

day noticed his master's unusual dejection... determined to find out its cause. The animated manner in which Stanislaus had spoken to the young Countess (for Firley was too far off to hear the conversation) and then the abrupt termination of that interview had sorely puzzled the good man. He suspected that Stanislaus had been rejected, though if so, he was at a loss to understand why, as the only thing he had feared was that his success was certain; but now he had seen that his master was enraged, and driving his horse like a madman through the copses, he at once determined to appear before him if he possibly could, in order to turn his violent anger to some account. But what was his astonishment when, after an hour's riding, he saw Stanislaus enter a glade, where a number of gentlemen were assembled, in the midst of whom was the Count. Great was the joy of the honest steward, as creeping on all fours, he reached a spot where he could hear all that might be said.

This meeting was held in the midst of the forest, but far removed from the hunt, which was so managed as to keep aloof from this direction. This spot had been the scene of many a former conference, and was admirably suited to the purpose, being the bottom of a profound ravine, whose sides were overgrown with bushes, and the whole shaded by enormous pine trees, so as to form an almost impenetrable obscurity—at least there was, even in daylight, a gloom like that of twilight. There were present on that occasion about twenty individuals, almost all of the higher nobility, with four or five delegates from some of the neighboring cities, Grodno and Wilna among the rest. The Count was evidently the leader, and being fully sensible of the value of time when the enemy was actually in possession of his own castle, and might so easily obtain strong reinforcements, he proceeded at once to relate with the most animated gestures the late occurrences which had taken place in Warsaw, "and here," said he, laying his hand on his son's shoulder, "here is one who can bear ocular testimony to what I have told you. This, then, is the reason why I dared this morning to assert my independence, as you saw—the time of slavery is past—that of freedom is dawning on us again!"

At these words an indescribable enthusiasm took possession of all present, and forgetful of their own safety a universal cry arose of "Liberty and Poland!"

"Now, my lords and gentlemen!" cried the Count with resistless energy, "there is no more time to foresee, to deliberate, or to plan; we must act—promptly and resolutely. The grand struggle has commenced, and its success may depend on our speedy intervention. If Lithuania rises simultaneously, and interposes between the army of the Grand Duke Constantine, encamped under the walls of Warsaw and the reinforcements which he expects from Russia, we can easily subdue that army, disheartened as it is by a first defeat—we can then form a junction with our valiant brethren of Warsaw and await on our frontiers the new Russian forces. Only let us now show ourselves worthy of the task confided to us, and we go far to secure to our country that independence of which treachery and lawless violence have deprived her. Our fathers have protested an hundred times against this odious yoke of hypocritical and brutal power—let us, as they did, shed the last drop of our blood to maintain our rights against all proscription. In three days, my friends, our entire force must march on Grodno, thence, doubled and trebled (as I trust it will be) we shall proceed to Wilna, whence we may command all Lithuania. Remember ever that wherever we go our oppressed brethren await us as their liberators.—This very day I hoist the national banner in every quarter of my domains, and if you are willing, we shall name my castle as our centre of operations, as I have been appointed to the command in these parts. My claims to that high honor you all know—I began my military career under Kosciusko, and grew old under Napoleon's eagles—I have won my military rank step by step at the price of my best blood."

"Yes! Yes! none so fit as you to be our chief!" cried out the assembled Poles with one voice—"we willingly ratify the appointment, and will follow wherever you choose to lead."

"Let us then proceed at once to business," said the Count, "and in order to act with as much prudence as boldness, we must first enumerate our forces, so as to know exactly how to dispose of ourselves to the best advantage. You will each have the goodness to mention the number of men that you can reasonably expect to bring to the field. My noble friend Ubinski, who is at length associated in our projects, has undertaken to make the calculation and report it to us."

They then went rapidly on with this census of the future soldiers of Poland, fearful of making longer delay, lest it might give rise to suspicions which might then be troublesome. Whilst Raphael was engaged in taking down the numbers, the others eagerly awaiting the result, one of the noblemen present, Leopold Majosti, (who has already been mentioned as a former candidate for Rosa's hand) observed that Stanislaus Dewello was absent.

"Oh!" said the Count, quickly, "I know the cause of his absence, but it is just the same as though he were amongst us."

