

regarded as the vilest of mankind. He is weak, wicked, and unsteady, and playing the game of our enemies. Every patriotic Saxon despises him, and if he thinks it worth while to form any wishes in relation to the King, it is to the effect that he may open his Russia, so that we may have the satisfaction of bringing him to his right senses.

The Prussian Government is not treacherous only to the European cause in the present war, but to far graver interests than any involved between her and her English ally. It is very true that no wise man ever depended on the Prussian Government since it came into being. It is nothing else but a standing army of brigands on the highroad of the world, waiting for plunder. No opportunity is permitted to escape unimproved, and whenever treachery can be made immediately profitable, there treachery will be employed. Everybody remembers how that miserable Government invaded Hanover when it was receiving the English subsidies, and pretending to be in alliance with England. At this moment, while, in appearance, favorable to the western powers, it is working underhand against them, and furnishing Russia with the most available weapons of war.

Prussia is, in one respect, like England—it hates the Catholic Church with a perfect hatred. Pity, therefore, that the two countries, so identified in spirit, should not be better agreed in the means of carrying out their schemes. Notwithstanding their Protestantism, they cannot contrive to be united against Russia. For this let us be thankful, for out of this quarrel some good may result, and honest men may re-enter into possession of their own goods.

It has now come out that Prussia is the real fomenter of the troubles in Baden, and that peace would have been long ago established in that miserable country but for the representative of Prussia at the Diet. —*Tablet*.

#### THE HAND OF GOD.

The secular journals some time since recorded a melancholy disaster on the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad, by which more than forty persons were suddenly ushered into eternity, and a large number maimed and wounded. The report at that time gave us to understand that the cars were filled with passengers engaged in an ordinary Fourth of July excursion, who were returning to the city, after the rural festivities had terminated, when the accident occurred. Subsequent developments led us to believe that at least a part of the company were induced to leave Baltimore for an ulterior object. When the dying and wounded were borne to the city, fourteen of the number were taken to the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity. Among these was a man shockingly and mortally wounded, whose mouth was filled with cursing and bitterness. His wife was sent for, but so terrible was the stench issuing from his wounds, that she refused to go near him, but stood at a distance contemplating with horror the revolting and pitiable spectacle. The Sisters were unremitting in their attentions, and all that tenderness and skill and tireless effort could effect to mitigate his anguish, was done by these intrepid heroes of charity, whom no pestilence can appal, nor form of human agony deflect from the path of mercy and duty. Deserted by the wife of his bosom, and yielding to the fruitless remorse of an unrepentant death bed, the wretched man confessed publicly that he was one of a number who had that morning proceeded ten miles from the city to a certain grove, where an Anti-Catholic demonstration was held. Hundreds assembled from the adjacent country, and inflammatory speeches were made, and resolutions passed, threatening the religious and civil liberties and personal safety of the Catholics of Baltimore, and Catholics generally. He had returned, he said, with the full purpose of aiding to carry out these projects, when the Hand of God overlooked him; and among those that were to be the special objects of assault were the very Sisters who had soothed the anguish of his dying hours. This he stated in presence of numbers who can vouch for the fact. We have our information from the best authority, and as to the fact of the declaration having been made under the circumstances mentioned, there can be no doubt. "Upon whomsoever this stone falls, it shall grind him to powder." —*Catholic Vindicator*.

#### FEMALE POISONERS IN ENGLAND—THE PROSELYTISERS.

The following paragraph is extracted from the *Times* newspaper. It refers solely to England, in which country there are annually large subscription collected for the purpose of distributing "perversions of the Scriptures," called "the Bible," in Ireland, and also for converting the Irish to the same religion of which are the poisoners of husbands and their own children respecting whom the annexed account is given:—

The Committee on Friendly Societies have now taken up the subject of the inducement to child murder held out by the facilities of insurance afforded by burial and other friendly societies—a subject which the members of the committee had postponed, for the consideration of other parts of the case referred to them.

Mr. Baron Alderson, one of the judges of the Court of Exchequer, was examined, and he stated that he knew of two cases of infanticide, which were tried before him at Liverpool, the object being to obtain the burial fees. He was decidedly opposed to the present system of paying sums of money to survivors, and was of opinion that the sum for which each person was assured should not be paid to the relatives, but in payment of the burial fees.

Mr. Baron Martin was also examined, and his opinions, in the main, were identical with those of Baron Alderson.

Chief Baron Pollock was likewise examined. He was of opinion that burial societies were fearful sources of crime and gave, as an illustration of their effects, the case of Mary May, who was tried before him at Chelmsford, in the last year. She was charged originally with having attempted to murder her son by administering poison to him, but the circumstances of his illness brought other more fearful things to light. The medical practitioner who attended him, disbelieving that his illness was English cholera as represented, analysed the matter that his stomach had rejected, and then found the presence of arsenic, which led to further investigation, as her husband and two other children had died suddenly. The bodies were disinterred, and arsenic was found in them, which eventually led to her detection and conviction for murder, for which she was executed. He was strongly of opinion there were many other such cases, and that worst results had arisen from the present system.

