

so far as they understand their own motives and conduct, are as estimable and worthy persons—as estimable and worthy, perhaps, as many of the persecutors of the Church in the primitive times—but of the system which first trains and perverts their minds, and then purchases their hands and hearts to secure the perpetuity of misrule. If the people of this country are ever to rise up from the ruin which now fastens them to the earth, it is in vain to hope that so fortunate a result will ever be achieved until the Es-fortunate Church grievance is removed, either as a finished piece of preliminary redress, or as part of a general system of amelioration.

WHICH WILL PREVAIL ?

(From the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.)

The Church and the World are engaged in a fierce contest; not indeed a novel one, for these two influences have always been and ever will be, from their very nature, antagonistic to each other: but the conflict between them at the present moment is assuming one of those grave aspects, which are portentous of an approaching and serious crisis. The elements of error and vice have gained such an ascendancy, that all nations are either convulsed by social or political revolution, or threatened with the most imminent danger. The passions of men have burst forth like the impetuous torrent, spreading destruction far and wide and sweeping away every thing in its progress. Under the false pretence of enlarging human liberty and extending the rights of man, every disorder finds its justification; there is no absurdity, no folly, no crime, that does not seek its vindication in that delusion of the human brain. Men seem to have forgotten all together the fundamental maxims of social as well as individual happiness, as delivered by the voice of eternal and infallible wisdom, which tell us in one word that truth only can make us free, and they are running mad with the idea that this freedom will be the result of the wildest opposition to the dictates of this divine truth.

It is a glorious spectacle for the Catholic, in the midst of the dreadful ignorance and corruption which have sprung from the pretended liberty, that has now-a-days become the watch-word of infidelity and vice, to behold the rock of Peter resisting the fury of the storm, and giving assurance to the friends of truth, of order and of law, that there is still an invincible bulwark against which the passions and blindness of the human heart cannot prevail. It is consoling, indeed, amidst all this confusion of society, to know that there is a God who holds in his hands the destinies of nations, and who so directs all the events of life that they will redound ultimately to the glory of his church. Hence, does the supreme pontiff of Christendom, he who has the solicitude of all the churches, raise his voice at the present crisis, to warn mankind of their danger, to indicate the causes of the evils which agitate society, and to point out their proper remedy. He tells us, that the enemies of God are employing every artifice, every kind of false doctrine, to pervert minds, to corrupt morals, to make religion disappear from the face of the earth, and to shatter the very bonds of civil society. Every where the most shameful vices usurp the name of virtue; and there prevails an unbridled license of thinking, doing and daring everything; an impatience of all restraint, of all power, of all authority; derision and contempt of the most sacred things; the deplorable corruption of youth, the poisonous inundation of bad books, pamphlets and journals, by which falsehood and vice are circulated on every side.

But, if the evil is great, the power that can arrest it is omnipotent. The nations may rage, and the people may devise vain things against the Lord and against his Christ; but he who dwelleth in the heavens, will laugh them to scorn. He will not refuse to hear the prayer offered up through the Catholic world, that truth may triumph over the blindness of men, and that virtue may recover her peaceful sway. He sent forth a Napoleon to chastise the enemies of his church, and when he attempted to overstep the limits of his mission he was suddenly hurled from his elevation, and consigned to a humiliating exile. He allowed an Espartero to revel for a while in his impious assaults upon the rights of the church; but, no sooner did that church raise its head against the oppressor, than his downfall was sealed. So will it be with all the enemies of God's truth. That truth will prevail, and the prayers of the just will enhance the splendor of its victories over error and corruption.—Catholic Mirror.

HUNGARY AND IRELAND.

(From the Memphis Daily Eagle and Enquirer.)

We are great people—a philanthropic people—that portion of our "free and enlightened citizens," we mean, who make it a point to thrust themselves forward as leaders in "demonstrations." This class is prominent in every "missionary" enterprise. The slaves of the Southern States, and the destitute little Africans of the West India Islands, move their sympathies immensely—to procure political freedom and equality for the one, and flannel shirts for the other—both bestowments being about equally appropriate.—Hitherto this class has been chiefly made up of fanatical devotees, pharisaical hypocrites, tender-hearted old maidens, and ancient women in petticoats and in breeches. But of late, since sordid speculation has combined with philanthropic "filibustering" to enrol in one band the restless, the discontented, and the souls which are "too big" for the tame pursuits of industry and peace, this class has been swelled largely by accessions from the ranks of the politicians of our country. The "old issues" no longer furnish a supply of clap-trap adequate to the wants and necessities of the brood of aspiring geniuses, who desire to become objects and recipients of popular applause, and suffrage; and hence, at the North, there is growing up a set of men who seek to give impetus to the current of a new issue, upon whose swelling tide they hope to ride into consequence and place. This new issue is the intervention of this Republic in the affairs of Europe, in aid of the so-called republicans of the Old World.

