

How THE OWNERSHIP OF A DISPUTED PIG WAS DETERMINED.—At the monthly fair of Clonmel a pig was claimed by two persons, both evidently decent men, and each equally sincere in his belief that the animal belonged to himself.

GREAT BRITAIN.

We are authorized to state with confidence, that the Hon. and Very Rev. Canon Clifford, D.D., late secretary to the Bishop of Plymouth, has been named by the Pope Bishop of Clifton, and that he will be consecrated by His Holiness himself, on Sunday, the 15th inst.—Northern Times.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.—The official journal of Rome publishes a statistical account of the condition of the Catholic Church in Great Britain, from which it appears that there are in England 730 churches and chapels, and 164 in Scotland, being 45 more than last year.

Mr. Drummond, Member of Parliament, one of the surviving Iringite "apostles," at one time much devoted to that faith and a liberal supporter of the sect, has abandoned them, and has sold to the Roman Catholics a handsome chapel which he had erected at his own cost.

It is stated by the Daily News that Derwent House, Clifford, near Derby, has been purchased by the Catholics of Derby for monastic purposes.

The anti-income tax movement continues without abatement. Meetings spring up almost daily from one end of the country to the other. The great majority do not ask for more than the reduction of the poundage to sevenpence, and some change in the mode of assessment; a few ask for the unconditional repeal of the tax altogether; and about an equal number propose to substitute a property tax, in its stead.

The declaration of the Attorney-General against church-rates has alarmed the supporters of the Establishment, and a committee of laymen is announced to "resist any proposal to despoil the Church of one of her most ancient sources of income."

The last return from the Poor Law Board gives 51,586 children of both sexes, as inmates of the workhouses of England and Wales, of which number nearly 6,000 are described as "capable of entering upon service."

It is only a few months ago that we congratulated the country on the apparent extinction of its pauperism. Employment was rife, wages high, and content general. Emigration was at a stand still; the recruiting-sergeant had lost his charm; and occasional murmurs were muttered that masters could not find workmen, nor the Queen soldiers.

The Rev. W. J. Bennett, vicar of Frome, formerly of St. Paul's Knightsbridge, has addressed a letter to his diocesan, in which he avows his entire sympathy with Archbishop Denison. He further says—"When I see a brother priest and dignitary of the Church in our own diocese suffering, or likely to suffer, the penalty of deprivation, because he has taught a certain doctrine of the Catholic faith, and in my conscience I find that I myself am teaching the very same doctrine without any perceptible shade of difference, it is quite impossible that, while the penalty of the law is carried into effect in his case, I should stand by in silence and be held harmless."

The Court of Queen's Bench has decided, without thinking it necessary to hear the arguments of Archdeacon Denison's counsel, that Sir John Dodson is bound to hear and decide his appeal from the late judgment of the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the common-sense ground that Dr. Sumner heard and judged the case, not as Archbishop, but merely as "Parliamentary Substitute" for Lord Auckland. The case will now go in the usual course, by appeal, first to the Court of Arches, then to the Privy Council. Any Judge who decides it on its merits, must, we think, confirm the sentence: for the Archdeacon evidently contradicts the Thirty-nine Articles. But the dislike of all dogma and of a severe sentence for any false doctrine, even if it be of Roman tendency, is so strong among modern Protestants, that if there is a reasonable excuse for dismissing the case on some plea of informality, it will, we doubt not, be gladly embraced. Meanwhile, Mr. Bennett, late of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, and now of Frome, has published a sort of challenge, declaring his agreement with Mr. Denison, and calling for prosecution. It is a safe challenge. Dr. Sumner need not have proceeded with the case of Archdeacon Denison, except under the compulsion of a mandamus from the Queen's Bench. He and all his brethren have learned wisdom by the experience, which has cost him, no doubt, some thousands sterling, and a great deal of trouble and humiliation. Let no suit about doctrine begin, for you cannot draw out of it when you will. The "Bishop" has full power to refuse to enter upon it, and it can hardly be doubted that Archdeacon Denison's case, terminate as it may, will be the last question of doctrine ever brought before the Courts of the Establishment. Henceforth every man will think and teach "what is right in his own eyes," and it is too evident that the body of the Tractarians are prepared to accept the liberty of teaching what they think true, willfully shutting their eyes to the fact, that every one has equal liberty of teaching notorious heresy, and that this liberty is, in fact, only another name for entire latitude and unbelief.—Weekly Register.

