

I say—
"Waistcoat's gone!" said the servant, returning and looking coolly on.

"Bellinda was near, and pretended to hold her. While the gentleman's eye was raised to the servant in livery, she slipped a fruit-knife into Lucy's bosom.

"Her feet, and be d—d," the gentleman cried to the servant.

The servant knelt down to do so; the gentleman looked at her, and placed a hand on her mouth, and in doing so, received a terrible gash in his cheek from the hand of Lucy.

He became furious. He struck her brutally on the shoulders. He called again for the "gag," and the two young ladies had just succeeded in finding one—or a substitute. He dashed it like a butcher into her mouth.

The fair young girl was quite exhausted; her last struggle ceased. Gagged, tied hand and foot, the cold perspiration stood upon her forehead; her eyes swam, and she felt a suffocating sensation about her heart.

Lucy prayed to the good God that she should die; and she believed he had heard her—the thought was ecstasy.

"She's done!" cried Lady Petrail triumphantly. "Give me the decanter."

"I'll go for the opium itself," said a young lady.

"Aye, you are right," answered the gentleman.

Lucy heard every word distinctly, and she prayed to God to take her away—oh, how sweet it would be to die!

The opium came; it was poured from the vial into a small vessel convenient for insertion into the mouth. There was a laugh.

Lucy was laid on a sofa; the gentleman stood behind, one of the young ladies held the victim's head, another stood at her feet; Bellinda stood at the hearth and laughed as loudly as any.

Lady Petrail approached Lucy with the sleeping draught.

At this moment a struggle was heard on the stairs; the door of the saloon was flung open, the folding-doors gave way to a powerful impulse, and a young man in travelling costume, tall, severe-looking, resolute, presented himself.

Awful was the consternation and dismay. The gentleman first recovered himself, and was going to speak, when the stranger quietly walked over to lady Petrail, and took the vessel of opium from her hand.

"How dare you, sir," cried the gentleman, "how dare you, sir, come in here? Willis, my pistols!" he cried to the man in livery.

The stranger took out a revolver, and quietly examined the caps.

"I say, Willis, the police, the police!" "Peace! peace!" said the stranger. "You do not want the police, and you would fly from them were they coming. You should have them, you bad man, only this young lady's fair name is not to be tarnished. Unloose her forthwith."

"And who are you, pray, who come here to command me in my house?" cried Lady Petrail.

"I am not going to make arguments with you. Take your choice, the gaol or the freedom of this young lady. For her sake, the gaol is not your portion this hour. I have seized you in the fact, and I can establish the conspiracy which brought you to this street this morning."

The malefactors saw the game was played and lost, and were too glad to escape upon the proposed terms. The Lady Petrail retired. The gentleman even offered compensation; and during a moment in which they were left alone, Bellinda showed a pistol, loaded, which she held in her hand, to protect Lucy in the last extremity. She would have died, she said, aye, ten times over, before any hands should have touched Lucy in her lethargy. And when Lucy would have embraced her, she said, "No, no, I'm a demon. No, your lips shall never touch the lips of a strumpet—never!" And when asked to fly, she shook her head. "Never," she said, "I have made my bed and I'll lie in it. I shall live the curse of men and the curse of myself. I don't know why I liked you—I couldn't help it; for my joy is to ruin people like you—I hate the world, every one, and to-morrow I shall be sorry for your escape. Go away!"

"Oh, I will so pray for you!" "Ha, ha, pray for me. Save me, and Lucifer may hope. No, I'm damned already. Go away."

"Poor girl, you sought a situation in London, and found it!"

As Gerald Moore went across the way, the handsome Lucy leaning on his left arm, and her little luggage in his right hand, he was crossing to a cab, when he accidentally jostled a gentleman who, like himself, had a lady in his keeping.

"I beg your pardon," said Gerald.

The gentleman turned round.

"Why, Mr. Moore," shouted Cecily Tyrrell's uncle.