To what extent the demagogues who head and who expect to lead this movement, will succeed, is yet to be seen. Unless we most grossly err in our estimate of the character of our countrymen, it will have but a brief career and short endurance. But if in this we are mistaken, and it shall appear that our people have become so cankered by a calm world and a long peace, that they must needs have the baptism of war to cleanse and purify them from their humors, we would respectfully suggest that there may be found nearer home an object in behalf of which they may

indulge their passion for a national phlebotomy. A little more than half way to Hungary—long and many leagues this side of the steppes of Russia, there sits in melancholy desolation a green "Gem of the Ocean," on whose every lineament is traced the scars of the oppressor's injury and wrong. Like Hungary, she too was once an independent nation, a distinct and separate people, until by force and fraud, by violence and by corruption, she was absorbed and made the dependent slave of her conqueror. . . . For Kessuthi and Ujhazy there is a steadfast, a sure, a safe asylum, with a home, the free gift of a generous people. For Mitchel, and O'Brien, and Meagher, there is the rust of the iron of perpetual imprisonment, which eats into the soul. Unlike Hungary, too, the hearts of her people have ever beat warmly for republicanism.—Wherever, throughout the world, a blow has been struck for Liberty, there has the soil been fattened with the blood of her children, poured like water in the cause of human freedom. Aye, and to all this she adds the claim that she is bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh—truly and verily bound to us by all the ties of blood and consanguinity.

There she sits, poor old Ireland!—down-trodden, despoiled, crushed, shivering in the rags and destitution enforced upon her by a foreign domination; but with her face turned ever westward heaving through her tears with inextinguishable love for the "free country" across the sea, and her heart with ever palpitation sending up orisons for the welfare of the land of Washington. Shall we, should we in an ill-starred hour yield to the mad counsels of demagogues, and seek to regenerate Europe by the sword, rather than the more powerful and effective weapon of our example—oh, shall we pass her by, her wrongs unredressed, her exiles languishing in far off prisons, her nationality a forgotten story, to display our banners and pour out our blood and treasure for the more recent converts to republicanism in Hungary?

We leave the preachers of this new faith to answer.

(From Hunt's Merchants Magazine.)

There is danger of too great absorption in the details of trade. Doubtless a man may be willing to work for his bread; but as it is unhealthy to the body to think too much of our bread as we eat it, so it is bad for the soul to think too much of it as we earn it.—Disguise it as we may, there is something in the divine spirit of man so utterly foreign from day-books and ledgers, that it refuses to be all concentrated on them, and the attempt to enforce such concentrations ends in spiritual suicide. It is safe and tight to trade in order to live, but if we live only in order to trade, we die. After all, there is a certain point beyond which the human virtue of prudence ceases to be a virtue, and becomes penuriousness.

There is a certain noble generosity and indifference in the use of money which commerce does not love, and "success" may not follow, but which nature loves and God loves. The world judges a man by what he has received, but God and nature ask also what he has given. A man gains houses, lands, fame, wealth, station, power, and the world calls him successful in his bargain. But suppose he has sold his virtue, sold himself to obtain these things, and then where is the gain and the success?

Suppose his heart and his manliness, and his great thoughts and principles are all gone to pay for these things, then what is the possible returns that can make that bargain a successful one? I do not say that the world is not a good judge, according to its own standard. I do not say, for instance, that a man who sells his first time, and then his freedom, and then his soul, for a million of dollars, does not make a better bargain than he who sells his time, and his freedom, and his soul, for fifty; but I do say, that either of them makes a bargain to which the honest bankrupt is a millionaire—and that the poorest outcast who lies lonely, sick, and starving, in some bleak hut by the hill-side, with every wind of heaven sweeping through upon his bed of straw, may lead a noble and a beautiful life in comparison with either.

