

But Lord Walsingham and my brother, Hilda, will ever be to you safe guides, enlightened, and perhaps more capable of advising well. If you desire to remain in Scotland with us, I consent, and even urge you to continue your examination of the Catholic faith. Apply to Henry and my brother. Mr. Billingham, too, will greatly assist you. Do not lose your precious time. God alone knows what is reserved for us; and as Hilda has well said, we should not live for this transitory life, but for another which will never end. The marquis hastily left me; I observed that he feared betraying some strong emotion, which he would not, perhaps, have been able to command, had our conversation been prolonged.

I rejoined Lorenzo, whom I found with Henry, to whom he had made himself known, beseeching him earnestly to conceal from Arthur the part which he had had in his sufferings. In the afternoon, the marquis took his brother apart with me. He confessed to him that seeing the door of his room open, he had entered just at the commencement of his recital, and that he was too deeply interested to withdraw, or to make his presence. He promised that he would appear entirely ignorant before Lord Walsingham as to what personally concerned him.

Lorenzo's health was fully re-established. He resumed all his cheerfulness. But few strangers visited Remember Hill since the troubles at the capital; a great many families of which were exiled, or had voluntarily left the country. We were confined to our family circle; and were extremely happy in that agreeable solitude. We entered earnestly into the study of religion, to which we devoted two hours daily. Mr. Billingham presided, in order to resolve our doubts and objections, and to explain obscure or difficult points. Lord Arthur, who was present at all our meetings, maintained an unbroken silence, never venturing either a question or a remark. Sometimes he pretended to read, but he lost not one word of the conversation; and I—such is man and the perverseness of his mind—since I had greater liberty in my search for truth, pursued the inquiry with less ardor, and was disposed to urge a thousand difficulties.

One morning I found the marquis alone in the breakfast room, engaged in reading. He closed his book on seeing me, and laid it on the mantel piece. When all had withdrawn, I had the curiosity to look at the title of this work, which I had already seen several times in his hands. It was not a little surprised on recognizing the title to be "A Treatise on the Contradictions of the Protestant Church;" this was the book which had so much excited his displeasure when he saw me reading it to Lorenzo. I began to think that Lord Arthur was thinking seriously of his conversion.

Some weeks passed. We did not allow ourselves to be much alarmed by the civil troubles, but kept our reflections to ourselves. In our little community, opinion was divided. Henry, his wife, and sister, were attached to the queen (Mary Stewart) whose religion was theirs. The marquis of Rosline was of the Protestant party, at the head of which was Lord Murray, natural brother of Mary Stuart, then regent of Scotland, and the active persecutor of that unfortunate queen.

At breakfast, one morning, Arthur was handed a note. He changed color several times while reading it, and hastily tearing it, he said, "I must repair without delay to Edinburgh; do you remain here, and tranquilly await my return, or some intelligence from me. I shall write to Mr. Billingham, and to you, if time permit."

He rose and left the room. My grief for this sudden departure was equalled by the surprise which the promised correspondence of the marquis with Mr. Billingham caused me, with whom I had never seen Lord Arthur even converse; and who, until then, I supposed, was least known to him of any resident at Remember Hill.

The marquis' wife and sister were exceedingly alarmed at this hurried journey; but he was so little communicative, that neither ventured to ask any particulars. Lorenzo took it upon himself, and we learned that the condition of the queen was frightful; the number of her friends much diminished; and the capital abandoned to the horrors of civil war.

After dinner, the marquis embraced Matilda and Caroline. Then addressing himself to Henry, he said: "I commit to your charge my dear brother and Sidney; I resign to you all my authority over the latter; I recommend him to you as my own son. And you, dear Walsingham, be cautious; do not take part in affairs for which you are not called. If I should give advice, it would be that you profit by the first opportunity to proceed to the continent—to France or Italy."

"Without you?" interposed Lorenzo, with emotion, throwing himself into his brother's arms.

The marquis, deeply affected, pressed him to his breast; then, seeing our tears flow, he gently disengaged himself, and pressing his hand, said to him: "You have religion; confide in the divine assistance and pray for me." He tore himself precipitately from our embraces, threw himself into the coach which was waiting for him, waved his adieus and departed.

