

"Yes, I have much," answered Thiodolf, "unspeakably much! But that which is eternal is yet wanting. Oh, who will show me the way to the White Christ! For one who has not him, what has he in the whole world?"

Isolde raised her eyes and heart to heaven in silent, solemn prayer, and little Tristan folded his tiny hands with sweet unconscious devotion.

Now that Thiodolf had restored to the Bulgarian prince the happiness of love, he endeavored to do the same with Philip; but this was a much harder and more serious task. Still, the endeavors of the hero to exalt in every way his young armor-bearer in the eyes of the Emperor and the fair Zoe were not without success. Often Philip felt with trembling happiness that the looks of his beloved were fixed upon him with joyful emotion when the relation of one of his glorious combats poured from Thiodolf's lips;—the Emperor likewise took more and more pleasure in the discourses which the Væringier chief directed to the same object, and was well satisfied to connect the thought of Philip's illustrious and powerful race with that of Zoe's distance from the throne.

At the marriage-feast of Wladimir he was made a knight, and then a solemn tournament was appointed. Thiodolf and Philip kept without the lists as mere spectators, for neither of them wore the gilt spurs. But an imperial herald then solemnly commanded the two young chiefs to ride in, and knightly to strive with the knights for the golden gridle which the blooming Zoe held in her fair hand as the price of the victor. The Emperor's commands were obeyed; and the warriors of the tournament looked upon it as a high honor to receive in their ranks two so renowned heroes.

Thiodolf and Philip easily won the victory to themselves; for Wladimir, generally skilled in warlike pursuits, knew not this manner and fashion of combatting. When at length the two came together, Thiodolf let himself be thrown from his saddle; and Philip with unspeakable delight, received the prize from Zoe's hand, and according to the laws of the tournament, a kiss from her lovely lips. Isolde greeted her vanquished champion with a kindly smile, well understanding what noble courtesy had this time won the victory from him. Perchance even Zoe had divined the same; but that the great Thiodolf should have given up so much to his companion-in-arms, made her heart beat higher for Philip.

While the princely northern chief was thus laying the foundation of his friend's happiness, his own happiness yet remained veiled from him by a dark cloud; for that Sun, from whose Light all other light was reflected, arose not yet upon his spirit. Days came and went, and more and more did the faithful father Jonas instruct him, but in vain. True, that love and longing increased in the breast of the scholar, as did also the clearness with which he understood all the commandments of the Lord; but the insight into the nature of the Son of God and of His Incarnation was yet wanting; and both Jonas and Thiodolf had far too reverent thoughts of Him to venture on such incomplete foundation to raise the solemn edifice of baptism for time and for eternity.

The pale Princess Theodora came forward to assist the holy priest Jonas in his work. The royal nun Eudocia—she it was who had always been represented in Isolde's paintings, though the likeness to her sister misled Thiodolf—the royal nun Eudocia, herself invisible to every man, put into the heart and mouth of her beloved sister what she should say to lead the young chief to behold the light—in vain! It seemed as if his mind ever remained powerless and closed to this holiest and most essential point.

Tristan Giocondo, the while, was kept under the care of Isolde, and also of Konanus; for he had determined not to leave the beautiful boy till he could lay him in the arms of his true parents; he often visited the child, teaching him many fair lays, and other knowledge befitting his condition. Isolde also took him daily to Malguterita, who, with sorrowful longing, gazed on him from afar, hardly venturing even to draw near him with her looks, lest she should bring down the fulfillment of the curse. Even Pietro, to spare the mother's heart, denied himself the caresses of his child; while it was touching to see how the boy vainly stretched out his little hands to his parents, whom he could reach only with loving words.

The great baron, whose stern mind had been softened by so many trials into the softness of a night summer's evening after a day of storms, looked down at such moments with deep emotion, saying, "Patience, dear children. We are not yet quite purified, and God must hold us very dear, as He so carefully and thoroughly purges us."