THE MORRISONIANS.—Among the religious movements of the day, most are tending, directly, or indirectly, towards one blessed consummation—the downfall of Calvinism. One of the not least important of these is a pronounced reaction against the school of Geneva, which is now making no inconsiderable progress in Glasgow. We allude to the religious sect called or calling themselves Morrisonians. This movement had its origin as early as the year 1841, and was commenced by the Rev. James Morrison, who, we believe, was expelled from some Presbyterian communion for divergence in his teaching from their established standards. The party of which he was the founder, and which is known, at least to the Glasgow "religions" public, as the "Morrisonian" connection, embodied themselves under the title of the "Evangelical Union." Their numbers have lately considerably increased; they have five churches in Glasgow, one in Edinburgh, and one in Belfast.—A manifesto, containing a declaration of their principles, has lately appeared in the "Evangelical Repository" and other journals reflecting the same opinions. We shall extract from this document enough to put our readers into possession of the tenets of this new phase of religious belief. "Calvinism teaches that God has eternally, unchangeably, and unconditionally foreordained whatsoever comes to pass;—all sin, therefore, included for all sin comes to pass; and yet, though foreordination, is an act of will, the consenting part, the advocates of this system deny that they make God the author of sin! Calvinism teaches the necessitation of the human will as truly as of everything else—and teach this it must, or it would cease to be; and yet, though this is stark fatalism, they demand of us to believe it, and to believe at the same time that we are responsible beings! Calvinism teaches that Christ died only for a few, and yet that this is to be preached as good news to all; that Christ bids his servants say 'Come, things are ready,' to myriads for whom it never was and never will be true that all are ready; and that Gospel rejectors will at last be doomed to 'the sorer punishment' for not taking the benefit of an atonement which the Bible never declared to be God's provision for them, and which that last day shall have demonstrated was never meant and never made for them! Calvinism warns the sinner against residing the Spirit, and yet declares in the next breath that the Spirit's influence is irresistible. It denounces the sorer punishment on the Gospel rejector for 'doing despite unto the Spirit of Grace,' to whom, nevertheless, as the fact of his doom will on their principles have demonstrated, that Spirit, as a Spirit of Grace, never once came; and it assures the sinner that the Spirit is his for the asking, when that very asking is not his except by the Spirit; and when that Spirit, too, is the monopoly of the favored few for whom alone Christ died, whom alone God loved, and whom alone he unconditionally decreed to save! In a word, Calvinism preaches to all, as a gospel, salvation through Christ's blood, and yet denies that Christ's blood has been shed for all; which, in relation to the non-elect, is either to call that gospel which is not gospel, and thus subject them to a cruel mockery, or to command them in God's name to believe without giving them a testimony to believe, and thus enact a piece of worse than Pharaonic tyranny." Here follows a lengthened exposition of their doctrines in full. "As a religious community, we hold in opposition to Calvinistic necessity, that man's will is entirely free; in opposition to Calvinistic absolutism, that God's decrees are conditional; and in opposition to Calvinistic limitation of every shade and grade, that God the Father loves all, that God the Son died for all, that God the Spirit exerts a converting influence over all. Whatever specialities may arise out of the complexities of the case—and the existence of specialities we never sought to deny—it remains not the less true that the entire provisions of mercy are such, and so shaped, that God is, and has all along been, doing all that Infinite love, guided by Infinite wisdom,—taking into account all interests involved in his great moral empire, and leaving inviolate the free will of man,—could morally do to extend the blessings of salvation to all men everywhere without distinction, exception, or respect of persons.—Northern Times.

THE DUTIES DECLINE SUSPENSION ACT.—This Act, which was passed in 1855 to suspend the tea duties on account of the war, will reduce the tea duties to 1s 3d per lb., from the 5th of April next for twelve months, and thenceforward to 1s per lb. The Act speaks of a "definite treaty of peace," and the twelve months expire in April, whereas the Income-tax of the same year mentions the "ratification" of the treaty, which would carry it twelve months further. There can be no doubt that it was the intention of the Legislature that the alteration in both cases should be in twelve months from the cessation of the war.—Daily News.

The Union records the following instance of awful profanity at a Protestant Church near London. "A sad comment on the recklessness with which strangers are too frequently communicated in London churches was afforded lately at the consecration of St. Peter's Church, Notting Hill; when we are informed that several members of the swell-mob were guilty of the awful profanity of going up to receive the Holy Communion, several times each, with a view of finding an opportunity to ply their miserable trade."

