodge remains in prison, and is well treated.'"

The diplomatic correspondence exchanged on the subject of Count Walewski's despatch by the English and French Governments is reproduced by the Paris journals, and pronounced by them highly satisfactory, as far as the integrity of the alliance is concerned. The Pays and the Courrier de Paris, however, alone publish leading articles on the subject. Both articles bear certain traces of irritation.

The following is from the Courrier de Paris: "The crisis which at one moment menaced the Anglo-French alliance is completely at an end. The despatches placed before the House of Commons contain explanations which will suffice to remove all causes of misconception, and to calm the passions on both sides of the Channel. We may observe how superior France has shown herself to England on this occasion, both by her good sense and moderation. This moderation has been so eminent that we may one day place it among the greatest recollections of our annals. It possesses all the qualities which constitute the beautiful and the great. Whatever may be our future relations with England, let them be friendly or hostile, we shall derive from this recollection a strength for our arms or for our diplomacy."

The note addressed by M. Walewski to the French Minister at Bern on the subject of the Helvetic Confederation has had the will of the French Government communicated to it in very peremptory terms. The refugees whose removal or expulsion is thus demanded by France from her weaker neighbor are not the first who have found shelter and hospitality on the free Swiss soil, and whose presence is considered obnoxious. The uncertainty of human affairs, one would suppose, would teach a magnanimous Minister that imperious language might as well be spared even where a petty State is concerned, and that, whether with the powerful or the feeble, it is sure to leave a feeling of irritation behind it which it would be as well to avoid. M. Walewski is not lucky in his diplomatic notes; he does not seem to have what the French call la main heureuse; for by some fatality or other he has managed to wound, perhaps without intending it, the amour propre of the greatest as well as of

the smallest nation within the short space of a week. It is only just, however, to remark that this dictatorial style is not peculiar to the present Government. Others have been equally faulty on this head. Even under the mild administration of Louis Philippe French Ministers treated Switzerland very cavalierly in the matter of refugees. In 1838 the Duke de Montebello addressed, by order of Count Mole, then Prime Minister of France, a very peremptory note to the Swiss Government, demanding the instant expulsion of Prince Louis Napoleon, who then resided in the castle of Arenenberg, after his return from the United States. The note ended with a peremptory demand for the immediate expulsion of the Prince from the territory of the Confederation. The question was referred to the Swiss Diet. M. Kern, Deputy for Thurgovia, spoke with much force against the pretensions of the French Government, which, in his opinion, tended to endanger the sovereignty of Switzerland. The answer of the Diet to the note of the Duke de Montebello was to this effect:—

"When the great Councils of the cantons were called upon to reply to the note of the Duke de Montebello their votes were divided on the position of Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, and on the question of his nationality, but not on the principle that the demand for the expulsion of a Swiss citizen would be inadmissible, as contrary to the independence of a sovereign State. As Napoleon Louis Bonaparte has, in order to quit the soil of the Confederation, taken measures publicly which the Federal Directory are engaged in facilitating, a deliberation on the part of the Diet has become superfluous."

"Faithful to the feelings which for ages have united her to France, yet Switzerland cannot do otherwise than express frankly her pain and astonishment at the hostile demonstrations against her, and this even before the Diet could meet to deliberate definitively on the demand addressed to it."

"The Diet desires quite as much as the French Government that complications of this sort should not again occur, and that nothing shall in future disturb the excellent harmony of these two countries, united by their traditions as by their interests. It hopes to see the relations of good neighborhood and old reciprocity of affection promptly re-established and consolidated between France and Switzerland."

No one could doubt that Prince Louis Napoleon approved and felt grateful for the stand Switzerland was ready to make for him. One would like to know, however, what the Duke de Montebello and M. Walewski now think of the matter.

The Daily News Paris correspondent writes as follows:—"It is most confidently stated in a quarter likely to be well informed on such a subject, that the Minister of Marine has sent a circular to the maritime prefects advising the French navy to be put on a war footing by May."

SWITZERLAND.

The following private telegrams have been received:—"BERNE, MARCH 14, 1858.—The Government of Geneva has dissolved the Italian Mutual Benefit Society."

"The Federal Commissioners have ordered the expulsion of 12 French and 17 Italian refugees. The cases of 12 others are under examination."

INDIA.

