MORNING STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER.

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 1868.

OUR ROMAN CATHOLIC BRETHREN.

We conclude our extracts from the *Atlantic Monthly*, with the above caption. "Out of the mouths of infants and of sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

Among our Roman Catholic brethren the instinct of organizing and co-operating is wonderfully developed. I have before me a list, not complete, of the Catholic orders, which contains the names of two hundred and fifty-one varieties, each of which is an expression and a permanent gratification of the desire of some benevolent soul. One example: Two hundred and fifty years ago, a French priest, named Vincent de Paul, was requested by a lady of his flock to call the attention of the congregation to the case of a destitute family lying sick a mile from the town. He did so, and with such effect that the poor people were supplied with food in profusion, so that much of it was spoiled before they could consume it. This priest, being one of those men whom every event instructs, was led to reflect upon the need there was in every large town of having the benign impulses regulated, and the gifts of the benevolent husbanded, so that none of them should be wasted, and the supply should never be exhausted. The result of his meditations we behold in the order of the Sisters of Charity, which all the world approves, and will ever approve. But this was not all the good arising from Father Vincent's reflections. To-day, nearly every Catholic parish in large towns, in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia, has within it a society called a "Conference of St. Vincent de Paul," the object of which is the systematic and judicious relief of the poor of the parish. These societies form one vast system of charity; each conference reporting to a diocesan centre, each diocese reporting to a national centre, and each nation to the Head Centre of the organization,—a cardinal residing at Paris. From him again, as the blood pulses back from the heart to the extremities, a quarterly report is sent to every corner of Christendom, which reaches every individual member of each conference. Any reader curious to know the practical working of the system can gratify his desire by expending ten cents at any Catholic book-store, where he can buy the "Rules of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul."

Then there is the "Propaganda," or, as we should term it, the missionary system. This, too, is an organization which embraces the whole world, and to the funds of which tens of millions of Catholics contribute. Each member of the organization gives one cent a week toward the extension of the domain of the Church. In every ten members there is one person who is authorized to receive the weekly coppers, and pay the dime over to an individual who is the centre of ten tens. By the time the money reaches *his* hands it has become a dollar and he hands the dollar to one who receives for ten of these ten tens. We have now rolled up the sum to ten dollars, which is paid to the head of ten of the hundred tens; and so it goes on swelling until it reaches the chief of the propaganda, another cardinal, who lives at Lyons. He, in turn, sends to the societies a report of the grand result, which, by a system of handing from one ten to another, is made to reach every giver of a weekly cent. Thus is the money raised which sustains the Church beyond the bounds of Christendom, and buys the sites of churches where as yet there is no human habitation.

There is no end to the charities of our Roman Catholic brethren and sisters, and all that they do in this way is done with the efficiency and power of a disciplined organization. An admirable case in point is that of a community in Paris, which consists of an equal number of blind and seeing sisters. In each cell there is one of each; and it is part of the occupation of the sister who can see to aid, wait upon, and read to the sister who is blind. It does the heart good merely to know that such a sweet device as this has ever been conceived. There is a little book published in Paris (and we ought to have such in our cities) which contains a catalogue and brief account of all the charitable organizations there,—*Manuel des Œuvres et Institutions de Charite. Public par Ordre de Mgr. l'Archeveque*, etc. It contains a description of one hundred and ninety-two benevolent societies and systems. Any one would be puzzled to think of a malady, misfortune, deprivation, or peril for which there does not exist in Catholic Paris some organized remedy, mitigation, or prevention. The mere enumeration would exhaust all my remaining space, and I can only mention a few. There are societies for aiding mothers before, during, and after confinement; some of which give indoor, others outdoor aid; some bearing the whole charge, others part; some aiding mothers themselves to form a fund against the time, and others insuring the required aid, whenever needed, in return for the payment of a small sum periodically. There are societies for the preservation and assistance of every conceivable description of needy children,—lost children, abandoned children, neglected children, destitute children, bad children, blind, deaf and dumb, and crippled children; children subject to fits, convalescent children, children whose mothers have to go out to work, children who want to be apprenticed and cannot pay the required premium, children who have no one to teach them their catechism; orphan children in asylums, orphan children living with relatives, orphan children in places, orphan children adopted, Polish orphans, Jewish orphans. Besides special hospitals for almost every kind of curable and incurable maladies, there are asylums for every description of disabled persons,—the blind, the deaf and dumb, the crippled, the aged, the imbecile, the incompetent of all kinds and degrees. And this vast system of charity is carried on by our Roman Catholic brethren and sisters, and most of the work is done by persons dedicated for life to the service of the afflicted, and trained to discharge their vocation in the best manner.