Ten days passed without bringing any news of Arthur. Political affairs were desperate. The queen was detained at the castle of —, with very little probability of escaping from her numerous enemies. The evening of the eleventh day, Mr. Billingham said he was going to communicate a letter from the marquis. "It will much afflict you," added he, "but God is there; he will not abandon his own." He requested Henry to read it. It was as follows:

"My Dear and Respected Friend—I converse with you, perhaps for the last time, and without knowing whether this letter will ever reach you. I owe to you the details of my conduct; may it afford you subject for thanks to Divine Providence, and be some consolation to my friends at Remember Hill. I arrived at Edinburgh after a journey of three days, and repaired to Lord Kilcady's, one of the most zealous partisans of the queen. I perceived, from his reserved conversation, that he supposed me still of the opposite party, a Protestant, and government minister. I took his hand. 'My lord,

you distrust me, and prudence requires that I let me remove an impression which pains without surprising me. I have left my family; and my voluntary arrival in the capital, at the time of the near crisis, is the effect of the confidence of the illustrious prisoner, who honors me with the title of her defender. I then informed him that before leaving Remember Hill, I had received a letter from Lord Maitland, the faithful secretary and friend of Queen Mary, in which he retraced our intimate friendship at the university; spoke feelingly of the virtues and misfortunes of our sovereign, of the calumnies invented to destroy her; and there was added to his letter, a little note, containing these few words, written in pencil by the hand of the queen: 'If it be true, as Lord Maitland assures me, that the marquis of Rosline espouses my unfortunate cause, may heaven, the protector of the just, remove far from him all the evils of which I am the victim!' I then told Lord Kilcady, that Baron Dunbar, my relative, was also of our party; that his assembled vassals were going to make a last attempt to rescue the queen. Lord Kilcady affectionately embraced me.—We visited Lord Maitland, who received me with transport. We succeeded in seeing, for an instant, the queen. I fell at her feet. 'I then have friends still,' said she, with all the warmth of her generous soul, 'and the marquis of Rosline is of your number! Alas! you will perhaps pay with your life this noble devotedness! But there is a God—You are a Protestant,' she added. Here I concealed no longer. 'I am a Roman Catholic,' I exclaimed, with ardor, 'and if I have not made my abjuration on arriving at Edinburgh, it was in the sole fear lest such an action would but further expose the small number of your majesty's faithful servants.' The moments were short. We parted with the queen, never again, probably, to see her in this world. A few days after, several engagements overthrew our feeble hopes. Lord Kilcady and his friend, the valued Monteith, were taken and delivered up to the worst punishment. They have preceded me, I indulge the sweet hope, into the land of recompense. The partisans of Lord Murray fill the capital. The Catholics are massacred and exiled under a thousand different pretexts. For thirty-six hours I have inhabited the state prison; and where so many defenders of the same cause have been enclosed until the moment of going to the scaffold, to seek the price of honor, of religion, and of courage. My soul is tranquil; the queen and her danger alone occupy my mind. I made my abjuration the day on which the last engagement took place, in presence of the army. What have I to regret?—Faith is my defence, my hope and strength, the pledge of my crown. Adieu; bless me; pray for the queen, instruct Sidney, console my friends. Congratulate yourselves, all, on the fruit of your prayers, of your kind solicitude, and on the happiness of

"ARTHUR OF ROSLINE."
(To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE LAST TEN YEARS OF ENGLISH POLICY.
(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

Under a given and limited comparison nations are like individuals: their vigour or their decline traceable to natural palpable causes; and their recovery or final extinction arising from certain admitted premises. Like individuals, too, nations have their plethoric fits from over-indulgence: their constitutional maladies from dissipation; and they have their idiopathic fevers, which sometimes reduce them to the mere skeleton of their former power. There are some instances, however, but of rare occurrence, where empires have risen from these attacks of national disease into more than their pristine health, standing before mankind in renewed vigour, and even in improved constitutional energy. Poland furnishes an example of the total extinction of a kingdom from its own internal long neglected disorders. Holland, Sweden, Spain and Portugal supply appropriate instances of countries reduced to the mere shadows of their former realities from the causes already referred to: while Austria, Prussia and France present convincing illustrations of the total recovery and the increased strength of kingdoms, once prostrate in national weakness and gasping on the very verge of entire destruction. In all these cases the historian traces their national disasters to their own neglected symptoms of decay: and the chronicler equally proves that in the cases of perfect restoration to power, the happy result has been entirely owing to their own exertions and recuperative legislation.