The following telegram from Her Majesty's Acting Consul-General in Egypt was received at the Foreign Office, March 15th:—"ALEXANDRIA, 11TH MARCH, 1858.—Sir C. Campbell arrived at Cawnpore on the 4th of Feb.; visited the Governor-General at Allahabad on the 8th; and on the 13th at Cawnpore awaiting the siege train from Agra. A part of the army has crossed into Oude, and is advancing towards Alumbagh. The Commander-in-Chief is not expected to follow till the 20th. The force, consisting of about 20,000 men and 100 guns, is said to be insufficient to invest Lucknow. The bombardment expected to commence on the 25th of February. The advance column under Major Raines, of the Rajpootana Field Force under General Roberts, passed Nussersabad, on the 14th of February, on its way to Kotah. Enemy said to be 7,000 strong with 100 guns, but expected to fly on our approach. Central India Field Force, under Sir H. Rose, continued at Sangor on the 17th Feb., awaiting the Field Brigade, under Colonel Stewart, from Indore; expected to march on Jansi about the 20th, and from thence to Cawnpore on the 25th. The Madras Force under General Whitelock reached Jubbulpore on the 7th of Feb., and on the 11th, the 4th and the Madras Cavalry pushed on to join the troops invading Oude. Shorapore, a fort in the Nizam's dominions, captured on the 8th, and the Rajah seized at Hyderabad on the 12th. The King of Delhi found guilty banished for life to the Andamans. Cantonments for 18,000 Europeans, with horses for three regiments of cavalry, have been prepared in the Punjab by Sir M. Lawrence."

"This telegram arrived at Malta from Alexandria by the contract steam packet Vectis, at eight o'clock p.m., on the 14th of March."

"LYONS, Admiral."

The Times publishes the following from its own correspondent:—"Dates from Cawnpore and the Alumbagh are to the 12th of Feb. The Commander-in-Chief was at the former place, where he arrived on the 8th, to see the Governor-General at Allahabad. The attack upon Lucknow was expected to take place before the end of Feb. The bulk of the army had already crossed into Oude, but the siege train expected from Agra had not yet arrived. Jung Bahadur was at Lyzabad, detained for want of ammunition, which was on its way to him from Benares. The Punjab troops were advancing into Rohilund. The Bareilly rebels were defeated on the 10th. Sir Hugh Rose was marching on Jhansi. General Roberts, with the Rajpootana Field Force, was at Nussersabad on the 14th, on his way to Kotah. The Madras Column under General Whitelock reached Jubbulpore on the 7th. The 4th and 6th Madras Cavalry were pushing on to join the force invading Oude from the south-west. Shorapore, in the Nizam's dominions, was captured on the 8th, and the Rajah had been seized at Hyderabad. All was quiet in the Punjab. An attempt to plunder Government treasure in Sarum Warree had been valiantly repulsed by a handful of native police. The Bombay Presidency was quiet."

CHINA.

PERSPECTS OF THE FUTURE.—The following is an extract from a private letter of an officer in Oude, and may serve to show the people of this country that Sir Colin Campbell has still an arduous task to perform, and that a stream of reinforcements should be kept up to maintain the strength of his forces.—"The Daily News states that the Governor-General himself writes in anything but a sanguine strain. Sir Colin Campbell was expected to arrive at Cawnpore with his siege train about the 8th or 10th of February; and there was reason to fear that he would have to advance upon Lucknow with only 12,000 Europeans."

"OFFICERS' HOSPITAL, CAWNPORE, JAN. 15.—There is much work still to be done in India, and I fear the force at present in the country is scarcely adequate