It is interesting to observe how each part of the Catholic system, besides promoting the general object, works in special harmony with special aims. Example: it is the wish, it is the fixed intention, of our Roman Catholic brethren to have a free school in every parish in the United States sufficient for the accommodation of all the Catholic children resident in the parish. In the diocese of New York there are sixty-one of these parochial schools, in which about twenty-five thousand pupils are taught, greatly to the relief of the cruelly crowded public schools. The religious instruction given in these schools consists of a lesson in the catechism, the saying of a few short Catholic prayers, the reading of the Gospel for the day, and an occasional exhortation; the whole occupying, on an average, twenty minutes a day. But it is not for the sake of the direct religious instruction that the pastors are so desirous of having parochial schools. There are several orders in the church which are devoted to the work of instruction,—the Christian Brothers, some of the Sisters of Charity, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and many more. It is from these orders that the teachers of the parochial schools are drawn; and it is the *Catholicizing* effect, upon the minds of the children, of these still, self-contained, cheerful persons that the pastors chiefly value. There is a marvelous economy, too, in the system; for these pious sisters and devoted brothers only require the necessaries of life. Dr. Morrogh pays into the treasury of the Sisters of Charity two hundred dollars per annum for each sister employed in his school! The sisters live at the house of their order in Fifteenth street, and go forth every morning to the schools to spend a laborious day in instructing ignorance, returning at noon and at night to their religious home. It will cost Dr. Morrogh about eight thousand dollars to sustain his school, possibly ten thousand. It would cost the city of New York eighteen thousand dollars. It happened to be a snowy day on which I visited this school, and no one went home to dinner. But when dinner time came, an apparatus containing a hot dinner for the sisters was brought round to them from their home near by, and they all sat down together in a nice little room to enjoy it, with the musical accompaniment of twelve hundred romping girls.

Surely there is something admirable and imitable in all this.

Of course there is shadow to be put into the picture. This amazing organization, or system of organizations, is the accumulated practical wisdom of many thousand years; but it is the work of imperfect human beings, and partakes of their imperfection. "There is a provision in nature," says Goethe, "to prevent trees from growing up into the sky." Else, Commodore Vanderbilt would own all the railroads, and we should all turn Catholics immediately. Every Protestant knows, or thinks he knows, precisely what the defect is which prevents this interesting tree from growing up into the sky, and spreading its branches over the whole earth. I think I know. I think it is because there is not a sufficient provision in it for adapting its doctrine to the advancing mind of the race. Perhaps, however, it is the modernized mind that is in fault.

Our Roman Catholic brethren, for example, firmly believe that miracles are daily wrought among them. They inform me, that the most noted miracle yet performed in the United States occurred in the city of Washington, on *the 10th of March, 1824*. Bishop England, of Charleston, who ranked very high in the estimation of his brethren, investigated this miracle, published an account of it, and appended to his narrative the affidavits of thirty-seven persons, all of whom testified to the miraculous nature of the event.

