

Mass out of respect for the feelings of his parents—he will be found as having made already some advances in the direction of latitudinarianism, popularly called liberality—he will have discovered that Ireland is no place for an aspiring young man of genius—that it is hampered by the hereditary superstitions of its people—that England alone opens up for his ambition a career of advancement, and towards England he will become a toady—so far he will entitle himself to notice, and, in due time, he will probably catch the eye of British patronage and receive his due recompense, not so much for his great talents as for his pliant aptitude and servility. That objections like these were foreseen by the framers of the Queen's Colleges must become evident to those who have studied their history so far. If they were not foreseen, why, permit me to ask, have their founders exhibited up till this day such an anxiety or desire to have clergymen of different religions occupying professorial chairs in these colleges? Have they not sought for them the approval of Catholic and Protestant clergymen of every denomination? Have they not desired that your Bishops should smile approval and encouragement on them? Have not Catholic priests been induced, in the beginning, at least, to accept professorships within their walls?—Have not the ministers of different and antagonistic denominations been brought in as professors, and for what purpose except that their Christian and clerical character might lull suspicion as to the unchristian, if not anti-Christian, general principles on which those institutions are founded? Was it not hoped that all sectarianism should be eliminated, and that these professors should give an example, within the walls of the colleges, of what might be accomplished if all religions should be equally ignored within? The result would be that those who never agreed before on dogmatical questions should now live under the smiles of Government patronage, as a happy family, missing into the minds of their pupils, by the influence of their own example, a total indifference as to the great vital question of religion which had existed among the Irish people—as an apple of discord, a bone of contention, among the inhabitants of this distracted island. The salary attached to a professorship was a tempting bait, worth grasping at, and worth retaining. A sly stab at some vital doctrine of the Christian faith might be given by some professor of history, or a beautiful panegyric pronounced on Arianism as it was in the beginning of the fourth century. The abstract philosophy of religion would not be overlooked, and Christianity at large would be exhibited in the light of a conglomeration of discordant sects whose petty squabbles were unworthy the notice of learned professors, or to the inflated sciolists given over to their teaching. You must either recognise some form of religion in those colleges, and then they are clearly sectarian in the eyes of Catholics at least, or you must exclude alike every special form of Christian belief, and they are clearly atheistic. If you exclude the clerical professors of all religions, you have but little to alter in the statutes and regulations of the system to adapt it to the condition of a people living under a government whose established religion, if the paradox can be imagined, should be atheism or pantheism. I think, therefore, that the gentlemen who presented the other day a petition for a charter to the Premier of Great Britain and Ireland made a serious mistake in the title of their humble, but despatched application. They might have known that the word "Catholic" prefixed to University would be fatal to their hopes. They should have called it "Irish University," or qualified it by some other vague epithet. But I am glad that in the name of the Catholic people of Ireland the gentlemen who presented the petition refused to adopt any other term except that by which the University is already known. The response of the Government was also clear, candid, unambiguous, amounting in substance to the monosyllable "No." This monosyllable, instead of preventing the success of your undertaking, may contribute not a little to its attainment. It has the entire approval of your Bishops and clergy. It had already the approval and blessing of the Supreme Head of the Church on earth, his Holiness Pius IX., who, even while in exile, did not hesitate to lift up his voice and point out to the Bishops of this island the dangers likely to result to the faith and morals of the people committed to their care, if given over to the education of the Queen's Colleges. The University of Louvain, in Belgium, was the model which his Holiness proposed for your imitation. You have asked no aid from the public treasury—you are willing to leave the State Colleges to the exclusive enjoyment of those who, if any, have confidence in them.—You propose to erect the University at your own expense, and all you expected from the Government by the way of encouragement was a piece of parchment called a charter, and this has been refused. You asked for Imperial permission to purchase the bread of knowledge with your own money, and not at the expense of the State, and the request has been denied. Under these circumstances, I can imagine myself as speaking to the whole Irish nation, as if here assembled; and if they are people that I assume, and almost know them to be, I look upon the Catholic University of this land as counting from this very day an accomplished fact. It is evident that you have no public institution of learning on this island, the advantages of which, as conscientious Catholics, you can avail yourselves. Then you must, by united and persevering efforts, erect an institution of your own.—There is no law of the land forbidding it. The ranks of your people have indeed been thinned by famine, pestilence, and emigration. Still you are a Catholic population of between four and five millions of souls—too many to be exposed to the want of education, or to the risk of salvation by accepting that which has been offered. You owe it to the memory of your noble ancestors who suffered every privation rather than forfeit or jeopardise their holy faith. You owe it to yourselves—you owe it to your children and to the future generations who shall occupy your place and still inherit, as well as transmit the religion by which the Apostle of Ireland—Saint Patrick converted your Pagan ancestors from the dark-