One evening, in the dusk, Thiodolf was returning from Father Jonas. His whole soul was troubled; and as his way led by the Church of St. Sophia, and the solemn tones of the organ were pealing from the lighted building, hot tears rushed into his eyes. He sat down at the foot of a lofty cross of metal, drew his mantle over his head, and wept bitterly.

His tears relieved him; a soft, warm glow, seemed to reach his heart, and in the midst of his deep, consuming sorrow, a blessed hope arose within him, and a feeling unknown till then.

Then some one pressed him gently and kindly to his bosom. He let fall the mantle from his head, and looked up; Bertram stood before him. The evening sky was already looking down upon them both with all its glittering stars. The sounds from St. Sophia yet poured forth their lofty melody.

"Why dost thou weep, beloved hero?" asked Bertram.

"Because I cannot find the White Christ," answered Thiodolf.

"Patience, resignation, hope!" said Bertram; and again clasping the Væringier chief in his arms, he wept heartily with him.

Then the tones of the organ were hushed, and the voices of women, without accompaniment, raised a soft, heart-stirring hymn. It was again the song of the sea of Tiberias, and the King in the white garment. Thiodolf's tears flowed more abundantly and more gently; he stretched out

his hand towards the church and sighed, "O blessed Sophia, help me!"

"On whom dost thou call?" asked Bertram.

"Dost thou know on whom thou callest?"

"On St. Sophia, to whom this church, so unspeakably dear to me, is consecrated," answered Thiodolf.

"There is no St. Sophia in the sense in which thou meanest it," said Bertram, earnestly and solemnly.

"In what other sense, then?"

"Thou knowest what 'Sophia' means in the Greek tongue?"

"Wisdom."

"Well, then, the eternal Wisdom, whom the Father, in his original blessedness, has looked upon and loved, before the creation of the world—became man, and died on the cross for love of us—he it is to whom this church belongs. And thus her name signifies our Blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ."

At these simple words, the scales fell from the eyes of Thiodolf's soul. Joyfully he fell on his knees before the cross, folded his hands with ardent devotion, and only brought forth these broken words: "Light! light! it rises for me! O Thou holy Wisdom-made Man, let me praise Thee! Light!"

The nuns sang the while from St. Sophia's Church:

"Man, when'er thine eye is wet,  
Thinking of eternal we,  
He is gently calling thee  
From Tiberias' tranquil sea,  
Clothed in raiment white as snow."  
(To be concluded in our next.)

REV. DR. CAHILL.

WILL NAPOLEON THE THIRD FOLLOW IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HIS UNCLE?  
(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

In the event of French victory in Italy much speculation is awakened by the fears that the French Emperor will take Napoleon the First for his model in his Italian policy. No doubt there are many persons of wide and long experience who entertain the grave suspicion that the Nephew will adopt the example of the Uncle; and that when the victorious French Eagle will have surveyed the entire Italian peninsula, subject to the Gallic arms, the present Emperor will reduce Naples to a French tributary province, will attach the States of the Church to the French Empire, and will crush out without rescue, the temporal power of the Pope. The greatest enemy of Napoleon the Third could not desire a result more disastrous to his name and to his crown than the realization of these suspicions; and his attached friends could not invoke for his career a more felicitous consummation, a more prosperous blessing than a total abstinence of all coercive interference in the universal affairs of the Pope. The elder Napoleon learned, when too late, his fatal mistake in reference, not only to the alienation of the States of the Church, but also to the personal ill treatment and imprisonment of Pius VII.; and during his last year in St. Helena, when chained in ignominious penal servitude on that inhospitable lonely rock, he has often bewailed his conduct towards the Roman Pontiff, declaring in his own condensed muscular phrase, "that every one who approaches the Pontifical seat should address the Supreme Spiritual Head as if he held the keys of heaven in his hand, while at the same time having at his back the temporal force of fifty thousand men!" These words are very remarkable; they must have been often read by the pupil Napoleon; and as it is said he has a vivid retentive recollection of all his uncle's public achievements, social conduct, and colloquial sayings, it is not likely he can forget a remark uttered in the moments of his bitterest political grief, and expressed with a penitential earnestness, which partakes as much of confession for past crime, as of Christian warning against future profanation.