"Gerald Moore," cried Cecily Tyrrell herself, looking into beautiful Lucy's face, and reddening to deep crimson.

And so we have seen how Cecily Tyrrell and Gerald Moore met, and we must leave to chapter XX. the 'awful story she had to tell.'

(To be Continued.)

THE MIDDLESEX MAGISTRATES IN SYNOD.

(From the Saturday Review.)

After all, there ought to be no complaint of the absence of what is called synodical action in England. Gentlemen at Church Congresses may complain that the safeguards of the faith are being gradually loosened; Convocation, with hesitating and dubious voice, may timidly condemn Essays and Reviews; Courts of Appeal may feel reluctant to enforce the letter of ecclesiastical statutes against free thought; and even Bishops in these lax days may content themselves, for the most part, with denouncing what is vaguely termed the spirit of the times. But there is a vigorous compensating action at work. While doctors and doctors are disputing, distinguishing, and palliating, the bold laity are up and in action. Bishop Colenso grounds his hopes of toleration on an appeal to the laity "to look to their own religious liberties." In the more thoughtful and considerate of the laity he sees with confidence

that largeness of heart, charity in judgment, and liberality in action which he seeks in vain among his Clerical brethren. In the present House of Convocation, where the Clergy are most imperfectly represented, and the laity not at all, he can hope for no expression of the mind of the National Church. Well, this appeal to the laity has already been, to a considerable extent, answered. The laity are by no means so timid as the ecclesiastical bodies. They can make up their minds on religious points, and act upon them. The Middlesex Magistrates have taken doctrine into their own hands, and make no bones whatever of it. It is the simplest thing in the world, at the Sessions House on Clerkenwell Green, to pronounce what is religious truth, and to act accordingly. The Middlesex Magistrates settle the wrangles and controversies of ages by the shortest possible cut; and, being certain of the truth themselves, they take care, in the good old-fashioned, sensible, practical, straightforward way, that there shall be no religious error, heresy, or false doctrine taught, or believed, or practised which they can prevent. To be sure this looks a little like persecution, as it used to be called. But let us be fair. Strong convictions are a matter of conscience; if a man seriously and honestly believes that it is his duty to prevent simple-minded people being led astray by mischievous teaching, he must follow out this conviction in his practice. Men's souls are more precious than their bodies. We take all manner of precaution to protect the people from fever, infection, and diseased meat; and we ought to be at least as considerate for their immortal part as for the body that perishes. If Providence has placed us in that position that it depends upon our action whether a plague, material or spiritual, shall or shall not be propagated among the simple folk, can we hesitate about the path of duty? It is quite true that these were the arguments of Torquemada. The Inquisition had a good deal to say for itself. So have the Middlesex Magistrates. It is curious, however, to find—and Bishop Colenso will do well to lay the fact to heart—that it is among the laity, the intelligent and thoughtful laity, in the very cream and flower of the practical mind and among the chosen men of the first country in the world, that these maxims find, not an avowal in works, but a very practical adoption in action.