ness of idolatry to the light of Christianity. You owe it to your God, who has preserved you in that faith—you owe it to your native country, and to this empire, if not to the world at large. A Catholic University is the great need of your nation and of your fellow-citizens; and, in view of that need every man, woman, and child should, in reference to this undertaking feel and appropriate to himself the language of the royal prophet, in reference to the house of Lord, as yet unbuild, "Oh, Lord remember David and all his meekness; how he swore to the Lord. He vowed a vow to the God of Jacob—If I shall enter into the tabernacle of my house—if I shall go up into the bed wherein I lie—if I shall give sleep to my eyes, or slumber to my eyelids, or rest to my temples, until I find out a place for the Lord—a tabernacle for the God of Jacob." Yes, build your University—endow it—provide it, an easy task, with suitable professors—crowd its halls with the talented youth of the land, so fruitful of genius. Do this, I say, with or without the Prime Minister's charter. Some other Prime Minister may be actuated by a better spirit towards your people. But, whether or not, make good and great Irishmen of education, by the superiority of your training—foster the talents of your people—elevate the mind of your country—inspire them with a lawful ambition to emulate and rival, if not surpass, whatever is great in knowledge, in science, or in art, as developed in other countries—teach your fellow-citizens and the world that it is possible for Irish Catholics to be at the same time loyal towards their God and their country—learned authors—distinguished ornaments of any learned profession, whether of theology, jurisprudence, medicine, in all its branches, even statesmanship, and all this without ceasing to be good, fervent, and faithful members of your one Holy Catholic Church.—All this is what your country do not comprehend, do not know, and are afraid to learn. I am aware that, owing to the influence which the interested, albeit, oftentimes trashy literature of Great Britain, and sometimes of Ireland itself, has caused foreign nations to look upon the Irish people as an ignorant race, who prefer mental darkness to intellectual light. Your Catholic University must dispel this illusion. If there be any one characteristic of the Irish race distinguishing your people, it has been from the earliest times a hereditary love of learning. That love has been an instinct and almost a passion of your people since the conversion of Ireland. It was this that rendered them so well known, so much admired during the 6th, 7th and 8th centuries, when they were employed in retrimming the almost extinguished lamp of science (such as it was in those ages) in England, Scotland, and in many portions of the continent of Europe. Testimonies on this subject could be quoted from foreign authors sufficient to fill volumes. During the same centuries what was Ireland itself but one extensive school of saints and teachers, to which the votaries of learning came in crowds, and were received with that generous hospitality for which the nation was then, and is still, so celebrated? The hedge schools in modern times, when learning was cultivated by stealth and against the laws, are a proof that their love of knowledge could not be extinguished. "The Poor Scholar" is not the imaginative creation of its talented author. Leave out the ludicrous incidents connected with his struggle, and the sallies of Irish wit, which I suppose were necessary to render it palatable to the public taste of the "sister island" at least, and it is a genuine type of that desire of knowledge which has been at all times natural to the people of this country. If these things can be said with truth of the ancient and modern people of Catholic Ireland, then the silly charge that they prefer ignorance to light falls to the ground. It is contradicted and refuted by history. Out of their own country there is not a people so ready to avail themselves of the advantages of learning. In America they are distinguished members of the bar; they are eloquent senators in the halls of legislation; they are brilliant commanders of armies in the melancholy and sanguinary struggle that is now going on, fomented, as is believed, by European secret interference, prompted by jealousy of the growing prosperity and hitherto united councils of the great American republic. But take the poorer classes of Irish who have emigrated to that country, Catholics for the most part, and they still show the same zeal for knowledge. There are about 370 Catholic Churches in the single State of New York, and there is scarcely one of them that has not attached to it a parish school for the education of their children in the faith of their fathers. They have, in all the country, eleven or twelve Catholic Universities, not indeed, as well endowed, nor as distinguished as either Trinity College or Oxford, but they will grow. The laws of the States have granted them the privileges of universities in charters, such as your government has refused to their countrymen at home. All this goes to prove that ignorance has no magnetic power for the attraction of the Irish mind. But look back for a century or two—cast your eye upon the surface of Continental Europe, not to speak of these islands, and you will find Irishmen or their descendants occupying high places in almost every Catholic Government. The venerable Field-Marshal Nugent, of Austria, is an Irishman. In the same country, O'Connell, who saved the life of the present young Emperor from the dagger of the assassin, is an Irishman, the descendant of one—and, if education had not been cherished by his ancestors, whether at home or abroad, he would not have been by the side of Francis Joseph. O'Donnell, who has lately turned the arrogance of Morocco, is the Prime Minister of Spain. McMahon, of France, saved the life and the army of Napoleon III. on the battlefield of Mentana. These and many others, descendants of Irish ancestors, would never have attained their distinction in other lands if they had not been ardent votaries of knowledge and good education.—The laws and policy of Great Britain have excluded seven-eighths of the people of this country from any share in the management of its official interests.—And, yet, from the favored one-eighth what distinguished names has Ireland furnished in every department of public life! All these statements have been made for no other purpose than to prove that Irishmen at home and abroad are naturally fond of education and knowledge. This fact furnishes you an additional ground of encouragement in prosecuting the great work which you have on hands. It has been for some years past so much spoken of, that the Catholics of Europe and America look forward, almost with impatience, to see it completed. It is commenced under auspicious circumstances. It is intended to promote the glory of God, who will be with you by His providence in prosecuting it to a