to the task. The paucity of troops, the delay in getting reinforcements, and every day's delay gives the rebels an opportunity to the enemy. There are 40,000 men troops that were to have arrived in the country by December. Everybody is asking, 'They come, do they?' and 'What work is to be done?' 'To be done, quickly and effectually. Quickly it cannot be done, unless a little more alertness is shown by the home authorities; effectually it never will be done, unless they keep on indulging that idle and childish idea that at the end of every siege the mutiny is crushed. This is what they said at the fall of Delhi, now nearly four months ago. They repeated the flattering and soothing assertion again at the relief of the garrison in Lucknow by Havelock's force, which itself became part of the beleaguered garrison; and I suppose the Times will want again to persuade you, with their misplaced eloquence, that at the second relief of the then starving garrison by Sir Colin Campbell, the long-delayed time had at length arrived—that England's new deliverer, in the person of our Scotch hero, would really do the work in style, walking triumphantly through the streets of that immense city, colors flying and bands playing, the native population and soldiery cringing at the conqueror's feet; with innumerable petitions for pardon and grace; that the old Queen-Mother, her pride humbled and her boast of the extermination of the English falsified, would open her palace gates to the gallant little band, and hail their brave leader as the lord and master of her vast dominions; that with Sir Colin's entry into Lucknow the mutiny would be finally crushed and rebellion trodden out, and that henceforth peace and tranquillity would reign. Why lay such flatteringunction to their souls? Far better were it that the Times should use its able pen in calling attention to the true magnitude of the war engaged in, and calculate the strength and resources and peculiar circumstances of our enemy. It is now nearly a twelvemonth ago that the Indian Government first began to see that all was not as it should be. Repeated confagurations in the Sepoy's lines, cutting of the telegraph wire, burning of officers' bungalows, first warned them of the mutiny which was about to take place, and make the whole world recoil with disgust at the unheard-of atrocities it brought in its train. In May, the fighting first commenced; and from that time to this, the flame of rebellion has been spreading till the whole country has become ignited with it. Little bands of English have been called upon to hold their own against overpowering numbers of men, from whom no mercy, but rather the most lingering death that a savage mind could invent, must be expected; and nobly have they done, and still continue to do, their task. But there is much desperate fighting still in store. These men know well they are fighting with halbers round their necks, and there are but two alternatives left—to die like soldiers, or to be hanged like a felon or shot like dogs. It is easy to see which they would prefer.—There are still some 100,000 fighting men, of whom some 50,000 are, I fancy, Sepoys, regular and irregular, whom we have still to dispose of. Is it to be supposed that these men will tamely lay down their arms when they know the fate in store for them?—And is it likely, on the other hand, that we should offer pardon or anything but unconditional surrender to the murderers of our countrywomen and children? So we are fighting with a mutual understanding—no quarter to fighting men. It is true, most of these, in fact, are beaten troops, and, as such, disheartened and even more disorganised than they were at first; but still, as long as they have powder and shot, and food and trenches to sit in and brick walls to fire from, they will be, to a certain extent, a formidable enemy, and it will not be so easy a task as the Times considers to lash these ruffians into obedience, or sweep them from the face of the earth as a foul blot on humanity. What, after all, are 40,000 men to spread over a vast country like this, convulsed throughout with the same shock? and how few remain united of this scattered force to conquer a country like Oude whose whole population is inimical to our rule? It will be done, like everything England undertakes, under God's blessing, but not in such a way as to preserve her prestige, unless prompt and energetic support is given from home. Already we have accepted assistance from some native chiefs proceeding which, however politic and useful in one sense, will not improve the moral weight of our authority."

"The Times of Wednesday publishes the following despatch from its correspondent at Alexandria, dated March 13:—"The Colombo leaves this afternoon with the China mails. The Peninsular Company's steamer Granada arrived at Suez yesterday with intelligence of the wreck of the Ava near Trincomalee on the 10th of February. The cargo and mails were totally lost, but the crew and passengers all saved. Intelligence from Canton was to Jan. 28.—Canton remains tranquil under the rule of the Allies. Order has been completely maintained in the city.—Lord Elgin and Baron Gros are still in the Canton River. No additional troops had yet arrived. Two hundred and fifty-three thousand pounds treasure for the Bombay Government were on board the Ava.—Twenty-eight thousand five hundred pounds have been recovered. The passengers included several of the Lucknow refugees. Yeh continued a close prisoner on board the Inflexible in the Canton River."

ANOTHER HARP SERMON.

My Beloved Brethren:—I am an unlearned hard shell Baptist preacher of whom you're no doubt heard afore, and I now appear here to expound the Scriptures and to point out the narrow way which leads from a vain world to Jerusalem, and my text which I shall choose for the occasion is in the 10th of the bible, somewhere, between the chronikils and the last chapter of Timothy Titus, and when you find it you will find it in these words:—"And they shall know a file and all flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first born."

Now, my brethering, as I have before told you, I am an uneducated man and know nothing about grammar talk and collidge hifalooing; but I'm a plain unlearn't preacher of the gospel what's been foreordained, and called to expound scripture to a dyin' world, and prepare a perverse generation for the day of wrath; for "for they shall know a file and flee into the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first born."

My beloved brethering, the text says they shall 'know a file.' It don't say they may, they shall. And now there's more than one kind of file. There's the hand saw file, rat-tail file, double file and profile; but the kind file spoken of here isn't one of them, neither, for it is a figger of speech, my brethering, and means going 't' alone and getting oukured; for "for they shall know a file and flee into the mountains of Hepsidam where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first born."