I know this is not the current prejudice of our time and place. "The first thing to teach a boy," said once an honest and sincere-minded father to me, in the presence of his son six years old—"the first thing to teach a boy is the value of a dollar—that's what I call the corner stone." The satire is not mine but his. He was a gentle and kind-hearted man, but that was his theory, at least on week days, in his place of business; nor did it occur to him that he had said anything which Adam in Eden might not have not remarked to Eve. Practically, it is the philosophy of many or most. I think it is essentially the philosophy of Benjamin Franklin, whom we should long since have canonised, if we canonised any body in these parts. A recent English writer, after having placed Franklin at the head of those who believe in "living by bread alone," sketches the whole American people as standing behind one long counter, from Maine to Texas, trading against the rest of the world, under the auspices of this guardian saint. "A penny saved is a penny got," Thompson calls a "scoundrel maxim."

I know that this is only one side, one-half the truth, but there is no danger of its overbalancing the other half. If I were to talk of it a whole day and night, it would do you no harm; for will not the world's voices talk for the six coming days and nights, on the other side, far louder? As in the adjoining street, there stand two great buildings, side by side, the factory and the church, and day by day, from Monday to Saturday, the clatter and roar of the factory fills the street, and then for one day the vast machine pauses and lets the voice of the preacher echo faintly through closed doors upon the passers by, and then begins again on Monday morning, as busily as ever, for another six days' roar and clatter; so through all our society is the spirit of business as six to one to anything else, and there is no fear of stating the higher wants of the soul so strongly as to more than counter-balance it.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE REV. MR. BENNETT.—The Rev. Mr. Bennett, formerly of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, has returned to England, and the Morning Chronicle states that at the invitation of the trustees of the Marquis of Bath he has accepted the living of Frome Selwood, in the diocese of Bath and Wells.

The Navy Department is actively engaged in ordering vessels to prepare for sea, and in collecting supplies and munitions of war. The Mediterranean squadron is to be strengthened by two additional vessels.

Lieut. Pim's expedition in search of Sir John Franklin has been abandoned.

DR. NEWMAN AND DR. ACHILLI.—We have heard on good authority, that the only point on which it was at all possible that the prosecutor in the case of the Queen v. Newman could succeed, is now in a fair way of being fully sustained by the defendant. A letter has, we understand, been received recently in town, from a Protestant gentleman (for many years a resident in Malta and the Ionian Isles,) in which details are given, so voluminous and so precise, as to remove all apprehension as to the result of the prosecution. The writer professes to have been an eye-witness of scenes that will make "the Evangelical Alliance" look rather queer when the evidence comes before the public; and he moreover honorably intimates his willingness to be examined at the trial.—Catholic Standard.

This rupture in the Russell administration is regarded (says the London correspondent of the Oxford Herald) as a decided symptom of a break-up. The difference with Lord Palmerston is not confined to matters of foreign policy, although the noble lord's recent expression of sympathy with the revolted Hungarians, Italians, and Poles, has not improbably exposed the government to some remonstrances from foreign powers of a not very amicable or agreeable character. But Lord Palmerston is known to disapprove of Earl Grey's colonial policy—more especially that which is protracting the Kaffir war, for the service of which it is now at the eleventh hour found indispensably necessary to send out three thousand more troops; and another three thousand, it is feared, will be wanted ere the enemy can be subdued. Lord Palmerston, therefore, will be in a position to take the popular side on this important question in the House of Commons, which is sure to come on for discussion early in the ensuing session; and with such an acquisition as the late Foreign Secretary to the opposition, it will go hard with ministers. On these and other accounts the present changes in the cabinet are not unreasonably considered as the beginning of its end—as the first indication of its falling to pieces. Bets are freely taken at the clubs that before Easter we have an entire change of ministry.

The wife of the new Foreign Secretary is an Italian lady of considerable rank and wealth, and a Catholic.—Daily News.

ANGLICANISM.—There was a midnight celebration of the Anglican communion-rite at Margaret or rather Titchfield-street chapel, again this Christmas, and again without "Episcopal" permission, or rather, we believe, in defiance of Bloomfield's wishes. As they were unable to obtain his sanction, they determined on having this humble imitation of the Catholic Midnight Mass without it, by way of showing their reverence for the authority of those "whose lightest word" is so weighty according to the "Tracts for the Times." The Catholic hymn "Adoro Fideles" was sung on the above occasion; and the Roman "Introit" was also used; and this practice is observed on all the principal festivals, not excepting All Saints' Day, when the words of the "Introit" are not derived from Scripture, but are simply those of the Roman Missal. Mr. Richards and the other clergy of this chapel continue to stand in the middle of the Communion-table at the "Lord's Supper," like a Priest at Mass, which was one of the practices for which poor Mr. Bennett was expelled from St. Barnabas, and some of them commence their sermons with the sign of the Cross and the invocation of the Holy Trinity, another observance which provoked Dr. Bloomfield's displeasure with Mr. Bennett, and the disapproval of "the public," whom the former is so anxious to please.