successful termination. It has the approval of your venerated clergy—the sanction of the Sovereign Pontiff—and, if I may judge by the presence of the municipal corporations, of other cities as well as of Dublin, amongst whom there must be gentlemen of other denominations, it has, so far as those towns and cities are concerned, the sanction of their populations. Your Protestant fellow-countrymen cannot be opposed to its erection; for, though they may still have prejudices against your faith, yet I doubt whether there is one who would not prefer to see the Catholics of this country rise by their own exertions into a more enlightened sphere of social and civil life. Neither England nor Scotland can be reasonably opposed to it, since both countries, especially Scotland, have made such noble sacrifices for the education of their people. In conclusion I beg leave to remark that during a life, which is by no means brief, and in which, whether in one country or another, I had to meet and pass through unexpected events, the circumstance of my having been invited to address you from this place, and on such an occasion, is one of the most pleasant incidents that I can call to mind. I shall ever recur to it with sentiments of satisfaction and delight. Once again, and probably for the last time, I shall soon take leave of the country in which I was born. But I cannot do so without invoking upon you and upon your national university, in the fullness of my heart, the blessing of Almighty God, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost—Amen.

As the illustrious Archbishop descended from the pulpit, the prelates and clergy retired from the church in procession, and the municipal bodies and the professors and officers of the University adjourned to the presbytery to prepare to join the procession which was now moving in dense masses through Marlborough-street in the direction of Talbot street. Amongst the clergy preparing to join the great cortege which was now flowing on in a grand unbroken stream, were priests from the western shores of America, from the islands far off in the Pacific, from the confines of Asia and Africa, and from the frozen coasts of Labrador.

THE PROCESSION.

As the ceremonial in the cathedral was drawing to a close, the vast procession, extending for nearly four miles, began to move through the densely crowded streets, on which the sun shone brightly, and, after the long continuance of wet weather, the people, as they flocked along, filled with enthusiasm, as if they had been emancipated from some iron-seamed restraint. It was a majestic demonstration, composed of sixty-four bodies; and some notion may be formed of its magnitude by stating that it took two hours and fifteen minutes to pass at a brisk pace any given point. In its ranks fully thirty thousand men marched to do their duty to society and to themselves. The route was kept clear by a number of the Papal Brigade on horseback and on foot.—They appeared to be fine soldierly-looking fellows and wore the Pope's colours, yellow and white, in rosettes and sashes.

The Prelates in attendance were:—

The Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Lord Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland.

The Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Lord Archbishop of Cashel and Emly.