And now that be some here with fine clothes on their back, brass rings on their fingers, and lard on their heads, what goes it while they're young; and that be others here whar, as long as their constitutions and forty cent whiskey lasts, goes it blind; and that be sisters here whar, when they get sixteen years old, cut their tiller ropes and go it with a rush; but I say, my dear brethering, take care you don't find, when Gabriel blows his trump, that you've all went it alone and got oukured; for "they shall know a file and flee into the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first born."

And my beloved brethering, there's more dams than Hepsidam, there's Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Haddam, mill-dam and don't care a—; the last of which, dear brethering, is the worst of all, and reminds me of a circumstance I once knew in the State of Illinois: There was a man what built a mill on the east fork of Agur Creek; and it ground a mill of grain, but the man that built it was a miserable sinner, and never give anything to the church; and

my brethering, one night there come a mighty storm of rain and the fountains of the great deep was broken up, and the waters rushed down and swept that man's mill dam into kingdom come and he and behold in the morning when he got up he found he was not worth a— And now my dear brethering, when the storms of temptations overcome ye, take care ye don't fall from grace, and become like that man's mill, not worth a dam "they shall know a file and flee from the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first born."

"What the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first born."

"This part of the text, my brethering, is another figger of speech, and isn't taken as it says. It doesn't mean the howlin' wilderness, where John the hard shell Baptist was fed on locusts and wild asses, but it means my dear brethering, the city of New Orleans, the mother of harlots and harlots—whar corn is six bits a bushel on day and hard red the next; whar pigeons are as thick as black bugs in a spilled bacon lard, and gamblers, thieves and pickpockets go skitting about the streets like wasps in a barn yard; whar they have cream colored horses, gilded carriages, marble saloons with brandy and sugar in 'em—whar honest men are scarcer than hen's teeth, and a strange woman once took in your beloved preacher and bamboozled him out of two hundred and twenty-seven dollars in the twinkling of a sheep's tail, but she can't do it again! hallelujah! for "they shall know a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first born."

"My brethering, I am captain of that flat boat you see tied up thar, and I've got aboard of her flour, bacon, and oates, and as good Monongehaly whiskey as you ever drunk; and I am mighty apt to get a good price for it all.—But what, my brethering, would it all be worth if I hadn't reldigid? Thar's nothing like reldigid. Thar's nothing like reldigid, brethering. It's better than silver and jimcracks, and you can no more get it heaven without it than a jaw bird can fly without a tail. Thank the Lord I'm an uneducated man, my brethering, but I've sarched the scriptures from Dan to Burshebec, and found old Zion right side up, and the hard shell reldigid. But it's not like the Methodist what expects to get into heaven by hollerin'; nor like unversalists what gets upon the broad guage and goes the whole hog; nor like the United Brethering, what takes each other by the seat of the trousers and tries to lift themselves into heaven; nor like the Catholics what buys their tickets from their priest—but it may be likened, my brethering, to a man who had to cross a river, and when he got thar the ferry boat was gone, and he rolled up his breeches and waded over—hallelujah! for "they shall know a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first born."

Lord LYTTELTON AND THE GHOST.—Some years ago I met an old gentleman at Ewell, in Surrey, near which is Pitt's-place, where his Lordship died. He gave me the following account, which he had from a gentleman who was in the house at the time. This person was the organist of a neighbouring town, whose company was much courted on account of his musical talent, and who was a frequent visitor to his Lordship. The story ordinarily told is this,—that he dreamt the ghost of a lady whom he had seduced appeared to him, and predicted his death at 12 at night on the third day following. My informant's story differs only thus far, that the supposed apparition was that of the mother of the lady in question, who had died of a broken heart in consequence of her daughter's dishonour. Lord Lytton was at this time in a very bad state of health in consequence of his excesses, and was subject to what my informant called "suffocating fits"—probably nervous hysteria. Be this as it may, it appears on the day of his death, the foretold third day he had a party of friends at Pitt's-place, among whom was the organist, whence my informant had the account. He says that Lytton was in a state of some agitation, and had told the story of the dream to his friends. As the night wore on and midnight approached his nervousness increased painfully; and some of his visitors said during his absence "Lytton will frighten himself into another fit with this foolish ghost story;" and they determined to put a clock, which stood in the room, forward, and when he returned to them they said, "Hurr! Lytton, the 12 o'clock is past, you've jockeyed the ghost; now the best thing is to go quietly to bed, and in the morning you will be all right." He accordingly went upstairs; and while some of his guests were putting on their coats to depart his valet came down to fetch something—it was said to get some mint water, which he was in the habit of taking, leaving his Lordship alone. At this period the clock of the parish church, which was not far off, and which, of course, could not have been touched, began slowly to peal forth the true midnight hour. The valet proceeded upstairs and shortly burst forth into loud exclamations. The party ran up and found his Lordship had fallen dead. My informant's impression was that the sudden revulsion of feeling from a state of fancied security to finding himself at the moment in the very instant of the dreaded danger had caused such a reaction as to bring on the fit which carried him off. He, no doubt had heard the first stroke of the clock as well as others downstairs, and as each successive blow struck slowly upon the bell the sense of danger and the remembrance of the dream became greater and greater, and to so weakened a frame and so diseased a mind no doubt these caused the catastrophe. It is not improbable most ghost stories might be found to end in a similar natural solution.—Notes and Queries.