The Legislature has recently passed an Act to provide for the spiritual instruction of Roman Catholic prisoners. The intention of that Act was quite plain. Its object was to do the prisoners good in the only way in which religious good can be presented to them, by giving them the full benefit of their own religion. Whether that religion is a good one or a bad one the Legislature did not say. Parliament merely recognised the fact that there are Roman Catholic prisoners; and, also accepting the fact that there is such a thing as the Roman Catholic religion, it put the two facts together, and concluded that the Roman Catholic religion should be presented whole and entire to the Roman Catholic prisoners. Unfortunately the Act is permissive, it gives to the county magistrates powers, vague and undefined, of deciding on many points material to the fair and honest working of the law. It leaves it to the good sense or good feeling of the magistrats whether they shall appoint a paid chaplain; and, as it seems, it also leaves it to the same good sense and good feeling whether they shall appoint a paid chaplain; and, as it seems, it also leaves it to the same good sense and good feeling whether the chaplain so appointed shall or shall not be allowed to give religious teaching and religious consolation and the means of spiritual improvement in the only way in which, according to the religion which chaplain and prisoners profess, they can be offered. The consequence is, that in every county of England this Act has called on all the latent bigotry and intolerance of the English character, especially of those very conscientious people who feel it to be their bounden duty to thwart and insult the Roman Catholics and their religion and its professors, to place every obstacle in the way of the Act of Parliament being carried out, and to reduce it to a dead letter. In Lancashire the opposition to the law took the shape of an abortive effort to prevent the chaplain from celebrating public worship in the only way in which he could celebrate it. In Middlesex the opposition has gone much further. The Middlesex Magistrates congratulate themselves, in the person of Mr. Laurie, that they have not laid out a penny in the purchase of a crucifix, candlesticks, chalices, or other insignia of idolatrous worship—which coming from a body of gentlemen nine out of ten of whom are members of the Church of England, in which churches are not quite unknown, says as much for the information as it does for the decency of that august body. But it has been left to the ingenious malice of Mr. Serjeant Payne to employ the Prison Ministers' Act most cleverly in the sacred interests of bigotry and intolerance, and the dear delight of insulting your neighbor. The Act provides that no prisoner shall be visited against his will, and gives to the visiting magistrates power to "impose such restrictions as may guard against the introduction of improper persons, and prevent improper communications." Have these provisions, inquires Mr. Serjeant Payne, been carried out? Improper persons; there are a great many improper persons. How are we to know that every Roman Catholic Priest is not an improper person. There is the Priest who seduced thirty young women in the Confessional.—There is the Priest who wrote that filthy letter to a boy, &c.—who, by the way, was not a Priest or a Roman Catholic at all. There is abundant reason why the visiting justices should look to the moral character of those who come to the prison to give religious instruction. And then Mr. Serjeant Payne smacks his lips, and of course did not mean to say a single word about the particular Priest who at present visits at the prison. He confined himself, of course, to the general and notorious character of R. Catholic Clergymen as a class; and, having delivered himself of the sweeping doctrine that all Priests are suspicious persons, there was no occasion to slander any one Priest in particular. An then, as the duty imposed on the magistrats of preventing improper communications, was that provision carried out. Did the magistrats take care that the Priest should not teach the duty of exterminating Protestants. Did the magistrats take care that all Roman Catholic teaching should be given in public. He moved that the visiting magistrats should be instructed to attend to these points; and the whole Bench unanimously accepted the resolution: That is, the Middlesex magistrats (but they had not the courage to say so) are agreed that the Catholic religion is idolatrous, and that it is their duty to discourage it; and they are resolved, as far as in them lies, not only to oppose the intention of the Legislature, but to make the Prison Ministers' Act either wholly inoperative, or a means of insulting and vilifying the Roman Catholics and their Clergy. We hear a good deal about non-natural interpretation and the wickedness of casuistry; but all the doctors of ambiguity and teachers of amphibology might be defied to invent such a comment upon plain words as that which tells us, with Serjeant Payne, that restrictions against improper persons meant to give the magistrats the right to consider and treat every Priest as an immoral man, and that restrictions against improper communications meant that the visiting justices might prohibit the Mass, auricular confession, and every doctrine inconsistent with the Confession of Faith sanctioned by Messrs. Pownall and Payne.