The Most Rev. Dr. Hughes, Lord Archbishop of New York.

The Most Rev. Dr. Errington, Lord Archbishop of Trebizonde.

The Right Rev. Dr. Kelly, Lord Bishop of Derry.

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Lord Bishop of Waterford and Lismore.

The Right Rev. Dr. Durean, Lord Bishop of Achnary.

The Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, Lord Bishop of Ferns.

The Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, Lord Bishop of Down and Connor.

The Right Rev. Dr. Doran, Coadjutor Bishop of Down and Connor.

The Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Lord Bishop of Kerry.

The Right Rev. Dr. McEvilly, Lord Bishop of Galway.

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Hea, Lord Bishop of Ross.

The Right Rev. Dr. Kilduff, Lord Bishop of Ardagh.

The Right Rev. Dr. Leahy, Lord Bishop of Dro-more.

The Right Rev. Dr. Kane, Lord Bishop of Cloyne.

The Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Lord Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

The Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Lord Bishop of Ossory.

The Right Rev. Dr. Derry, Lord Bishop of Clonfert.

The Right Rev. Dr. McGottigan, Lord Bishop of Raphoe.

The Right Rev. Dr. Flannery, Lord Bishop of Kiltaloe.

The Right Rev. Dr. MacNally, Lord Bishop of Clogher.

The Right Rev. Dr. Gillooly, Lord Bishop of Elphin.

The Right Rev. Dr. M'Farland, Lord Bishop of Hartford.

The Right Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, Lord Bishop of Boston.

The Right Rev. Dr. McLaughlin, Lord Bishop of Brook yn, U.S.

The Right Rev. Dr. Clement Smyth, Lord Bishop of Dubuque.

The Right Rev. Dr. M'Cluskey, Lord Bishop of Albany.

The Right Rev. Dr. Beacom, Lord Bishop of Portland.

The Right Rev. Dr. Timen, Lord Bishop of Buffalo.

The Right Rev. Dr. Grant, Lord Bishop of South-wark.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Chamboncel, late Lord Bishop of Toronto.

The Right Rev. Dr. Lynch, Lord Bishop of Toronto.

The Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Lord Bishop of Iowa.

The Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, Lord Bishop of Annapolis.

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Lord Bishop of Salda.

The Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Lord Bishop of Kilmore.

The dignitaries and prelates having taken their seats in their carriages, the academic bodies proceeded in long array by Talbot street through Lower Gardiner street into Beresford-street. Then came the students of the University. Then came a vast body of the Clergy, of whom not less than a thousand were present. The Rector of the University, the Vice-Rector, and the Deans and Professors followed on foot. As the carriages of the prelates passed through the dense crowds, their lordship were loudly cheered, which was continued till the cortege entered Sackville street by Eden-quay. All being in readiness, the congregated trades and commercial bodies began to move slowly in the direction of Grafton street in one vast column through the crowds that stood packed and wedged on the footways.—Though the crushing was great, when the procession began to move on, the greatest order prevailed, and all appeared to be actuated by one feeling—an anxiety that nothing should mar the harmony of the proceedings.

As the procession passed through Sackville street, the scene was one to be remembered. Passing up Cavendish-row, which, if possible, more densely thronged than any other part of the route, the windows of every mansion being filled with aristocratic groups, the head of the procession was turned by the horsemen in advance into North Frederick street. The whole line then deployed into Lower Dorset street, in which thousands of people were collected, and as it progressed to Drumcondra-road, numbers pressed forward to the equipages in which the prelates were seated, and asked and obtained their Episcopal blessing, every head being uncovered when the benediction was bestowed.

THE SITE.

Perhaps in the kingdom a more lovely or desirable one could not be found than that on which the Catholic University of Ireland will stand. It possesses every qualification to suit for the noble purpose for which it is intended. A few years since, when the