Mrs. Ann Mattingly, widow, aged thirty-four, residing with her brother, the Mayor of Washington, had been afflicted for six years with a hard and painful tumor in the lower part of the left breast, which four of the leading physicians of the city pronounced incurable, and for which they prescribed only palliative applications and medicines. She suffered all that a woman could suffer and live,—vomitings of blood, intense chills, pain almost insupportable, a most distressing cough, until she was reduced to a skeleton, and lay at death's door. From long lying in bed, her shoulders and back were ulcerated to such a degree that it was torture to her to have her linen changed or to move in bed. In the fifth year of her illness the tidings began to be spread abroad in America of the wonderful cures wrought in Europe through the prayers of a certain Prince Hohenlohe, a venerated priest of the Catholic Church; and some of the friends of the afflicted lady besought her to make known her sufferings to this holy man, and beg his intercession in her behalf. The pastor of her church, with the consent of the Archbishop of Baltimore, wrote to the princely priest,—as many others did in all parts of the world,—asking his prayers for this lady's recovery. The priest ascertained, however, that the Prince Hohenlohe had already made known his intentions with regard to all sick persons out of Europe who desired his prayers. He would pray for such on the tenth day of every month at nine o'clock in the morning, and he called upon all who wished to enjoy the benefit of his intercession to fulfill certain conditions. They must have faith in the efficacy of prayers; they must repent anew and deeply of their sins; they must form an immovable purpose to lead an exemplary life; they must perform a Novena, or nine days' devotion, in honor of the Holy Name of Jesus; they must confess, do penance, and receive the sacrement, and, finally, on the appointed day, the tenth of any month, at nine o'clock, they must unite in prayers with the prince, far away on the other side of the ocean.

With all these conditions Mrs. Ann Mattingly complied. The priest of her church, two hundred of her friends and fellow-Catholics, as well as some other sick persons, shared in the Novena, and the archbishop of the province "graciously promised to join in prayer with them on the appointed day, 10th of March instant." The Novena was begun on the first day of March, 1824, so that it might end on the tenth. As there is a difference of six hours between the time at Washington and at the place in Germany where the prince lived, the priest appointed the hour of three in the morning for the last solemn act of supplication, and so notified all the families and persons concerned. At nine in the evening before, Mrs. Mattingly, who apparently had not many hours to live, confessed and received absolution. At two in the morning, the priest who was in special charge of the Novena said mass in the church, and carried thence the sacrament to the afflicted lady's room where he arrived at about half past two. She was then so low and so incessantly tormented by a cough, that the priest was apprehensive she would die before she had communed. The sacrament, however, was administered, and it cost the lady a painful effort of six minutes to swallow it. The solemn ceremony being ended, the priest wrapped up the sacred vessels and implements, gave the usual blessing to the kneeling family (five in number, all of whom swear to these and the following statements,) and was making his last adoration of the host before leaving, when he heard a deep sigh issuing from the direction of the bed. He turned and behold,—a miracle! Mrs. Mattingly sat up, stretched her arms forward, clasped her hands, and said, in a clear, though weak voice, "Lord Jesus, what have I done to deserve so great a favor?" Sobs and shrieks burst from the persons present. The priest rose from his knees, and hastened to the bedside. She raised his hand. "Ghostly father," she cried, "what can I do to acknowledge such a blessibg?" "Glory be to God!" he exclaimed; "we may say so. O, what a day for us!" On being asked to tell what she felt, she said, "Not the least pain left."

She went on to say, that, being overcome by her sufferings, and in expectation of immediate death, she had said to herself, "Lord Jesus, thy will be done!" and at that instant she was completely relieved from all her pains. "I wish to get up," she cried joyfully, "and give thanks to God on my knees;" and so she did, and remained kneeling for fifteen minutes without fatigue. She walked; she dressed herself; she came down to breakfast; she ate heartily, and remained up all day, receiving the visits of friends and strangers, who came in crowds to see her. Every trace of the tumor was gone! *The ulcers upon her back had vanished, and left no scar;* and, what was strangest of all, the matter which those ulcers had discharged had all disappeared, both from the bed-clothes and from her own night-dress! Upon this last point Bishop England is emphatic. "I am perfectly convinced," he says, "that, were I disposed to collect the testimony relating thereto, it would appear to the satisfaction of every unbiased, impartial, and judicious reader, unquestionable that as miraculous a change took place in the state of the clothing of the bed and of the body as there did in the state of the body itself."

