

The Limerick Reporter of Friday, the 13th ult. says: "Never, in memory of the oldest inhabitant of Abbeylea, has there been seen such a flood as on Saturday night. The Feale and all its tributaries having overflowed, swept all before them. The farms adjoining these rivers sustained more or less injury, as all the low lands, for miles, along these rivers, were inundated. The road contractors have suffered severely, as in many parts they have not only been torn up, but large embankments completely swept away."

THE IRISH LANGUAGE—The Christian Brothers—An Example.—This week it was our pleasure to pay a casual visit to the excellent schools of the Christian Brothers in this town. The occasion afforded us delight and pleasure. The system and order observed in the schools could not fail to command our respect and fix our attention. We ejaculated, "What a blessing to the inhabitants of Tuam to have such advantages for their children. Some fifty years back a Catholic with an income of thousands could not, in these realms, have such opportunities for his children. For more than an hour were we entertained, through the urbanity of the good Brothers, who examined some of the pupils in various departments of learning, who exhibited much intelligence. Their penmanship, especially their specimens in the old Irish characters, were beautiful. We have never seen any superior to them by any Irish scribe in Dublin. What a novelty! What a blessing! Some of them sang extracts from the Irish compositions of His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam. They had certain Irish stanzas, with the notes in music attached, represented on black canvases executed by Brother Devin. We were much taken with the singing of "The Meeting of the Waters" in our sweet language. We cannot find words to convey our admiration for the becoming national literary zeal of the pious Brothers. "The Easy Lessons in Irish" have been working a wonderful effect in generating a taste for, and spreading a knowledge of, our own sweet tongue. We are convinced of the truth of the prophecy of the Abbot Alban O'Mulloy—"The Irish language will yet be in great esteem in Ireland." The Christian Brothers' schools are destined to carry into effect the prophecy. Brother Low's upper school presents some very smart pupils in science.—*Connacht Patriot.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Rev. W. R. Brownlow, M. A., of Torquay, has been received into the Catholic Church by Dr. Newman, at the Birmingham Oratory.

