

Munster. St. Patrick's Day. O'Connell.—Mr. John O'Connell, long known by his zeal and enterprise in reviving in Ireland the goldworkers art, for which he was once famous in Europe, has just presented to St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, on occasion of the festival of its holy patron, a splendid specimen of that art which he himself has been instrumental in restoring. The magnificent gift consists of a valuable set of altar plate—viz., a monstrance, nearly three feet in height, silver gilt, and richly studded with amethysts; a massive chalice, also of silver gilt; and a ciborium of the same material. All three pieces, although infinitely varied in the details of their ornamentation, exhibit a strict harmony in their design, which is highly elaborate, and displays a singularly beautiful union of religious and national emblems, not unworthy the proudest days of art. We have much pleasure in recording this new example of true Catholic munificence on the part of one to whom the religious and the national spirit of the Irish people already owe a deep and lasting debt of gratitude.

DISTRESS IN DONEGAL.—A district meeting, in aid of the fund for the Donegal sufferers, took place last Monday evening, at the Crown Tavern, Clerkenwell Green. Mr. S. E. O'Connell occupied the chair, and made a stirring appeal to the audience. Mr. James Burke stated that an aggregate meeting from the different districts of Donegal would be held immediately after Lent, when it was expected that a large assemblage would show the extent of the sympathy felt for the persecuted people of Donegal. He then proceeded to dilate on the principal points of the sufferings those people have endured, and to show the weakness of the attempted defence by the Poor Law Guardians and by Baron Pennefather. Mr. Doyle and Mr. Moran (the honorary secretary) having spoken impressively, a collection was made, and Mr. Burke having been moved to the chair, thanks were given to Mr. O'Connell, and the proceedings terminated.

PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "TABLET."—The most important declaration with reference to Ireland has been that of Mr. Disraeli about the National School funds. It is now confidently stated about the house this evening that some considerable modifications will be forthwith essayed of the National system, and the general opinion is that funds will be distributed to separate Protestant schools, and to distinct Catholic schools in districts where the children of both persuasions may together be numerous, and where their different Clergymen and the parents of both persuasions may object to their being instructed in the same school-house.—At the same time that the Board of Education, to be composed moiety of Catholics and Protestants, and having two resident commissioners and two secretaries, one Catholic and the other a Protestant, will continue to have the general superintendence, on the principle of the Board of Donations and Bequests, of the general funds confided to them by parliament.

EMIGRATION.—According to the *Banner of Ulster*, the prospects of emigration from the port of Belfast are not improving for the season advances.—No vessel has yet sailed, and the only one on berth is still far from full. The tide of cross-Atlantic travelling is still setting strongly eastward. Almost as many returning Irish fortune-seekers arriving at our quays via Liverpool as are leaving them for the States by the same route, and these not confined to working men and their families, but including not a few farmers. Should there occur any increased efflux of emigrants to the westward from Belfast this year, Canada is likely to be the favourite point of destination.

STATISTICS OF EMIGRATION.—The emigration from Ireland now averages somewhat under 100,000 a year. In 1856 it was 91,000, in 1855 it was 92,000. The proportion from the different provinces is maintained with singular exactness. In both years the number from Ulster was 31,000, and that from Munster 34,000. Of the numbers from Leinster, the counties which furnish the greatest proportion are Dublin and Kilkenny. From the county of Cork the emigration is very large, even in proportion to its size. In 1856 the numbers there exceeded those of the whole of Leinster, and were double as great as the entire of the emigrants from Connaught.