This assertion of the excellent Bishop is safe, because upon such subjects *no* reader is unbiased, *no* reader is impartial.

This narrative illustrates a very important difference between our Roman Catholic brethren and ourselves. A good Catholic, no matter what his rank or culture, believes in such things without an effort. It was not necessary for the faith of Catholics that Bishop England should gather such a mass of testimony. Three good witnesses would have sufficed quite as well as three dozen. But no amount or quality of testimony could convince a Protestant mind that Mrs. Mattingly's tumor was cured miraculously, and her linen miraculously cleansed. For my part, if the President and Vice-President, if the whole Cabinet, both houses of Congress, and the judges of the Supreme Court, had all sworn that they saw this thing done, and I myself had seen it,—nay, if the tumor had been on my own body, and had seemed to myself to be suddenly healed,—still I should think it more probable that all those witnesses, including myself, were mistaken, than that such a miracle had been performed. Such is the incredulity of a modernized mind, especially, if that modernized mind has occasionally served on a jury, and so learned the value of human testimony.

How different with Catholics! "Why?" says Father Hecker, "We do not worship a dead God! Where is the improbability? No one doubts God's ability to heal his faithful servants: why should we find it so hard to believe that he does so? Protestants usually admit that miracles were once performed, and they still use language in their prayers which implies an expectation of miraculous aid. We Catholics have a living practical *faith* in Providence, which you Protestants think you have, and have not. And where is your authority for saying that, during a certain period of the world's history, miracles were wrought, but that there came a moment when they ceased to be wrought? Why is it rational to believe in a miracle which occurred Anno Domini 32, but wholly irrational to believe in one wrought Anno Domini 1868?"

These are not the precise words of the able and devoted Superior of the Paulists, but such are some of his ideas. I did not, do not, cannot answer his questions. My office is merely that of a reporter, and, with the permission of the gentle reader, I will continue my report in a future number of this magazine. I have yet to relate the special measures now on foot for the conversion of us all, and the grounds upon which our Roman Catholic brethren rest their confident expectation of being in another generation or two the dominant church of the United States.

MISCELLANEOUS IRISH NEWS.

DUBLIN.—The *Irishman* of the 21st ult. says: Crowds occupied the Castle yard on St. Patrick's Day, and on the bands playing "God Save the Queen," they hissed tremendously. Loud cheers acclaimed the Irish national anthem. The viceroy got no applause. The shamrock was more plentifully displayed in the city than ever—and generally with crape. A drunken man was not to be seen.

The Dublin correspondent of the London *Times* thus described the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Dublin: The anniversary of St. Patrick's Day was celebrated with the observances which usually distinguish the festival. These consist chiefly in the wearing of branches of shamrock on the hat, the free indulgence by the populace of their animal spirits, stimulated to the highest pitch by the strains of their "national" anthems, "Garryowen," and other significant airs.

The *Freeman* says that a meeting of the jurors who tried the cases of Messrs. Sullivan and Pigott was held on the 18th ult., at Jude's Hotel, for the purpose of considering whether any steps should be taken by them to restore these gentlemen to their freedom before the arrival of the Prince of Wales in this country. The proceedings were private.

Dr. Benjamin F. McDowell has been elected surgeon to Mercer's Hospital, Dublin, in room of Surgeon Butcher, resigned.

KILDARE.—Recently, in the court of chancery, Dublin, a petition was presented by Mrs. A. Ennis, praying that a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* might issue to ascertain the state of mind of her husband, Mr. Matthew Ennis, farmer and general shopkeeper, of Naas, county Kildare. The brother of the alledged lunatic opposed the petition, whereupon the lord chancellor had a private interview with Mr. Matthew Ennis, which convinced him of incapacity to manage his affairs. Therefore, he sped the commission, no proceedings, however, to be taken under the order, on the terms of Mrs. Ennis undertaking to manage the farm and give security in £1000 for the preservation of the assets and an annual account.