A most disgraceful account of the wholesale beating of women and children with a strap by a factory foreman at Patricroft, near Salford, in the silk mill of Messrs. Lee and Booth, brings us back to the disgusting, unmanly practices of an era which we thought had expired of its own infancy. The beater of a pregnant woman is held to bail in the pleasant sum of £20 to answer one charge at the sessions, and this security is found for him by his employers.

PROTESTANT LIBERALITY.—We last week detailed the melancholy history of an innocent man, utterly ruined, crushed, and deprived, first of reason and then of life, by an erroneous conviction, under circumstances which might have happened to any of us. Dr. Brady M. P. for Leitrim, has the merit of calling to public attention and sympathy. Let every man have his due. One who rejoices in the signature of "Verax," writes to the Times to check the liberality of the public, by assuring them that Mrs. Temple is nothing better than a Catholic. And it turns out that her husband's friends and employers refuse her aid because she will not allow her children to be educated as Protestants. This is not the only instance of intolerance this week. Dr. Cumming has written to the Times, and his cry is echoed in we know not how many congenial quarters, because in the new edition of a very useful little school book, which contains as much information in small space as any we know, Ince and Gilbert's "Outlines of English History," some terms of reviling heaped on Queen Mary, have been omitted. The Saturday Review (in an article, itself full enough of Anti-Catholic bigotry, in which it goes out of its way to assert that "lectures and books of grave Catholics teach that dew falls, the sun goes round the earth, fossils are the relics of the Deluge, and the inductive process is a delusion.") says—"Think of a clergyman who calls Heaven and earth to witness, because children of tender years are not taught to apply bad names to a woman who died just three hundred years ago." The charge that the book was altered after it had obtained the recommendation of the Committee of Privy Council turns out to be precisely opposite to the fact. Well may our contemporary conclude that "the rapid, steady, and victorious growth of intolerance in Great Britain is a sign of the Times," and that

"It is melancholy to think of the next generation, educated as it will be by women whose minds justure on this rubbish, and by men who, at best, are afraid to say that they don't agree with the women. We ourselves are living on the political liberality of our fathers and the religious tolerance of our great grand-fathers. What is to be the mental state of our children, elaborately taught to believe that the philosophy of history is wrapped up in the Three Frogs, and that the grand problem of British politics is the endowment of Maynooth.—Weekly Register.

A storm is brewing in reference to the Chinese war. It is said, members of Parliament feel even more than their constituents the filibustering nature of our proceedings. It is even added that Lord Palmerston will not seek to justify, but only to excuse, our conduct, and that Sir John Bowring is no particular favorite either of the Government or the Opposition. It has to be remembered that a China war means more need for a higher income-tax—a requisition not likely to give strength to the *caus belli*.

By a letter in the Times we learn that there is a lady in Kingsland willing to pay £10 to a governess capable of communicating a general education and three accomplishments to a family of seven children. She would have to nurse two babies, mend clothes, and fill up her leisure hours by playing the piano to the company in the evening. Who, after this, can say that an accomplished woman is undervalued in our highly favored land?

During a trial for murder, at the Chester assizes, before Mr. Baron Alderson, there was a noise in the passage, occasioned by some ladies endeavoring to gain admission to the court. His lordship—"Let the passage be cleared. If I were a lady I should have no desire to come to hear a man tried for his life; but that is a matter of taste. At any rate, if they want to gratify their curiosity, let them do so quietly." The usher—"But they can't do it, my lord" (laughter). His lordship—"Well, I know they can't" (renewed laughter).

In an edition of "Johnson's Dictionary," published by Ball, Arnold, and Co., Paternoster-row, in 1840, under the head "Mushroom," after describing the plant, we find—"An upstart; a wretch risen from a dunghill; a director of a company!"

UNITED STATES.

The Grand Jury have found True Bills against Mrs. Cunningham and Eckell for the murder of Dr. Burrell. Snodgrass is held to bail to appear as a witness. Two men, named Boylan and Martin, have been committed to goal in Savannah, U. S., for whipping a negro slave to death for attempting to escape. The affair was truly brutal. After the unfortunate man had been captured, he was tied up and fogged until he became senseless. He was then untied, but, being unable to stand, the fogging was continued until he died.