COASTLY CONVERTS.—One of the cries of the day is "payment for result." No doubt Mr. Lowe, in using the phrase for the particular purpose to which he applied it, only availed himself of the most palpable and undeniable truism; and when people are very strong in enforcing a truism, they have generally some sinister end to serve. It was thought to be so in the case of the Revised Code. The payment, it was argued, was no payment; the results asked for by Government were said to be fallacious results; and the proportion between payment and results, so the objection ran, was a glaring disproportion. The propriety of every term of the dictum, as applied to the particular case, was disputed; yet nobody pretended to say that payment results is not a fundamental axiom of common sense and common honesty. The doctrine has been applied to some of the Missionary Societies; but, as the charge that the Missionary Societies are a large and costly machine which turns out but little work, was couched with very inconvenient vagueness, not much came of it. Still it is not to be denied that results are a fair test of all institutions, religious as well as secular. It must be admitted that a vast organization which spends a great deal of money and has little or nothing to show for it is amenable, if not to censure or discredit, at least to inquiry. In the case of Missions to the heathen, be they of the Propagation Society, or the Church Missionary Society, or the various Dissenting bodies, there is generally something to show. In every annual report there is sure to be some striking case produced; and a woodcut and some very bad English go a long way with the annual meeting. Subscribers to Missions are a patient and long-suffering race, and also a forgetful one. The great work of Cochin China serves the turn for a season; and the next annual report shifts "the great work from Peru to Zambala. Still we must admit that, in the case of the heathen, if there is not much done, there is not an entire blank. But we have other missionary societies besides those for the benefit of the heathen. The Church of England, in the true spirit of charity, gives abroad what it wants at home. Not having yet converted its domestic infidels and heretics, and not content with the work of evangelizing, or trying to evangelize, the hundreds of millions of Pagans, it extends its converting labours to the Jews—though why the Turks are left without a mission is hard to say. The London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews has issued its fifty-fifth annual report. It is a society, we suppose, identified with the Church of England. Its vice patrons include the majority of the English bishops. It is favoured alike by the High Church and Low Church. The Bishops of Oxford, Salisbury, and St. David's pair off with the Bishops of Winchester, Durham, and Norwich. The Jews' Society, as it is commonly called on the *herus a non habendo* principle, its object being to exterminate Judaism, has a very fair income. The creditor side of the General Fund account for the year ending March 31, 1863, reaches the handsome sum of £43,400 odd. This sum is made up of a balance from the previous year of £10,000 of £30,000 accruing from subscriptions and the proceeds of sermons, and £3,000 apparently arising from dividends and house property. What the society's expenditure is we shall see presently. Meanwhile, it is something to know that there is at least one Missionary association which is anything but insolvent. The Jews Society's carries £8,000 to the account of 1864; or, to be very precise its current balance is £7,924 2s 2d. A Missionary body with its £25,000 of Exchequer Bills, its lands and tenements, its funded property, and its balance at the banker's is a rarity, and therefore its accounts deserve all the publicity which can be given to them. Perhaps the object of this society has coloured its management, and it is only natural that anything connected with Jews should be prosperous in money matters and stand well in Capital court. Somehow or other, however, the Society did manage to spend in this last year as much as £33,424. It maintains 134 Missionaries and other agents; to the Jews' it maintains an "Episcopal Chapel" in London also. We were not aware that there were so many Jews who had been made Bishops that they required a special chapel, but perhaps we do not understand the phrase "Episcopal Jews." The society spends money in preaching, money in tracts, money in re- housing its printed stock, and—need it be added?—money in salaries, travelling expenses, securities, &c. The last item alone reaches to a sum of something more than £5,000. Speaking roughly, the items of expenditure are £25,000 on Missions and schools, £2,500 on publications, £5,000 on office and officers, and about £2,000 on pensions and sundries. These 134 Missions are studied all over the world. As the Jews are a dispersed people, the Missions must be scattered also. The names of the stations form an epitome of the Gazetteer. We have Abyssinia, Amsterdam, Bagdad, &c., down in Tunis and Turin. What principle of selection is adopted by the Society in preaching to the Jews puzzles one exceedingly. We suppose it must be somehow connected with the statistics of Judaism; where there are most Jews there ought of course to be the most Missionaries. There may be a great concourse of the Beni Israel at Kreuznach, Constantina, and Breslau, which have Missions; but we should have thought a priori that there were more Jews at Vienna, Moscow and Algiers, which have no Missions. But let this pass. The London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews has 33 stations at various points of the three