If England be judged by the warning records of the times that are past, and by the examples of other nations, it will be found that no country of modern Europe has developed within the last half century such alarming symptoms of political and religious disorder: and it is equally true to say that owing to the neglect of her national condition, she has been engaged during the last ten years in a death struggle, which has nearly resulted in the overthrow of her supreme dominion, confining her sway within her island boundary, and reducing her to the humiliation of a minor state. There is no exaggeration in this statement: all who have taken an interest in the war of India must recollect that before the capture of Delhi it had been all but decided that the English troops should retreat to Calcutta: should devote all their power in defending the three presidencies of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay; and should call in the aid of France either as an ally or a co-sovereign in subduing and maintaining the entire territories of Central India. There can be no doubt that a mere accident changed this decision: and hence an unforeseen fortuitous combination of lucky circumstances has saved to the Crown of England half the empire of India, and perhaps the whole commercial interests with China. In the thrilling crisis referred to, it was neither the political wisdom of the Governor General, nor the military genius of the English Commanders which saved the empire.—The advance on the city was made against their wishes; in spite of their decision. Although the

enemy were divided in their plan of defence, and the garrison comparatively weak, the English troops were kept back in an unaccountable delay: and hence in the success which followed the English superiors in command can claim no more merit than the gambler who wins a fortune by the lucky turn of the dice. No doubt it was in India, that our troops performed prodigies of valour which have never been surpassed: no doubt it was here that Sir Henry Havelock earned and won the immortal name for virtue and courage which will be hailed with veneration and gratitude by coming unborn generations.—But it can never be forgotten that he had first to conquer the military authorities which tied his hands and sheathed his sword before he could more on the devoted city; one day more lost to Sir Henry; perhaps even one hour of delay, and Lucknow would have renewed the scenes of Cawnpore. Hence the fame of Havelock will be covered with additional glory when the impartial historian will publish the fact, that if English strategy, as exercised by those high in command, were solely to have decided the fate of that glorious day, the British army beyond all doubt would have suffered an ignominious and perhaps a final defeat. These statements are confirmed by the private letters of officers who were present at the assault of the city: and who every day add to the general testimony continually put forward, of the blundering or the incompetency of the past discipline and command of the British army.

Those who are the firmest friends of the throne, in the army and navy, in Parliament, in private life, are every hour becoming more and more combined in their remonstrance against the past reckless conduct of all governments in England. The topic of conversation in the clubs, at the Horseguards, in all public offices where the affairs of the state are transacted, is one universal condemnation of the presiding authorities, in every department of the public service; and the complaint which is thus made against the insane expenditure of the national treasure, and against the cruel use made of the national blood, will soon make its way amongst the masses, and call forth a democratic movement which must be appeased by palpable reform and perfect material satisfaction. The din of war from the Crimea, and from India, and from China, may for a moment suspend this public voice of appeal from the multitude; but the moment a fixed peace shall be proclaimed: the empire restored and the enemy silenced: there can be no doubt that the Government must listen to and grant the petition of this popular and universal requirement. The public are now perfectly aware that the late Cabinets of England have, through official vanity, personal ambition, and wild caprice, brought the empire to the very brink of ruin.—They have exhausted the Exchequer, drained the blood of the army, and made enemies of all the neighbouring nations. The voice of the indignant populace now begins to demand that they shall themselves form all future houses of Commons: and that they shall call upon the Parliaments thus formed by the people, to protect them in future from the disasters of the late state policy. They are perfectly convinced that a Parliament which is the creature of the aristocracy will never fulfill the expectations of the people: and hence the cry of "vote by ballot" will soon be heard at the future hustings in England as the essential pledge, before receiving the suffrages of the people. Whenever the Tory Government will be ousted from the Administration, it is very probable that "vote by ballot" will be the question on which the trial of strength will be made: and there can be no doubt, from the present aspect of affairs, that any foremost man among the advanced Liberals, can raise this question whenever he pleases, and succeed in it too against all opposition.