No; whatever may be the policy of France towards Naples, Napoleon will behave towards Pius Nono as he has already done since he has sent his French guards to Rome; that is protecting the Pontiff against English perfidy, and shielding him from domestic assassins. Nor is it likely that, having given what he considers liberty to Sardinia, he will oppress the States of the Church, become the associate of Mazzini, and reward the murderers of Count Rossi. No, the President of the French Republic who, during his time of office, ordered troops to guard the Vatican; the same man, now Emperor, who continually "expresses devotion" to the Chair of Peter, will never be guilty before France, before Europe, before the Empress, and before his own naked heart, of reversing the character of his life; and stand convicted in the sight of mankind of perfidy to his honour, perjury to his conscience, the abdication of his throne, and the suicide of himself. No, no, Napoleon the Third will never be the Alaric of Rome. But no one can foretell what may be his future policy towards the son of Ferdinand the Second, the offspring of a Bourbon. The Emperor occupies the Palace of the Tuilleries and wears the Crown of Louis the Sixteenth. As long as a Bourbon lives and sits on a European throne, Napoleon will be branded by their adherents as a Usurper. Hence it would appear to be his interest; perhaps it might be his pride or his fear, that would impel him to extirpate the family, to extinguish the name, to blot out the very memory of this exalted race of French monarchy. No one can then conjecture, with any probability, what may be his future policy towards Francis the Second.

No doubt he will in the first instance (in case of victory) demand the alliance of Naples; and he will ask, too, the support of the Bourbon Queen of Spain. But the old pride of Louis will scarcely bear connexion with the Plebeian blood of a Corsican lawyer; with the Usurper of the thrones of their Royal relatives; and hence well planned rupture might give a pretext to place a Murat, or a Malakoff on the throne of the Sicilies. This contingency is neither distant nor improbable; and if such a consummation should be ever realized, it would surround the French Napoleonic Dynasty with several friendly allied thrones; and would bring the present Emperor one step nearer to his indelible, invincible resolve—namely, to conquer England, or perish in the streets of London, in revenge for the defeat of Waterloo, and for what he believes to be the Imperial homicide of St. Helena! Time will tell the future history of a man, who, it is said, has never changed a resolve, abandoned a friend, forgotten a malice, or perhaps forgiven an injury! He is certainly a remarkable man; he has the gift of speech, and the still greater gift of silence to a singular extent. In council and in command he has, perhaps, no living equal; and when he will have learned practical warfare, in the Italian Peninsula, he is likely under adverse policy to become the most formidable foe which has ever risen up, in all history, against the independence, perhaps the very existence of England.

The difference of the times and the circumstances under which the elder and the younger Napoleon were born and educated, render the characters of both very different, even under similar positions in their lives. Napoleon the First came before the world in the midst of the first sanguinary revolution.—Thousands of priests were guillotined or banished in his presence; the nobility were hanged from the lamp-posts of the city of Paris; and the streets ran red with the blood of the royal family, the aristocracy, and the clergy. And so assured was the provisional government of that time of the reckless feelings, and of the sanguinary character of Na-