old continents; it has, as we have said, 134 Missionaries, and it has an income of £43,000. This the payment, the machinery, and its cost. What are the results? The report for 1862 informs us that "the number of adult baptisms throughout our Missions was over 60, besides the 20 in Abyssinia." whose case is in some respects so singular—"deeply interesting" is the expression used by the report—that we have no particulars of it. "Twenty-four baptisms" are also reported as having been heard of, though not in immediate connexion with our Missions—"a mode of drawing out a statement of results much the same as if a bankrupt were to enter in his balance-sheet, as assets £500 at his banker's and £500 which is his next door neighbour's balance. However, the society has, by its own agents, converted in one year sixty adult Jews, including a Jewess aged eighty, dwelling at Bacharest. At Jerusalem—where there is a Bishop, a cathedral church, a hospital, a house of industry, a medical establishment, schools, and other institutions supported by the society at the annual cost of 4,444— the baptised converts reported are four. It is curious that these figures admit of so very easy a calculation, and we therefore set down the cost of converting a Jew at Jerusalem at exactly 1,111. While the Abyssinian Mission, which produces 30 converts, only costs 1,000! This perhaps is as it ought to be. The pure Semitic Jew is a costly and noble convert, and is doubtless cheap at 1,100!; but the curse of Ham and poverty is on the land of Abyssinia, and an African Jew can be done into a Christian at the low figure of 33!. But, taking the average, we find that the Society has spent 35,000, in one year, and has produced 60 converts, including "the aged Jewess of Bucharest, who is asserted by the Jews to be above 90, and is all but perfectly blind." Sixty converts at 35,000 is as nearly as possible at the rate of 600£ per baptism. We must say that if Christianity had been originally propagated at this cost the Apostles must have been possessed of the philosopher's stone. "Silver and gold I have none," was the first great Missionary's declaration to his inquirers; "Silver and gold I have, and I can spend it at the rate of 600£ per convert," is the boast of the modern Missionary. We say nothing of the Jerusalem Jew; the blue blood of Abraham in the city of David may reasonably raise its price. To convert a Jew at Jerusalem is a feat as difficult as producing ice at Singapore, or growing melons at Spitzbergen; and though the article is not a low priced one at 1,100£, still it ought to be considered cheaper for the money than an ordinary Jew converted out of Houndsditch, and reaching as high as 600£. A Jerusalem Jew, we should say, is worth more than such as much as a Duke's-place Jew, just as a cedar of Lebanon from Lebanon is more valuable than a seedling from Mr. Veitch's nursery. There are in the world, according to the received estimate, as many as five millions and a half of Jews; and if the London Society purposes, as doubtless it hopes, to convert them all, and if the present quoted price is to rule the market, Lord Shaftesbury, who is president of the society, must manufacture greenbacks as a sort of inconvertible conversion currency.—California and Australia could not keep up the supply of bullion which would be needed if the London Society were fortunate enough to hit upon a Xavier among their missionaries. Another question arises. If an ordinary anonymous Jew costs 600£, what would be the tremendous outlay on the baptism of Baron Rothschild? Not a single name of a single convert of the whole sixty is given, except that of one 'Maurice Blum, seaman on her Majesty's ship Mars,' and if he is a 600£ Christian, what would be the cost of converting Dr. Adler? The society, or its officers, will perhaps say that conversions and baptism are not the test of its efficiency; because although, in nine missions out of ten, there are no actual baptisms to report, there are always a great many 'inquirers.' A Jewish inquirer, we suppose, represents the blank leaf between the Old Testament and the New. He is a sort of religious but flitting about between day and night—a chrysalis, neither worm nor butterfly. According to the Report, these intermediate religionists, these transitional Jews and inchoate Christians, are very abundant, and the cost of raising an inquirer must be taken off the cost of producing a full-blown convert. If so we should like to see the present price-current accurately made out, with clear distinction between the market value of converts and inquirers. Expositors of prophecy, we believe, are agreed that the conversion of the whole Jewish people must precede the Millennium. We leave it to Dr. Cumming to reconcile his dates with the present cost of a single Jewish convert. If the Millennium is to take place in 1870, which is the latest date according to the last American computation, as much as three thousand three hundred millions of pounds sterling must be raised in seven years at the present price of Jewish conversion.

On the first Tuesday after Parliament meets Mr. Buxton will move the following resolutions:—"1. That this House views the burning of the town of Kagosima by Admiral Kuper with deep regret."—"2. That the burning of the town was not justified by the instructions issued to Colonel Neale."—*Express.*

We have seen a beautiful specimen of photographic engraving on steel—in other words, a photographic picture on steel—effected solely by the agency of light acting on certain chemicals. The specimen (it is stated by Mr. Fox Talbot) is quite untouched. It represents an exquisite scene in Java a ravine and rivulet fringed with banana trees.—Not the least wonderful circumstance connected with it, that at least 5,000 copies can be taken before the plate deteriorates.—*Albionian.*

On the 14th of January next Messrs. Cunard, Wilson, and Co., of Liverpool, will offer the steamship Great Eastern for sale by auction by order of the mortgagees.

HOW TO MAKE A HUSBAND DIE EASY.—The husband of a buxom wife, near Exeter, England, had long been dying, and at length one of the clergymen of the parish, making one of his daily visits, found him dead. The disconsolate widow, in giving her account of her spouse's last moments, told him her poor dear man kept groaning and groaning, but could not die. "At last," she said, "I recollected that I had got a new piece of tape in the drawer, and so I took some of that and tied it as tight as I could around his neck, and then I stopped his nose with my thumb and finger, and poor dear, he went off like a lamb."