MEATH.—On the 20th ult., the Rev. James Lynch, parish priest of Lobinstown, county Meath, departed this life at an advanced age, deeply regretted by all who knew him. In the second volume of the "Diocesan History of Meath," page 343, by the Rev. Dean Cogan, we find the following notice of the deceased: "The Rev. James Lynch, familiarly known as the 'Abbe Lynch,' present pastor, was born in the parish of Kilbeg, studied in Paris, became chaplain to a Count Lynch, subsequently army chaplain, bursar to a French college, etc. After his return to Ireland he officiated as curate in Dunboyne, Trim, Castletown, Kilpatrick, and Moymet. He succeeded as pastor of Moymet, with the custody of the asylum, and was translated to Syddan, or Lobinstown, in February, 1856."

WESTMEATH.—On the 5th ult., after a protracted and painful illness, the Rev. Jas. Moran, C.C., died at the Refuge for Infirm Priests, Ballyote, Mullingar. A solemn office and high mass was held, over which the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty presided, and at which a large number of the neighboring clergy attended.

LOUTH.—The Dundalk *Democrat* of the 21st ult. says: Never was the anniversary of Ireland's patron saint, the great St. Patrick, celebrated more becomingly in Dundalk than on Tuesday last. Peace, order, and strict sobriety characterized the demeanor of the people. The morning was devoted to pious exercises in the Catholic churches, where some hundreds received holy communion. After twelve o'clock the streets were very crowded, and men of all creeds wore the "Green, Immortal Shamrock." Every one was sober and orderly, and remained so during the day. We may remark that we did not observe the sign of drink on any person.

CORK.—The Cork *Examiner* of the 18th ult. says: The national festival was celebrated yesterday with the usual earnestness in this city and in other parts of the south, and there was everywhere a complete absence of the intemperance and disorder which were at one time the concomitants of the patriotic displays of the day.

The action entitled "Flannery vs. Studdert," for alleged libel published in the Pall Mall *Gazette*, was tried at the Cork assizes, and ended in the withdrawal of the case, on defendant making an open retraction of the imputations against plaintiff, and paying all costs of suit. Plaintiff is a respectable farmer, residing at Drumcliffe, in the vicinity of Ennis. Defendant is agent of a Mr. Whitlock, an absentee landlord, residing in England, who published in the Pall Mall *Gazette* a letter written by Mr. Studdert, and which contained the libel concerning plaintiff, who in it was called a "Fenian Head Centre, lately discharged from jail."

The *Examiner* of a late date says: We are glad to learn that in virtue of letters which have been recently received from the Holy See by the Venerable Bishop of Cloyne, the Very Rev. Mr. O'Brien, P.P., V.G., Mitchelstown, has been appointed dean, and the Very Rev. D. Mahony, P.P., V.G., Inniscara, archdeacon of that diocese.

LIMERICK.—A correspondent of the Dublin *Freeman*, writing under date of the 18th ult., from Limerick, says: It may appear incredible, but it is, nevertheless, true and authentic, that on Saturday and yesterday evening at least three thousand letter packages containing shamrocks, and addressed to all parts of England and Scotland, for Irish relatives and friends to display as emblems of nationality and the patron saint of Ireland, on St. Patrick's Day, (Tuesday,) passed through our post-office, a circumstance unprecedented in the annals of the times we live in. For Manchester some large and tastefully made up packages were transmitted to be delivered to respectable parties. During the early part of this month similar letters were sent in large quantities to America, containing the native shamrock embedded in its own soil. This, doubtless, shows more than tongue will tell of the feelings of Ireland and the Irish at the present time. In the first week of March, two cases, fully laden with shamrocks, and marked "cereals," were sent hence by railway to Queenstown, *en route* to Massachusetts and New York, addressed to seed merchants there.