Mounjoy estates were offered for sale in the Incumbent Estates Court, the trustees of the University became the purchasers of a magnificent tract of land in a high state of cultivation, for which a large sum had to be paid. It contains thirty-three acres, exactly the same amount of space as that occupied by Trinity College, including the park and Provost's garden. The ground is bounded on the west by the "Bishop's fields," and on the south by the northern bank of the Royal Canal and Burnett-place; on the east by Drumcondra-road, and on the north by Mr Jameson's demesne, extending to the Tolka River. The portion of the site adjoining the Drumcondra-road is divided from the main ground by a narrow road, which runs from the termination of Burnett-place to Surrey-lane, at the boundary of Mr Jameson's premises; but in all probability there will not be much difficulty in arranging to have the portion of the road required for the main entrance to the University stopped. From the centre, on which the University will be erected, the most charming views can be obtained, as the ground rises from its boundaries by a gentle ascent. To the north is to be observed a splendidly wooded country and the beautiful valley of the Tolka; to the west the Botanic Gardens, with their fine elms, planted by Chesterfield; and Glasnevin, rendered classic ground by being the residence at one time of Addison, Parnell, Tickell (when secretary to the Duke of Wharton) and Sir Richard Steele. The O'Connell monument, rising in marble like whiteness from dense masses of foliage and surmounted by the cross and the beautiful Italian structure erected for the orphans under the protection of the brethren of St Vincent de Paul, add materially to the attractions of the scene. On the south and south-west the city spreads out like a map before the observer, bounded in the extreme distance by the Dublin mountains. On approaching the site the attention of the various bodies composing the procession was attracted by a vast building for overtopping the surrounding elms and all the adjacent houses. This is the new Diocesan Seminary of the Holy Cross Clonliffe, founded not many months since, by His Grace the Archbishop as an ecclesiastical seminary for the diocese of Dublin. It is already all but completed. Situated in the centre of a lovely and secluded demesne of 20 acres, well studded with ancient elms and graceful ash trees, it overlooks the Bay of Dublin, of which it commands a most extensive prospect. The building is 200 feet in length, and four lofty stories in height—spacious corridors, 12 feet wide, traverse the entire length of the building on each floor. Adjacent also to the site is the Missionary College of All-Hallows, which will be a portion of the theological department of the University. Like Holy Cross Seminary, All-Hallows College stands on venerated ground, over the site of a fine old monastery, the seat of learning and piety.—It is a splendid, venerable place, well adapted for the fine Norman-Gothic college which has been recently built upon it.

About three o'clock the trades and bodies forming the head of the procession began to arrive, but such was the enormous extent of display, and the mass of men of all classes comprising it, that it was near six o'clock before the prelates were enabled to reach the spot where the day's ceremonial was to take place. Their lordships were enthusiastically cheered on their arrival, and cheers were also given at the coming of the representatives of the Irish municipal bodies and the Irish members of parliament.

To the illustrious Archbishop of New York was assigned the honour of occupying the chair. The officiating Prelate in laying the first stone was the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Primate. The hymns and psalms prescribed by the ritual for the ceremonial were chanted by the choir. The prayer suited to the ceremonial having been recited, the stone was solemnly blessed and lowered into its place, under the superintendence of Mr J. J. McCarthy, Professor of Architecture in the Catholic University. His Grace was assisted by the Rev. Mr. O'Neill and the Rev. Mr. Butler, of the Cathedral Church, who were Deacon and Sub Deacon, and wore the vestments of their office. The Rev. Dr. Murray was Master of the Ceremonies. During the ceremonial the Prelates occupied positions under the canopy at either side of His Grace the Archbishop of New York, and His Grace the Primate. At its conclusion,

Major O'Reilly, M.P., having been called upon, came forward amidst loud cheering, and said—My Lord Archbishops, and men of Ireland, I have been requested by the Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland to return thanks in his name and in the name of the multitude of Irishmen assembled here—first, to our illustrious guests from so many parts of Europe and America—(great cheering)—to the Archbishop of New York, and to the other Bishops who have come almost from the bounds of the Catholic world here to-day to testify the interest they take in the foundation of a university for the diffusion of knowledge, and true religion amongst the Catholic people of Ireland (loud cheering.) It is ten years since a movement for the education of the Catholics of Ireland was first instituted by the direction of the Sovereign Pontiff. (Great cheering.) Day by day, year by year, the movement has swelled and strengthened, and the vast assemblage of this day is a sufficient proof that it unites in its support the whole of the Catholic sympathy of Ireland. (Renewed cheering.) You are here to-day from all parts of the country to prove that not even the Premier of England can dictate to you the education which your children are to receive. You are assembled here to tell him and the world that you will choose for yourselves, and that you have chosen a Catholic education for Catholic youth. This declaration of opinion must and will have its effect; the nation's voice has this day chartered the nation's University—(loud cheering)—and in the accomplishment of this great work we have been nobly assisted by the distinguished Prelates to whom I have already alluded, and to whom we owe a debt of obligation which we can never sufficiently repay. You will all, I know, join with me in thanking them in the name of the Rector of the University, and in the name of the people of Ireland, with all your hearts, for their presence, and their assistance upon this memorable occasion.