oleon, that although only a Sous Lieutenant of Artillery, he was named to repel the mob of Paris on the fatal morning when by his well-directed guns, and well-chosen positions, he killed eight thousand of the citizens, and converted the streets into human shambles: where slaughter and blood rose to such a deluge near the church of St. Genevieve, that the long boots of the Artillerymen were stained half-way up their legs with the crimson gore of the people. From this early political baptism the elder Napoleon took his name, his social belief, and in a great measure his character. The training thus acquired, like the bias of Sectarian education, followed him—like his shadow—through his military and political life, and has mainly contributed to influence his actions on occasions in which he plundered the church, or trampled on the rights of the clergy, or degraded the Pope, or wrenched asunder the love-cherished ties of an adoring wife, in order to gratify a sensual or a withering ambition. His last words as he lay chained and expiring in his condemned cell on a barren rock: these words which I have just quoted, are the best commentary on the results of his past unhappy career; and this career cannot receive from my feeble pen the burning reprobation which it has met from the stunning dying confession, from the quivering lip and faltering tongue of the trembling Imperial penitent himself.

Young Napoleon is a man of a different stamp in reference to the character here discussed. Born in rather political adversity, and educated and matured in much domestic trial and sorrowful persecution, he has well learned the practice of endurance which accounts for his inflexible Catholicism; and he has had ample time in his long imprisonment to read his mind into an exalted knowledge of his uncle's exploits, as well as to train himself into an erudite silliness of silent imperturbable manner towards all mankind. His peculiar fate, therefore, has made of him, as it were, in spite of himself, an accomplished historian, a photographic enthusiast of his Uncle's fame; and his mouth a living grave from whence no voice proceeds from what is contained within his head. It is no foolish silly presumption in me to say that I am intimately acquainted with distinguished persons with whom he lived as a guest when he was in England. To the courtesy and the kindness of these persons I have learned what I am here permitted to say of the private character of this most singular and mysterious man.

Napoleon, then, at the time referred to, was a sound Catholic, a devoted churchman, and (to use an Irish phrase) an enthusiastic Papist. He was a man (so much admired in English Society) of few words: a close observer of other men's conversation and manners; and a most gentlemanly listener in company. The only topic on which he would freely and willingly, and interestingly enter into lively conversation was the subject of religion. And when the opportunity presented itself he was always ready in a moment to defend it; and that, too, with a concentrated brevity, and a learned power of theology, and language which clearly proved that his heart was deeply impressed with the truths which he so eloquently espoused. I must say that since that time I have felt even a prejudice in favor of Napoleon. I could multiply beyond the space allowed to me in this letter, several facts of his English life, in reference to his religious character; but the few remarks which I have just made will be sufficient for my purpose in the present communication. From that period to the present time I have followed the career of this man rather more attentively than the generality of newspaper readers; and I have remarked that in every instance of his public life, where his office came in contact with the Church, he has never, in a single instance evinced any feeling towards it but palpable respect for its ordinances, distinguished veneration towards the clergy, and uncompromising allegiance to the Sovereign Pontiff. He is, too, a practical Catholic; and on one occasion, to which it is not necessary particularly to allude, he kept the whole Court in waiting an unusually long time, being occupied with his devotions, after having received the Blessed Eucharist. On the subject of Education he has early removed from the College de France some Professors suspected of anti-Catholic teaching or infidel tendencies, thus marking his public and private character as favorable to the Church and the Roman Government. These are the data which, amongst many other collateral facts and evidences, I have rested my moral conviction that the younger Napoleon will not follow in the offensive career of his uncle in Italy; but that, on the contrary, he will be the prop of the Church in the South and elsewhere against the conspiracy which England has organised for its overthrow; and which conspiracy she matured and accomplished with an expenditure and a perfidy which has never been equalled in the Christian history of Europe.