"Undoubtedly," rejoined Leopold, "I will answer for my friend Stanislaus!"

"My lords and gentlemen," said Raphael, as he finished his calculation, "the sum total of our force amounts to three thousand men, of whom six hundred are horsemen, fully equipped."

"Bravo!" cried the Count, gaily, "with such a force as that I shall take Grodno almost without a shot, and there our numbers will be at least doubled, I mean by armed and disciplined men, for, of course, we shall be everywhere sustained by the people. So then, comrades! all! in three days we meet again around the castle of Bialewski, and you know there are heaps of arms concealed in those woods for those who may want them. Thank God, the moment draws near when we shall fight and die, if necessary, for Poland!"

Just as the assembly divided itself into two or three groups, in order to rejoin the hunters, Stanislaus appeared amongst them. He was quickly surrounded by a number of his friends, who all

remarked his extreme agitation, and sought to learn its cause.

"Oh! it is nothing, my good friends—absolutely nothing," answered Stanislaus, making a strong effort to assume composure, "my horse took it into his head to run away with me, and the course he selected was anything but a pleasant one—so that's all, I do assure you." He was then informed of what had passed at the meeting, and he, in return, promised to bring in three hundred men. As for the Count, he feigned not to perceive the coldness of Stanislaus, and spoke to him with as much candor and good-humor as if nothing had occurred between them, and this both surprised and embarrassed Stanislaus, whose heart was, after all, strongly susceptible of kindness and generosity. Thrice happy had he been if he had not given the reins to his passions and his caprices. But unfortunately for himself he knew nothing of those internal struggles in which the soul wars against these vile passions and subduing them, obtains a more splendid victory than ever warrior gained. He had resolved to be revenged, and if, in his calmer moments, he had rejected the first promptings of his wrath, it was because he had found that they would tarnish his honor, but the thirst for vengeance still remained unquenched. Approaching Raphael, then, at the moment when the latter was putting his foot in the stirrup, he accosted him with a smile, and begged for a moment's conversation. Raphael bowed assent, and they turned aside from the others, when, after having rode for some minutes without speaking, Stanislaus stopped, sprang to the ground, and requested Raphael to do the same, his whole countenance, as he spoke, undergoing a fearful change:

"My lord," said he, in a hurried tone, "I have to demand of you an explanation, or rather satisfaction."

"You will perhaps have the goodness to inform me of the cause of this demand?" said Raphael, who showed but little surprise, for he knew full well what it was that had excited Stanislaus to such a pitch.

"The cause—the cause—," repeated Stanislaus, with considerable embarrassment, "the cause is no trifling one, and I warn you beforehand that mere idle excuses will not satisfy me—blood alone can wipe out the injury I have received."

"Oh! as to that, my dear Stanislaus," replied Raphael, coolly, "I have no intention of offering excuses where I am not aware of having done wrong. As to our shedding each other's blood, I will tell you frankly what I think of it, when you have given me your reasons for this strange demand, as otherwise I shall leave you at once."

"Well," cried Stanislaus, disconcerted by the imperturbable calmness of his rival, "you need not pretend to be ignorant of the treatment I have received from the Count, nor of the indignity which has been offered me, for all which I hold you accountable, and demand from you that satisfaction which one man of honor seeks from another!"

"A man of honor (remember, I quote your own words as addressed to me on a former occasion) a man of honor is bound in duty to withdraw his claim when a decision has been made in favor of another!"

"Oh, yes, you do well to mock me. But you will also please to remember that I then told you what were my claims and my expectations, yet you wilfully crossed my designs, and perfidiously destroyed my well-founded hopes, and I have, therefore, sworn—ay! sworn to be revenged!"

"So then," said Raphael, still maintaining his composure, "because you were pleased to cast your eyes on a young lady, you must needs have her, even against her own will and that of her father. And because I have had the good fortune to find favor in her sight, you would provoke me to deadly combat. From my soul I pity you, Stanislaus, but I cannot nor will not accede to your wishes, for if passion carries your reason captive, I have not the same excuse, and would deem it worse than madness to accept your rash challenge. Moreover, religion as well as reason forbid these barbarous combats, so unworthy an enlightened age. And again—suppose you were to fall—how would that satisfy your revenge?"

