

the great meeting in Tipperary, praying for an investigation into the judicial proceedings which terminated in the execution of the unhappy McCormack, has been extensively commented on in the Protestant newspapers, and our contemporaries (with very few exceptions) show by their language a deplorable perversion of natural and moral feeling. The question itself is one of the gravest that can possibly be opened. It involves the due administration of justice, trial by jury, judicial impartiality, and the liberty and life of the subject. The mere undisputed facts that two men died on the scaffold, protesting their innocence to the last, as they had done from the first, in consequence of a conviction by a second jury (after one had been discharged as unable to agree), the principal witnesses being approvers whose infamy was established by their own evidence—these facts, with the addition that many thousands of their countrymen believed the victims to be innocent, and complained both of the constitution of the jury and of the conduct of the judge, were, one would imagine, sufficiently serious to have insured some earnestness, some decency, and some regard to the feelings of civilized men in the public journals. But the victims were Catholics and Irish peasants, and the complainants were their Catholic neighbors, and this was considered a sufficient reason for making a joke of the whole thing, and for fastening on the speeches of the Rev. Mr. Kenyon and some others in order to extract from them the materials for a stupid laugh. If the speeches made at Nenagh did offend good taste, and if matters with no strict relevancy to the question in hand were introduced, the animus betrayed by fastening on those peculiarities to hold them up to ridicule, while the question is passed by in silence, is a far worse reproach. A tragedy so frightful as the death of two innocent men by a miscarriage of public justice will suggest many thoughts to many minds. It might not have occurred to us as it has to some, that it raised a national question between England and Ireland, for the judge, the jury, the prisoners, the witnesses, and the counsel were all fellow-countrymen, and as far as we know, none but Irishmen had anything to do with the trial, except the murdered Mr. Ellis, and he was a Scotchman; nor does it appear to us at all likely that the change of the Ministry, and the accession to office of the party which the Orangemen of Ireland generally favor, was at all connected with the catastrophe. But if every word uttered at the great meeting at Nenagh is not beyond the reach of strict criticism, there was plenty said and proved to call forth from the press a treatment very different from that which the matter has received.—*Tablet*.

The Rev. Mr. Kirk, late Protestant Minister of Gorey, became a convert to Catholicism a few years ago, went to Rome to prepare himself for the sacred Ministry, and having completed his theological studies in the Collegio Pio, was ordained Priest on the Feast of the Holy Apostles St. Peter and Paul, last 29th June. Immediately after, he returned to England, and became Oblate of St. Charles, under the guidance of Dr. Manning, on the London Mission. He is stopping for the last few days on a visit at Ramfords, the seat of Stephen Ram, Esq., D.L., and his presence there, though it might excite the indignation of some, will be attended beyond doubt with the most beneficial results, for the example of one so beloved as he was, cannot fail to bring many of his dear old friends to a knowledge of the truth, and, in fact, the fruits of his sojourn are already apparent. As the devil is often foiled in his attempts to injure good resulting where evil was intended, so the Rev. Mr. Moore's challenge to Father Kirk, to give an account of the Faith that was in him, so far from hindering the spread of truth amongst the Protestants, has tended very much to facilitate its progress. Though no public notice had been given, the people flocked in from the surrounding country, and at half past three o'clock, when Father Kirk mounted the pulpit in St. Michael's Church, not less than a thousand persons, amongst whom were many Protestants, listened with breathless attention to his very impressive and convincing discourse. At the conclusion, he gave Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, and then returned in company with Mr. Ram, amidst the cheers of the assembled thousands who lined the streets, as they passed to Ramfords. The people separated immediately, and went quietly to their homes.—*Wexford people*.