THE ARMSTRONG GUN.—Last week we adverted to the severe loss suffered by our ships of war at Kagosima, in consequence of not having good broadside-rifled guns, with which to have far more severely handled the fortresses of Prince Satsuma without the necessity of sacrificing so many valuable lives. We are now enabled to state that our first impression as to the small advantages derived from this action has been fully confirmed by private letters from the squadron. These communications we, as public journalists, are unable to ignore; for whatever colouring official documents may give a transaction, the free, frank spirit of a sailor is sure to reveal the naked truth for his friends. It would be, therefore, out of place were we not to openly inform our readers of the comparatively small effect produced by the heavy Armstrongs. They could not be relied upon, and seemed to have got so much out of order from the firing and damp of the first day, as to have not only lost their accuracy, but even become dangerous from the erratic flight of their projectiles.—The bursting of the shells, both at the muzzle and in the guns, was a still more serious defect, and, perhaps, still more dangerous than either the escape of gas at the breech, or the fracturing of the vent-pieces, which the experience gained in working the Armstrongs in Captain Coles' enpola and at the broadside of the Trusty fully led us to anticipate.—We have long pointed out the necessity for a simpler gun for our vessels of war—a gun that could

fire all the existing smooth bore ammunition, as well as its own elongated projectiles; and we trust that the Admiralty will themselves take the matter in hand, and no longer defer a trial on board ship of the very few systems that afford a fair promise of success. The expense of such a plan would be trifling; The guns, 70 pounders, are ready, and could be put into competition with the 60-pounder which has been sent to Elswick to have the full advantage of Sir William Armstrong's latest improvements in his shunt system. To this celebrated artillery the nation is indebted for breaking through an almost adamant wall of routine and red tape: and if, from his want of knowledge of the requirements for sea service, he has failed to produce a good naval gun, his unremitting labours on behalf of his country should not be forgotten.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

MURDER AND ROBBERY.—At an early hour on Wednesday evening a murder was committed near Liverpool. About half past five o'clock in the evening a police officer in going his rounds, in Shiel-road, not far from Waverley-park, discovered the dead body of a man lying in a ditch by the roadside. Blood was issuing from both nostrils, and from the mouth. Over the right eye there was the mark of a blow, and also a punctured wound in the centre of the forehead. His trousers bore marks as if he had been struggling on his knees. Investigation showed the body to be that of Mr. Henry Treby, an officer of the Customs, whose residence was in Portland-street, Windsor, and who had left his office in Revenue-buildings, to return to his home. It appears that Mr. Treby had in his possession when he left his office 27s in cash, a silver watch, and a gold guard chain, all of which were gone. It was known that on Wednesday afternoon Mr. Treby generally took home from £16 to £17, for the purpose of official disbursements, but on Wednesday last he had left the money in a drawer in his office. The deceased who was about thirty-five years of age, has left a widow and five children, the eldest of whom is about ten years old.

The virtues of medieval Christianity were of a very high kind in their way, but they were alien to the spirit of those virtues which shone in the best Romans. These medieval virtues have in their turn passed away, and it is of the greatest importance, not only that we should admit this and not pretend to see what we do not see, but that we should assure ourselves whether they ought or ought not to have passed away. We should have liked to have joined issue with Laroche. It so happens that the very virtues which he selected as examples of virtues which ought not to pass away, are the three virtues which modern society has cast on one side, and by casting which on one side it has made itself what it is. Poverty, obedience, and chastity have ceased to be the typical virtues of modern life, and Protestantism has no meaning, unless we are prepared to say that it is an excellent thing that this change should have been made. The real struggle of Catholicism . . . is a struggle to bring back mankind to the moral state in which these virtues were held pre-eminent. The real struggle of Protestantism . . . is to maintain that the key to improvement, at any rate for the world as it now is, lies in clinging to virtues the exact opposites of poverty, chastity, and obedience. It is absurd to have a tacit moral code, and not to be ready to justify it and proclaim it.—*Saturday Review.*

UNITED STATES.

A PROPHECY VISION OF THE AMERICAN WAR.—That deep thinker and philosopher, though somewhat dreamy writer, S. T. Coleridge, 30 years ago wrote as follows to a friend—

"January 4, 1833.
Can there ever be any thorough national fusion of the Northern and Southern States? I think not. In fact the Union will be shaken almost to dislocation whenever a very serious question between the States arises. The American Union has no centre, and it is impossible now to make one. The more they extend their borders into the Indians' land the weaker will be the national cohesion. But I look upon the States as splendid masses to be used, by and bye, in the composition of two or three great governments."