A correspondent writes to us complaining of the partiality shown in the selection of the Kerry Grand Jury for the present assizes, by which in a county that probably numbers a larger population of Catholic gentry than any other in Ireland, but two of that denomination are invited; while the remaining twenty-one, who compose that body, are Protestants. For this exclusion there could hardly be any other reason than mere sectarian prejudice, for hitherto there has been usually no less than half the whole Grand Jury composed of Catholics. What makes the exclusion more marked is, that amongst the gentlemen who have been this time omitted are some whose abilities have completely identified their names with every public measure connected with the county. We certainly think it curious to find a list of Kerry gentry assembled to deal with the public matters of their community, which leaves out the names of such men as Thomas Galvey, Urmic Goltzman, Denis Shine Lalor, Horrogh Bernard, &c. We do not how it is that the High Sheriff of that county will justify such a course before the public, but we dare say he will defend himself by the example of the Sheriff of Cork, who out of the largest county in Ireland could only find three Catholic gentlemen worthy of being associated with the Protestant Grand Jurors. Of course, while the whole Grand Jury system is radically bad, it makes comparatively little difference by whom it is carried out, but we cannot help remarking the unworthy animus shewn by such a slight upon the religion of the great mass of the people of Ireland.—*Cork Examiner*.

THE MURDER OF MR. ELLIS.—Justice has at length overtaken the assassin of the ill-fated Mr. John Ellis, who was cruelly murdered near Templemore on his return from Dublin in the month of October last. On Monday morning two prisoners, William McCormack, who was tried on Saturday by a jury, one of whom falling sick necessitated the swearing of a new jury; and Daniel McCormack, his brother, were, after a lengthened trial, found guilty, but recommended to mercy, without any cause whatever being assigned for the recommendation. Mr. Justice Keogh yesterday, in an impressive address, sentenced the prisoners to be executed on the 11th of May.

GREAT BRITAIN.

In the expectation that a break-up of the present government will take place ere long, and that Lord Palmerston will be recalled to office, speculative persons are devising a new cabinet, from which some of the less popular members of the late one are to be excluded, and into which new blood is to be infused. The difficulty, however, says the *Observer*, "lies with Lord John Russell, and the Whig party are doing all they can to make up the difference which has lately separated the two great Liberal leaders. The wounds on either side are, however, too deep, and of a too recent occurrence, to lead a hope that any permanent good political fellowship will be created between them. Nevertheless the attempt, it is said, is being made, and everything is to be in readiness to form an administration when the Opposition shall place Lord Derby in a minority, which they can do at any time they please."

Lieutenant Gibby, of the 88th Regiment, who has just returned wounded (at Cawnpore) from India, denies the truth of the imputations upon the 88th which appeared in some of our contemporaries. The detachment of the 88th were called to the front by General Windham, and their conduct before the enemy was worthy of the reputation of the regiment.

Lord John Russell is, without question, the most unpopular public man in the Empire. It is his misfortune or his fault, we shall not take upon ourselves to say which—that no party or class either like or trust him. For the last seven years his public career has been an unbroken series of political blunders or crimes. His conduct in regard to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill alienated the Catholics and disgusted Exeter Hall. His desertion of Lord Aberdeen, on the very eve of battle, inflicted a deep wound upon his moral character, and sunk him low in the estimation even of those who were most averse to the noble Earl's Administration.—*Court Circular*.

A celebrated Roman was told to beware of the Ideas of March; and our own statesmen should be equally cautious respecting the 22nd of February, which has been of late years singularly fatal to the Governments of this country. On the 22nd of February, 1851, Lord John Russell was defeated on Locke King's motion, and resigned. On the 22nd of February, 1852, Lord John Russell's Administration was finally broken up. On the 22nd of February, 1855, Lord Palmerston's Administration was broken up by the retirement of the Peelites; and on the 22nd of February, 1858, Lord Palmerston's second Administration finally resigned, in consequence of the vote of censure conveyed by Milner Gibson's motion.—*Glasgow Daily Mail*.