The Christian Register says: It is calculated that the clergy cost the United States 12 millions of dollars annually; the criminals, 40 millions; the lawyers, 70 millions; tobacco, 80 millions; rum, 200 millions!

IRISH EMIGRATION.—Now that the controversial excitement of last year has subsided, and that another Spring is about to open, we feel called on to repeat our often-expressed conviction, that there are one-half too many Irishmen at some points on the Atlantic. They are in each other's way; they are crowding each other for house-room; they are, in hard, wintry weather, snatching the bread out of one another's mouths. That poor McDonough, who silenced the pangs of starvation the other day with a cheap dose of laudanum, is not a solitary instance of suffering in our midst. We have seen more able-bodied men, asking for alms and old clothes the present season, than we ever remember during all our previous residence in America. The immense array of destitute children, also, (between 30 and 40,000 in this city alone,) from whence do they come? From the overplus of the laboring class—from the neglected and unfriended first generation. If we really want to stop the stream that turns the mill of proselytism, we must cut it off at the fountain head. We must discourage superfluous loiterers in our seaports. We must urge them on and on. We must blame them out of cellars and sewers, and endeavor by every art to awake in their breasts the passion for competency, so natural and laudable in a new and unsettled country. The remedy lies back of the disease; if we would save the second, we must speed the first generation. The more we see of the deep-seated, cold contempt in which your genuine "down-easter" holds Irishmen generally, the more, we are convinced that we struck the right chord, in advocating systematic immigration to the west, and Canada, and to both. In that murder case last week at Hingham, where the Postmaster, Gardner, was poisoned by his wife, (a pious Baptist, who would not allow her husband to deliver letters on a Sunday,) the child through whom she bought the arsenic was instructed to say that "it was not for Mrs. Gardner but for a paddy-woman." And Dr. Stephenson in his evidence spoke of being sent for by Peter, Mr. Little's Irishman, just as a planter in South Carolina would say, Mr. Butler's, or Mr. Calloway's negro. These little traits of thought, trifling as they are, are the corals that float over deep currents of public opinion. They are not peculiar to the Hingham shore, but may be found at almost every point of the eastern coast. Why, then, will robust, single young men, or middle aged men of family with some means, persist on continuing in a country, sad in the midst of a people by whom they are alternately feared and hated, but never, never, trusted or beloved?—American Celt.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.—The Dispatch of the 15th inst., contains a full report of the investigation into the death of the little orphan girl from the "Five Points House of Industry," to which allusion is made on our fourth page. It is creditable to the proprietors of that journal that they have taken such pains to expose this most revolting atrocity to public reprobation. It appears that the victim in this instance was a poor little Irish orphan girl named Anna Hilton. The inhuman wretch to whom she was "bound" required her to stitch two corsets a day; and when she was not able to accomplish her allotted task, starved and beat her. One witness testified on the inquest that Mrs. Decker said to the child, in his hearing, "You have had no breakfast or dinner to-day, and unless you are smart you shall have no supper!" Another testified that the dinner given to the child on one occasion was a quarter of a cut of bread off a shilling loaf and half an ear of corn; and on another, only two potatoes! She called the child "a devilish Irish b—," and said that "every Irish child ought to be thrown into the Atlantic before they were a day old." The poor little creature once attempted to run away, which her heartless tormentor perceiving, she pursued her with a dog, and brought her back, inflicting several wounds on her! The coroner's jury having found that the deceased came to her death by being beaten in a brutal manner, and from exposure and want of proper food, at the hands of Mrs. Matilda Decker, the Coroner issued his warrant, which was placed in the hands of the constable of the town of Northfield. That officer, however, refused to execute the warrant, stating that he would sooner forfeit his bonds and his office. On enquiry it was found that this inhuman fiend was a Sunday-school teacher in the Methodist church to which the constable (who was superintendent) belonged; and he was accordingly excused from the disagreeable duty. Had the accused been an Irishman and the tender-hearted functionary an Irishman, what a howl would have been raised by the dark-lantern organs over this circumstance. As it is, but one journal has barely noticed the fact. Another constable of less delicate sensibilities was found; and the accused was conveyed to prison, laughing and chattering gaily all the way. In view of these details, we ask, is it not time for Irish residents in this community to take some steps for the protection of the orphan children of their race, too many of whom, it is to be feared, are thrown into the power of persons as unfit to have control over them as Mrs. Decker. It is a matter that concerns all of us—a claim of humanity that should not be disregarded. We trust that some immediate action will be taken on the subject, and that something effectual will be done to wipe away the disgrace of allowing a large number of our little ones to be cast upon the cold charity of the world.—Irish American.