"So you will not fight?" cried Stanislaus furiously, for in proportion as he felt his conduct contemptible and unreasonable, his wrath waxed higher and higher.

"No, Stanislaus! certainly not, and you might have known as much before."

"But you shall—I will force you to it!" and snatching a pair of pistols from his holsters, he held one towards Raphael in a menacing manner—"Do not drive me to despair, I warn you," he wildly exclaimed:

"Oh! if you wish to assassinate me, the case is different," replied Raphael, with the utmost composure, "and I cannot prevent you."

Stanislaus, in the midst of his fury, quailed before the intrepid look of his former friend, and as even a momentary pause showed him the magnitude and horror of the crime he was about to commit, he threw away the pistol, and dived into the thicket.

(To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT—THE NEW ANNUAL CREED FOR THE YEAR 1859.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

In noticing the constant periodical changes of the Protestant Church, there is no intention whatever to offer the smallest offence to Protestants themselves. On the contrary, the writer of this article has never intentionally uttered a word to wound their conscientious feelings, or to ridicule their honest religious convictions. The person who would be guilty of this reproachable discourtesy must have forgotten that a Protestant Parliament commenced, in the decline of the last century, the concession of our lost liberties; granted the power of the franchise; gave leave to acquire property; made laws for the endowment of Maynooth; permitted an equality with themselves in several offices of the State, and finally passed the Act of Catholic Emancipation. To these cases of fixed legislation can be added, in modern times, the generous facts, so anxiously, so gratefully recorded by Catholics—namely, that valuable sites for our Schools, large parcels of land for our convents, our Churches, and princely donations for all our public charities, are every day bestowed through-

out Ireland to the Catholic Bishops and people by the Protestant aristocracy, and in many instances by the Protestant Bishops and Clergy. In speaking of the Protestant Church, therefore, the argument is entirely directed against their incongruous doctrines, their annual discrepancies; and above all against the enormity, the injustice of their revenues, as well as the intolerance and the persecution of their disciples.

At first sight it might appear strange that Catholic writers should express such determined opposition to Protestant doctrines, or oppose with such unceasing industry the exorbitant wealth and the unappeasable intolerance of the Church Establishment. The answer is, that as the confiscation, the plunder of all our ancient Churches and Monastic Institutions have been exacted in the name of the one; and the principal social and political misfortunes of Ireland have been inflicted by the other, it becomes the duty of every advocate of Catholicity, of every lover of his country to expose and denounce this combined system of infidelity and oppression. By the united efforts of our ecclesiastical scholars we have raised throughout Europe by an untiring and learned publication, a cry of shame and contempt against its incongruous tenets; and we have enlisted the sympathies of the civilized world, in an expression of horror against the cruel inflictions practised upon long suffering Ireland, during centuries of woe by this relentless confederacy. The past political temper of England has, no doubt, in past times devised and executed severe laws against our liberties; but it was the ecclesiastical element that sharpened the sword, nerved the arm of the executioner, and plunged the iron into the very depths of our souls.

Even now, in the present time, when the legislature has relaxed its former exclusiveness, has extended political and religious concessions at home and abroad, the church malice, in place of being concomitantly calmed is rather increased: and in proportion as the Legislature and the Government are disposed to concession, the church redoubles its rancour, and more than balances our newly-acquired advantages by an equal or surplus amount of the bitterest social persecution. The Legislature may enact favourable laws, and appoint a just form of administration; but the church fills the hearts of the official servants of the crown with the incurable bigotry of their gospel; and poisons the stream of toleration as it runs from the source. The generalists, the ship captains are infected with this disease of malevolent righteousness, this morbid hatred of the neighbour for the love of God! They sit on several benches in the House of Lords; it is certainly seen and heard in the House of Commons; it is on the bench: we have felt it coming from the jury box. It is in goals, in hospitals, in poor houses. All Europe believes it is principally nourished in the hearts of several Irish landlords. It is in our markets, our millineries. It even goes so low that it enters kitchens and sculleries; and it publishes in newspapers that when "boots" is wanted at hotels, he need not apply if he be a Catholic! In fact, this church spreads a net-work over all the surface of Ireland: and catches and kills Catholics like vermin infesting the soil.