But whatever changes the Allies may introduce in Italy, these changes must be better than the anarchy and the avowed infidelity spread by England over the entire Peninsula. Who can forget the Nineteen Military Captains from England preaching in the private houses of Florence! and with the English Bible in one hand and the Sheffield sword in the other raising the Tuscans into rebellion against the Grand Duke, and in hatred of the Pope? Who does not remember the English spies scattered through the lanes of Naples; the Tourists such as Thompson; the Pamphleteers such as Gladstone; ridiculing the King, beliving the Church, and lighting the torch of insurrection through the universal people? And what misfortune can equal the attempt to shoot the Pope; or the fatal plot to murder Count Rossi in Rome? These were all English plans of Italian Legislation: surely, the allied code, whatever it may be, must be an improvement on this British policy.—England has laid the foundation of the Italian difficulty; she has created the revolutionary spirit which France now proceeds to quell. England has thus created the field for French patriotism; for French valour, for French supremacy by sea and land; and in the same proportion as she has thus raised France into renown, and prestige, and power; in the same ratio she has lowered her own name, and has lost her former boasted superiority. She has actually transferred the flag of Nelson to the French fleet; and she has given the sword of Wellington into the hands of the French Emperor! And while her character on the Continent of Southern Europe has thus fallen in consequence of her Biblical conspiracies, see her social cruelties at home, in the treatment of her Irish subjects; and calculate then what must be the perfidy of the nation which pretends to give liberty to Italy, while forcing by her political injustice, and her persecuting administration of the laws, hundreds of thousands of her faithful subjects to leave their country, and to seek a home amongst the stranger in the very ends of the earth. But the hour is approaching when in the secrets of an avenging Providence, the cry of poor Ireland may yet be heard in the humiliation of her ancient and unappeasable enemies. The following extract will show the unceasing departure of those children of sorrow from the scenes of their never-ending persecution:—

EMIGRATION FROM THE MERSEY IN MAY.—LIVERPOOL, JUNE 1.—The emigration from the Mersey during the month just concluded has been the largest for many months, and although at the close the trade was not so brisk as at the commencement, still it is considered in a satisfactory state. To the United States the emigration has, of course, been the largest, and we have again to notice the large influx of Irish emigrants in ships from the Mersey. This is the more remarkable seeing the numbers taking their departure from Galway, Cork, and other Irish ports.—Out of about 9,200 emigrants who sailed from the Mersey during the last month, upwards of 6,000 belonged to the "Sister Isle," upwards of 2,000 were natives of England, and the remainder was composed of Scotchmen and foreigners. When compared with the returns for the corresponding period of 1858 those for the past month show an increase of about two hundred.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CORK CITY REPRESENTATION.—Dr. Lyons has been unanimously selected as the liberal candidate for the representation of Cork, vice Mr. Fagan, deceased.

There is no doubt whatever but it is the intention of Mr. Jones Spaight to prosecute a petition against the return of Major Gavin. He (Mr. Spaight) left Limerick on Friday en route to London for that purpose, but upon what grounds is a mystery. Sir Matthew Barrington, Bart., is his solicitor in this case.

A final meeting of the committee formed for the purpose of collecting a fund for the family of the late Mr. John O'Connell, was held at Dublin, on Monday, Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, M.P., presiding. It was announced that the subscriptions amounted to the gross sum of £5,100, which was to be invested in trustees for the benefit of the widow and children of the favorite son of Daniel O'Connell. Mr. Serjeant Deasy was the second chairman, and in moving the usual vote of thanks to Mr. Fitzgerald, expressed a hope of soon having the pleasure to address the right hon. gentleman by another title.

IRISH LEGAL CHANGES AND APPOINTMENTS.—Mr. Henn, Q.C., has been appointed to the vacant Chieftainship; but it is understood that the following changes will be made:—Mr. O'Shannessy is to be moved from the county Mayo to the county Clare.—Sir Colman O'Loughlin is to be moved from Carlow to Mayo, and the newly-appointed Chairman is to get Carlow. It is rumored that Mr. Adair, secretary to the Ouncelloir, is to get the office which is about to be vacated by Mr. Scriven. The office is permanent, and is worth about twelve hundred a year.

