

iliation. All sorts of rumors are afloat as to the real cause of his retirement, or secession, or whatever it may be; and many people aver that it will be found not to be either the Reform Bill or the Eastern question. The best possible understanding exists between the noble lord and Lord Clarendon, and it would not be wise to believe the hints which are thrown out, that there exists in the Foreign Office a princely right of search, which reduces the noble ex-Viceroy of Ireland to the level of a private secretary."

SHIPS OF WAR BUILDING FOR RUSSIA.—We understand that an official letter from Lord Palmerston, as Secretary for the Home Department, has been received this week by the civic authorities of Glasgow, requesting to know particulars respecting some war steamers which his lordship was informed were building on the Clyde for the Emperor of Russia. His Lordship has, we believe, been misinformed on the subject, as there are no ships building here for the Czar; but there are at present being constructed two pairs of powerful first class marine engines and machinery for war steamers, by one of our first engineers, who is under contract to have them at Cronstadt in April, and to fit them up in the vessels there by his own workmen. Although there are no ships building here for the autocrat, we have reason to believe that his lordship may learn something on the subject if he institutes inquiries on the banks of the Tyne or Wear.—*North British Daily Mail.*

THE LORD HIGH STEWARDSHIP.—The office of Lord High Steward of her Majesty's household, filled since the accession of the Earl of Aberdeen to the premiership, by his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, has been resigned by that Nobleman. The desire of the noble duke to be relieved from official duty has been no secret for some time past. The post has been offered to, and accepted by, the Earl Spencer, K.G.—*Morning Post.* In connexion with this official change, the London correspondent of the *Mail* relates a bit of gossip which is at present amusing the town:—"A certain noble Duke," he says, "who holds an office at court, in commendam with the highest hereditary feudal dignity in the state, made a little too free, it is said, with the champagne at the royal table; the result of which was the loss of his most noble equilibrium in the dining-room, and the involvement of Majesty itself in the catastrophe. The joke is pointed by the notoriety of the extremely temperate habits of his grace. A little care bestowed upon the work of making his head in youth would have prevented this annoying *convulsion*. The consequence has already been the resignation of the noble duke and the appointment of his successor."

While England at least professes to be on the point of declaring war against one of the most powerful countries in the world, and is almost certain in any case, to be forced into the struggle, she is inevitably ripening a great industrial war in her own bosom. The Labor Movement in Preston appears to have received a fresh stimulus from the very circumstances designed for its extinction. Emboldened by the sympathy of the Lancashire manufacturers, the employers of Preston met again last week, and separated for another month without condescending to yield an iota to the unfortunate operatives who crowded in suspense around their doors. The operatives only retaliated by convening a monster meeting of their own and re-adopting their original resolution in favor of the ten per cent advance. Up to this period, the large amount contributed to sustain the movement by the operatives in other towns, has sufficed to preserve the famished insurgents from any desperate enterprise.—Upwards of £5,000 was placed at the disposal of the Committee each week, and it is affirmed that if the masters adjourn from their next meeting without making any overture, the trades of London have determined upon contributing as much as will maintain the movement for three months longer. But when the last resources of the artisans will have been exhausted, and England will be engaged in a desperate struggle for her Empire in the East—what feat will suggest itself to the Army of Labor?—*Nation.*

We understand, says the *Literary Gazette*, that the Bishop of London has intimated to all reverend believers in the mystery and attributes of table-turning, that he cannot allow them to discharge their ministerial functions in any part of his diocese.

Our columns to-day record as appalling amount of crime as we ever remember to have presented to our readers in a single publication. At York two girls that murdered a man have been committed for trial. In Newport, Monmouthshire, a wretch deliberately murdered a woman with whom he lived, by cutting her throat. In Scotland a young man committed suicide, in the belief that he had murdered a girl with whom he had carried on a criminal intercourse. Two men in London attempted to cut their wives' throats, and one of them terminated his own existence. At Brecon a young woman has been committed for the murder of her infant child. A case of "wholesale infanticide" has come to light near a station on the Brighton Railway; and at Barnsley several men are in custody charged with robbing and murdering one of their own companions. Other cases of a still more horrible description, such as the murder of the boy at Acton, will also be found recorded in our present number. This is the week's record of murder and attempted murder cases, and it closes the year with the catalogue of offences of the deepest dye of which savages can be guilty. When we hear of the efforts which the missionaries are making to convert the heathen abroad,—of the large sums which they draw from the public for their support,—of the enormous staff of ecclesiastical teachers on the home service who are so well paid,—and of the bickerings of rival priests, each abusing the other for following a less orthodox creed,—we have only to ponder on the lesson which this fearful array of crime teaches, and the sad reflection brings with it a painful sense of humility and abasement.—*Wilmer & Smith's European Times.*