S. T. C.

"April 10, 1833.
When New England, which may be considered a State in itself, taxes the admission of foreign manufactures in order to cherish manufactures of its own, and thereby forces the Carolinians, another State of itself, with which there is little intercommunication, which has no such desire or interest to serve, to buy worse articles at a higher price, it is, in fact, downright tyranny of the worst, because of the most odious kind. What would you think of a law which should tax every person in Devonshire for the pecuniary benefit of every person in Yorkshire? And yet that is a feeble image of the actual usurpation of the New England deputies over the property of the Southern States."

S. T. C.

Standards.
What an odd thing it is that these Northern Statesmen never speak except to inspire repulsion and disgust, to shock every taste and to provoke every one's contempt. It is the old story of the two sisters. One of them went to the spring to draw water, and a poor old woman asked her for a drink. She rinsed the jug, she filled it, she presented it, and held it, almost lifting it a little, so that the old woman might drink more easily. Her reward was, that whenever she opened her mouth to speak, flowers and pearls, and diamonds dropped from her lips upon the ground. The other sister was sent to the same spring to draw water, and a Princess asked her for a drink, which she refused with brutal insolence. The punishment was, that when she spoke words and adverbs tumbled out of her mouth. We suppose that the explanation is, that the Southern States have been kind and humane in their treatment of their slaves, and that therefore they can speak with manliness, with modesty, and with dignity; whereas the Northerners have been not only hard and cruel to the Negro, but brutally insolent to crowned Kings; and their punishment is never to speak without inspiring disgust by their ridiculous boasts and their indescribable vulgarity.—*Tribute.*

The illness of President Lincoln is, we have reason to believe, a much more serious matter than has generally been suspected. At first it was supposed to be a cold; next, a touch of bilious fever; a rash then appeared upon his body, and the disease was pronounced scarlatina; but recently it has leaked out that the real complaint he labor's under is small-pox. For some time past the President has received no visitors: even members of the cabinet and personal friends have been excluded from his apartment. The excuse was, that he was writing his message and could not be interrupted. We believe that echo the feeling of the whole country, without distinction of party, in sincerely hoping that the President will soon be restored to health and strength. Men of his habit of body are not usually long-lived, and the small-pox to a man of his age, even when the health is usually good, is a very serious matter. His death at this time would be a real calamity to the country.—*N. Y. World.*

A party of Confederates, supposed to be those recently in Canada, have captured the Federal steamer Chesapeake, off Cape Cod, and got away with her.

DINKS ALL ROUND.—Joe Harris was a whole souled merry fellow, and very fond of his glass. After living in New Orleans for many years he came to the conclusion of visiting an old uncle in Massachusetts, whom he had not seen for many years. Now there is a difference between New Orleans and Massachusetts in regard to the use of ardent spirits; and when Joe arrived here and found all the people

temperate, he felt bad, thinking with the old song that 'keeping the spirits up by pouring spirits down' was one of the best ways to make the time pass, and began to feel that he was in a pickle. But on the morning after his arrival in town, the old man and his sons being out to work, his aunt came to him and said, 'Joe, you have lived in the South, and no doubt are in the habit of taking a little something to drink about eleven o'clock. Now, I keep some here for medicinal purposes; but let me not know it, as my husband wants to see the boys a good example.' Joe promised, and thinking he would get no more that day, took, as he expressed it 'a buster.' After that, he walked out to the stable, and who should he meet but his uncle. Well, says he, 'I expect you are used to drink something in New Orleans, but you find us all temperance here, and for the sake of my sons I don't let them know that I have any brandy about; but just keep a little out here for my rheumatism. Will you accept a little?' Joe signified his readiness, and took another big horn. Then continuing his walk, he came to where the boys were building a fence. After conversing a while, one of his cousins said, 'Joe, I expect you would like to have a drink; and as our folks are down on liquor we keep some out here to help us on with our work.' Out came the bottle, and down they sat, and he says by the time he went home to dinner he was as tight as he could well be and all from visiting a temperance family.