The Limerick *Reporter* says: We are happy at being able to state that the festival of Ireland's great apostle, St. Patrick, which fell upon this day, passed off in Limerick in a most becoming manner. Erin's native shamrock was worn in nearly every hat and in several bonnets, and not one that we could see, either in the streets or police office, disgraced themselves with being guilty in the slightest degree of drunkenness.

The same paper says that George Bennett, Esq., of Rathanny, has been declared purchaser of Tull-break, the property of Thomas William O'Grady, Esq., which was sold in the Incumbered Estates Court for £4545.

CLARE.—A meeting was recently held in Ennis to take steps toward the erection of a suitable dwelling in Ennis for a residence of the Christian Brothers. Very Rev. Dean Kenny presided, and those present seemed to enter most zealously into the project. Some time ago the Christian Brothers were endowed by the late Miss Kenny, the amiable and pious sister of the venerable dean of Ennis. That lady, before her demise, purchased at a cost of six or eight hundred pounds, the rent charge on the Christian Brothers' schools, and made the purchase over to the Order, so that the parishioners of Ennis are for ever rid of the incumbrance of paying rent for the schools.

TIPPERARY.—The Tipperary *Free Press* says: Our town to-day was densely thronged by the peasantry, all of whom sported "Old Erin's Native Shamrock" in their hats, around brooches, etc. Acting upon the good advice of the Roman Catholic clergy, the people generally refrained from intoxicating drink, and the degrading exhibition of a drunken man was not to be seen throughout the day. Old friends, long parted, met, and hands were warmly enclasped, and if the shamrock was "drowned" amongst them, their draughts were not over copious. The people departed for their homes at an early hour of the evening.

KERRY.—The Cork *Examiner* says: The festival of Ireland's national saint was celebrated in Tralee with particular devotion and reverence. There were special services in each of the churches in the town, and the officiating clergymen advised their hearers to mark their sense of respect for our national saint by their steadiness and sobriety. The exhortation produced a good effect, and we have not observed any cases of drunkenness or exhibition of disorder. Consequently, the streets were thronged with people of all classes, dressed in their holiday attire. Large bunches of shamrock are worn by persons of all classes, and there is a plentiful display of grean ribbons in the bonnets of the female population.

A local journal regrets to have to announce the recent death of Dr. M'Swiney, son of the late Morgan M'Swiney, Esq., Quarry Lodge, which occurred at Prospect House, Killarney. He had been in the British naval service, where he contracted the disease—liver complaint—of which he died at the age of forty-five years.

WATERFORD.—The Waterford *News* says: Tuesday last, the festival of Ireland's great apostle, was ushered in, in this city, with a clear sky and bracing atmosphere. Throughout the day our streets were thronged with young people from the adjacent country districts, in holiday attire, all wearing "the green, immortal shamrock," in many instances surrounded with crape; the females also displaying mourning emblems. The different Catholic churches were filled at the hours of divine worship with devout congregations, and during the entire day a feeling of decorum and deep-souled veneration for the great day passing over them, was plainly observable in the conduct of the great mass of the people thronging our streets. Sobriety, too, was strictly observed.

Capt. Edward Cliffe, late of the seventy-fifth British regiment, and who was well known in Waterford and Wexford, has followed the example of the other members of his family, and joined the Catholic Church. He it was who, unfortunately, at the county election at the close of 1866, whilst on duty in the court-house grounds in Waterford, on the day of polling, received a very severe wound in the eye from the blow of a stone intended for some other person. The conversion is announced by his brother, Mr. Anthony J. Cliffe, in a letter to the Wexford *Independent*.

The Dublin *Irishman* says: Information is wanted of Mary Maguire, native of Russellstown, county Waterford. When last heard from was in New York, in 1862. Any information will be thankfully received by her sister, Bridget Maguire, 11 Bower street, Liverpool.

ANTRIM.—The *Northern Whig* learns by special telegraph from London that Mr. Samuel Gibson Getty, who has been in bad health for a long time back, has resigned his seat as a member of Parliament for Belfast. Sir James Tennent will, we understand, offer himself to the electors of Belfast as a candidate for their suffrages. In connection with the above mentioned vacancy the *Weekly Observer* says that Mr. Mulholland and Mr. William Johnston (the Orange Secretary) are also spoken of as candidates.