PROGRESS OF CHOLERA.—Though since the last announcement there has been a general subsidence of cholera, as was the case at this period of the year in 1848, yet there has been no day in which cases of the disease have not occurred in different parts of the country, but in England it has rarely assumed an epidemic character. Its progress appears to have been particularly checked, during the recent cold and frosty weather, in those districts which are in a marshy condition, and the surface and malarious evaporation of which is usually in proportion to the elevation of the temperature. On the other hand, in Scotland the disease has been all along steadily persistent, and in several places has assumed an epidemic character.—*Times.*

BABYLON THE GREAT.

"The earth is saturated with English crime, and will hold no more."—*Vide Times, January 4, 1854.*

Yes, look at the *Times*, good reader. You need not rub your eyes. The type is clear and plain. The sentence is cogent and grammatical. Read it again, and try what you can make of it. Let the world hear it and be amazed.

"The earth is saturated with English crime, and will hold no more."

So says the leading organ of England; the journal which is a power of Europe; the oracle by which Englishmen think and act, make bargains, and make war.

Oh, the fearful import of this tremendous confession. Babylon the Great judges herself. The cup of her abominations is full; the earth is drunk with her iniquity; and can endure it no more without death.

Let us not rejoice at this confession. It is too solemn for mirth; too appalling for reproach. Never, out of Holy Writ, was so fearful a sentence passed on a people.

The earth is saturated with English crime, and can hold no more!

Has God touched the soul of our enemy that she confesses her sin? Does she begin to lament and put on sackcloth and ashes like Nineveh, that she may be spared in the coming warring of nations? Or is this but the cry of despair, her self-condemnation before her inevitable fall?

What! England, with her gorgeous civilisation and world-wide empire; she, whose rule extends from the rising to the setting sun; whose captives are princes, whose tributaries are vanquished nationalities; whose religion has superseded idolaters and priestcraft, and liberated intellect from dotting superstition; is she this enemy of God and man, whose crime floods the earth, and breeds sin and hell?

Two years ago she held the Festival of her wealth; she was the hostess of the nations; and her power and glory were proclaimed to be as enduring as magnificence. And at this hour she prepares for a mighty war, which shall convulse the world, and change the fortunes of all mankind.

And still she is but a rotten Harlot, who angers Heaven and corrupts the earth. For,

"The earth is saturated with English crime, and can hold no more."

And this is the end of her golden prosperity, built upon the plunder of Ind and the spoils of El Dorado; upon the blood and tears of Ireland; glorified by mighty genius, consolidated by the heroism of the conquerors of the world.

This is the flower of that Pagan civilisation, of that religion of Mammon, of that Heathenish Christianity whose shepherds flaunt richly in purple and fine linen, while the lambs and the sheep hunger for the bread of life.

Lawless Irish savages, hear this; you Celtic brutes, who are her helots and her sport, hear this. You ordained knaves, whom she spits upon and reviles, hear this; preachers of superstition, forgers of mummy miracles, incestuous hierarchy of "the scarlet whore," hear this—"The earth is saturated with English crime, and can hold no more!"

Bow down, barbarians; on your knees, idolaters; worship the majesty of English vice, which contaminates and darts the world. Fling away your false idols, here is the true material deity of the universe; pray to the Golden Calf.

"The earth is saturated with English crime, and can hold no more!"

Such is the New Year's Hymn of England for Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Four.—*Nation.*