SYMPTOMS OF WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—THIS ALLIANCE IN DANGER.—Now, if we said outright that we were drifting into war with our great neighbor and ally, we should give needless alarm to those who thought our opinion worth a straw. But what is it to drift? If a collier breaks from its moorings in the Pool it will eventually find itself at the North, or worse, before long, unless something be done. If a ship is adrift in the channel, it will certainly soon be ashore on one coast or the other, most probably to its injury or loss. A Government has just been turned out by a war vote, and none joined in that vote so heartily as they who have constituted themselves apostles of peace, as they who particularly represent the commerce of the country, as they who stand up for the interests of the landowner and the farmer, as the champions and spokesmen of the church, the dissenting interests, and the high morality of the country. A motion was devised, the purport of which was, that our sage old Premier and his rather elderly colleagues had finished, and parried a blow without returning it; that they had been rather more Christian than answers in real politics. For this an otherwise popular Government has been disgraced and deposed; and another is put in its place for the express purpose of assuming a more manly attitude before France. Now we are glad to see that these men, at all events, understand their own position. The very first thing they did, upon finding themselves in office, was to ascertain the state of our national defences. That was the first question Lord Derby sent to the Admiralty and the War Office. Finding the answer highly gratifying, and, it must be added, much to the credit of the late Ministry, they took the earliest opportunity of telling the world, and all whom it might concern, how well provided we were for defence and offence. Mr. Disraeli only let out what was uppermost in his own mind when he reviewed our Army, Militia and Navy, for the benefit of his Buckinghamshire constituents. In the like spirit, and openly recognizing the fact that we are nearer war now than we were a month ago, though we hope and trust still very far off, we will add that we never were so well provided with soldiers, artillery, and other equipments, with ships, guns and sailors, since the year 1815. With twenty-four hours' notice we could either prevent any landing at any accessible part of our coast or crush any force that might be landed. With a fortnight's notice we could shut up any fleet that might be assembled in the harbors of our neighbour, and it is confidently believed by some of our best authorities, steam in and destroy everything in the harbor of Cherbourg. Our new Government, very wisely, does not mince matters, neither shall we. The late Government tried to mince matters, and the result is they are out.—*London Times*.

The language which Mr. Roebuck has recently held in Parliament towards Louis Napoleon has called forth a challenge from an officer in the French Army, Count de Ligny, who informs the member for Sheffield that the Count will meet him at any place in France that he may appoint.

Before Orsini's execution portraits of him sold in London at half-a-crown; but the guillotine having elevated him into a kind of martyr, portraits of him in oil are to be seen in metropolitan windows, and are said to be selling rapidly at one pound each.

Caricatures from Punch having been sent to certain French Colonels in the name of the Army and Navy Club in London, a committee of the Club offer a reward of £50 for the names of the parties who have been guilty of the insult.

THIS "MILK COW."—The Rev. Clement Moody, Vicar of Newcastle, seized a milk cow belonging to Jonathan Priestman, Esq., of Benwell Hall, a member of the Society of Friends, on Tuesday last, for non-payment of rent-charge, in lieu of tithes, amounting to £3 13s. 5d. The animal will be sold, we believe, on Monday next, in the yard of the Half-Moon Inn, Newcastle. We know nothing of the merits of the case. The exaction may be "in the bond." But it is melancholy work to have the Episcopal Church drawing enforced sustenance from a Quaker's milk cow.—*Gateshead Observer*.

An extraordinary hoax has been played off upon the *Times* and other London papers, which have been induced to publish reports from day to day of a "Conference of Italian delegates," supposed to be sitting somewhere in London for the purpose of expressing the feelings and sentiments of the Moderate party amongst the Italian Liberals. A certain Signor Borromeo was named as president of the conference, and a few other names known in Italian politics—such as Farini, Litte, &c.—were given in connexion with its proceedings. A lengthy and pompous address to the friends of Italy was published as the composition of Signor Farini, and the *Times*, in a leading article, congratulated the friends of freedom in the Peninsula on the important demonstration in support of their cause which had been made in the British metropolis. It did seem somewhat surprising, considering the atrocious and unrelenting tyranny supposed to be practised in part of the Italian States, that delegates from these should have been able to attend such a demonstration. However, that difficulty was passed over, and no misgiving occurred until some Italians wrote, denying the existence of the conference and treating Signor Borromeo himself as a mythical personage. The *Morning Star*, which was the first to fall into the trap, tried to resent the imposition, its proprietor having applied to Mr. Jardine for a summons against the soi-disant Signor Borromeo. The *Star* fears that the Signor's rich Irishman account will rather militate against him should he venture to offer observations on his own behalf.—*Tablet*.