INFIDELITY AND ABOLITIONISM.—It is a historical fact that abolitionism and infidelity are closely connected. The minister who becomes a fanatic on the nigger question, preaches abolitionism instead of Christ and Him crucified. The original abolitionists charged that God was pro-slavery and that the Bible was the same. They called for an anti-slavery God and an anti-slavery Bible. These facts are not or cannot be denied. Then come down to the death of John Brown, a cold-blooded murderer, a thief and a villain, and you find infidels comparing him to Christ—the son of God—on the cross. Is this not sufficient to prove infidelity of the abolition party? If not what will be the proof? If you see a man stealing a horse, are you not convinced that he is a thief? If John Brown was known to have killed men because of their holding slaves, was he not a murderer? If he did both, was he not a villain?—If he was all these, and we know he was, is not the man who will compare him to Christ, an infidel and a scoundrel also. The fanatical abolitionist is nine times out of ten a confirmed infidel. Infidels claim this for themselves, and they know of what they speak. Then, we say, abolitionism and infidelity are closely connected. The abolitionists teach hatred against the slave owner. They do not reason, but like John Brown, would murder men in the dark because those men do not endorse the abolition sentiment.—*Freepress Bulletin.*

AN EASY WAY OF MAKING MONEY.—I wonder the London sports don't come over to this city in a body (writes the New York correspondent of the London Standard). There is no such gambling in London. Fortunes are made in an hour between eleven and three o'clock. A sport or broker goes to a capitalist. Gold is at 130. 'I want you to hold for me forty-eight hours 1,000,000 dollars of gold. I have a deposit to leave with you of 10,000 dollars, and will pay you 10% for your risk.' Gold the next day is up at 140, and the day after, before the forty-eight hours is expired, is at 151. He sells. Before bank closes gets a cheque for a quarter of a million, and then dreams that night of how he shall invest it to be safe. Some of these lucky ones buy bills on London, others buy gold and take it home. Some buy houses. The 10,000 dollars deposited was perhaps money that he had borrowed in small sums, and obtained fraudulently. Such fortunes are made daily by the gold speculators, that all legitimate business is despised. Who wants to work twelve hours out of the twenty-four for a mean pittance, when one hour in Wall street will perhaps clear 100,000 dollars, if rightly employed. These new favorites of fortune are more impudently after they get their easily acquired fortunes than the army and navy contractors, who have made a million or more by their swindles. These chaps are not satisfied with buying up all the fastest horses, diamonds, camel's hair shawls, and fine country seats, or town residences, but they open a correspondence with our consuls in Europe to ascertain whether titles of nobility can be bought at any time. I know one of these contractors who wrote to Consul Campbell, offering him 10,000 if he would get him a Danish or a Swedish countship. The King of Saxony has also been approached, but the Ministry write to Secretary Seward, which he makes public, as follows:—'We are neither disposed nor is it our duty to procure information for American army contractors who have grown rich by the civil war in the United States, and now desire to return to Germany with the title of baron. If these gentlemen wish to ennoble themselves after they have become rich on the blood of a struggling nation, let them apply to the Emperor of Morocco; or, perhaps, his Majesty King Theodorus, of Ethiopia, can accommodate them, and admit them, in grace, among the grandees of his Empire.' That is unkind in Saxony. This idea of recommending our seekers after nobility to appeal to Ethiopian King Theodorus, probably, he of Dahomey is meant. This is adding insult to a refusal.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON MARRIAGE.—'I like to tend weddings,' said Mrs. Partington, as she came back from one in church, hung her shawl up, and replaced the bonnet in the long preserved bandbox; 'I like to see young people come together with the promise to love, cherish, and nourish each other. But it is a solemn thing is matrimony—a very solemn thing—where the minister comes into the chancery with his surplus on, and goes through the ceremony of making them man and wife. I think that it ought to be husband and wife, for it is not every husband that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall forget when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger, and said, 'with all my goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a dry goods warehouse then, and I thought he was going to give me all there was in it. I was young and simple, and didn't know till afterwards that it was only one calico gown a year. It is a lovely sight to see young people 'plighting the troth,' as the song says, and coming up to consume their vows.'

