

never remember their own sex. It is a little remarkable that so many women of wealth leave bequests to all these societies and colleges for men, but never leave anything for the education and elevation of women. We are glad to see that rich men are turning their attention to young women. Vassar and Cornell have done a splendid work, let Astor, A. T. Stewart and other millionaires do likewise, thus manifesting some gratitude for all that women have done for men and boys in the past.

LETTER FROM MR. TRAIN.

FOUR COURTS MARSHALSEA, May 9, 1868.

DEAR "REVOLUTION": Am crowding this pure and undefiled government to the wall. They are now more anxious to get me out than they were to get me in. And all say when I get out and lecture Monday night in the Rotunda, they will arrest me again. See my three letters to *World* to-day. I am out now, although in. Shall remain as long as possible, but probably to-morrow I must move to Shelburne. Who should pop in on me, Thursday morning, but Colonel Nagle.

He comes out a new man. Nagle and all the Jacknel men give me credit for their release.

RELEASE OF THE JACKNELL PRISONERS.

On Wednesday night "Colonel" Nagle, and the other prisoners charged with having been concerned in the Jacknel expedition, were released unconditionally by order of the government. The Jacknell, or Erin's Hope, was the name of the vessel alleged to have been sent by the Fenians to the coast of Ireland for the promotion of their cause. Colonel Nagle, who seems rather improved in appearance, was yesterday recognized in different parts of the city. He paid a visit to Mr. Train in the Four Courts, and seemed much interested in the various courts and the different cases at hearing. It is understood that at the end of the week he and the other persons who were liberated purpose leaving Ireland for America.—*Freeman's Journal*.

Although he did not ask it, I knew that no funds had arrived for him from any of the Fenians in America, and I am not aware that Adams is giving him anything, so I slipped into his hand twenty sovereigns which I had over, for a friend in need is a friend indeed. Money is the only test of a man's being in earnest. While out to-day, Nugent, Fitzgibbon, and Nagle, at the Star and Garter, fairly hugged me with delight when they saw me at liberty. I don't know which surprised them the most, being out themselves or seeing me out. I lecture Monday night to get funds for the other Jacknell men to get home.

DR. HOLLAND ON THE IRISH VOTING.

Dr. Holland is one of the liveliest of the Irish writers. He says that the Fenians have it all their own way, and can elect their President.

CONCENTRATION OF THE IRISH VOTE.

I understand that a society is being formed here whose object is certainly a very desirable one. It proposes, in view of the approaching Presidential and other elections which take place next November, to labor for the concentration of the Irish vote—to unite the Irish electors of the Union as far as possible in one solid body which shall dictate terms to such candidates as may appeal for their support. Hitherto, the Irish citizens of the United States have formed a disorganized mass, a mere chaos. For the most part they have supported the democratic party; but the advantages which they have as yet derived from their fidelity to the Conservative element in the State have been infinitesimal. The treatment of American citizens in Ireland, and the cool indifference which American statesmen and legislators exhibited on the question, are proofs of that. Now, what I understand is proposed by the new society is this: that Irish citizens all over the Union shall form themselves into a solid organization: that they will hold aloof from all factions in the State and compromise themselves with none;

that they will demand certain pledges (favorable to Irish interests and Irish nationality), and they will vote *en masse* for the party which gives the most satisfactory and sincerest pledges. If the Irish could be induced to do this, there can be no doubt they could elect whichever candidate they liked. But I fear the new society has undertaken a most arduous task.—*Dr. Holland's Correspondence in the Irishman*.

ONE DAY IN ENGLAND, THE NEXT IN IRELAND.—THE TRAIN AND NAGLE EXCITEMENT AT CORK AND QUEENSTOWN.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, CORK, May 16.

DEAR "REVOLUTION": Yesterday in Manchester, and to-day in Cork. These rapid movements in the enemies lines create dismay in their camp. They cannot understand it. They think I am his satanic majesty himself, one day; the next, that I go him one better, as they say at poker.

From the Irishman.

THE "JACKNELL" PRISONERS AND MR. TRAIN.

A correspondent of the *Express*, writing from Cork on Thursday, says:

Throughout this day numerous visitors called on Mr. Train at the hotel, and about two o'clock he entertained all his friends to dinner. The feast, however, was marred by the appearance of a messenger from the ship, who came to urge the immediate departure of the emigrants, as the tender was about to move off. Mr. Train had only time in the confusion of the departure to call for three cheers for Colonel Nagle and the men of the "Jacknell," which was responded to with enthusiasm. Colonel Nagle, accompanied by Mr. Train and his friends, then hurried to the wharf, where they were received by the large crowd which assembled with cheers. The hands of the suspected Fenians were wrenched right and left with unpleasant eagerness, and Mr. Train was hustled about as if he was a precious plaything. The scene was a curious one as the tender moved off, with hundreds of green boughs raised in the air, cheers ringing over the curses of the boatmen, the relatives of the emigrants' half-sobs, half-cheers, the world chaos of trundling luggage, and the figure of Colonel Nagle on the poop kissing farewell to Ireland and the assembled throng. As the tender at last parted from the wharf, and struck out into the bay, Colonel Nagle stepped forward and gave "Three cheers for Train and Liberty," to which Mr. Train shouted wildly for three last ones, for "Colonel Nagle and the men of the Jacknell," which rose in one fierce hurrah, from every mouth on the wharf, and then the last look of the emigrants turned towards the broad Atlantic. The crowd had far increased in number when the tender was observed returning home, and the most demonstrative exhibitions of devotion to Mr. Train, who accompanied Colonel Nagle to the ship, were made in anticipations of his landing. When at length the steamer came alongside, and he landed, then he was surrounded by a dense crowd of men and women, almost all bearing green boughs, and shouting for him in the most vociferous manner. Mr. Train repeatedly bowed his acknowledgments; and when he reached the hotel he found the crowd so clamorous, and increasing every moment, that he was about to address them from the window. But he was dissuaded from this by the representations made to him of the danger in which such a proceeding might place the license of the hotel. Every moment, expecting that Mr. Train would address them, the crowd grew to extraordinary proportions, and threatened to test the accommodation of the square; but they were compensated for their disappointment by the ovation with which they greeted his departure for the railway at 5 p. m. It was with difficulty he could make his way through the pressing crowd, and when at length he reached the station, although the train was on the point of starting, the demand of the crowd for a speech was so unmistakable that Mr. Train was forced to address them. He spoke as follows: "Irishmen and Irishwomen! the train starts in two minutes! Four months ago I was arrested in your town, and when I was asked for my autographs in the presence of the police, I wrote—'Pay the Alabama claims, or fight—Release Nagle and Warren, or war.' My words have come to pass. I have at least extinguished one proverb, for I am a prophet in my own country as well as here. The Alabama claims have been acknowledged (loud cheers). Nagle has been released (cheers). I am after seeing Nagle off, and when he was leaving he asked for three cheers for 'Train and Liberty!' (Loud cheers.) I responded with three cheers for Nagle and the American ship in British waters" (great cheering).

Among other telegrams sent in the course of the day,

Mr. Train sent the following cable telegram to the editor of the *New York World*: "Saw Nagle off. Shall ease Warren and Costello at once. Hurrah!"

Sincerely,

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

WHAT THE POOR EAT.

IN the law of Moses as in Deuteronomy xiv: 21, it was written for Jewish observance, "Ye shall not eat of the thing that dieth of itself; ye may give, or sell it to the alien or the stranger that is within thy gates."

But according to the Report of the Bureau of Vital Statistics for last week in this city by Dr. Harris, a worse bill of fare, if possible, is frequently before the poor, if even the rich escape. We claim to be a civilized not savage, a Christian not Pagan, nor yet Jewish nation! But the report of Dr. Harris illustrates our professions in a frightful manner. It says there is much harm done to the ignorant poor by a low class of market-men and tenement grocers, who offer in their filthy shambles certain perilous meats, and sour, spoiled, and adulterated food articles. And the present is perhaps the worst season of the year in some of these abuses; for example, there were no less than seventy-five immature calves seized and condemned in a single market in one day. Whoever will go down among the ignorant poor and examine into their child-feeding, will see a ripe field for sanitary missions for the saving of children's lives, and the wants there extend far up through all that pertains to the homes of the poor, and invites a vast amount of systematic effort to benefit them in accordance with the good maxim, "*Corpus sanare est animam salvans*."

A COLDELY critical newspaper writer says that Miss Anna Dickinson is rather pretty, has beautiful hands, and parts her hair on one side.

No, Anna parts her hair in the middle, and has a beautiful head and face. One of the best likenesses she has ever had taken may now be seen at the office of "THE REVOLUTION" engraved by Mr. Geo. E. Perine, 111 Nassau street.

MISS EDMONIA LEWIS, the colored artist, has sent home from Italy a statuette group in marble of two figures illustrating the act of emancipation. It is on exhibition in Tremont street, Boston.

Black! and a woman! and yet gifted with genius. We hope Wendell Phillips will go and see the statuette, and then consider if the black women of the South are not worthy the right of suffrage. When he demands the ballot, as a weapon of protection for the black man alone, he forgets that the women need it more than the men, not to protect themselves against each other, but the whole male sex, black and white.

IS THERE ANY QUESTION ABOUT THE REVOLUTION?—This speaks more than a whole volume. Why shouldn't ladies respond to toasts?

At the banquet offered to Baron Budberg by his brother diplomatists on his retirement from his post at Paris, ladies were present and made speeches. The Princess Metternich proposed the Baroness de Budberg, and the Baroness replied.

THE *World* makes a continual effort to correct the errors of the *Tribune*; the *Tribune* just as unceasingly endeavors to civilize the *World*; but it will need a "REVOLUTION" to do either the one or the other.

JOHN F. COOK, a colored man, will be alderman from the first ward in Washington.