The following admirable specimen of the "Protestant Lie"—with a circumstance—is from Dr. Newman's Lectures, "On the present position of Catholics in England." We commend it to the notice of the Montreal Witness, and "Saints" generally, as a most admirable model "Protestant Lie" which will serve them for a pattern at their next Anniversary Meetings:—

"Sometimes, again, the crime charged on us is brought out with such startling vividness and circumstantial finish, as to seem to carry its own evidence with it, and to dispense in the eyes of the public, with the references which in fairness should attend it. The scene is laid in some fortress of the savage Apennines, or in secluded Langudoc, or in remote Poland, or the high table land of Mexico; or it is a legend about some priest of a small village of Calabria, called Buonavalle, in the sixteenth century; or about a monk of the monastery of S. Spirit, in S. Filippo d'Argiro, in the time of Charlemagne. Or the story runs, that Don Felix Malatesta de Guadalupe, a Benedictine monk of Andalusia, and father confessor to the Prince of the Asturias, who died in 1821, left behind his confessions in manuscript, which were carried off by the French, with other valuable documents, from his convent, which they pillaged in their retreat from the field of Salamanca; and that, in these confessions, he frankly avows that he had killed three of his monastic brothers of whom he was jealous, had poisoned half a dozen women, and sent off in boxes and hampers to Cadiz and Barcelona thirty-five infants; moreover, that he felt no misgivings about these abominable deeds, because, as he observes with great civility, he had every day, for many years, burnt a candle to the Blessed Virgin; had cursed periodically all heretics, especially the royal family of England; had burnt a student of Coimbra for asserting the earth went round the sun; had worn about him, day and night, a relic of St. Diego; and had provided that five hundred masses should be said for the repose of his soul within eight days after his decease."

LADIES CARRYING PISTOLS.—The New Orleans (La) True Delta says there is a movement going on in that city, having for its object the introduction of the custom of ladies carrying firearms; small pistols, such as are known as vest pocket pistols, and which can be stowed, without incumbrance, in the pocket of the fair shooter's dress, in order to protect themselves from ruffianly violence and insult. Society must be in a sad state in New Orleans, if this statement is true.

CATHOLIC BROTHERS HOW TO ENJOY THE MADRAS BROTHERHOOD.—Which has reached us this week, published several new instances of the persecution of Irish Catholic soldiers in India, for refusing to allow their children to be educated in Protestant schools. It is a melancholy and complicated mass of bigotry and injustice. Regimental schools are provided nominally for the children of all soldiers; but their whole system is Protestant and proselyting. This, to begin with, is a gross and crying injustice. In India, at least, the Catholic fully equal the Protestant soldiers in number, and Catholic schools ought to be provided for their children at public charge. In default of this act of justice, the soldiers in many places have provided at their own expense excellent Catholic schools, and Religious have actually come out from Europe, to conduct several of them. The secular education given in them, to say nothing of religion, is far superior to that of the proselyting regimental schools. To meet this, the military authorities are enforcing in these very places an order by which they are enabled to molest every soldier five shillings a month for each of his children who do not attend the regimental school. Some of them have thus been fined, month after month, as much as five-and-twenty shillings, and yet glory to be God! have stood firm. A more base, odious, and insane act of religious bigotry we have never heard of. To make the matter worse, the order has not been enforced in all instances: so the cases seem to have been selected in which the soldier had obtained for his children good Catholic education. The obvious object, therefore, is not education, but proselytism. This monstrous injustice was exposed in the letter of Dr. Fennelly, the Vicar-Apostolic, and promises of relief have been held out; but so far from their being realised, the facts stated by our Madras contemporary prove that the persecuting regulation was, up to the last accounts from India, being carried out for the first time in several new stations, to the great oppression of the Catholic soldier. Such is the conduct of a Government which is nervously scrupulous in protesting against any thought of interfering with the religion of Mohammedans and Hindoos.—Weekly Register.