England has within the last year issued several commissions to investigate the blunders of her military commanders, the mistakes of the commissariat, the errors of the clothing and food of the army; and the extravagance of the expenditure of the transport marine. And considering the public discontent which has demanded these instant commissions, how can it be explained that the public indignation, or even the plain mother-sense of Englishmen passes over in silence, yet suppressed anger, the intuity, the incongruity, the failure, and the multitudinous enemies of the Church Establishment. On next Friday the Reformation, as it is called, will have completed the three hundredth of its age. It is useful thus to celebrate its birthday in order to contrast its green youth with the aged venerable Catholic Church; thus unwillingly demonstrating its modern origin, its gospel novelties, its palpable illegitimacy, and avowed usurpation. During this long period it has never been able to devise a fixed creed; nor has it ever adopted a court of adjudication on doctrine, from which there is no appeal. Without a definite head, without fixed laws, without a court of final appeal, it presents claims to public confidence and respect far and away less than the lowest courts of judicial law known in any country of Europe. If such a court is not invested with the ordinary securities recognised in our magisterial or petty sessions benches how can it be a tribunal competent to settle the laws of Revelation and of the salvation of the soul? If any thing be permanently fixed it is the eternal law of God; and if any internal persuasion be definite and unerring it must decidedly be the rule of virtue and conscience before heaven. Yet, with the period of three centuries, there it stands before mankind, as unfixed, as unsettled, as credulous as the first hour when it knelt down to adore God, in the midst of scenes of plunder, sacrilege, and blood. What a prodigy in English legislation that this incongruity should be permitted to live even one year in this pestilent mockery of Christianity.

Again, during this period, it has not been able to retain its original congregation. With the aid of the learning of its universities; with its enormous revenues; with its aristocracy; its influence; its prestige; its press; it has lost its followers. Its churches are empty; and the Unitarians, the Infidels, the Methodists, and the Catholics have their ranks increased by an annual desertion from the ranks of this Babel of heterodoxy. The records of all her colonies attest the fact that this Church has never converted one foreign Island, or one foreign congregation. On this point at least she can produce no evidence of her divine mission! This failure would, on the contrary, go to prove that Heaven has not even once been attentive to her prayers for the conversion of her colonies. Ireland can be introduced in this passage with invincible effect, since after all the efforts which could be made for three hundred years, by power, money, stratagem, flattery, perfidy, persecution, poor Ireland, like an aged fond mother, has all her children clinging to her breast, with her courage unabated, her ranks still unbroken; with the exception of some few renegades who have betrayed their country, sold Christ for gold, and drunk perjury and perdition out of the same sacrilegious cup. The fable of the sick kite will best explain the cause why this Church never made a convert of one of her colonies.

"A kite had been sick a long time, and finding there was no hopes of recovery, begged of his mother to go to all the churches and religious houses in the country, to try what prayers and promises would effect in his behalf. The old kite replied: indeed, my son, I would willingly undertake any thing to save your life; but I have great reason to despair of doing you any service in the way you propose; for with what face could any thing be asked of the Gods in your name: one whose life has been a continual scene of rapine and injustice; and who has not scrupled upon occasion to rob the very altars themselves."

Cobbett in his "Reformation" has calculated the revenues of the Church Establishment in Ireland, England, and Wales; and they had amounted to the extravagant annual injustice of eight millions and a half pounds sterling! O'Connell, taking up this estimate made out by Cobbett, calculated the amount paid by all the Kingdoms of Europe to their respective Churches and Clergy, and he showed the tithes paid in Great Britain and Ireland were considerably more than the revenues of all the other denominations taken in the aggregate! Assuming, therefore, this principal to be put to interest three hundred years ago, at 3 per cent; and calculating again the facts, that this principal will about double itself in every thirty years, it will follow that after ten such doublings in the three hundred years referred to, the aggregate sum will be £2,656,000,000; that is, six thousand six hundred and fifty-six millions pounds sterling! that is more money than is at present, or perhaps ever will be, found on the entire surface of

the globe! How strange that this sum has been expended on a congregation who are still straying away and joining conventicles without a name, without influence, without blood, position, or one shilling of their own!