The Rev. T. Carter, Protestant Chaplain at Liverpool gaol, states that he has been eleven years connected with the gaol, and yet he did not remember more than five instances in which the parents of children committed to prison ever came to him to show any solicitude for the welfare of their children. Last year the number of juveniles under sixteen years old was 1,100, the total number of committals of persons of all ages amounting to 9,500.

FOREIGN REFUGEES IN ENGLAND.—The Times of Friday (the 26th), has the following upon the subject of the presence of foreign refugees in Great Britain:—"Some weeks ago the French ambassador in London was instructed to remonstrate with considerable force against the facilities afforded to French refugees in this country for devising and preparing plots against the tranquillity of France; and an offer was made to adduce abundant proof of the abuse of British hospitality by these foreign fugitives. More recently the three northern powers have presented a note to the same effect, couched in equally vigorous terms and suggesting that measures should be devised by the British government to prevent this country from being the seat of clandestine hostilities against several of the friendly powers of Europe. To these notes we are not aware that any answer has yet been returned, and the subject is doubtless under the consideration of ministers. As far as the dignity of this country and our ancient and undoubted rights of hospitality are concerned, we can anticipate but one reply; for no difference of opinion can have occurred on such a point, though it is open to discussion whether it be expedient in any country to allow to foreigners an unlimited right of abusing, for their own political purposes, and at our expense, the hospitality we afford them."

LANARKSHIRE PENITENTIARY.—A penitentiary is being erected for the city of Glasgow and county of Lanark. Criminals committed for one year, a year and a half, or two years, are to be sent thither instead of, as at present, to the general penitentiary at Perth. It is expected to be ready for the reception of inmates in June or July. Whether from accident or design, it is placed conveniently near the notorious rookery, from which it may be anticipated that a considerable proportion of its future inmates will be drafted.—Weekly News.

DEATH OF AN INFANTICIDE.—The notorious William Sheen, whose murder of a child under circumstances of unparalleled atrocity, and his own extraordinary escape from the gallows, through a trivial technicality, excited universal astonishment, died on Friday morning, at his residence in Kent-street, Spitalfields. In the year 1837 he cut off the head of a male infant four months old, the illegitimate offspring of a young woman whom he had married only five weeks before the murder; and at his trial he was proved to have concealed the body in the bed, and placed the head erect on the table, standing up on the bloody neck, so as to face the mother when she entered the room! The child, however, had been baptised Charles William Berdle, the latter being the mother's name at the time of its birth; and upon the objection of Mr. Clarkson, the prisoner's counsel, this description in the indictment was held to be a misnomer, and the prisoner was acquitted. The life so spared, however, has since been a most miserable one, and he has many times,

even in the presence of the magistrates, expressed a wish that he had been hanged, for upon every slight occasion his neighbors taunted him with his great crime. He became utterly ferocious, although cowardly, and has been many times imprisoned for acts of violence, brothel-keeping, and felonies.—Ibid.

HORRIBLE MURDER AT BELPER.—On Saturday evening last a most cold-blooded and horrible murder was committed at Belper, near Derby. It appears that a man named Anthony Turner, who has been for some years in the habit of collecting rents for a widow lady named Barnes, who lives with a relative named Bannister, a Clergyman of the Church of England, at Fieldhouse, Belper. Turner having been a defaulter to a considerable amount, Mrs. Barnes had discharged him from his situation. On Saturday evening last he went to a provision shop, kept by a Mr. Husland, and borrowed a large carving-knife, used for cutting bacon. Armed with this he went direct to Fieldhouse, deceased's residence, and asked to see Mrs. Barnes.—He was refused admittance, but said he would not go away without seeing her, and, entering the house, pushed the girl on one side and rushed up stairs. The servant girl was very much alarmed, and ran to fetch the Rev. J. Bannister, who was in the adjoining house. Mr. Bannister immediately ran into the house, and on proceeding up stairs met Turner coming down with a large knife in his hand, which was covered with blood. Turner made a blow at Mr. Bannister with the knife, and after a struggle between them Turner was precipitated to the bottom of the stairs.—Mr. Bannister then went into the unfortunate lady's room, and found her lying on the ground with her head nearly severed from her body! One of her thumbs was also cut off, as if in struggling to prevent the murderous knife from lacerating her throat. The murderer escaped, but has since been arrested. He is a married man, and has one child; is a tailor by trade, and was formerly a local preacher among the Wesleyan Methodists. The deceased, Mrs. Barnes, was about 60 years of age, of eccentric habits, and the owner of considerable property in Belper and Derby.