DOWN.—The Downpatrick correspondent of the Dublin *Freeman* writing on the night of the 17th ult. says: The great festival of the Apostle of Ireland was fittingly celebrated this day by the successor of St. Patrick, in the see he founded, and the inheritors of the faith he preached, the doctrines he taught, and the rites and ceremonies he pratised. After the celebration of the parochial masses the faithful were edified by the solemn ceremony of the public reception in the parish church of a sister (known in the world as Miss Teresa Walsh, daughter of William Walsh, Esq., of South Anne street, Dublin,) into the community of St. Patrick's Convent of Mercy, in this town, and at the close of this impressive act of religion, the first stone of the memorial church of St. Patrick, which the Kev. P. O'Kane, the devoted pastor of the parish, has undertaken to rear in honor of our patron saint, was laid by his lordship, the Most Rev. Dr. Dorrian, Catholic Bishop of Down and Connor.

CAVAN.—The Dublin *Irishman* says: Information is wanted of Mrs. Thompson, late of Dunrora, county Cavan. When last heard from lived in Jersey City, United States. Any information will be thankfully received by her mother, through Mr. Gill, Ballyjamesduff, county Cavan.

FERMANAGH.—The Enniskillen *Advertiser* says that William Auchinlech Dane, Esq., will be a candidate for the representation of Enniskillen at next election.

GALWAY.—The Tuam *Herald* of a late date says: The grand jury has authorized Mr. Roberts, county surveyor, permanently to complete the Galway and Mayo road, which in addition to affording a considerable amount of employment, will shorten the distance from Headford to Galway five miles. The amount of the presentment is £2100, of which the local proprietors and people of the district have lodged £520. The remainder is to be levied as grand jury cess by thirty half-yearly instalments, the board of works to advance the money *in presenti*. Messrs. Robert Bodkin, Pierce Joyce, and James Blake are appointed a committee to see that the works are duly carried out and properly executed.

MAYO.—The Castlebar *Telegraph* of the 18th ult. says: Yesterday, being the festival of our great national patron saint, was observed in the parochial church of this town with the usual religious ceremonies. Large congregations of the faithful were present at both first and second mass, at each of which appropriate discourses were delivered. The day itself was most unpropitious, being very windy, accompanied at intervals by heavy showers of rain and sleet; notwithstanding which a large crowd of persons of both sexes traversed the streets to a late hour in the evening. The wearing of the "Green, Immortal Shamrock" was observable on all sides, and the people conducted themselves throughout with the utmost decorum—peace, order, and sobriety being the order of the day.

ANGLO SAXON JUSTICE.—A Sussex laborer named Fifield was sentenced by the county magistrates, the other day, to two consecutive terms of imprisonment, with hard labor, each term of three months. At the end of the six months he is to find bail of two persons, each for £5, for his future good conduct, or else he is to be imprisoned for nine additional months with hard labor. The man's offense was that *he shot two pheasants* on the lands of a gentleman of the county. What would people in England say if similar justice was administered in Rome?—*London Register.*

The wretched laborer, at the expiration of his term of imprisonment, will not be able to find bail for fifty dollars in gold; as, after serving his time of six months at the treadmill, he cannot obtain work. The philanthropists of England and America feel very little interest in the condition of their own countrymen, but persist in collecting funds for the amelioration of "anonymous savages in unknown islands." Such is the inconsistency of modern liberalism and philanthrophy.

An ancient rhyme divides female beauty into four orders, as follows:

Long and lazy,
Little and loud,
Fair and foolish,
Dark and proud.

"Well, Jim, how did you make it down South?" "First-rate; made plenty of money." "What did you do with it?" "Laid it out in houses and lots." "Where?" "Every place I have been where there were any." "What kind of houses and lots?" "Coffee-houses and lots of whisky."

Sporting intelligence—A stable mind.

The best possession—Self-possession.