But this is not the only doctrinal decision recently pronounced by the Council of Clerkenwell. Amongst its other functions, the Middlesex Bench has the power of granting and renewing music licences. Of late years it has become the fashion to use large rooms for composite purposes, and certain Music Halls form a debatable ground on which the two worlds may meet in common. Exeter Hall is the typical instance. There are held religious meetings and musical meetings; the orator and oratorio alter-

nate. Oratorios of either sort succeed each other. Boanerges and Mr. Oonta meet together. This example has been followed. The minor theatres, anxious to turn an honest penny, are hired out on Sundays to preachers of various denominations; and the Saturday night's stench of sawdust, blue-fire, and orange-peel is succeeded by the Sunday odor of sanctity. There is a common element of sensationalism in the week-day and Sunday acting. Good taste is revolted by it, and other feelings than of reverence and respect for holy things are rudely assailed by this profane jumble of screaming farces and converting sermons in the same edifice, which is at once a house of ribaldry and a house of prayer. But the thing is a settled thing; what Exeter Hall and Sadler's Wells do the Music Halls may do. Among these halls is a large room in Newman street (is it the original home of the Irvingites?) which is the property of the Lecture Hall Association. In this place it is called Cambridge Hall—a Dr. Perfit has for some time delivered Sunday Lectures. Dr. Perfit ministers, if the word may be used to what he calls a congregation of Theists, and he styles his speculation (in whatever sense we use the word) 'The Free Church of the Society of Independent Religious Reformers.' There can be little doubt that Dr. Perfit and his very odd discourses are very much out of gear with the Christian religion; and we concede at once that what he teaches may, to use the words of the Middlesex Magistrats, be described by the somewhat inconsistent terms of 'Infidelity,' 'Atheism,' 'Deism,' and 'Corrupt Principles,' if by those terms is only meant something which is not Christianity. Dr. Perfit must be a very droll religious teacher, for—we quote his quarterly prospectus—in his Sunday discourses he dedicates the morning to subjects which find their common nature in a common termination, and run into rhyme, such as Inspiration, Initiation, Renunciation, and Meditation, while his evening homilies comprise such edifying and popular themes as the Life of Sakyas and Tyrian Theology, about which, if Dr. Perfit knows anything, it is much more than we do. At the last Quarter Sessions, the proprietors of this Cambridge Hall applied for a renewal of a music licence for the house, which had been used for that purpose on week nights—not for nightly concerts after the fashion of the Oxford, but for concerts and music meetings, like Exeter Hall, St. James's Hall, and the Hanover Square Rooms. This application was refused by the Middlesex Magistrats, on the avowed ground of the objections entertained to Dr. Perfit's doctrines. Because the room was used for Perfit's non-Christian lectures, it should not be used for music meetings. What makes the case more striking is that in former years Dr. Perfit, when sole lessee of the building, obtained his music licence; but the change of proprietorship to the Lecture Hall Association gave the magistrats an opportunity to move in the affair. 'We have always,' says Mr. Pownall, 'thought the matter to be objectionable, and as this is a transfer, we can now have the opportunity of deciding in accordance with our views. Accordingly the licence was refused.'

Now we are quite ready to admit that we have not the slightest sympathy with Dr. Perfit's reformed religion. It seems to be a silly compound of quackery and pretentiousness. But this is not the point. The principle upon which the Middlesex Magistrats decided is, that they are judges of what is and what is not edifying and salutary in the shape of religion. They have said that Dr. Perfit's theism and his speculations on Tyrian Theology and the life of Zoroaster are to be punished as dangerous to public morals in the same sense in which harboring improper characters and giving improper entertainments are dangerous. If such considerations ought to be allowed to influence the Middlesex Magistrats, they may very fairly go much further. If it should so happen that a majority of the Bench were High Churchmen, or Secularists, or Romanists, they might refuse a licence to Exeter Hall itself, and not unreasonably on the ground that they entertained conscientious objections to the false doctrines taught and avowed there. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Mr. Pownall, Chairman for the Middlesex Magistrats, and one of the proprietors of Exeter Hall, gives himself a licence for Exeter Hall, in which Dr. Perfit thinks conscientiously that 'corrupt principles' and very false doctrines are taught. Where is all this to stop. The Middlesex Magistrats entertain no general objections, as a great many right-minded people do, to giving a music licence to buildings in which religious services are held. They license Exeter Hall, the Britannia Theatre, and Sadler's Wells. What they do is to reserve to themselves the right to prescribe and dictate what sort of religious services they shall exceptionally license and authenticate, and what sort they shall punish and forbid. What they claim is to be judges of orthodoxy; what they do is exactly what was done before the Toleration Act was passed. Are we wrong in saying that we have a very active Synod and very zealous guardians of the faith in the intelligent laity?