The crime of "Child Murder," long and almost universally prevalent in certain parts of the Indian Peninsula, is attracting serious attention from the government; and means are being devised to check, if possible, this horrid practice. The *London Spectator*, in the following article, headed, "Child Murder in India and England," seems to hint that it would be as well if the government were to begin with a little Reformation at home where it is, at least, as much needed as in the Punjab:—"But while we teach our Hindoo brethren, and rather look down upon them for their want of teaching, may we not look at home, and ask ourselves, not only whether we have crime amongst us, but whether our methods of correcting it have been more intelligent than those ascribed to the London magistrate? We fear that the London magistrate is a very fair type of the teacher. To prove that we have crime, we need not stir an inch from this account of the practice in the Punjab; for in the same column of the *Times* where this account from the *Friend of India* is quoted, is another account of infanticide in Sussex—an individual case, no doubt, but belonging to a class which has been known to prevail in Essex, the county of husband-poisoning, in Lancashire, and in many English counties. It is true that the members of our peerage do not seek to sustain their honorable reputation by stifling their little children; true that country gentlemen cannot go to such lengths for disposing of their cadets, male and female; but it is also true that a very large proportion of the English population stands convicted either of deliberate murder or the homicide which consists in starvation, neglect, and depravity. As yet we have trusted more to the criminal law for checking that great social crime. We are only now beginning to discuss, with much solemnity in public conference, whether a more intelligent plan cannot be adopted with regard to a very limited portion of the population—one certainly that does not indulge in infanticide, but consists of the young themselves. With regard to those who are guilty of child-murder, how many are there that, in the first place, do not know, any more than the Rajpoots, the full enormity of the crime? How many more who do not know the mode in which they can avoid it; for too often it comes to them in the shape of an apparent necessity? Perhaps the experiment which we are working out in Rajpootanah may be useful as an example of ourselves to ourselves; and we may acquire the opportunity of teaching the English people how to forego the practice of child-murder."

The *Oxford University Herald*, in an article on the Anglican observance of Christmas, in which the separation of the religious from the social festival is advocated, makes the following observation:—"The fact is, we have to deal with a vast body of half-heathen people. On them the spiritual festival never has any influence, and the day is only celebrated by jollity, without a thought bestowed upon its sacred character." A correspondent of the *Leader* states that "Henry V." of France is preparing for a visit to London.

The following sketch of Disraeli, as the leader of the House, is highly graphic:—"The House of Commons is before you. Your eye takes in the scene; a full house, listening, but lazily and loungingly; the cheer you heard having been made up of an aggregate half laugh, half sneer. You see the orator, there at the top. His body is half thrown across the table, one hand resting behind him, flirting with a laced cambric, the other white hand tapping gently a red box. And he is making a great speech? He is talking to Lord John, whose arms are crossed carelessly, whose thin lips are parted with an easy smile, and who seems to think the eloquence rather amusing.—Mr. Disraeli has a most exquisite voice, and he is using only its gentlest modulations. He is quite colloquial, and his tone is friendly and familiar—especially when he comes to an innuendo, when he turns up his head to the countrymen, that they may hear it and laugh—a low, shimmering chuckle, that just agitates the surface for a moment only, Lord John, and the Whigs and the Radicals smiling, too, as though the sarcasm were a good natured joke. Mr. Disraeli is getting near the end of his speech, and he is now recapitulating and fastening on all the points (not mathematical ones) together, as his wont; and this is his argumentative style. He approaches the peroration—his forte; and here he raises his head; he throws back his collar; he puts up his cambric; he turns from Lord John and faces the House. He speaks slower; he ceases his affected stammer; he is more serious and more solemn, but still quiet and unpretending. Talking now to the many, and not to one or two, he becomes more oratorical, and he fixes attention. What he is now saying is the manifesto of a party; and not a syllable is lost. He is nearing a meaning, and his articulation is elaborate, and there is a dead silence. But he is still unexcited; dexterously and quietly he eludes the meaning—soars above it, in one or two involved closing sentences, delivered with a louder voice and with more vehement gestures; and having got the cheer at the right spot, this great orator concluding, sinks into his seat, as nonchalant as if he had been answering a question about Fahrenheit, and then ask whether Grisi was in good voice that night!"

TASKING A BISHOP'S FACE.—In the course of a speech delivered the other day at Southampton, the Bishop of Oxford is reported to have remarked that "There should be Bishops over the clergy who would weep when they wept, and rejoice when they were glad." Under existing circumstances that would be a difficult arrangement. What with poor curates weeping on their £70 or £80 annual stipends, and rich pluralists rejoicing at the same time in their thousands a year, a Bishop, in order to sympathise with both, would have to weep with one side of his face, and smile with the other.—*Punch.*

UNITED STATES.