If one pin were dropped in the hold of the *Leviathan* the first week, the next, eight the next, and so on doubling the number each time for a year (fifty-two weeks), the number deposited would be 4,509, 539, 627, 370, 495; the weight of them, allowing twenty pins to one ounce, would be 628, 292, 358, tons; and the number of *Leviathans*, of the tonnage of 22,600 tons each, required to carry them would be 27,924.—*Hull Advertiser*.

Two men were sentenced to death for murder at the last assizes held at Swansea. A written application has been made to the Sheriff by a resident in Swansea, who tendered his services in the capacity of executioner, offering to despatch the two men "cleverly and well" at a reduced charge upon the tariff of Calcraft. Calcraft, however, has been engaged.

Yesterday forenoon a very interesting military ceremony was exhibited on Southsea parade ground, Portsmouth, on the occasion of presenting the order for valor and good conduct and long service medals to good soldiers. The troops on the ground made an imposing array, consisting of Her Majesty's 47th Regiment, under the command of Colonel O'Grady Haly, C.B.; the Roscommon Militia, Colonel Caulfield; the North Lincoln, Colonel Elison; the Wiltshire, Colonel Lord Methuen; and the 2d West York, Colonel Smyth. About 11 o'clock the troops formed in line to receive the General, the Hon. Sir James Yorke Scarlett, K.C.B., who, attended by Lieutenant Colonel Wright, Assistant Quartermaster-General, Lieutenant Colonel Conolly, B.M., Captain Breton, T.M., and Captain Gordon, Aide-de-Camp, arrived on the field soon after. The troops then formed three sides of a square, and the General rode into the centre and called the intended recipients of the honors to the front. He first decorated Corporal McDermott, of the 47th Regiment, with the Victoria Cross in the name of the Queen, for his distinguished conduct in saving the life of his wounded colonel at the battle of Inkermann; the General referred in his preliminary address to the gallant services of the 47th, so ably commanded by Colonel Haly, and to the fact that this officer's life would have been lost but for the timely assistance of a few of his men, but most especially of McDermott, to whom he owed his preservation. He (the Colonel) was disabled and attacked by a party of Russians who pierced him seven times with a bayonet, but the men by their valor, rescued him. In presenting the cross to McDermott he (the General) expressed a hope that he might live many years to wear it as a reward for his valuable services.

In an address from the Northern Reform Union we find the following passage:—"Of British taxation, it may safely be said that nothing approaching to it is recorded in history. When the Romans were masters of the known world, the highest taxation, under the Emperors, never exceeded two-thirds of the sum now wrung annually from the toil of a few millions of Englishmen. So appalling has been its growth, that the sums paid to tax-collectors are now more than equal to the whole revenue of Queen Anne at the time of her death, in 1714, and more than twice the revenue ever taken from the people by the much-vilipended Stuarts. When a minister is invested with the patronage which the expenditure of sums so enormous must give him, to talk of public liberty is a farce. We might as well talk of Roman liberties under Senatus, as of British liberties under Palmerston or Derby, with the power arising from an expenditure like this."