The "reformation of religion" in England began with a King who married six wives, and murdered two of them. The "Reformation," which was resisted at first by the women of England, has, at last, been generally adopted by them; and there are some of its results. In no Catholic country in the world was there ever heard disclosed such a crime as that which is now brought home to the land of James-the-First-Bibles, of "the Protestant Association," and of Exeter Hall proselytisers, convent-ransackers, and nun-persecutors. These English fanatics and philosophers would, if they could, make Ireland like to England in religion, and in—morality.

And all classes in England subscribe their money for the conversion of the Irish. From the court to the cabin there are contributors to the fund which send the Souters to besiege the cabins of the Irish poor; to tempt the poor with food and with money; to purchase into perdition the souls of the starving.

Generous, brave, pious, husband-poisoning, child-murdering Anglicanism! What love should not be entertained for you in Ireland, when you so expend your gold, in order that our females may be like to yours—thrifty housewives, with investments in burial clubs, and a capital composed of arsenic, for disagreeable husbands and squalling children.

Christianising England, be assured you have from us all the love—you deserve. That, and no more—that, and no less.—*Dublin Telegraph*.

#### BUTTONLESS SHIRTS.

Flesh and blood cannot stand it any longer! Driven to the verge of insanity, I will confide my case to the public; as from the public feeling alone I can now hope for redress of my long continued grievance. Like most other reformers, my mind has been led to a consideration of the magnitude of the general evil, by having had a very bitter taste of it in my individual lot. I do not say that my wife is not a good wife in most respects. She is an excellent woman—a woman of superior sense and judgment; and as such, is very much attached to me, and thoroughly appreciates my character. She is a very attentive listener whenever I talk upon common subjects, or read aloud any remarkable leader from the newspapers. As I am a great politician, she takes an interest in politics, and enters into all my views; and it is charming to see the passion she will get into whenever my speeches in the board-room of the poor law guardians or town commissioners are badly reported. Besides this, she manages the house very well, and does not look as black as a thunder cloud if I happen to bring in a half a dozen friends unexpectedly to dine, when there is nothing but a leg of mutton. Then she deserves great credit for her method of bringing up the children, who are decidedly the best behaved I have ever seen in my life.

Yes, I do not deny that in many respects my wife does her duty thoroughly; but she does not sew on my shirt buttons. I can neither coax nor scold her into remembering the affair at the right time. She always says—

"Oh! I am sorry, I quite forgot it;" or, "well! I never heard of a man who pulls his buttons off at the rate you do."

It was only last month that I really lost a capital stroke of business by want of these confounded beggarly buttons. I went down upon an important affair to town, to meet a man at nine o'clock the next morning, and was to decide upon the purchase, that, if made in time, would secure me a neat hundred. I was called at eight. Everything I wanted was to my hand; for my wife had packed my carpet-bag with her usual care—razors, brushes, and my own peculiar soap, cheap linen, and all old minutia there. "Good creature she is!" thought I; "she is really worth her weight in gold;" and I was far gone in a meditation on the economy and convenience of matrimony, when I came to a halt suddenly—"a change came o'er the spirit of my dream." My right hand held between its thumb and forefinger the buttonless wristband of the left sleeve.—Dismayed, I seized the other wristband; there was a button, indeed, but in the last stage of anatomy—one that would not survive a push through its destined hold. I made a desperate dash at my throat, and (crowning point of misery!) my fingers grasped a wretched button that hung by a thread, which they actually lost the power to snap. You might have knocked me down with that button. As I threw myself on a chair, my eye fell on the watch. Five minutes to nine! I rang the bell furiously. I demanded a chambermaid with a needle, cotton, and buttons, immediately!

"Yes, sir; did I not want breakfast?"

"No! no! no! Buttons, and a being that can sew them."

Whole centuries did it seem for me, while that young woman kept me waiting; and while she was operating upon my luckless shirt with her clumsy fingers, I sat like a martyr.—Solemnly do I protest that I do not know whether that young woman was pretty or not; though in sewing the final button on the collar, her face was close enough for me to see (nearly sighted as I am) that there was a lurking of fun in her eye.—Once she gave me a sly prick with her needle; and when I started she begged my pardon, adding—

"It was ill-convenience to have the buttons sewed after a gentleman had put on his shirt." I groaned; it was ten minutes past nine. In vain I hurried through the rest of my toilet; in vain I rushed like the north wind to my rendezvous, I was too late, and a more punctual fellow got my bargain.—Since then, my wife has never been allowed to forget that hundred lost, and she does seem ashamed.