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—The army of the Potomac to-night encamps on the grounds it left on the morning of Thanksgiving. The reasons for this sudden change of programme, without forcing Lee to a general battle, are these:—At the Council of War, held on Monday night, facts were demonstrated that the enemy was entrenched behind very formidable earthworks, which they were every moment strengthening. The fearful loss it would entail upon us, and impossibility of reaching our wounded before they would perish with the cold, in case we attempted to carry the rebel works by assault, were some of the considerations which induced the subsequent action. Our rations and forage had nearly run out, and the roads were too bad to allow further transportation from our distant base of supplies. These weighty considerations, it is claimed, induced the commander to issue an order to fall back. To-night the army of the Potomac rests on its old base, on the line of the Alexandria railroad. At 10 o'clock yesterday we rode a circuit in front of the most advanced artillery position, we could look over into the rebel works and see the gray backs digging away. The *World's* Washington special says the campaign in Virginia is ended, all forward movements on the part of the army of the Potomac have ceased and our force have already nearly completed their return to the old base along the Orange and Alexandria railroads at Culpepper, Brandy Station, and Rappahannock Bridge. It is said in Washington that the failure to carry out the plans of the war department involves the loss of General Meade's position as commander of the army of the Potomac. The reasons given for the abandonment of the campaign are that

General Lee, so intrenched himself daily, as to delay any rapid advance on our part, and at the same time to prevent an attack. Our army fell back in a safe and orderly manner. Gen. Sedgwick and Hooker are prominently named for General Meade's successor, if any change is made.

THE WOUNDED AFTER A BATTLE.—E. F. Taylor gives the following scenes, occurring after the battle of Chickamauga: 'The surgeon laid off, the great sash and the tussled coat, and rolled up his sleeves, and spread wide his cases filled with the terrible glitter of silver steel, and makes ready for work. They begin to come in, slowly at first, one man nursing a shattered arm, another borne by his comrades, three in an ambulance, one on a stretcher; one faster and faster lying here, lying there, with a trench his terrible burn. The silver steel grows a cloudy and lurid; true, right arms are lopped like strips of golden willow; but that never tamed from the foe, forever more without an owner, strew the ground. The knives are busy, the saws play; it is bloody work. As the surgeon with heart and head with hand and eye fit for such a place, is a prince among men; cool and calm quick and tender, he feels among the arteries and fingers the tendons as if they were harp-strings. But the cloud thunders and the spiteful rain patters louder and fiercer, and the poor fellows come creeping away in broken ranks like corn beaten down with the flails of the storm.'

'My God! cried a surgeon, as looking up an instant from his work, he saw the mutilated crowds borne in; "my God! are all my boys out down?" And yet it thundered and rained. A poor fellow writhed, and a smothered moan escapes him.
'The patient, Jack,' says the surgeon, cheerfully; 'I'll make you all right in a minute.' And went a meaning there was in that "all right"! It was a right arm to come off at the elbow, and Jack slipped off a ring that clasped one of the poor, useless fingers that were to blend with the earth of Alabama, and put it in his pocket! He was making ready for the "all right." Does "Alabama" mean "here we rest"? If so, how sad yet glorious have our boys made it, who sink to rest.
'With all their country's wisest best!
Another sits up while the surgeon follows the bullet that had buried itself in his side; it is the work of an instant; no solemn council here, no lingering pause; the surgeon is bathed in patriot blood to his elbows, and the work goes on. An eye lies out upon a ghastly cheek, and silently the sufferer bides his time.
'Well, Chasley, says the doctor, dressing a wound as he talks, "what's the matter?" "Oh, not much, doctor, only a head off! Not unlike was the answer made to me by a poor fellow at Bridgeport, shattered as a tree is by lightning:
'How are you now?" I said, "bully," he said, the reply. You should have heard that word, as he said, "bully" as it used to seem, it grew mainly and noble, and I never shall hear it again without a thought for the boy that uttered it, on the dusty slope of the Tennessee; the boy—must I say it?—that sleeps the soldier's sleep within an hundred rods of the spot where I found him. And so it is everywhere; not a wounded man a plain. Only one did I hear of.
'An Illinois lieutenant as brave a fellow as ever drew a sword, had been shot through and through the thighs, barely impaled by the bullet—the ugliest wound that one I ever saw. Eight days before he weighed one hundred and sixty. Then he could not have swung one hundred and twenty clear of the floor. He had just been brought over the mountain; his wounds were angry with fever; every motion was torturing; they were lifting him as tenderly as they could; they set him slip and he fell, perhaps six inches. But it was like a dash from a precipice to him, and he walked out like a little child, tears wet his face, and then he only said, "my poor child, how did they tell her?" It was only for an instant; his spirit and his frame stiffened up together, and with a half smile he said, "don't tell any body boys, that I made a fool of myself." The lieutenant sleeps well, and alas, for the poor child—how did they tell her?
'A soldier fully armed with bullets, like one of those little flags of Illinois, lay on a blanket gasping for breath. Jimmy, said a comrade, and a friend before this crew, was began, with one arm swung up in a sling, and who was going home on furlough, "Jimmy, what did I tell them at home for you?" "Tell them, said he, "that there isn't hardly enough left of me to say I, but hold down here, a minute, tell Kate there is enough of me left to love her till I die." Jimmy got his furlough that night, and left the ranks forever.'