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

His Holiness the Pope has appointed the Reverend Michael Karanagh, O.S.F., as provincial of the Franciscan Order. The Rev. gentleman is a native of Drogheda, and remarkable for his humility and piety.

CHRISTIANITY IN IRELAND.—Extract from a Sermon of Archbishop Cullen.—On Sunday, 16th ult., the new Church of Clonsilla, in the diocese of Lismore of which Rev. Father Dooley is Pastor, was solemnly consecrated. The sermon on the occasion was preached by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, and from the report of his discourse in the Waterford Mail we take the following:—

The first years of Christianity were years of sorrow. The Gospel was spread into many countries, and its disciples suffered death and imprisonment in multitudes, because they would not renounce the true faith, until the redemption of man by the Son of God was made visible to Constantine with great glory in the heavens. Moved by that sign, he determined to give liberty to the followers of Jesus Christ. Afterward he became a Christian himself, and had given full liberty to the practice of that religion, he determined to build magnificent churches and dedicate them the worship of God. The innumerable and magnificent presents which poured into the temple showed the respect in which that sacred building was held. In a similar way many churches were erected in and around Jerusalem, even the places sanctified by the life and death of our Redeemer. As the spirit of investigation and knowledge advanced, all these cathedrals were erected which now form the wonder of the world; all these were erected to the honour of the living God. To mention one, that of St. Peter's at Rome, which is looked upon as one of the greatest prodigies of that sort of architectural skill that the world has ever seen. But without following out what has been done in other countries, let us look to what has been the state of our own country and see how religion has alternately suffered and proved triumphant. For centuries she lay in darkness, till St. Patrick, guided by the spirit of God came hither to preach His word. The truth spread rapidly; in a few years he had brought the whole nation to believe. Before his death—he lived a long age—he had the consolation of seeing religion established without violence or bloodshed. There were none, or scarcely any martyrs, nor persecutions, at least any of importance, so that Ireland is one of the few countries in which Christianity has been established without being watered by the blood of martyrs. Religion soon spread in Ireland, its people becoming docile and tractable; in other countries it required a long time to accustom the inhabitants to the yoke of the Gospel. St. Patrick writes that he was himself amazed at their willingness to become priests and entire converts. There were multitudes of Irish missionaries, and in this way he became the means of