DIOCESE OF ALBANY.—Ordinations. The Right Rev. Bishop McCloskey conferred Minor Orders, Subdeaconship, and Deaconship on Mr. Louis Desroches, at the Cathedral, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, of last week. On Saturday the Reverend Mr. Desroches was ordained Priest and will soon enter upon the duties of the mission.—*N. Y. Freeman.*

It is determined to commence a magnificent Catholic Cathedral in this city next spring which shall be larger than any church edifice in this country. The architectural plans which we have seen at the office of Mr. John Walsh, architect, call to mind the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Montreal, though they are altogether original in their character. The building will be 356 feet in depth, by 105 in breadth and will be surmounted by an immense dome, having a diameter of 104 feet. There will be also two lofty towers. The height of the nave will be 102. The materials to be used are almost wholly stone and iron. The building will contain sixteen chapels and three organs, one of which will be of great size. Its location will be on the Fifth-avenue and Forty-eighth-street. The cost is expected to be about \$350,000.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE HIBERNIANS ACCUSED OF RIOT ON JULY 4TH. We learn that the Hon. John McKeon, counsellor for the Hibernians accused of riot in the Ninth Ward on last Fourth of July has obtained of the Supreme Court an order for a stay of proceedings by Recorder Tillou of the Court of Sessions, until the appeal taken by the learned counsel to the rulings of the Recorder at this trial shall be argued. The zeal of Mr. McKeon in this case, we are pleased to see, is as marked as was the ability with which he conducted the trial. Notwithstanding the deplorable fact that men who had taken the oath of the United Americans brought about a verdict of guilty in this case, we hope yet to see the truth come out, and the cause of outraged justice vindicated.—*New York Freeman's Journal.*

WHOLESALE SMUGGLING.—It appears that a regular organised system of smuggling has been carried on for a long time, by some of the officers and other persons employed by the Cunard line of Steamers. Last week, the Custom-house officers of New York, seized smuggled property to the amount of \$150,000. When the steamer *Europa* arrived, Dr. Winston, the Surgeon of that steamer, was arrested for smuggling, and fine lace, valued at \$1,000, was found secreted on his person. So extensive have been the operations of these smugglers, that officers have been sent from New York to Boston for the purpose of thoroughly searching the incoming Cunard steamers to this port, and arresting all smugglers.—*Boston Pilot.*

HE WAS A CATHOLIC IN ONE THING.—A few days ago we met an Episcopalian friend on the street, who after giving us a hearty shake of the hand, said:—"Well, I am a Catholic in one thing." Anxious to know what article of the true Faith, he had had the happiness to embrace; we enquired, in "what thing" that was? He replied: "I am of the opinion that Clergymen should not marry. Only see the absurdity of it! We have recently got a Bishop to preside over us, but he lives in the east. His wife it is said, will not leave the circles of Eastern society, for those of the West. She, it is, therefore, who is really Bishop; for she rules the nominal Bishop!"—"Very true," was our reply; and we were about to show our friend, that the Episcopalian dignity in question, was not the only instance of the kind, when, interrupting us, he continued as follows, "Here again, our Clergyman has gone South, trying to find health, not for himself, but for his wife. His flock is left under a strange Pastor, and for aught he knows, their spiritual interests neglected. She also, is in reality the Pastor of our Church; for he has to run about with her, whenever her health or caprice demand it. No—no—I am against Clergymen having wives, and,—Good-bye!"—*Western Tablet.*

REPORTED MURDER BY A METHODIST PREACHER.—The wife of C. C. Rankin recently died at Patterson, N.J., from strychnine, supposed to have been administered by her husband, who has fled. He is said to have been formerly a Methodist preacher in Vermont. **SELECTION AND ADULTERY.—ARREST OF A METHODIST CLERGYMAN.**—Deputy Sheriff Sykes arrested in Pelham, Massachusetts, on Saturday night, Rev. B. W. Wright, the pastor of the Methodist Church in that town, on a charge of seduction and adultery, and committed him to jail in this city.

LEGAL AUTHORITY.—On a recent occasion, at the trial of a cause before a Justice of the Peace of Louisiana, some rather novel authorities were cited by one of the "learned counsel." For example:—

"The Court will observe," he said, "that in the case of *Shylock vs. Antonio*, although judgment was rendered in favor of the plaintiff, yet circumstances prevented the execution which had issued from being carried into effect."

"What cause," asked the Justice, "did the Court understand the gentleman to refer to?"

"*Shylock vs. Antonio*, 2d Shaks. p. 236, Johnson's edition. The Court will there find the case reported full."