INDIA AND IRELAND.—The Times had an article the other day which would seem to Foreigners too common-places to need comment. It was a defence of Sir John Lawrence from the attacks of the Bombay press. Sir John is well known to be a man of very strong Religious views and feelings, and moreover, of a decidedly Puritan school; yet the attack came from Puritan quarters. He had forbidden the Puritan Missionaries to post in a Mahomedan city, placards denouncing Mahomed as an impostor. He replied that he had always allowed them the most entire liberty of teaching what they believed; but that, divided as India was, he was obliged to prevent the different Religions from insulting each other; and could not enforce this rule on others, if he allowed those who agreed with himself to violate it. In this the Times sees nothing but common sense, and denounces, as grossly dishonest, the plea of the Missionaries that they exhibited the obnoxious placard only inside their own shop, because the shop front was open like a stall, so that what was written on the back wall could be read from the street. Sir John Lawrence was so clearly in the right, that, if he is not fully occupied by the work of the New Council for India, we would suggest that he should hold, in commendam, the Government of Ireland, in which what he stopped is not an exceptional process, but the regular normal system of the anti-Catholic party. No man can pass through Dublin without seeing placards publicly exhibited, in which all the most sacred objects of a Catholic's belief are ridiculed in terms of the foulest blasphemy. The Saints, the rites, and practices of the Church, the Blessed Mother of God, even the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass, in which many members, even of the Established Communion, recognise the Divine Presence of our Redeemer, are made the subject of this foul ribaldry. Only the other day, the visit of the Cardinal Archbishop to Ballinasloe, was made the occasion of a whole flood of such blasphemies. Ingenuity is racked to contrive means of giving circulation to them. Offices are engaged in thoroughfares most crowded by Catholics, the outside walls of which are covered with placards in large letters; the doors of the Pro-

testant Churches and the shop windows exhibit them; and wretched men by the score are hired to walk the streets, with them, like notices of public amusements and exhibitions in London. They are enclosed by post to families known to be Catholics, they are slipped under their doors and thrown down their areas in such numbers, that we have known families, in which all that was wanted for lighting fires, &c., is regularly supplied in no other way. Men are sent about the streets to thrust them into the hands of Catholics, and especially of Priests. What makes this more remarkable is, that no attempt at retaliation in kind has ever been made. Some months ago, an assault case, arising out of this system of insult, attracted attention to it; and the Times assumed and declared that it was equally carried out by Catholics and Protestants. This was an inference wholly without foundation. Those who have lived for years in Dublin, know that they never see anything of the kind. Indeed, even controversial sermons are said to be forbidden in the Catholic Churches. Certainly a man might attend them for years without finding out that there are any Protestants in Dublin. To cut matters short, we will mention one instance. The members of the National Education Board, belong to different Religions, and it is professedly impartial to them. It publishes and circulates books for the use of its schools, and has, of course, an agent to sell them—Mr. Currie, who has a shop in Sackville-street, the most public street of Dublin, and is allowed to carry on his private trade as well as the business of the Board. This he does by publishing a monthly newspaper entirely devoted to ridiculing and reviling the most sacred truths of the Catholic Religion, and his shop is well stored with books of the same character. What is directly to our present point, in 1853, he exhibited, not inside the shop, but on a board on the outside, so as to attract the attention of all passers-by, a placard, advertising, in enormous letters, some ribald book—we forget the title; but the notice ended in these words, "clearly demonstrating the abominations of the Confessional," and that generally speaking, "Convents and Nunneries are mere nurseries of debauchery and crime." For many months was this loathsome ribaldry exhibited in the front of the national depot for the supply of school books, in a city where the great mass of the people are Catholics, and where all the best girls' schools are notoriously held in "Convents and Nunneries." No one of the pupils or teachers of any of these schools could enter the Government depot without having it thrown in their faces. Who can deny that Sir John Lawrence is wanted in Dublin? But this is not all. When a Government Board (like that of the Education Commissioners) permits such an abuse (and it is to be observed that the same man is still their agent), the Englishman's resource is "Write to the Times." But, alas! that is a resource for the injured only if they are Protestants. The writer of this article, did "write to the Times," complaining, with his name, of the conduct of the Irish Education Commissioners in allowing their paid agent thus to outrage the feelings and consciences of the Irish people; but his letter was suppressed. The fact is, that what it is the fashion to call "English honesty and fairness," means fair and equal dealings towards everybody except Catholics.—*Weekly Register*.