RATING OF CONVENTUAL ESTABLISHMENTS.—A case of some public importance and certainly of interest to Catholics was recently decided by Mr. Otway, Q.C., the Assistant-Barrister for the County Antrim. It was an appeal against the rating of the convent and schools of the Sisters of Mercy at Belfast—the grounds of appeal being that as both the schools and the House of Mercy were occupied for charitable and religious purposes, the nuns had not a beneficial occupation within the meaning of the Acts of Parliament, and were therefore entitled to exemption from payment of rates. Similar cases have already been decided by Mr. Serjeant Howley and Mr. O'Hagan, Q.C., and hitherto the decisions have invariably been in favor of the exemption of the convents. Mr. Otway, however, has taken a different view from those who are his seniors in years and professional standing, and has come to the sage conclusion that the prime object of the sisters being their own spiritual perfection, therefore they have a personal interest in the occupation of the premises, and should be liable to the payment of rates.—Morning News.

Owen McNeill, for whom a warrant had been issued on the charge of his being a member of an illegal secret society was arrested in Belfast on Thursday. Hugh Carolin, one of the approvers, deposed in his informations, and in his evidence before the juries at the last assizes in that town, that the first Ribbon lodge which he joined in Belfast met in the house of Owen McNeill, Mary's-market, and also that after the arrest and transportation of James Hagan, McNeill became the delegate for the County Antrim, vice Hagan. After the assizes had terminated, a warrant was issued against McNeill, who, however, succeeded in keeping out of the way of the constabulary until Thursday. Having been taken before Mr. Tracy, his worship informed the prisoner of the charge against him, and offered to take bail—the accused in £100, and two sureties in £50 each. The bail not being forthcoming, McNeill was fully committed to take his trial at the next assizes.

THE O'MALLEY ORPHANS.—The O'Malley orphans, about whom so much has been said, have arrived at the Orphan's Refuge in Connaught, under the auspices of the Rev. Alexander R. G. Dallas, A.M., two of the boys begin placed in the Ballyconree Male Orphan Nursery, and three in the Female Nursery at Clifden.—Galway Express.

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE IN IRELAND.—Scarcely a day passes in this land of "religious liberty" without some straining of the law to bring perverts from the Catholic faith over to the State Church. Children and adults, orphans and foundlings are alike persecuted and worried beyond endurance by proselytising emissaries of every kind. We recently animadverted on the proceedings connected with the child of Mrs. Moore, and now we have to animadvert quite as strongly on the case of Mrs Purcell and the children left in her charge, as wards, by the Lord Chancellor, her husband being no more. Being herself an exemplary Catholic, though her late husband was a Protestant, she had reared her children in the faith she professed. No one had imposed on her the obligation of rearing them in any other creed. It was stated at the trial that her husband had enjoined her to rear them as Protestants; but this was merely an assertion, as not a title of proof was offered in support of it. The prying and officious busybody, one of her husband's relatives, and the proselytising propensities of the Protestant clergyman of her parish, had exhausted all their powers of persuasion and ingenuity to prevail upon her to give up the child to their tender care. At length rendered miserable by their importunities, she left the country with her children, in order that she might place them beyond the reach of their persecutors. For this her income and the means of her children's support are to be withheld, and she and they outlawed as it were. The relatives of the father stated it as their belief that if he were living he would not suffer them to be brought up as Roman Catholics. It is easy to say this now the poor man is no more. But judging from the high character and strong religious sentiments of the mother, we doubt that she would have allowed them to be reared in any religion but her own; and nothing was elicited at the trial calculated to impress us with the belief that her husband would have opposed her bringing up the children as Catholics.—For the present, however, both mother and children are beyond the reach of the law, which is conceived in such dire hostility to the liberty of conscience which ought to be enjoyed by all the subjects of the empire alike. She will be called upon to make, as she has already made, many sacrifices in order to prevent these tender lambs from falling into the merciless hands of the Protestant wolves that would devour them. She will continue these sacrifices be they what they may, knowing that she will preserve for them the "one thing needful" as long as they cling to the one Faith and the one Fold.—Dublin Telegraph.