GREAT OTTOMANSHIP OF GRACE.—"For my part," says *Squire Bramble*, in *Humphrey Clinker*, "I am shocked to find a man have sublime ideas in his head and nothing but illiberal sentiments in his heart."—It is well for the honest old gentleman that he did not live in the 19th century, for had he done so he would have been shocked every hour in the day.—London would have been one huge galvanic battery to him, and he would have been in a state of perpetual electrification. Ours is the age of cant, and nothing now goes down that is not richly seasoned with the flavor of sanctity. The pious parson, Sir John Dean Paul, when convicted of the most heartless description of felony, turned up the white of his eyes in the dock, and exclaimed, "My Bible! O, my Bible! leave me that, and I don't care what my enemies may do against me!"—The aforesaid enemies being the policeman who arrested him, the widows whom he had defrauded, and the orphans whom he had left desolate. Mr. Leopold Redpath was another precious pot of ointment, the odour of whose holiness was fragrant even as the rosy bowers of Amberland. He subscribed to all manner of religious societies, and his crystal was a watchword in Zion. Mr. Robson, the Orystal Palace clerk, whose villainy was as transparent as the glass dove in which he transacted business, used to write melodramas for the Olympic Theatre brim-full of heroic sentiments, worthy of the patriot whom Curran has damned to everlasting fame for addressing the House of Commons with a "metaphor in his mouth and a bribe in his pocket." The lamented Mr. Wm. Palmer used always to take the Sacrament (blasphemously scoured that he was) the Sunday after he committed a murder; and his humble imitator, Mr. Dove, was in the habit of interlarding his conversation with long quotations from Watt's hymns. The Directors of the Royal British Bank, who have now exchanged broad-cloth for prison-frieze, and the flask of champagne for the panikin of gruel, modelled their conduct upon the same principle, and made it a practice to inaugurate their operations with prayers, hymns, and spiritual canticles. They began with devotions—thereby reversing the order of things laid down by the Quaker grocer who enjoined his apprentice to come into prayers *after*, not *before*, he had sanded the sugar, watered the whiskey, and put sloe-leaves in the tea. All this is very disgusting, but it is a still more alarming sign of the times to find our statesmen infected with the same abominable spirit of cant. Sidney Smith, who if every man had his due should have lived and died Archbishop of Canterbury, has left on record his opinion that Puritanism is the greatest curse that can befall a nation.—"If the choice rested with me," he exclaims with honest indignation, "I would say, give us back our wolves, restore our Danish invaders, curse us with any evil but the evil of a canting, deluded, and methodical populace." Man is an imitative animal; and as the middle and lower classes have an inveterate tendency to ape the manners of the wealthy and aristocratic orders, it is greatly to be apprehended that the conduct of the sanctimonious jockies who are now—for our sins—at the head of public affairs, will tend not a little to the spread of Methodism in the State. It is quite revolting to observe what irreverent use Lord Derby and his associates are making of the Great Creator's name, in their Parliamentary speeches and addresses to their constituents.—The Lord of Knowsley avows, that he hopes, "by the favor of Divine Providence," to keep Mr. Disraeli in office for a few months—reminding us of the North London clergyman, who stated that, "under God, the fees of his burial-ground brought him in £1,000 a year." Mr. Walpole—that rufous senator of whom it may with perfect truth be asserted, that were any one to sit for the picture of ill-luck it is not possible that the painter could select a more proper person—always begins his orations in the tone and manner of a street Scripture-reader. Spooner, who you know is the comparative of spoon, the order of comparison running thus—*positive*, Spoon; *comparative*, Spooner, something more than spoon; *superlative*, Spoonst—Spooner looks like a decayed Covenanter, and brings in texts of Holy Writ into all his speeches. His *Dramo*, Mr. Nowdegate, who is a famous fox-hunter, is also an eminent saint; and when Reynard breaks cover about the "view hall" in the accents of a Baptist minister snuffing through the Dogology. But perhaps the greatest *manu-worm* of the lot is Sir John Pakington, whose hypocrisy is the less excusable that, like his haughty master, he is a man of energy and ability, who has no need of any such pitiful expedients. The man who, in the course of a not very long life, has had the good fortune to inherit unexpectedly a splendid estate, to obtain a baronetcy, and to get three wives without being driven in any instance to the unpleasant necessity of marrying the deceased wife's sister, might surely afford to speak in a manly and sensible strain, and need not have recourse to the snivelling tricks of the *Rev. Mr. Chaddrand*. But no; even Sir John must masquerade in a shawl-hat and a white choker. Not content with the solemn farce of cringing for a renewal of their suffrages to the "free and independent" electors of Droitwich, when he knows that he is his own returning-officer and owns every brick in the town, he whines about his responsibilities, and expresses a pious hope that, "with the aid of Divine Providence," he will be able to get through the duties of the Colonial Office. As if the Almighty had compelled him to take the seal, and that his present

position was due, not to the intrigues of his party, but to celestial intervention! In all this there is about as much truth as there is milk in a malt-tiger." Sir John Pakington and his colleagues are resolved to cling to office with the tenacity of bulldogs; and for all their puritanical cant, they are not a whit more devout than the nigger mentioned by Sam Slick, who gave out from the pulpit that he would preach in Philadelphia on the following Sunday, "wid de permishin ob Heaven," and the Sunday after in Kentucky, "whedder or no."—*Dublin Freeman*.