Mr. Bright has at length openly, on these premises, discussed the necessity of a Parliamentary interference to remedy the disgrace and to remove the scandal of this palpable injustice and crying enormity. And he has declared, that as the Protestant community was now only the one third of the population of the empire, this wasting nuisance must be abated in the presence of public indignation. He takes an Imperial view of this sad case, and he shows, that calculating the numbers of the Presbyterians, Methodists, Independents, Catholics, &c., the Protestants are but the one-third; and he therefore demands, as a matter of right, that this Church of the minority of the empire can no longer be permitted to perpetrate on the whole country this overwhelming injustice. The case against this confederacy called a Church is, therefore, in the year 1858, as follows:—"It has no Creed, or never had a fixed Creed: it has no internal government, finally to settle its doctrines. It is a mere collection of Readers of the Scriptures: it is like a public library, where persons go to read when they like, and go away when they please. It has failed to retain its Auditor; it has not only failed abroad, but is entirely useless at home. It has swallowed revenues that would be sufficient to make a bridge of gold from Howth to Holyhead. It has even engendered almost all the strife between classes in this country; and it is the very pest of all social and political society." This is part of the Brief of Mr. Bright; and if it be well managed by him and his associates, there can be little doubt of the speedy and final overthrow—or, I should rather say, the adjustment of the claims of this Babylon of modern times.

How pitiable to see the finest people in the world led astray by this reckless Establishment: their faith effaced: their morality a scandal: their habits brutalized: and their noble hearts infected with the characteristic bigotry of their Profession. Seeing the total degradation into which the lower classes have fallen—as exemplified by their murders, suicides, poisonings, abortions; and learning from governmental reports, that six millions and upwards of the population frequent no place of worship on Sundays, the former and present British Cabinets have taken up this forlorn case. Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Argyll, and several others of less note, have spread themselves throughout England, and called public meetings of the working classes. At these meetings, the audience is called on to hear speeches on "social science": two pretty words, indeed; but which mean—"any employment that can keep them from the bestial immorality and the stunning crimes of the Country!"

"Lord Macaulay declares that the lower classes are savages and Pagans."

"Lord Palmerston says that, in England, there is a spiritual destitution more grinding than a material famine."

"Lord John Russell asserts that there is a religious waste in England, almost beyond the power of reclamation."

"Mr. Gladstone thinks that declamation, elocution, and essays on poetry, and loud reading in each other's houses in the evening, is an excellent practice to cultivate the morbid mind of the working classes." Except that we are convinced that these speeches were actually delivered by the cabinet ministers and others, one would suppose he was reading some absurd romance! But so it is. John Bull must no longer frequent the beer-shop, or the skittle ground; he must now learn to dance, to sing, to recite poetry, to read aloud, to deliver Gannings' speeches for his wife and children; to work sums in Gough's arithmetic, and do such other astounding things, that no other such amusing capers of the cabinet minister have occurred in Great Britain since the far-famed crusade of the hundred preachers coming to Ireland to convert the nation in one day! The church has failed to teach the public mind the Bible societies are at a discount; and hence the Cabinet have changed the practice of praying; and are determined to try if they can dance the nation into morality and faith!

Concomitantly with this Cabinet freak is the new Church Creed, said to be ready for publication early in the next year 1859. This new creed is nothing more than a religious conference of all creeds: the same as lately took place in Prussia. It is like the exhibition of all nations as planned and carried out by Prince Albert. And the idea is, that whatever is seen to be good in the foreign creeds may be adopted in England; and a creed complete in all its parts will soon be published for the improvement and the evangelization of the people of England!

In fact the nation is run mad. The Bible Societies have nothing to do: the Church has fallen: the soil is flooded with crime; and the ministry are trying to stop the deluge by a dodge, and a harlequinade which must also fail, and still further expose the degraded state of English education and English morality. November 18, 1858. D. W. C.

(From the Western Banner.)