With a House of Commons so framed, the Church Establishment cannot last one year in its present flagrant injustice; and it is true to say that when the question of this enormous mass of plunder and sacrilege shall be diverted from its present purposes of pride, extravagance, and infidelity: and applied to education, charity, and the moderate support of the inferior clergy, all men of truth, honor, justice, and religion will rejoice that such a foul stain has been effaced from the character of England, such a libel on the Gospel cancelled, and such a sin of national robbery repented of, before God and man, after three hundred years and upwards of wilful and deliberate commission. Happy will England be if she enter on this new course of reform in Church and State, with a hearty co-operation with the people: the removal of old abuses is like the cutting out of old cancers, giving strength to her frame, and renewed vigour to her constitution. The lessons she has learned in the Crimea, in India, in China, will teach an improved routine in her army and her navy: her reformed Parliament (already anticipated) will give new confidence to the people; while the disengagement of her Gospel from the enormous plunder of her Church revenues will originate a new national morality, a new confidence in her pulpits, which will lead back the people to the true source of national happiness, viz., social peace, national charity, and the extinction of religious discord.

It is now admitted on all sides that the internal disease in the practical government of England had reached from the Cabinet down to the Town-Bailiff, from the Archbishop of Canterbury down to the Parish Gravedigger; and that the entire frame of the Constitution had been for years engendering that fatal apathy, and that reckless contempt of foreign power and ability, which, while it exposed our official ignorance, found itself in the day of trial completely over-matched by the learned discipline and the watchful activity of the very peoples whom we were taught most to despise. Except the battle of the Alma, the whole English part of the Crimean campaign was a series of neglects in our preparations and blunders in action: our commissariat was a heap of disorder; and French promptitude had more than once saved our sleeping or unguarded battalions from total annihilation. Gentlemanly routine was the paramount concern of Lord Raglan; and the circula-

tion of Bibles and insulting tracts engrossed the martial mind of old Jemmy Simpson, an ancient phrase called "old Mrs. Simpson." No doubt, England will never regain her lost prestige in the Crimean campaign. Her palpable neglect in India needs no proofs in the year 1858. The insolence of her Indian officers towards the native soldiers (now perfectly proved); their absence from their duties for months and years (now admitted); their profligate irreligious example (now universally condemned); their ferocious bigotry towards the Catholics, on the parade ground, in the schools, on the march, in the very battle, in the very face of the enemy (now happily corrected); all these items of disorganisation, of demoralisation, and official misconduct, have generated and encouraged and matured the mutiny which has cost millions of money, rivers of blood, and the irrecoverable loss of national fame.

But neither the recklessness of Prime Ministers, nor the ignorance of Generals, nor the insolence of Officers, nor the rancorous bigotry of the State Church have done perhaps in the aggregate the mischief which the national English Press have inflicted on this country. For half a century this engine of the English Government has been maligning foreign Courts, slandering foreign Kings and Queens, believing foreign Churches, and corrupting their own people at home by daily statements in which falsehood, blasphemy, and infidelity struggled for the mastery, through every public institution and private family in England. In fact, the entire Government of the country has been for many years, up to the present time, a monstrous deceit, the State Church a living swindle, and the entire system an imposition on the public confidence.

Happy will England be if exposure, misfortune, and disgrace will bring her to her right senses, make her retrace her steps; and, improved by the past, take precaution for the proper management of the future. Her altered condition in reference to the surrounding kingdoms is too palpable to be denied; while their erect policy, their independent tone, is too clearly expressed to be misunderstood.

When one compares the state of Europe in the present time with its condition ten years ago, the cause of peace, morality, and religion presents an advanced progress, more prosperous perhaps than if England had never disturbed the neighbouring nations by her cherished propaganda of infidelity and revolution. Her insurrectionary conspiracies, and her anti-Catholic missions have only damaged her own name, while in the end they have really and in point of fact resulted in the political and religious advancement of the kingdoms they were intended to oppress. France, in place of being a slave, is now the mistress of England. Northern Italy has learned the perfidy Mazzini and Kossuth, and has renewed its allegiance to Austria: Naples is restored to national security against the stratagems of English intrigue: Spain is released from the interested protection of Great Britain, and now advances in policy, commerce, and union under the alliance of France; the Catholic Church has resumed her former course of confidence and progressive vigour; while Palmerston, who planned and executed the intrigue which disturbed the peace and the faith of Southern Europe, is detected as a cheat, and abandoned by all his former followers in contempt or hatred. The position, therefore, of Southern Europe is now far more secure and powerful than at any past recent period of their history: the Catholic countries are now bound together by mutual ties of defence: the people have renewed their professions of allegiance and faith: and while chains of fortresses and millions of armed men on the one hand protect their respective countries, the standard of the Cross is raised from the Tagus to the Danube, from the Mediterranean to the British Channel in pre-eminent triumph and imperishable security.—Southern Europe now scoffs at insurrection, and laughs at the defeat of English infidelity.