GREAT DESERTION FROM THE ARMY.—On Saturday a notice was forwarded from the War Office to the different police stations, containing the names and description of no less than 380 men who have deserted from the Guards and regiments of the line, eighty from the embodied militia, and ten from the Royal Marines, since Thursday.

It is obvious that the respective peculiarities of the Catholic and Protestant religious systems afford an immense advantage to those who would convert a school nominally mixed into an instrument of propaganda. To be a Catholic is something positive. He who does not believe certain truths, and practise certain duties, is none. To be a Protestant requires only that a man is not Catholic, and yet does not obtrusively abjure the Christian name. Catholics who become Protestants notoriously, do so in most (we believe we might say in all) instances by losing their morals before they abandon their Faith. Consequently, to make a school dangerous to Faith, it is by no means necessary that Protestant teaching should be obtruded upon the pupils. Let them be surrounded by inducements to vice, let them be drawn away from the practice of their religion, let them be tempted to neglect the Sacraments and little by little they become virtuous, if not in name, Protestants. Among school-boys, as among adults, the great Protestant Missionaries are not the preachers or the schoolmasters, but the world, the flesh, and the devil. Shocking as it is, we sincerely believe that if the schools could have none but Catholic pupils, very many even of the most religious Protestants would prefer for them even such an education as this, to a strictly religious and moral Catholic education. They have discovered by experience that no other religious system makes converts from the Catholic Religion. But though Catholics never become Protestants, they do unhappily become profligates and infidels. Profligates and infidels often profess, perhaps sometimes adopt, Protestant opinions. Hence arose the notion which, to our own certain personal knowledge, is widely spread among English Protestants, that Catholic nations are first to become infidels, and then to be converted from infidelity to Protestantism. Forty or fifty years ago this was almost an axiom with religious English Protestants, and the unhappy Blanco White was cited as an example. Slow as men are to accept even an extended experience when it goes against their strong wishes, it has been a good deal shaken by the evidence of facts. We have seen in France the greatest outbreak of infidelity on record, and we have had time to judge of its effects; great and lamentable they have no doubt been, but they have done nothing for Protestantism. Macaulay observes with astonishment, that "neither the moral revolution of the eighteenth century, nor the moral counter-revolution of the nineteenth, have added in any perceptible degree to the domain of Protestantism.... In the last century, when a Catholic renounced his belief in the Real Presence, it was a thousand to one that he renounced his belief in the Gospel too; and when the reaction took place, with belief in the Gospel came back belief in the Real Presence." Notwithstanding all this, however, we have no doubt that Mr. Napier, Captain Fishbourne, Lord Colchester, and the rest, would prefer seeing Catholics educated in no religion at all, to seeing them educated in their own. But mixed schools are not for Catholics only; they are supported because in the existing state of things it is easy enough to evade the nominal restrictions, and to make them in truth Protestant and proselytising schools. Such are all our Union Schools; such is the Duke of York's School and the Lawrence Asylum; such the Royal High School of the Patriotic Fund. It is against this form of mixed education that we have practically to contend; and many Protestants will support the proposal of the majority of the Commissioners, in the hope that such may be the working of the proposed system. Many circumstances, however, in this particular instance, convince us that they are miscalculating. Let them beware what they are doing; or, while they are trying to convert our children to Protestantism, they may convert their own to infidelity. We may be asked whether the present National Schools in Ireland, accepted by the Catholic Bishops, are not mixed. But those who know them, are aware that they are so only in name. For Catholics there are Catholic National Schools, and for Protestants Protestant National Schools. The actual working of that system is the strongest proof that the mixed system, honestly carried out, will not take root among us as long as we continue what we are.—*Weekly Register*.