His Grace the Archbishop of New York next addressed the assemblage. He was greeted with tremendous cheers again and again repeated. He had, he said, merely to thank Major O'Reilly for the very complimentary manner in which he referred to him, and to thank them all for the kind way in which they had received the mention of his name. On behalf of the Prelates and Priests from other countries he acknowledged the distinguished compliment paid to them, and expressed the pleasure they all derived from being present upon so auspicious an occasion. If they would permit him to give an order on that occasion, as if he were a general, his order to them was to proceed peaceably and quietly to their homes. (Loud cheers.)

The Rev. Dr. Anderson also addressed the vast multitude, who were pressing forward to witness the proceedings at the platform, and causing thereby much pressure. He exhorted them to complete by their order and decorum the success of the great demonstration of this day.

The advice thus given was obeyed. The enormous assemblage, which had remained for so many hours together in perfect quietude and order, departed in an equally decorous manner, and in a comparatively short period had all left the ground for their homes. It would be an omission not to state that Professor Kavanagh and Professor Sullivan, of the Catholic University, exerted themselves zealously and efficiently throughout the day in forming, directing, and endeavouring to carry out the many arrangements in connection with this great demonstration.

And thus terminated the magnificent demonstration of yesterday—a demonstration never equalled in the past history of the country—and one which was eminently creditable, not only to every one who took a part in it, but to the entire country. The streets all along the line through which the procession

wound its way were literally packed with spectators, not less than 150,000 people being in the streets. The greatest ingenuity was displayed in procuring accommodation, and yet it is our agreeable duty to close our report of the memorable 20th of July with our having to record an accident or any mishap, even of the most trivial nature.

GRAND BANQUET.

The University entertained the Prelates, Clergy, the members of municipal bodies, Members of Parliament, professors, officers of trades, &c., at a sumptuous banquet in the evening. This splendid entertainment, which was, in itself, a remarkable demonstration in favour of the University, took place in the spacious dining hall of All-Hallows College. The banquet was of a magnificent character. It comprised every delicacy, and was served in a style of the most elegant.

FRIAR TUCK.

Some years ago a little steam yacht, containing the fortunes of an English colonial bishop and his friends, lay in a river not many hundred miles distant from Labuan. Close by was moored another vessel of similar proportions, also bearing the person of an ecclesiastical functionary, who this time was not a Protestant but a Roman Catholic prelate. The rival bishops watched each other's movement strictly and sharply. In the morning each snuffed the air defiantly in the direction of his antagonist; in the evening each went to bed in fervent astonishment that the other was still permitted to cumber the earth another day. Nor were the reverend and rival brethren inactive. The Roman Catholic divine in particular gave himself up to polemical and missionary warfare with all the zeal of a Loyalist. In a word, he converted every one who came near him right and left, and as bad luck would have it, some of the crew or servants of the Protestant boat fell victims to his pious labours. The evangelical prelate had borne in silence, but with indignation and fury in his heart, the conversions of the natives in the vicinity. When it came to converting his own crew under his very nose he could stand it no longer. The fires were raked. The little steamer began to get up steam. Smoke issued from her funnel. It was evident that something was going on upon board, and in a little while a message crossed the river from the Protestant bishop with his lordship's compliments to the Roman Catholic bishop on the other side, and he begged to say that if the Roman Catholic converted another member of the Protestant crew his lordship would fire into him at once. What could the threatened prelate do? He consulted his chaplain, and he came to the conclusion that they had no special protection for martyrdom in the wilds of the East. No choice remained but to give in. It was evident that the Protestant was in earnest. The Roman Catholic accordingly determined to temper his zeal. No more conversions were made, or at least none were made publicly, and the orthodox faith won the day. But who was the bishop to whom thanks were due? It was the present Bishop of Labuan, who on his recent visit to this country smoked his cigar and wore his moustache and beard in Pall Mall and Bond Street with so much coolness and aplomb as to take away the breath of several minor canons and Anglican functionaries, who had not only never heard hitherto, but absolutely never dreamt of a bishop wearing hair upon his lip or indulging in tobacco.