communicating the Gospel to other nations. They went out and brought within the pale of the Church those who had never heard before of its Gospel. They went through all the countries of the continent, even into the very southern parts of Italy, Scotland, too, was converted by an Irishman, St. Columbine. All Germany owed its conversion to an Irishman; many of them watered the soil with their blood. While they were doing this abroad they were far from being idle here at home. They became a people of saints. Churches were erected on every hill side, and the sacrifice of the altar offered daily there. Convents filled with blessed women were founded in every part of the country, and monasteries for men also sprung up. There was one in this county at Lismore, celebrated all over Europe for its learning; one at Clonsilla, one at Bangor, and two at Tarbert and Glasnevin, near Dublin. All these were celebrated for the opportunities they afforded to learning. Even this very parish had its great saint and monastery at Mochel, near this church. It was there the great St. Brogan lived; he was the founder of many monasteries. This district is also celebrated by being the scene of certain times as many as 600 monks in those mountains within which you now stand. They were remarkable for the sanctity of their lives and their continual mortifications. Their lives must have brought a benediction on the neighborhood, and the prayers of St. Brogan and St. Coan must have been most efficacious in preserving the beautiful district in which this church stands from the contagion of heresy. You, my dearly beloved brethren, have been exposed to many temptations, and yet you have preserved the faith of your forefathers, the true and sincere faith of our own holy Catholic Church. Religion remained comparatively undisturbed for four or five hundred years till the invasion of the Danes, who destroyed everything that sacred and valuable. They kept possession of your principal city, Waterford, and also of Limerick and Dublin. When the tide of oppression rolled back, and they met their final defeat at Clontarf, the country had a slight respite from persecution. For a time the Church was permitted to enjoy peace till the Anglo Saxon invasion, by which the country was kept for many years in a state of the most direful calamity. Then followed the so-called reformers' movement, supported by all the power of England. It is impossible to say how many were, during this period, put to the sword, died in prison, lost their properties, and underwent other sufferings which cannot be described. Many were the unheard of calamities that fell to their lot. Everything that could be done was done to exterminate the faith, the seed of which was sown by St. Patrick, and irrigated by St. Brogan, in this very parish. Catholics suffered more in this than any known country. A Catholic parent was forbidden by law to give an education to his child at home or send him to a foreign country to have it done. Though we have lost many things, yet we have reason to congratulate ourselves that we have not lost that which is irreplaceable, the most valuable of all possessions, the only true faith. Everything we have lost except that which was truly valuable.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.—Nearly thirty-five years have passed away since a British King, who hated Irish Catholics, affixed his signature to the Act of Catholic Emancipation. Not quite three months have passed over since the foundation stone of a monument to O'Connell, the Emancipator, was laid with great pomp and ceremony in this city. The address presented on the latter occasion to the Lord Mayor purported to express the sentiments of an 'emancipated people'—those were the words as well as we recollect—and an 'emancipated nation.' Happy people! Blessed nation!—
Fortunati nimum,
Sua et bona norant.

A decision given in the Rolls Court on Thursday last in reference to certain bequests given by the will of the testator, Michael John Simms, presents a striking commentary on the efficacy and justice of the so much vaunted Act of 1829.

The first of the bequests was a gift of £500 to certain trustees, to be applied by them towards reducing the head-rent of a chapel belonging to the order of Dominican Friars, at Pope's Quay, in the city of Cork. This bequest Master Brooke held to be void, on the ground that any donation for the benefit of any religious order or society of the Church of Rome bound by monastic vows, was illegal, and contrary to the provisions, as well as the policy of the Emancipation Act, which, though allowing persons who were then members of religious orders to reside in Ireland, on complying with its provisions, nevertheless contemplated their ultimate suppression, by making it penal, at any time thereafter, to join such confraternities. The Master of the Rolls, after an elaborate review of the statute law, and the authorities bearing on the question, affirmed the judgment of Master Brooke, and held that the bequest was void.

Now mark—Michael John Simms left the sum of £500 for the purpose of reducing the head-rent on a certain chapel in Cork. The chapel belonged to the order of Dominicans, and, therefore, the bequest is void, the intentions of the testator are of no account, because the Dominican is a religious order bound by monastic vows, and all such orders are condemned to perdition by the glorious, pious, and immortal Act of Catholic Emancipation.

The second bequest, which was the subject also of appeal, related to a sum of £500 left by the same testator to the Rev. Messrs. Russell and White, members of the Order of St. Dominic in Ireland, to be applied by them towards the maintenance and education of two members to be priests of the Order. The Master of the Rolls held this legacy also to be void, as having been given for the purpose of bringing up two persons, to become, at a future time, members of the Order, contrary to the express provisions of the statute. It will be perceived, therefore, that any bequest for the benefit of any religious order in Ireland, or of any member of such order, is, according to the Catholic Emancipation Act, null and void. And further that any bequest for the education or maintenance of any person whatever, with the view that at some future time he may become a member of a religious order, is, according to the provisions of the said blessed and glorious Act, null and void. Ireland is an 'emancipated nation,' and we Irish Catholics are a great and an enfranchised people.—*Dublin Irishman.*