It is every day more plain that in a question between Catholics and Protestants, justice and law are scarcely considered in our Courts. The time is past when a Court would openly refuse justice to either party on the avowed ground of Religion; but, beyond that, we have nothing to expect. This we admit, is something; because, as some reason for every decision must be given, Courts are now and then compelled, either to decide in favour of a Catholic, or to lay down principles so obviously monstrous as to subvert all law. In this case, they are sometimes driven to adopt the former course. To take an example, we hardly think that the House of Lords dare decide in favour of Earl Talbot's claim to the Earldom of Shrewsbury, because, by doing so, it would establish precedents utterly subversive of every principle by which such questions have hitherto been determined. If any specious excuse could have been found for the decision, we have no doubt it would have been given before this; nor, on the other hand, that his claim would have been set aside preemptory and contemptuously if he had been a Catholic, and the devisees of Earl Bertram Protestants. As to our Law Courts, we have more chance of justice from a judge than from a jury, and the letter of "A Barrister of Twenty Years' Standing," which we publish elsewhere, shows what we have to expect from judges. A benefited Clergyman of the Establishment agrees to execute a deed of separation from his wife; admitting the charges of adultery and cruelty, he avails himself of the agreement and endeavours to deprive her of the benefit of it. The Court decides in his favour; but it is to be observed that the point on which his Counsel insists, is not his innocence or the unreasonableness of the conditions of separation, but that his innocent wife is a Catholic.—*Weekly Register*.

UNITED STATES.

LEGISLATIVE PRAYER MEETINGS.—There is no room now, to doubt the great penetrating force of the religious revival that has recently sprung up, since it has found its way into our halls of Legislation, and found not a few ready and willing to bow down under its exciting influences. We are told that many members of the Lower House joined in the prayer-meeting yesterday, before the hour for organization, and that it has been resolved to hold a meeting, for prayers, in the Chamber, each morning between the hours of 8 and 9.—*Albany Argus*.

SELLING A DRUNKEN MAN FOR DISSECTION.—Some nights ago, says the *New York Tribune*, a number of young men, while on their way home came across a seedy looking individual, perfectly insensible from the effects of liquor, stretched at full length upon the sidewalk. Their funds were quite exhausted, and

how to "raise the wind" had for some time been a matter of discussion. A proposition to bag the drunken loafer and sell him to the doctors at a medical college was agreed upon. A bag was procured, the loafer slipped into the sack and borne upon the shoulders of the party to the college. The doctor answered the summons at the bell, and demanded what was wanted, when the spokesman said, "Doctor, we have got a 'stiff' for you." The doctor asked but few questions, and paid \$5 for the "stiff," that being the sum required. The sack, with its contents, was deposited in the hall, and the fellows had taken their departure, when the loafer, who had been thrown in rather an uncomfortable position, attracted the attention of the doctor just as he was about closing the door. He at once perceived that the man was alive, and again opening the door, hallooed to the young fellows, who lingered on the walk, telling them that the man was alive. "All right," said the spokesman; "you've got him now, and you can kill him when you want him." The doctor saw that he had been sold, and pocketed the joke.

Would to God that the "business men's prayer-meetings" which have caused so much excitement in New York and other places, but which do not seem, so far, to be so successful in Cincinnati, now that the spring trade is opening, were really "religious movements." If men were really impressed with the necessity of coming to an understanding with God about their own salvation, they would set their wits to work to find out what it to be done, instead of going to noisy prayer-meetings, where reporters attend, and no study, and consequently no progress, can be made. If salvation is the great business of life, why do not those who are awakened to a sense of the fact treat it as a business? In ordinary business the first thing a man does is to make himself thoroughly acquainted in all its details with what is to be done; the second, to examine and use the means he has for doing it. Catholic faith alone informs us in detail of what is to be done, and the Church alone furnishes the means for doing it. Instead of aimlessly beating the air, by holding these meetings and making "eloquent prayers" for what they know not, let the "business men" go to the nearest Priest, get a catechism, study the articles of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Seven Sacraments, and learn precisely how to save their souls, and thenceforward devote themselves to the practice of what they learn. N.E.—We hope that the laborers on the Marietta Railroad will be paid their hard-earned wages.—Let some of the ablest revivalists go among the directors and stockholders, and see what they can do in this connection.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph*.