STRANGE DOINGS OF A PROTESTANT BISHOP.—ATTEMPT TO EJECT THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS AT TUAM.—Our readers may have seen the letters of that good and faithful priest, Father Lavelle, published from time to time in our columns, that the Protestant Bishop of Tuam and his persons had threatened to pursue the most extraordinary courses towards the people in that quarter, in case they persevered in their refusal to send their children to the proselytising schools he had established. That threat—from a Protestant Bishop, he remarked—was nothing less than a wholesale eviction from off his lordship's large estate of the tenants who, in obedience to the dictates of their conscience, should dare to disobey his lordship's wishes. The poor people, however, resolved to do as their fathers did—to risk all and brave all for their holy mother the church. They left the "Bishop" to take his course; they kept their children away from the snare for their souls which under the name of schools he had established amongst them, and they sent their children for instruction to the admirable schools of the Christian Brothers. It was only for the education and not for the proselytism of the children Lord Plunkett felt anxious, he could have nothing to object this course, for it is a notorious fact that no teachers in this Island can compare with the members of the Christian brotherhood in the art of imparting instruction to youth. But his lordship was incensed, and he de-

termined, it would appear, to have his revenge. The result was seen on Wednesday, when he sent a sheriff and his party to eject the Christian Brothers from their premises, and shut up the school in which they had been imparting instruction to three or four hundred children! This shameful act was temporarily defeated by the women of Tuam, who, like the heroines of Limerick in former days, stood at the gates, and walls, and repulsed the would-be-invaders. The absence of the men of Tuam from the scene is accounted for by our correspondent, by the fact that the greater part of the male population of the place were drawn off early in the day by the attraction of some races which were coming off in the vicinity. The schools from which the good brothers are now to be summarily ejected by one who wears a mitre, and ad claims to be considered a successor of the Apostles—meek, lowly, and full of charity—was built by the contributions of the Catholic people of Tuam and his lordship's eviction of the pious confraternity, who use it for purposes of instruction, amounts, in plain fact, to a confiscation of the property! This is the sort of "Tenant Right and Religious Equality" we have in Ireland! And here is a picture of a dignitary of the church as by law established—one of those gentlemen whom the Catholic people of Ireland are forced to feed and clothe, and pay—to receive in return hate and slander, and oppression. How long, we ask, shall these things so continue?—Nation.

THE CORK WORKHOUSE AND MR. ARNOTT, M.P.—The Mayor thus writes to the Poor-Law Board, on the report of their Commissioner:—"I see in the public papers an abstract of Dr. Brodie's Inquiry of the late investigation at the Cork workhouse. I am delighted to find, as the result of that report, that the following change in the dietary is recommended: 'To the infirm, a substitution of tea for milk, at breakfast, and good meat soup, and milk, or alternate days, at dinner. In the case of the infants under two years, he strongly recommends the substitution of first quality white bread for second; for children from two to nine, a continuation of the present bread diet, but a substitution for the quart of skim milk, now given, of a new milk in the same quantity, and a substitution of meat soup, substantially made, for one pint of the milk, at dinner, on three days in the week. The healthy class, from 9 to 15 should on three days in the week, get meat soup for dinner, and on two other days he would recommend potatoes and milk for that meal. The present diet to the infirm school children might be continued, but on four days on the week he would allow them good meat soup for dinner, in lieu of milk. The Report also recommends increased facilities for change of air and healthful recreation to the children, and a replacing of the present wooden shoes, which prevented a proper activity in their movements, by leather ones.' Dr. Brodie, notwithstanding that he recommends this radical change of dietary, 'considers the Mayor had been under a mistake, when he connected the scrofula prevailing amongst the children with the dietary, in the relation of cause and effect.' All I shall say in reply is, that Mr. Brodie has recommended the good food, I shall permit him to remain in his bad logic. There are some metaphysicians who have denied all connection between cause and effect, but I think the effect of the investigation of the Cork Workhouse, in procuring food for the starving paupers, no one can deny. The doctor expresses, in conclusion, his opinion 'that the Mayor was mistaken in his estimate of the mortality among the children.' Surely, such a circumstance should not be matter of mere opinion. What are the facts?—Where is the registry of deaths? The following I hold to be proved by the Poorhouse book. Let Dr. Brodie meet it if he can. The average number of children in the Cork Poorhouse, for the last four years, has been 368. The average number of deaths, for each of these years, was 156, or 42 per cent. per annum. Take a hundred children, and deduct 18 per cent for fifteen years, and how many will remain of the hundred? According to my reckoning, but few. We, therefore, lose 95 per cent, or ninety-twentyfifths in the fifteen years; that is, before they arrive at maturity. My statement, therefore, that 'four out of every five die before they are adults,' is, according to the Union registry, considerably under the mark."