EDUCATION.—THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.—The following tribute to the efficiency and zeal of the Christian Brothers in the cause of education for the humble classes is from the special correspondent of the Morning Herald, Writing from Cork, Oct. 17, he says:—

The education given by the Christian Brothers to the children of the poorer classes of Roman Catholics in Cork is of a higher order, and I was amazed at the perfection to which it is carried and the success it has evidently attained. There are about 2,200 boys in their establishment, and they seldom remain there after fifteen. The first class whose state I examined consisted of boys from nine to thirteen years old. A biography of some Irish patriot had been read to them by one of the Brothers, and they were told to embody it in the form of a letter, with such observations and additions as they chose to insert. I read about a dozen of these essays, selecting the pupils for myself, without the interference of the preceptors, and taking care to examine the productions of boys of various ages and apparent conditions. I do not remember in all the essays finding one false spelling—the errors of grammar were exceedingly rare; there being not more than two or three in the whole series—and several of the productions evinced considerable power of language and poetical turn of thought. It appeared to me not only that the boys were being taught English grammatically; and well; but that this method of teaching created in them a greater interest in their work than any system of teaching I had ever seen in practice. The boys clearly liked the subject on which they were engaged; and the mode in which

they were taught to handle it made their lesson come blue correct spelling, reading, writing, and punctuation, with a fair amount of intellectual labor. The aptitude of the younger boys for arithmetic was far beyond anything ever seen in England, and in the higher classes algebra and Euclid, to the end (I think) of the 11th book, are taught. The boys were in my presence examined in some propositions, and from the readiness and clearness of their answers, and the accuracy with which they made their proofs, I am persuaded that the instruction in these branches of learning is as perfect as it is in English composition. The most remarkable feature in the whole establishment is, however, the drawing school. All the boys who evidence any aptitude for drawing or mechanics, or whose future occupation in life makes it desirable that they should be good draughtsmen, or even artists, are sent into this school. Round the walls are copies made by the pupils from water-color drawings by various artists, and many of these copies possess great merit; there are also plans of machinery, most of which were made by the pupils from the machinery itself, and are not copies; and there are also architectural designs which the boys have copied, and then sketched in figures and trees, so as to convert the bare architectural elevation into a finished drawing, such as those that are sent in when a prize is competed for—a class of drawing, by the way, which is much wanted, and commands a high price. The boys in this school were instructed in the different orders of architecture, and from the designs placed before them, and the remarkable ability and thorough knowledge of the subject which their preceptor evinced, I should hope the scholars from this institution will hereafter be very far superior to the architects who have hitherto bartered the churches and chapels of Ireland. What struck me most in the entire system was that the boys were thoroughly treated like reasonable beings; they were made to understand the reason for what they were taught, as well as the fact itself, and they had communicated to them a portion of that contagious enthusiasm by which their masters were evidently inspired. Scarcely any punishments were administered; the only means resorted to is by giving a boy one blow with a leather strap; and I learned from two of the Brothers that one of them had been 18 months without punishing any of his pupils, and the other had only once done so in the course of the last three years. The boys are treated with kindness and consideration, and pains are taken to ascertain the beat of each individual mind, and inquiries are carefully made as to the probable future position in life of each boy, in order that the education given may be as useful as possible to him in after life. The success of this system is very remarkable. On an average four boys a week (or nearly 200 per annum, allowing for holidays) are sent out to the merchants or tradespeople of Cork and its neighborhood to find places as clerks and shopmen in the counting houses and shops of the city; some of them, however, go to England, and in very many instances have obtained very responsible situations in the offices of surveyors, architects and other professional men. I asked Mr. Duggan, the principal of this institution, what was, in his opinion, the effect of their high-class education where the pupil subsequently failed to advance himself in life. He replied that he thought such an education would have an evil result; if religious instruction formed no part of it, but that the principles of Christianity were so thoroughly ingrained by them into their educational system that from his own observation he was convinced no evil result from such a case as I had suggested. He told me there were three brothers in the school who all possessed remarkable abilities; two of them quickly procured situations, and were well provided for; the personal appearance of the third was unfortunately against him, and he was unable to procure any situation. For some time this man, whose education had been carried as far as the course of teaching in the institution went, worked as a day laborer in the grounds of the Christian Brothers; he then procured employment as a porter in one of the stores of the city, and during the whole time that he was occupied in these two situations, Mr. Duggan assured me he never knew him to be impatient of his evil fortune, or to complain that his education and abilities were wasted. At length his superior intelligence attracted the notice of his master, and he is now a clerk in the store he entered as porter. I attribute the success of this system of education to the fact that the gentlemen who conduct it are really enthusiastic in its cause; they are a different order of men from the mere hireling who performs his allotted task and is content if he avoid apparent failure. It is clear that every one of the Brothers to whom I spoke feels the very deepest solicitude for the success of the work he has undertaken, that he regards the achievements of his pupils in after life as triumphs of his own, and that he takes a kindly and personal interest in their present and future welfare. This institution is, with the exception of about 500, per annum, which is granted by the corporation, entirely supported by voluntary contributions of the citizens of Cork, who thoroughly appreciate the advantages of the education it confers, and are only too glad to secure pupils from it to fill places of trust in their establishments. Mr. Duggan told me the demand for boys was always in excess of the supply, and that at present he had application for seven boys, but that his superior classes had been so thinned that he had none he could send out.