REV. THEODORE PARKER AND THE MANCHESTER CLERGYMEN.—We understand that the Rev. Mr. Parker has received and accepted an invitation to deliver a course of lectures on theological subjects in Manchester, N. H., where the recent clerical protest was made against his delivering a Lyceum lecture. The expenses are to be borne by subscription, and the lectures are to be free.—Boston Telegraph.

THE EVIL AND ITS ONLY REMEDY.—We find a very good article under this caption in a late number of the New York Freeman's Journal. If any one would know what evil is in question, we should say that its name is Legion, like the many devils that plunged with the swine into the sea. From all parts of the country we have multiple accounts of crime, from the most atrocious murders down to the most paltry thefts. The absurdity of our crying out against the wickedness and vices of distant nations is now becoming obvious to everybody; our demagogues may talk about the rottenness of the old communities of Europe, but they should in justice add that those communities at least ripened before they sunk into rottenness; but here, the canker is at work, and the beautiful fruits rot without ripening. With all the advantages that political liberty can possibly give, we are sinking into the most abject slavery; that is good citizens, the most peaceable and the best disposed, are becoming every day more and more at the mercy of the most vicious, profligate and desperate. With never-ending boasting of superior national morality and religion, facts, piled upon facts, show a fearful absence of both the one and the other. Prudence and violence, in high places and low, are the order of the day, and with the march of improvement, the march of vice keeps even pace, with every prospect of obtaining absolute ascendancy. What is the remedy? An honest and wholesome administration of the laws would certainly do all that mere human powers could effect; but something is wanted that strikes deeper than any human authority. To reach the root of the evil, it is necessary to begin at the beginning, and this, as the Freeman's Journal says, must be by implanting upon the minds of youth religious instruction, by with, and before all other. This is the true Catholic view, always advocated, and maintained too, in spite of the most powerful and active opposition. That the Catholic body holds to this view, both in theory and practice, is proved by the fact that the Catholic schools are in full activity, acting up to the principle, not only without any assistance from the state, but in spite of the fact that Catholics have to pay their quota to keep up the State schools, from which they derive no benefit, while they keep up their own schools out of their own proper resources. The day is not far distant when every Christian will see that true philosophy and true Christianity are involved in the Catholic principle.—Catholic Mirror.

The mode of life in New York is destructive to domestic life, if not to domestic purity. Could the curtain be lifted from the whole face of New York society and the fact connected therewith made to blaze out with the splendor of the sun, man would flee from the face of man and call upon the "rocks and mountains to hide" them from the face of man. Such revelations would be made as would convince and change this hollow world. Once in a while the curtain is lifted, as in the case of Huntington, or Burdell, and the surface of society is agitated and alarmed. But such events are, in the silence and secrecy of a crowded city, daily transpiring, and men are too busy and too busy to note the occurrences. The multiplied cases of divorce in New York and the cause, the evidence in such cases are forbidden to be published—the great number of families who have no home but in the attractions and dangers of a hotel life—the mode of life adopted and allowed for the men of business here, away from their homes—the great number of private rooms used by men of families in New York, while their families are away "up town" or "out of town"—the fact that such a man as Robert Schuyler could pass for twenty-five years as a bachelor—have a splendid suit of room at the Astor, and yet have a family no further up town than Bleeker street, and here raise up and educate a family of daughters, and the whole matter be kept a profound secret till his oldest daughter was asked in marriage by a clergyman, and then have the revelation at last come from himself. All this reaches the case of young Snodgrass is a case equally in point. He is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. His father was settled in the 15th street Presbyterian church—a church built and sustained by the munificence of the "Lenox Family." He has the first rank in the old School Presbyterian body. Dr. Spring, Dr. Potts, Dr. Alexander, have no higher rank than he. George remained in New York when his father left it. Mrs. Cunningham was a member of his father's congregation. She was one of those bold energetic women who will get influence in any place where they may be. Her daughters were young, and were in the Sunday School with young Snodgrass. The intimacy continued. Snodgrass stood fair in society. He was a smart fellow, and with his mates was a leader. His tastes were low. He could play on a variety of instruments. He performed on the banjo and the negro minstrelsy. His likeness found in his trunk represents him with a jaunty cap on the side of his head, his hair curled, and his banjo under his arm. He complains that the printing of his portrait, from this picture was by force and fraud. He says that Head & Brothers proposed to pay him \$50 for his portrait, and that he refused to sit; that thereupon the police officers leaving him in charge held him down—took his keys away from him by force, and stole his likeness and had the same put in print. But Snodgrass had another side. He was entry clerk in a large importing hardware house on Broadway. So far as it appears, he has done his duty well in that capacity. He was the son of a respectable and honored clergyman, and was made welcome to the homes of the families who once composed his father's parish. His local standing was good, for none knew of the position he maintained with the Cunningham family till the murder of Dr. Burdell. He was an attendant of Rev. Dr. Pott's church, in University place. As the son of a former pastor and intimate clerical friend, he was an occupant of the pew with the family of his pastor, and the companion of his children. He was also a member of the Bible class in the same church.—Correspondent of Boston Journal.