FANATICISM IN THE NORTH.—A curious movement is in progress in the North of Ireland amongst the dissenting Protestant population, which is called a "religious awakening." The subjects of the excitement are said to be "impressed" in the fanatical language of the parties engaged in it. Several public gatherings, not unlike the revival meetings of America, take place, and at present the town of Ballymena is said to be the centre of "impression." We quote the following description of a person under the influence of the "impression" from the Ballymena Observer:—"In the course of the evening we had an opportunity of witnessing two or three cases of 'impression,' in the earliest stages—the scene at one of which we shall attempt to describe. Having made our way up a narrow staircase, crowded with anxious listeners, we entered a small apartment in which about twenty people, of both sexes, were grouped in various attitudes of deep attention, or silent devotion. A neatly-attired young woman, apparently about twenty-two years of age, had been stricken an hour previously, and was supported in the arms of an elderly female, who was seated upon a low stool. The party impressed appeared to be in a state of great prostration—a partial stupor, from which she was occasionally roused into a feeling of mental agony, depicted in heart-rending expressions of the countenance, and uttered in deep, low wailings of terrible despair. Her face was deadly pale, and her eyelids firmly closed, except when partially raised by a convulsive paroxysm, and even then no part of the eye was visible except a narrow line of white. Her pulse was intermittent and feverish, and her face and hands were covered with perspiration. Occasionally she extended her arms with an action as if groping in the air, and at other times they were elevated high overhead, where the hands were clasped with startling energy, and her features became rigidly fixed into an expression of supplication of no language could convey an adequate idea. Her utterance was interjectional, and, for some time, rather incoherent; but mingled with sobs and means and agonizing expressions of despair, we could distinguish exclamations like the following:—'Here the reporter repeats the very strong expressions of earnest prayer said to be used by the 'stricken party,' which we feel it would be irrelevant to reproduce. The extent to which this fanaticism is spreading may be gathered from the following passage:—"The movement was progressing with rapidity in every district of the surrounding country. Soon after breakfast hour on Saturday morning, six or seven young women became suddenly affected with all the usual symptoms, while engaged at work in one of the weaving apartments of the spinning factory at Raceriver. Intense excitement immediately ensued among the workers, the alarm soon became general, and within an hour twenty or thirty people of both sexes were found prostrate. The business of the entire establishment was interrupted, and, as a matter of necessity, the factory was closed at twelve o'clock." It was re-opened on Monday, but nearly half the ordinary number of hands were found absent; and we understand the business of Ballygarvey has been seriously impeded owing to the operation of a similar cause. About six o'clock on the evening of Sunday last a congregation numbering fully four thousand people of the neighborhood, assembled in open air in front of the Presbyterian Church at Broughshane, where services of prayer and exhortation were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Robinson and a number of revival converts from other localities. Numerous and strongly-marked cases of sudden conviction occurred among the audience; and several persons were carried into the church, from which place they were not found in a condition for removal till midnight. Over eight persons were affected on that occasion."