GOTHAM "GOT RELEGION."—There seems to be a great want in Catholic education. Our church never teaches us to blow our own trumpet. No difficulty of this kind is found with our dissenting brethren; for they blow out lustily, so that others may know the good work at which they labor, and all hands join in a hearty "heave-ho" when it is time to be pious. They have got up a set of daily prayer-meetings in New York, with sympathetic accompaniments in the provincial towns, and the press is teeming with accounts of their piety, prayer and attractions. Alas! Mother Church, your children have been for centuries at your morning services; we, poor Catholics, have been going to church, to our prayer-meetings on week days, wet or dry—every day, cold or warm,—doing it all the time as a matter of course, and never had the tact to publish it out and out, to burrah about it, or to tell it as a thing to be praised and "to thank God upon." Benighted, that we are! not to know during these long centuries, through dark ages, light ages, and ages of a neutral tint, not to know that your candle was under a bushel, whereas it ought to be in Burton's theatre,—in fact, ought not to be a candle at all, but a gas-light illumination for the benefit of parquette, boxes and pit. The world knows better than we do, how to japaan Christianity. We must join in the hurrah of piety. Our Holy Mother is too well satisfied with patience, and humility, and love; she has the gentle mildness of great power and the calm dignity of assured success. We grow restless at her very quiet. We have caught the free breeze of this blatant prayerfulness, and shall report the outpourings of the new spirit in New York. It is no longer a crisis of money; it is a crisis of prayer. Travelling through New York, the revival crossed over to Brooklyn, and converted several ferry-men and many sailors en route. It is not confined to churches, theatres, steamboats and ships. "Numerous private meetings are held in various parts of the city, in dwellings and stores, attended by small circles of friends or clerks who meet daily, or two or three times a week, for religious conversation and prayer." Many of the employees at a stated hour retire to a secluded room, and many delightful meetings are thus held. This last we think will be a very pleasing piety to the employees, there must be something very reviving in that secluded room. Prayer meetings are held also, no reader, guess where? Under the side-walk! It is a fact, duly recorded. The shady side of Broadway, and both sides of the Bowery need a "general wakening;" and they have delightful prayer meetings there of course. Well, where else; in the coal cellars. Here are the very words of the great Congregational organ: "A number of persons employed in a large factory (of which the machinery and the men who work it, are under ground) met one day, two or three weeks since, in the midst of the coal dust of a subterranean apartment, and organized a meeting, which has since been held daily, &c." Everywhere there is prayer meeting; in parlor, kitchen hall, there is a "hopeful inquiring;" in office, in shop and cellar, there is a "general awakening." Daily the proceedings are telegraphed; and each morning the daily papers have columns of revival meetings held the day before. After all, New York is the place of places. The New Yorkers are the most to make a thing tell. How their piety rings out like a fire alarm, and startles us into admiring awe. No still labor in Gotham; but a flashing piety and a prayerful welkin reverberate with Manhattan fervor. The "stars" of the religious and anti-religious constellations of this hemisphere shine forth in revivifying lustre. The glad tidings arouse to praise Beecher and Bennett alike; and the same agencies thunder on the sounding board or strut before the foot lights. Hurr! then for New York and her proclaimed piety! Rome, Rome, hide thy greatness! the tombs of martyrs, the honored volumes of the past, the silent and patient heroes of Christianity are thine, all thine! But thou hast not learned to blow a trumpet at the corners of streets when thou wouldst pray, and behold the consequence,—thy children have been every day around thy altars, and the New York papers have not published a word about it. Awful indeed! yet thou canst live on! All Gotham is shouting piety; and thy children pray in humility and silence. Where is thy pride? Thou hast heaven and truth, the past and the future; why not seize New York and the present? why not lease Burton's theatre? New York, Holy Mother, is the money capital of this Union, and Bennett of the Herald is the capital of New York, and Burton's theatre is the capital of wit, piety, comedy and prayer. Engage them all, and "make a season of it." Nations now are thine, but what are these without a locomotive and a steam whistle. We recommend the "Novelty Works" of New York to your attention.—Baltimore Catholic Herald.

WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—The London Correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, "Spectator" under date March 12, predicts that there will be war, between France and England within the next six months. This opinion is based on the assumption that Napoleon demands guarantees of England against harboring political refugees, and that this demand will be refused by the British Government.

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