A HARD-SHELL SERMON.—A new book, soon to be issued in Philadelphia, and written by Rev. J. Angley, a refugee from Mississippi, gives a specimen of hard-shell preaching. Entering the pulpit on a warm morning in July, Mr. V—— took off his coat and vest, rolled up his sleeves, and began:
'My brothering and sister— I am an ignorant man, followed the rough all my life, and never rubbed any rain coles. As I said above, I'm ignorant, and I thank God for it. (Brother Jones responds "Person, yet not to be very thankful, for very ignorant") Well, I'm again all high bran fellows who preach grammar and Greek for a thousand dollars a year. They preach for the money, and they get it, and that's all they git. They've got so high bran, they contracts scripser, what plainly tells us that the sun rises and sets. They says it don't, but that the earth whirls round, like clay to the seal. What do you of the water in the wells of it did? Would it spill out, and leave em dry, and whar ed we be? I may say to them, as the serpent said to David, Much learning hath made thee mad.
'When I preach, I never takes the text till I goes into the pulpit, then I preaches a plain sermon, what even woman can understand. I never premeditates, but what is given to me in that same hour, that I see. Now I'm a wize text open the Bible, and the first verse I sees, I'm a wize to take it for a text. (Quoting the action to the word, he opened the Bible and commenced reading and spelling together.) Man is fearfully — fearfully and wonderfully made — wonderfully made — made — made — made — fearfully and wonderfully made. (Pronounced *made*.) Well, it's a queer text, but I'm a wize to preach from it, and I'm a wize to do it. In the first place, I'll divide up sermon into three heads: First and foremost, I show you that a man will git mad. 2nd. That some time he'll git fearfully mad; and thirdly and lastly, whar ther's lots of things to vex and pester him, he'll git fearfully and wonderfully mad. And in the application I'll show you that god man sometimes get mad, for the Poste David himself, who rote the text, got mad, and called all men liars, and cursed his enemies, whist' 'em to go down quick into hell; and Noah, he got tie, and cursed his nigger boy Ham, just like some drunken masters now curses their niggers. But Noah and David repented; and all on us what gits mad must repent, or the devil'll git us.'

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—From the early days of Spanish Discovery, Florida has been celebrated for the spicy odor of its flowers and shrubs. Here we have the blating incenses of its wild gardens and aromatic groves concentrated and placed under seal. This floral water derives its fragrance from the fresh leaves of tropical blossoms and plants. The perfume will lose nothing by comparison with that of the choicest Flouish Cologne, and is infinitely superior to that made in Paris, while it is scarcely more than half the price of either. It is of importance to look for the trademark 'Murray & Lanman's Florida Water' on the label, as there are inferior Florida Waters in the market. Agents for Montreal, Devis & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, A. G. Davidson, K. Campbell & Co, J. Gardner, J. A. Hart, H. R. Gray, and Picault & So.