And when England will have re-established order in her disturbed Colonies, happy will she be if she will retrace her former steps of revolution and bigotry and commence a new era of peace and toleration. How noble will it be, in the altered policy of England, if she will make Ireland an integral part of the Empire by removing the grinding laws of political exclusion, and by silencing for ever the cry of persecution and bigotry which, up to the present time, has made this country a condemned region of religious animosity and political torture.
August 12, 1858. D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Flannery, Coadjutor Bishop of Killalee, will take place on Sunday, the 5th September.

The Tuam Provincial Synod was brought to a close on Sunday with all the usual forms, and with great solemnity. The solemn Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at the commencement of the ceremonies by the Bishop of Achonry. The ceremonies were terminated with the signing of the Decrees of the Synod, and a Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The New Catholic Church at Ballinasloe, will be solemnly consecrated on Wednesday, the 25th inst., with all the splendour of ritual observance befitting the solemn occasion. His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman visits Ireland for the first time to preach on the occasion. No more exalted theme could be selected by this great and eloquent prince of the Church than the vitality and progress of the Faith in Ireland. His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Tuam will officiate as Prelate Celebrant, assisted by several other Archbishops and Bishops. The Midland Great Western Railway Company will run a special train at moderate fares on the day of the ceremonial for the purpose of giving every facility to those who wish to be present at this great ceremony of the Church.—*Dublin Evening Post.*

The Jesuits in Ireland have purchased Miltown Park, County of Dublin, the residence of Calvert Stronge, Esq., Police Magistrate, for £4,000.—*Dublin Paper.*

The *Dublin Mercantile Advertiser* announces that the reports are revived about the retirement of three of the judges, and it is stated that Mr. Whiteside is to be Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench on the opening of Michaelmas Term.

CATHOLICISM IN FERMOY.—There are few towns in Ireland possessing greater attractions than Fermoyle, a town of 12,000 inhabitants, of Irish history or scenery; and the devotion of the enduring faith of the Holy Catholic Church. Many places in the neighbourhood reveal the stirring events that occurred in bygone years, and, though in ruin, preserve on oblivion the memory of heroic deeds, when the conflict of war was heard in the land. The scenery of the Blackwater is well known. In the neighbourhood of Fermoyle the eye surveys mountains and dales, lofty hills and secluded valleys, the river flowing through the rich woods of famed Castle Hyde, then by the slopes of Grange, then past the lawn of Fermoyle House, until it glides beneath the many arches of Fermoyle bridge. Close beside this bridge in a lovely dale, shut on the south by the hill now crowned by a range of Ecclesiastical buildings, which for size and architectural beauty are unequalled in the British Isles, stood, in ancient times, the Abbey of the Blessed Virgin, called De Castro Dei. It was a foundation of the noble family of Roche—Lord Fermoyle—and for centuries anterior to the reign of Henry VIII. afforded the blessings of religion to the rural district around. No more suitable site for a monastery could be chosen. Luxuriant plantations covered the hills, shutting in the secluded valley, and the current of the majestic river in its equitable flow resembled the tranquil life of the Cistercian Monks. Like all other religious communities, their doors were ever open to shelter the needy—their hospital provided for the requirements of the sick, their practices of piety and devotion exerted a most important influence over the rural inhabitants during an age when learning was confined to very few. How applicable are the words of Lord Macaulay, through whose bigotry truth occasionally gleams, like a ray of sunlight from a cloudy sky:—"Had not these retreats been scattered among the huts of an ignorant peasantry, and the castles of a ferocious aristocracy, European society would have consisted merely of beasts of burthen and beasts of prey." The Catholic communities of Monks and Nuns cast a shield, so to speak, protecting the weak against the violence of the strong. But the hour was at hand when the powers of evil were to be unchained, and the ruthless minions of that King who never spared man in his anger or women in his lust, came

"In their might, with King Henry's right,
To turn church lands into lay,
With torch to fire and sword to smite
The Monks if they said nay."