A great deal has been written about the philosophy, but the real point of the matter has never been touched. Without entering into the question as to the guilt or the innocence of the parties accused, a very valuable moral is to be deduced from the revelations in regard to a certain class of New York society, which have been given by this investigation. We have had a house unroofed before our eyes. We have seen a woman and her daughters absolutely becoming brigands of society. The mother was at the same time the mistress of two men—each of whom had another mistress—all the women occupying some respectable positions—half way between heaven and earth. The resident mistress visits in the Fifth Avenue—gives a *soiree dante* without a cent in her pocket—is a strict member of the church and has a "clergyman's son" as a cavalier *servante* to her daughters, in order to give an air of respectability to her establishment. These parties visit each other sleeping apartments—live on the Mormon principle generally, and have a "nice time" of it, until one fine morning the person who finds the funds to carry on the revelry is found with his carotid artery severed, and three wounds piercing his heart. A direct personal benefit is to accrue to the parties who have been sheltered in his house, and the public voice accuses them of "the deep demerit of his taking off." What a picture of metropolitan life does this case present! The initiated are full well aware that we have many women in our midst who live splendidly by forced levies from wealthy bachelors, and whose hold upon a fat bank account has the tenacity of death itself. The victims bleed, and bleed, and bleed, and say nothing. The victimizer holds up her head

in the drawing room—has the best box at the Opera—the finest sables on the promenade—the sohest fashion in the fashionable church. She is often in society than society imagines, for her work is done secretly, and she enjoys almost entire immunity.—Generally the victim is tractable; when he rebels—well, we have seen how insurrectionists are treated in Bond street. It is the thirst for gold—the desire to outshine your neighbor—to astonish people with your magnificence that leads to such crimes as the murder of Doctor Burdell. Moreover, it teaches the oft repeated lesson to the youth of this community:—"Beware of strange women—their feet lead down to the pit; their steps take hold on hell."—New York Herald.

The writer of the following statement has perhaps better opportunities of reporting the facts than any other person living connected with the secular press. The matters which he notices are as familiar to him as any of the incidents of every day life. There is not a commercial or monetary reporter in New Orleans better posted up in all the mysteries of "the cotton and the sugar line" as Halleck stings, the secrets of the bank parlor or the gambling of Bank Place, than this erudite writer on the topics he treats. He knows all about them. The actors in them are his chosen friends—his daily associates—his "familiar"—he is the very man of all others able to tell the truth of the matter, and in a spirit of reckless frankness he has done it. This writer is Parson Brownlow, the great Know-Nothing anti-Poetry editor of the Knoxville Whig—"Rascality Abounding."—The Gospel is preached to the people regularly, all over our country—religious papers and magazines are circulated in families, and many valuable persons set good examples before the world—but notwithstanding all this, and more observation teaches us that rascality abounds in all classes of society. Petty thefts are daily committed—such as robbing money drawers, stealing clothes and dry goods, chickens, ducks, corn, and other eatables. Strolling vagabonds, dealing in counterfeit money and diseased horses, are all over the country. Gamblers, travelling and local, and resident rogues, are all on the alert. Pious villains, with faces as sanctified as the moral law, are keeping false accounts and sweating to them, for the sake of gain. Whisky shops are selling by the small, in violation of the law. Drug Stores are training up drunkards in high life, and affording facilities for Sabbath drinking, which can be had no where else. The rich are oppressing the poor, and the poor are content to live in rags and idleness. Country dealers in produce come to town and exact two prices for all they have to sell, and the owners of real estate in towns are asking double rents, to the injury of business, and the growth of towns. Banks and Corporations intended for the public good, have their favorites, and are partial in the distribution of favors. Families persecute and envy each other. Individuals slander their betters. Persons of low origin, put on airs, and falsely pretend to be more than they are. Cheating and misrepresentation is the order of the day, generally. In politics there is very little patriotism or love of country, while demagogues seek to mislead, and build up their own fortunes at the hazard of ruining the country. In religion there is more hypocrisy than grace, and the biggest scoundrel living crowd into the Church, with a view to cloak their rascally designs, and more effectually to serve the Devil! In a word, rascality abounds among all classes, and in other countries. The Devil is stalking abroad in open day-light without the pretence to dress himself! And if the present generation of men could see themselves in the Gospel Glass, they are as black as Hell. That will do, Parson. At them again!—New Orleans Catholic Standard.