PROTESTANT RESPECT FOR THE FEELINGS OF THE POOR.

At the Thames Police-court, on Tuesday, an Irish-woman, named Mary Sherden, came before Mr. Yardley, to complain of the authorities of the London Hospital having refused to deliver to her the body of her late husband, and being about to dissect it in opposition to her wishes.

Mrs. Sherden stated that her husband having died in the hospital, she proceeded the following morning to claim the body, accompanied by some of her countrymen whom she had employed to carry it away in a shell. The nurse, who treated her very rudely, and the doctor called her into the waiting hall and asked her if she had any objection to the body being opened. She expressed a decided aversion to such a thing, and said she would not allow her husband's body to be "cut about" on any pretence. She had since repeatedly claimed the body, but all in vain.

Mr. Yardley asked what complaint the deceased had been afflicted with?

The woman replied, "fever and ague."

The Magistrate said it was very probable the body was not in a fit state to be brought out of the hospital, and that the authorities wished to bury it themselves. Mrs. Sherden said she was a Roman Catholic, that her husband had died in that Faith, and she wished to bury him herself as she had the means of doing so. Her country people would not hear of such a thing as opening the body, but the doctors had told her to do her best and her worst. Before her husband left home he said he would not have his body opened on any consideration.

Mr. Yardley said he would direct an officer to make inquiries. He thought the poor widow was laboring under some misapprehension. She was decidedly wrong (though Heaven forbid he should insult her feelings, or the prejudices of her country-people, on the subject) in not allowing the body to be opened. It might be of great, very great, service to the living.

Mrs. Sherden.—Not on any account your worship. Did not my poor dead husband, before he left his home, say, if anything happened to him he was not to be opened, and now they will not give me his body?

Mr. Yardley.—Well, there are people who have these foolish prejudices. No doubt the deceased was sent to the hospital when his case was desperate, and Mr. Williams had exhausted his skill; but applicant should not take the proposal in a spirit of hostility. It was not idle curiosity that the medical gentlemen desired to gratify, but the interest of science and the good of the living. The hospitals were kept up at an enormous expense, and numbers of the poor would perish daily but for those invaluable institutions. The applicant might rely on it that everything which skill and science could effect had been exercised on behalf of her departed husband, and he was sorry for her prejudice.

Mrs. Sherden then left the court apparently dissatisfied with the observations of the magistrate.—Chronicle.

WHAT IS A NUISANCE?—"Quodcumque nocet"—whatever does harm—that is a "nuisance," philologically and philosophically; but technically and legally, personally and popularly, it is a different thing. Whatever I dislike seems to be the closest definition of a cognizable nuisance, and my right to abolish it is generally deemed to rest upon the principle of "first come first served." If the nuisance is first resident, I cannot drive it away, but must go myself. If I have got there first, I can send nuisance packing.—That is, if I dislike nuisance; for it all depends upon that.—The real mischief of the thing seems to be an irrelevant consideration. Now the bells of De Helde are a nuisance to Soltau, who dislikes them. Perhaps Soltau dislikes all bells, acoustically; some persons do; but the shrewd suspicion is that he dislikes them polemically—that it is the doctrine chanted into his ears which irritates him. On this supposition, there is the Mussulman element of intolerance in the case. Of course the objector still more dislikes the Redemptorist doctrine, and must account that more mischievous than the very bells; but the law will not empower him to put that down. There is discrimination; the law will not put down bells if they are orthodox or Protestant bells, but it will put down Papacy in that shape; on the other hand, it will not put down Papacy in substance or doctrine, but only in bells and titles. The mischievousness of the thing does not come in question, but rather its disagreeableness: Romanist bells are a nuisance in a well-regulated parish; but a blatant minister, ripping up scandals or instigating them; dealing damnation round the laud and discord round the hearth—he is no nuisance.—Spectator.