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.—The public have been terribly exercised during the past few weeks over the case of a little boy named Mortara. Meetings have been held, and resolutions adopted, and leading articles written, by the dozen, for the sake of asserting the "paternal rights" of a Jewish father as against the law of a Christian State. Accepting all these evidences of interest in the subject of "paternal rights" as honest, surely no better time than the present could be chosen for a dispassionate review of the manner in which the same rights are treated nearer home. There is no special attraction, that we know of, in a Jew, which is not to be found in a Christian. Then, again, if we have sympathy to spare, it is not fitting that we should distribute it in our immediate vicinities, granting the objects to be equal in other respects? The custom in reference to juveniles of the poorer classes enforced in New York, Buffalo, and St. Louis, is, so far as our experience extends, neither more nor less than an organized conspiracy against the "rights" that we hear so much about. We specify these three cities, not because we believe them to be any worse than others in proportion to population, but simply because we can vouch, on personal knowledge, for every statement in which we may make in regard to them. In New York, constant boast is made that 10,000 children of Irish parents are yearly sent out to the Western States and apprenticed to Protestants, by the mere agency of the Children's Aid Society, conducted, until lately, by a man named Pease. This immense army is picked up from the streets in the same manner as Ward traps his troops, and is wholly distinct from a still larger body of juveniles first arrested for vagrancy, afterwards deposited for a time in the State Asylum, and bound out, until they arrive at their majority, to that whoever will take them. That is to say, here are 10,000 children yearly taken up without the slightest form of law, condemned to lose their liberty without the shadow of a trial, and subsequently perverted, boastfully perverted, from the creed of their parents, who are either too poor to go to law, or whose poverty is made an excuse for withholding their offspring. In Buffalo, seventy per cent. of all minors in the hands of the Refugees belong, by right, to the Catholic Church, and the same tactics are adopted towards them. By a law passed in '56, every minor found idle or truant, might be arrested, and his parents, no matter how poor or unfriended, were obliged to give bonds in a large amount for his future safe-keeping, or failing to do so, were legally declared to have forfeited their authority. In our own city, not only are idle and truant children taken up, but, as we have proved, they are stolen from their parents' bosoms, disposed without their parents' knowledge, and sent to places where they must grow up to hate their parents' religion. In all the three cities, we thus find a common unanimity of belief in the idea that poverty destroys the parents natural

rights over their children, and, in St. Louis, that he has no rights, be he poor or even well-to-do, if any his little ones. These remarks have no reference whatever to orphan youths, or such as are arrested for crimes of any sort, although, in a minor merely involves the temporary suspension of parental authority. Roman Law considers a Jewish father an improper guardian for a Christian child, because of his Judaism. American opinion and American practice forever deny to a parent the right to his own offspring, because of his poverty. We do not presume to decide which is the better plea for a republican people. We have been searching for the original of our modern Recruiting-Sergeants for Houses of Refuge. We found some of their system in Tallemand's report to the Regicide Assembly of 1791; we found more of it in the Great Frederick's attempt to fuse his scrap-iron Empire into one malleable mass: but the true model of the whole system existed in earlier days and farther east; in the treatment of the conquered Christians of the lower Empire, and the Institutions of the Janizaries. We must quote an American historian for this audacious parallel, and we invite Mr. Prescott to prove the perfect identity of the two systems. From the Fourth Book of his "Phillip II.," we take this passage:

"But the most remarkable of the Turkish institutions, the one which may be said to have formed the keystone of the system, was that relating to the Christian population of the empire. Once in five years a general conscription was made, by means of which all the children of Christian parents who had reached the age of seven, and gave promise of excellence in mind or body, were taken from their homes and brought to the capital. They were then removed to different quarters; and placed in seminaries where they might receive such instruction as would fit them for the duties of life. Those giving greatest promise of strength and endurance were sent to places prepared for them in Asia Minor. Here they were subjected to a severe training, to abstinence, to privations of every kind, and to the strict discipline which should fit them for the profession of a soldier. From this body was formed the famous corps of the Janizaries."

"Another portion were placed in the capital, or the neighboring cities, where, under the eye of the Sultan, as it were, they were taught various accomplishments, with such smattering of science as Turkish, or rather Arabian, scholarship could supply. When their education was finished, some went into the Sultan's body-guard, where a splendid provision was made for their maintenance. Others intended for civil life, entered on a career which might lead to the highest offices in the state."