There are 450 laborers on the Atlantic coast of the United States. Three men in New York have been sentenced to from six to fifteen years imprisonment for highway robbery by the garrotte system.

Elder Jones was not remarkable for his eloquence, nor was he a very good reader, especially among the hard names. But he said that "all Scripture was profitable," and therefore he never selected any portion, but read the first chapter he opened to after he took the stand to preach. One day he stumbled in this way upon a chapter in Chronicles, and read, "Eleazar begat Phineas, and Phineas begat Abishua, and Abishua begat Bukkiah, and Bukkiah begat Uzzi," and stumbling worse and worse as he proceeded, he stopped, and running his eye ahead, and seeing nothing better in prospect, he cut the matter short, by saying, "and so they went on and begot one another to the end of the chapter."

The same worthy but prosy preacher, was addressing a drowsy congregation one summer afternoon.—He was glad to see that one good woman was not only awake while all were sleeping, but she was invited to take under the pathos of his discourse. After the services were over, he hastened to join her, and giving her his hand, he remarked, "I observe my dear friend, that you are very much overcome this afternoon; will you tell me what it was in the sermon that most affected you?"

"Oh," she replied, "it was not the sermon, I was thinking if my son John should grow up and be a preacher, and preach such a dull sermon as that, how ashamed of him I should be."

The excellent pastor walked on, consoled with the reflection that the most of the people were very comfortable under his preaching at any rate.

It is a sign of something more healthy than we generally attribute to the moral tone of our French neighbors, that we observe no disposition in any quarter towards a morbid fancy for dressing out the murderer Verger in the tawdry interest claimed for such characters as Eugene Sue or Georges Sand love to describe. There might seem at first sight to be some sort of temptation to do this. In the first place the very grandeur of the death to which Verger doomed his victim—the Prelate slain on the steps of the altar, engaged in the celebration of the holiest mysteries of our religion, amidst the lushed reverence of the assembled congregation, a martyr in the outrage offered to his sacerdotal character, a martyr even more emphatically by having drawn the murderer's hand upon him through the faithful discharge of his ecclesiastical duty—so great a death might seem to reflect a kind of somber dignity upon the assassin who struck the blow. Then again, his own exclamation, "A bas les dresses!" would indicate a desire on his part to connect with his vile deed the gloomy fascination which belongs to a murder promoted by religious fanaticism, and which, even in our own day, induces some people to look with ill disguised admiration on the dastardly butchers of Archbishop Sharpe. But in truth, it would seem that the utter coarseness and unredeemed wickedness of the wretch, destroyed all chance of making a picturesque villain out of him. Swindler, thief, false accuser, frozen snake, hypocrite, murderer, and now, as he has proved himself since his conviction, coward of the most abject order.—What could Sue or Sand make of such materials? Such exceptional monsters seem to appear from time to time, to justify the truth of Shakespeare when he drew lago. The only consideration which we have seen urged by way of accounting in any degree for the production of such a criminal from ordinary human nature, is the hopeless condition of an interdicted Priest in France, and the desperation to which a man in that condition may be driven from want of the means of subsistence. But it does not appear that Verger was actually in want, and it is difficult to conceive that an interdicted Priest in France can be necessarily worse off than a degraded Clergyman in England, or than a disbarred barrister, an attorney struck off the Roll, or a clerk convicted of embezzlement. There are means of living open to an adventurer in France as well as elsewhere, and if the worst came to the worst, there is always the British pound and the chances of your Achilles and Gavezzis.—John Bull.