and the dissolution of monasteries was completed. Then the most heinous persecution that the perverted ingenuity of man, prompted by the hate of the arch enemy towards the Church of Christ, could invent, was inflicted upon the Irish. Yet the faith delivered to the Apostles and taught by the Saints proved more than sufficient for victory, and to-day the Catholic Church in Fermoyle is as flourishing as it was when Patrick Prior, of Fermoyle, was elected Bishop of Cloyne, A.D. 1226.—*Correspondent of Cork Examiner.*

THE SONS OF THE IRISH CLERGY.—The demand for Protestant martyrs seems to be brisk in the south of Ireland, which we infer from the following curious story related by the *Dublin Evening Post*. On the 24th of last month a Limerick newspaper contained the following revolting account of the barbarous stoning at Newcastle of the maid and child of a clergyman of the Established Church:—

"On Sunday evening, while the children's maid of the Rev. George Arden was walking to church with one of his children she was booted and pelted with stones the entire way to the church gate, by a number of persons who were hurried on by well-dressed parties. The servant, an Englishwoman, being quite a stranger to the place, was not able to identify any of her assailants.

This disgraceful and harrowing tale drew the instant attention of the magistrates of the district, who assembled on the following Friday to investigate the affair, and detect the authors of an atrocity without a parallel since the death of St. Stephen. There was no doubt as to the source from which the local journal received the intelligence. Mr. Curling, one of the magistrates, produced the written admission of the Rev. Thomas Willis, another Protestant divine, that it was his sympathising pen which had told the tale.

Fortunately for the ends of truth and justice, the persecuted and pelted maiden survived to give the following evidence:—

"I have been in Ireland about two months. Having heard the paragraph in the *Limerick Chronicle* read, to the effect that I was booted and pelted with stones the entire way to the church by a number of persons who were hurried on by well-dressed parties. I declare that statement to be a lie. I have not made that statement to my master or to any other person. I identify W. Crotty and one of three boys now present (two sons of the Rev. Thomas Plummer and one son of Dr. Pierce, whose ages are from ten to twelve) as having been present on that occasion. I was not aware when I mentioned the circumstance casually that I should ever hear anything more of it; when I saw the stones throwing I turned round and told them not to throw stones or they would hear of it to-morrow, and they immediately stopped. I have not otherwise been offered any offence or insult since I came to this country.

William Crotty, by profession an exciseman, was next examined, and thus further confirmed the veracity of Parson Willis:—

"I saw the Rev. Mr. Arden's servant and the little boy coming out of church on that evening; I was in company with Mr. Evans, and I met the boys opposite the church gate, and, as usual, we commenced playing; they shot from their fingers and thumbs a few pebbles in the street, in a friendly manner. Having heard the paragraph in the *Limerick Chronicle*, I declare it to be perfectly false. I identify Master John Peirce, Samuel Upton, Francis Peirce, and Charles Plummer, as having been present, who are all Protestants."

Samuel Upton, aged fourteen, was the next witness:—

"I was present on the occasion; I told the boys not to fire, as Mr. Arden's servant was passing by, and they immediately stopped; I was a party in the play myself; in the Churchyard were Charles Plummer, John Peirce, William Peirce, Francis Peirce, and Robert Peirce, who are all Protestants.

So that all that remained of the Rev. Mr. Willis's statement, after the magisterial inquiry, was the fact of the Sunday stone throwing, and throwers, however, not being Papists, but Protestants; nay, two of them sons of a Protestant clergyman, whose sons appear to be brought up after a truly respectable and pious fashion, to judge from their 'usual' mode of spending the Sabbath morning, as depicted to us by their playfellow, Crotty the gauger. It would be highly curious to know the Rev. Thomas Plummer's view of the Sabbatarian question. It would not all surprise us to hear that the reverend gentleman preached that identical Sunday on the observance of the fourth commandment, illustrating the enormity of breaking it by the example of the Roman Catholics of his parish.

Truly edifying is the exhibition of the Rev. Mr. Willis burning his own fingers so severely in his zeal to roast the Roman Catholics of his own neighbourhood. It is plain that this exemplary minister of the gospel rushed into print without taking the least pains to separate the truth from the falsehood of the story which looked so inviting for a sing at the Pastor. The magistrates adopted the very proper solution, that the communication to a newspaper of a statement so utterly without foundation, and so calculated to disturb the good feeling which has insensibly prevailed between the Protestants and Catholics of the town, was highly improper and unjustifiable.—*London Examiner.*