"As all these classes of Christian youths were taken from their parents at that tender age when the doctrines of their own faith could hardly have taken root in their minds, they were, without difficulty, won over to the faith of the Koran; which was further commended to their choice as the religion of the state, the only one which opened them the path of preferment. Thus set apart from the rest of the community, and cherished by royal favor, the new converts, as they rallied round the throne of their sovereign, became more staunch in their devotion to his interest, as well as to the interest of the religion they had adopted, than even the Turks themselves."

In what essential does the place of our Refugees differ from that of Orphan or Amurath? Might not a Turkish courier of the 14th century have used, with as good reason, for the institution of the Janizaries, every argument used in defence of the impressment of the children of the poor? In vain the unhappy Christian father of Syria or Greece might plead his parental rights against the arbitrary will of Sultans, the armed conquerors of his race and territory. Shall the unhappy Christian parent in free America be equally without resource against the proselytism of the majority? Shall he also be doomed to see his offspring taught to detest his, perhaps unpractical, but still revered religion? Must he live to see his own flesh and blood armed and equipped for the permanent suppression of the class from which they sprang? "The Janizaries," says Gibbon, "fought with the zeal of proselytes against their idolatrous countrymen"—meaning the Christians. Was it to rear a race of Janizaries for the New World the young men and maidens of the Old crossed the Atlantic, allured by the promise of civil and religious freedom for all? These are questions which it is our right, our duty to ask, and no clamor of the advocates of child-stealing will prevent us ringing them in the public ear, until they are fairly met and fully answered.

(From the N. Y. Irish Vindicator.)

OUR FAST YOUNG MEN.—We live in a fast country, and also in a fast age. The progressive spirit is, of course, a characteristic of every state in the Union, but perhaps it applies to none with so much force as to the state, and particularly the city, of New York. Our Empire City is great in size, great in wealth, great in power, great in commerce, great in its free institutions. Unfortunately it is also great in vice, great in irreligion, great in crime, great in political corruption and last, but not worst of all, great in its "fast" young men. Take up any of our morning papers, and nearly one half its contents will be found to be made up of reports of murders, burglaries, robberies, forgeries, rapes, seductions, elopements, or some other offences, of greater or less magnitude. Who are the principal actors in these crimes? For the most part boys and girls (particularly the former), between the ages of fifteen and twenty. In Europe your heavy villains are men of age and experience, who have, by a slow and gradual process, passed through the several degrees of criminality. Here unburdened youths monopolize the highest walks of vice, and play the leading roles in most of the assassinations, murders, robberies, and the beastly sins of carnality. Our "fast" young men it is who are running away with the morals of the country, upsetting the whole social fabric, and rapidly bringing ruin and destruction upon the country. Let any of our readers take a stroll in Broadway, or any other of the fashionable thoroughfares of the city, and watch the endless tide of human beings, flowing in all directions, bent on the various pursuits and duties incident to the different stations of life. Who will he observe flying apart, in gay equipage, rigged out according to the latest fashion, and resplendent with the most costly diamonds and jewelry, attracting the attention of everybody, and apparently known to everybody, if one may judge by the frequent nods and signs of recognition which greet him as he dashes onward?—Who, but the fast young man—perhaps the son of some wealthy old "Governor," but more often, only the half-paid clerk belonging to some of our large mercantile establishments, or perhaps, the extravagant offspring of too fond and too foolish parents, who, rather than "break the spirit" of their darlings, permit them to grow up in idleness and vanity, and convert many who, if properly directed, might be useful members of society, into vagabonds, swindlers, robbers, and murderers. Enter the bar-rooms and drinking-saloons, which abound in our city, and who, but the "fast" young men, do we find to be the principal supporters? Who are the "life" of the dance-houses and dens of infamy? Who fill our station-houses, prisons, penitentiaries, and houses of correction? Still the fast young men. Who are they on their trial, every day, in our criminal courts charged with forgery, burglary, seduction, robbery, homicide, murder? Again the "fast" young men, the "smart" young men, the "perfect" brinks, and the "jolly good fellows." Do we exaggerate the picture? Alas! the fact is even worse than we could paint. We were to employ the blackest colors. It is not only necessary to illustrate, but by way of confirmation, we may point to the horrid battery of Thirtieth street, which so recently agitated the community to the very core: We may point, also, to the brutal murder in Cincinnati of an unfortunate courtizan, a full account of which we publish in