I told my story to a young friend of mine, who has lately married, and whom I warned, at the beginning of his matrimonial career as to the importance of buttons on his shirts. Our friend laughed outright, and said that he and his Fanny had come to a split on that subject already, as I should see, if I would give them the pleasure of my company to an early supper that evening. It was to be a gentleman's party; and to consist entirely of married men. My wife did not approve of my going, but I went nevertheless. Never shall I forget what I saw and heard that evening.

I found my friend surrounded by a half-a-dozen other friends, all in the act of sewing buttons on the shirts, while his wife sat, in high glee, laughing at them.

"Here comes another," they all cried out as I entered.

"Now my good fellow," said my host, addressing me, and taking up another shirt out of the basket beside him—"sit down here and sew the button on that collar."

"What's the joke?" asked I, very much amazed. "It's no joke at all," said he, "but a serious matter."

ter. We are to have no supper until every missing button is sewed on my shirts."

Here Mrs. Happer's merry laugh attracted my attention; and, looking minutely at her, I thought she did not feel quite so pleased as she pretended to be.

"What does this absurd scene mean?" I inquired of her.

"Why," she replied, with an arch smile—"I think it originates with you."

"With me, my dear madam?"

"Yes. You must know that Harry has complained that his buttons are not sewed on properly, and has teased me most unmercifully about the woman's duties. This morning he told me that you were always 'great' on the subject of shirt buttons, and that he had no doubt your wife was a pattern of precision in that matter. Now, he called on you this morning, and you told him to play me this trick. Did you not?"

"I! my dear madam? Why, I only told him a story of my wife's unpardonable negligence about my buttons, and what I had lost by it."

She looked rather relieved, glancing at her husband with a smile, in which there was as much affection as fun. The latter explained that he was the inventor of the joke, which he had intended as a punishment to his wife.

"Come, my dear Harry," said Fanny, "you had better all of you lay aside all your unaccustomed tools and come to supper. You have no idea how supremely awkward you all look."

And she led the way into supper room. As we went down stairs, I heard Harry say to one of his friends—

"That stroke will tell double. My Fanny will take that hint, and use her needle in future; and our friend will not make such a tremendous fuss as he does about a button more or less."

Harry is mistaken; I have not learned yet to take the want of a button quietly. As the only source of discord between my wife and myself is the one of the shirt buttons, and private remonstrance is unavailing—the thing occurred again, this morning—now I am resolved to effect a radical reform all over the country. My present object is to form an Anti-Buttonless Shirt League, and to agitate the question in every legal way. We will have monster husband meetings, and it shall be proved that it is a just demand we make. In fact, this is a question that ought to become national, since it comes home to every man's bosom. I am so convinced of the great prevalence of this evil, and strong feeling of discontent which it has produced, that I entertain no doubt that these few words, feeble as they are to "reach the height of this great argument" will be like the match which fires a train of gunpowder.—*American paper*.

ENCROACHMENTS OF RUSSIA.—When little more than half a century, the Russian frontier has been advanced towards Berlin, Vienna, and Paris, 700 miles; towards Constantinople, 500 miles; and towards Teheran, 1,000 miles. The acquisitions of Russia from Sweden are greater than the territory which now constitutes the latter kingdom. Those from Poland are nearly equal to the Austrian empire. In Tartary alone they are not inferior to the whole of Turkey in Europe, with Greece, Italy, and Spain included. From Turkey in Asia they are nearly equal in area to the whole of the smaller States of Germany, and her acquisitions from Persia are equal in extent to England. Between the accession of Peter in 1689, and the death of Alexander in 1825, the population of Russia has been augmented in number from fifteen or fifty-eight millions.—*Marmont's Russia*.

SUBSTITUTE FOR POTATOES.—For the last four years considerable attention has been paid at the Museum of Natural History, in Paris, to the cultivation of a plant coming from China, and known under the name of Dioscorea Japonica. This plant, says the writer of a paper sent to the Central Agricultural Society, may, by its size, weight, and hardy character, become exceedingly valuable in France, as it will serve as a substitute for the potato. Its tubercles, like those of the Jerusalem artichoke, resist in the open air the severest winter without sustaining any injury. Several specimens of these roots, of very large size, were presented in 1852 to the society, one of which, of a cylindrical form, was three feet in length; another tubercle, presented in 1853, weighed three pounds, the former having been in the earth twenty months and the latter sixteen. The flavour of this vegetable is more delicate than that of the potato.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

Speaking of the influence of races on national character, the *N. Y. Freeman* truly remarks that—"From the 'pure Anglo-Saxonism' of New England, we have derived those points which are least estimable in the national character. The cunning smartness—trafficking, bargaining, and overreaching in trade—the spirit of peddling and universal huckstering—the prying, meddling, and inquisitive impertinence—the *Deification of the Almighty Dollar*—these are a portion of the contributions of New England 'Anglo-Saxonism'!"

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