THE IRISH CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—On the 27th ult., the academic commencement of the Irish Catholic University for the session 1864-65, was held in the chapel of the temporary University, Stephen's Green, Dublin. The attendance was very large and influential. The Rev. Rector of the University (Monsignor Woodcock) delivered a very eloquent address, setting forth the growth and prospect of the University, and combating the obstacles thrown in its way by disabilities and prejudices. Mr. Scrutton Secretary, then announced that the degree of Doctor in Sacred Theology, was to be conferred upon Rev. James Hughes, C.C., Shanagolden, Limerick. The Dean of the Faculty of Sacred Theology (the Rev. E. O'Reilly, S.J.) then rose and read to the Rector in Latin, the usual declaration of the fitness of the candidate for the degree. He next handed the declaration to the Secretary, and after the reply of the Rector in Latin, the candidate was conducted by the Dean and Secretary to the Faculty, to the chair in which the Rector sat, before whom he knelt. The book of the Gospels was then placed upon the Rector's knees, and the candidate, still kneeling, recited in a loud voice the profession of faith, according to the symbol of Pope Pius IV. At the conclusion of the profession of faith he placed his right hand upon the open Book of the Gospel, and subscribed the declaration, which was handed to the Secretary. The Rector then rose from the chair, and, addressing the candidate pronounced in Latin the formula of promotion, after which he took the newly created doctor by the hand, raised, and conducted him to his own chair. The newly created doctor being seated, the Rector presented him with the Bible, and then placed the gold ring on the fourth finger of the Doctor. Next, the Rector placed on the Doctor's head the cap, and having then been given the Pax, the newly created Doctor was conducted by the Dean and Secretary to receive the congratulations of his friends, amidst the applause of the assemblage. The Deans of the Faculties then called over the respective lists of prizes and distinctions awarded during the past session, and the successful students were called to the dais, where each, amidst the warm plaudits of the spectators, received from the hands of the Rector the prize or distinction awarded to them.

The handsome clipper ship 'Ganges,' 1,050 tons, Captain Furnell, of the Red Cross line, was towed into Queenstown on Friday morning by the steamer Lord Clyde, from London. She comes here to embark 400 Irish passengers for New Zealand, to which they are granted Government assisted passages to that colony.