If the gallant and moral Tom Brown, whose lectures at Rugby and Oxford have edified and charmed us, takes in a future magazine or a future three-volume novel, to a fit of religious thoughtfulness which his author seems to think can alone console a man under the transparent failure of Mr. Ricardo, Mr. Mill, and of political economists in general, he will certainly take orders and go to the colonies. That he will still smoke and diligently cultivate a beard cannot for a moment be questioned. It is the duty of a muscular Christian to do so. Nor, if he rises to the highest ecclesiastical dignities, will he at all relax his habits. The muscular Christian dies, but he never gives in about tobacco. It is the token and badge of his profession, just as circumcision was the distinction of a child of Abraham. To relinquish it would be a cowardly desertion of his colours. It cannot be said, therefore, that the exploits we have mentioned above, or any of them, are inconsistent with a highly-trained moral and religious character. On the contrary, they are typical of a peculiar school. Tom Brown does this, because he is among the prophets, and because the moral growth of the other prophets is dear to him. It is his duty and his religion not to wink the humber of conventionality, but to take his beer and his pipe regularly, and to show that a humble minded able-bodied Christian can appreciate a good tap as well as the Manna of righteousness. Clearly the mere fact that Tom Brown would not give him a right to go out of training, or to put extra temptation in Satan's path by allowing his muscles to get low. To engage in battle as often as he had the chance would be a sacred duty to his race. A Catholic bishop would, of course, be better than nothing, though, as a rule, they are warring creatures, and greatly over-trained. But pictures of the very thing that he would have been looking for all his life. What has Tom Brown, he would say to himself, got to do in this life but to fight pirates wherever he finds them? They are the enemies of human nature, and the Right Reverend Tom, from youth upwards, has been his champion and avenger. So the Church militant would beat to quarters and prepare for action. There are—the Right Reverend Tom Brown would proudly reflect, as he took off his coat, and turned up his shirt-sleeves there are pirates of all kinds—intellectual pirates, moral pirates, and the pirates of private and real life. Good pirates, he would continue, the last-named pirates—the worst, for he not only seeks to destroy the soul, but he is continually on the lookout for men adventures to destroy the body. It is the duty of the Church militant, in about two minutes, and as soon as all parties are ready, to be at him.

The amusing and interesting account, given by a letter of the Bishop of Labuan to the Times, of a singular affair of the kind, at which his warlike lordship was assisted, will give sincere pleasure to every Tom Brown in the three kingdoms. The pirates came on raging and rampant, but the Christian bishop has been too many for them. "Our weapons, though few," says the right rev. narrator, modestly, "were good, and well served, and in justice to the matter, I must mention that my double-barrelled Terry's breech-loader, made by Rely, New Oxford Street, proved itself a most deadly weapon from its true shooting, and certainty and rapidity of fire. *Unceasing once in eighty rounds,*" and was then so little fouled that I believe it would have fired eighty rounds more with like effect without waiting to be cleaned."

On a fine morning, before daylight, in consequence of intelligence they received, the bishop and his friend, the younger Rajah Brooke, with a little steamer and a little gun-boat, started from the mouth of the Dinuliu river, which intersects a district of the same name half-way between the Sarawak and Labuan. After a while, in the dim of light in the early dawn, they saw three large pirate junks towards the north-east, and at once gave chase. The pirate craft were bristling with men, who rowed standing and were making as hard as possible for the shore. "I never saw fellows pull so," says the bishop, with evident disdain. His own vessel and its consort had been prepared both for pursuit and fight. There was no bulwark to the steamer, and the Rajah accordingly hung some planks and mattresses over the iron poop rail, in order to protect his own and his crew's legs. Eight European were there in all, together with three natives, "good and true men." After an exciting race, the first vessel of the three succeeded in getting safe to land. The second was just escaping, when the steamer putting on full power, ran into her, struck her amidships, and went clean over her with her stem. A similar collision damaged, though it did not sink, the third; and the battle, which had been