A WIFE COMPROMISED BY A RING.—A certain Russian noble, who lately visited Paris, was noticed to be constantly plunged in deep sadness. He wore on his finger a very remarkable ring, large enough for a bracelet, and extended over his hand like a bracelet, for the ring finger. It was of a greenish color, and was traversed by red veins. It attracted the attention of everybody, but no one was bold enough to interrogate the mysterious stranger, until one day a Jew, meeting him in a private parlor, ventured to say "You wear a very handsome ring." The Russian made a movement as though he would conceal his hand, but that feeling gave way to a desire to glorify himself. "It is not a ring," he answered, "but a sepulchre." A shudder passed through the whole company. "This Jew Madam," he continued, "is my wife. I had the misfortune to lose her some years since, in Russia. She was an Italian, and dreaded the icy bed which awaited her after this life. I carried her remains to Germany, where I was acquainted with a celebrated chemist, whom I directed to make of the body a solid substance, which could always carry about me. Eight days after he called for me and showed me the empty coffin, a horrid collection of instruments and ambles. This jewel was lying on a table. He had, through means of some corrosive substances and powerful pressure, reduced and compressed that which was my wife into this jewel, which shall never more leave me." This burial by chemistry is an improvement upon the process of cremation lately proposed by the French papers. Should it become popular, a widow may hereafter have her husband made into a bracelet, with a chain attached, to remind her of the hymenial bond. A husband will have his wife done into a pin, and certain academics—old fogies—we know, would make very good coat buttons.—*New York Tribune*.

A GREAT AWAKENING AMONG THE COLORED POPULATION.—The *New Bedford correspondent* of a Boston paper gives an account of the religious awakening among the colored population of that city:

The African churches have been thronged with congregations of all sorts during the past week—Whites, Blacks, Indians, Kankas, &c. The excitement has been unparalleled—the prelicity for social amalgamation never was so strongly manifested. A great mania is raging among fast, fashionable and foolish young men to mix with the colored beauties. Great Glee! how melodiously they sing, a gift which I believe is universal among them. One good burst of their religious music is worth more than all the secular Ethiopian minstrelsy we ever heard from the commencement of the original troupe. I have seen these gatherings within a night or two past wrought up into such a high pitch of enthusiasm that I was fearful that it could not be let down in safety; but I have noticed that their panting spirits and quivering nerves have always found relief in music.

Such exclamations often resound through the excited assemblies:—"That's God's truth! Glory! I know God will hear dat prayer—cause he said he would! De blessing is coming! I feel it, oh, I feel it—it feels good! Hell clutches us, but it couldn't hold us! Pray, brothers, pray sisters—but in all you know: Dat's de way! White folks think colored folks don't know nothing! Lord, drive out the giggling devils! Make dem feel hotter er and hotter!" &c., &c.

The effects which are produced at these meetings are most remarkable, and are worthy to be carefully examined as curious phenomena, illustrating curious principles of our nature. Some of the worshippers fall down and there remain with no strength in them; others are torn with convulsions, so violent that several men scarcely hold one of them. They become as furious as wildcats, bob up and down like porpoises, founder like whales, and scream like prairie dogs. I saw one woman the other evening in this wild state of frenzy, and it took no less than seven lusty fellows to hold her.

Some person residing near one of the churches came into the meeting the other night, and told them they were disturbing his family, but they paid no heed to his request, and struck up—

"Tis not wicked beyond a doubt,  
That Christians have a right to doubt."  
I took down the following *cantata*, which was sung last evening—

Noah built the Ark and filled it full,  
(Chorus.) Hail in de middle ob de air;  
The floods did come and the women did squall,  
Hail in de middle ob de air.

Den day all began to rush away,  
Hail in de middle ob de air;  
For on de horse tops dey couldn't stay,  
Hail in de middle ob de air.

Dere was one poor fellow full ob sin,  
Hail in de middle ob de air;  
But Noah told him he couldn't come in,  
Hail in de middle ob de air.

De rains did fall in mighty power,  
Hail in de middle ob de air;  
Ho told him dere wasn't going to be much ob a shower,  
Hail in de middle ob de air.

Here is another:

The devil and me, we don't agree,  
I don't like him and he don't like me,  
(Chorus.) I am bound to see my Jesus.