The "learned counsel" went on to apply the case to that of his client; but whether the "Court" considered the authority sufficient, has not yet transpired.

SANDWICH ISLAND MISSIONS.—The truth must occasionally leak out respecting these monstrous impositions on the credulity of the public. Robert Elwes, Esq., a Protestant gentleman, has lately visited the Sandwich Islands, and on his return has published a book on their condition. The following is the results of his observations:—"The missionaries, though well intentioned, seem not to be very successful with their converts. Not being very deep thinkers, or judges of human nature, except in the way of trade, and looking out for their own interests (for in that they are sharp enough), they fall into great and serious mistakes. It is well known that these Rev. gentlemen have feathered their nests very snugly, and as comfort induces a tendency to laziness, the number of real converts would appear to be of the smallest."

ADDRESS TO THE REV. P. J. MADDEN, D.D.

It is with much pleasure we copy from the *Trenton Mirror* the following address from the Catholics of Trenton to their estimable Pastor, the Rev. P. J. Madden, D.D.:

REVEREND SIR.—It is with feelings of deep regret that we, your parishioners of the Trent Mission, do tender to you this farewell address. Grieved we are that your departure is caused by your late afflictions, which deprive you of the power of fulfilling the duties of your office with that untiring zeal which you have always exhibited, both for the present and future happiness of the souls entrusted to your charge, since it has pleased God, in His divine providence, to send you to preside over us; also, that we are losing a pastor to whom we are all indebted for his indefatigable exertions and wise counsel in bringing this Mission to that edifying condition which we are so delighted to witness. We have listened to your wise counselling—we have drunk deeply of your fervent exhortation—we have been soothed and comforted by your mild and encouraging advice. Be assured, Rev. Dear Sir, that we speak in the language of sincerity, when we say, that our love and gratitude are as our faith, pure and deeply rooted, such as, in words we cannot attempt to express. They can be felt only by a people towards a pastor who is a true imitator of Christ and His Apostles. Should it please Providence that you should again be able to resume the duties of a Mission, there is nothing would give us greater satisfaction than that you would return hither, and administer to our spiritual wants, strengthen our faith by your example and religious instructions, and spend a long and happy life with us, in that home, the erection of which is entirely owing to your persevering zeal, displayed in this, as well as every other project that tends to advance Catholicity. You will, Rev. Dear Sir, please to accept this small gift, a silver snuff box, as a token of love and kind remembrance from your devoted parishioners. Adieu, Rev. Dear Sir, we request that you will not forget us in your prayers. Ours shall be earnestly offered up in your behalf. We beg God to restore you to health and vigor; to grant you a long and happy life in this world, and eternal happiness in the next. Love us and pray for us. Adieu!

- [Signed,] ALEX. MACAULAY,
JOHN AUGER,
TERENCE MCCARR,
Church Wardens
Geo. W. REDMOND,
F. J. MCGUIRE,
JOHN STEWART,
W. H. DAVIS,
JAMES DEVLIN,
TIMOTHY O'BRIEN,
D. MACAULAY, Sen.,
And several other parishioners.

REPLY.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Did I consult my own feelings I should not now be laboring under the embarrassment which you witness. Your kindness has done me violence. I hoped to leave you, as I came among you, unnoticed. You would not have it so. I believe it would be wrong in me to refuse listening to what, I am assured, is the sincere expression of your regret at my departure from among you. I need not declare my unworthiness of the encomiums you have passed on the manner in which I have exercised the sacred Ministry. They flow solely from the kind sentiments which you entertain towards me. They do, by no means, correspond with the facts. Believe me, my friends, that in what I say here I am perfectly sincere. I cannot if I would, shut my eyes to the evident reversal Divine Providence has passed upon your too indulgent judgment. Had I been such as you fondly imagine, our Divine Redeemer would not so plainly reject me from laboring in his vineyard. The accident I have met with is, to me, a direct proof of my unworthiness. However, I have no reason to doubt your sincerity; and, therefore, I thank you from my heart. I thank you, also, for the splendid token of remembrance which you insist on my taking with me. I assure you I do not merit it. I shall remember you where gratitude is ever sure to be effective, at the Holy Sacrifice. I fervently beseech you to keep the promise which you have made of praying for me. Once more I thank you, and wish you, as I have often done before, from my heart, all happiness. Farewell!

P. J. MADDEN.
Trenton, January 17, 1854.