The Anglo-Saxon Protestant, like the Pharisee in the parable, is not content with the serene and self-satisfied contemplation of his own virtues. He requires that his shining gold shall shine by contrast with another's dross. He thanks God that he is not like other men, nor particularly that that publican. This is a mood which it is impossible to approach—the sick man believes that he is well, and needs no physician. It is useless to tell him of the symptoms of mortal disease whilst he hugs the belief, either that no such symptoms exist, or that they are the indices of a more vigorous health. England points to her commercial prosperity—to her soil, covered with an iron net-work, connecting her ports and central depots with each other, and with the more thinly peopled districts, whence her minerals are dug, or in which her harvests are reaped. The seas are covered with her ships; the sun never sets on her widely-extended empire. Her merchants are the great men of the earth. She is rich, and has need of nothing. But this is not enough for her—she must still point to the humble publican, and thank God for the contrast. And the poor publican is easily found to play the foil. The prisons of Naples, the temporarily disordered finances of the Papal States, which assumed the burthen left them by an insurrectionary Government, are each in their turn, pressed into the service, whilst the Abingdon Poorhouse, or the tortures of Birmingham Gaol, and the septennial bankruptcies of the merchant princes, and the frauds of bank directors, and the forgeries of Lords of the Treasury, are forgotten. The eyes are fixed on the white and sculptured marble of the tomb, and no thought taken of the dead man's bones within. But the Pharisee is never so elated, he never so clearly nor with so much satisfaction sees that he is not as other men, as when he compares his own fair exterior and good estate with the less brilliant fortunes and, to his view, humbler destiny of unhappy Ireland. And the contrast is continually insisted on as an evidence of the superiority of Protestant opinions over the Catholic faith. If the promises of the Gospel were directed to the enjoyment of the things of this life; if God had promised to reward those whom He loves with the good things of this world; if the gates of Heaven were thrown open to their widest for the rich, and the poor could scarcely enter therein; if the wisdom of this world were identical with that wisdom which is one of the seven gifts; if it were not only possible to worship God and Mammon, but if the successful worship of Mammon were an evidence of the acceptance by the Creator of the devotion offered at the shrine of Mammon, then indeed the comparison would be in point, and it would be clear that the wealth of England and the poverty of Ireland might be pressed into the service of a comparison of the diverse opinions of Protestants with the faith of the Church, to the manifest advantage of the former, and we should be left to get out of the further difficulty that truth is one and error various, and that perfect agreement is the test of truth, as best we could. But it is just possible to take another view of Ireland than that founded on her poverty, and to hope, if we can see that God has accepted her to suffer for His sake, that He will yet grant her those temporal blessings which are not inconsistent with a full and entire devotion to Himself. It is very remarkable that, while all the world acknowledges that Ireland has proved, throughout all persecutions, the great western citadel of the Faith, it is also apparent that the tyranny and bad government of England has scattered over the world, and amongst her own colonies in particular, the seed of the Faith; so that wherever the arms or commercial enterprise of England has conquered or occupied a territory, there have Irish exiles erected an altar and offered the daily Sacrifice. Ireland has, then, not only maintained her own citadel against the assaults of the enemy, but has, from time to time, sent forth her Missionary sons, who have planted the standard of the Cross throughout the wide possessions of England. Not only this, but Irishmen have carried the true faith into the heart of England, and the tide of material conquest has rolled back under another form, and with mightier power, so that Protestant England is again a Roman province, and a fully recognised portion of the fold of Christ; the exceptional government of Vicars-Apostolic has given place to a regularly constituted Hierarchy, and the solemn and efficacious decrees of the Synod of Westminster, put to open shame the pointlessness and powerlessness of discussions of the Convocation of Canterbury. As the arts and philosophy of Greece subjugated Rome, so has the faith of Ireland in a great measure triumphed over the wild, ignorant, and barbarous chaos of Protestantism. Not that the victory is yet achieved, nor the warfare over, but that every step that has been made has been in the path of victory, and that every movement has secured an advantage from the enemy,

whilst every outpost is in secure communication with the great base of operations which has hitherto, fortified by the blood of Martyrs, bid defiance to the advances of Protestantism, though backed by all the material power of England. It was fit and right that the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster should bless the faithful people who had won for him the honour of restoring the English Hierarchy. But it is useless to think of past victories, except to thank God for them, and to warm ourselves to prosecute the endless war between the Church and the world with renewed and increased vigour. More especially are we bound to recognise and to oppose those counter-attacks of the enemy which are proclaimed, and against which we are warned by the voice of the watchful Pastor. Let not Ireland sleep, lest a rose should fall from her chaplet, now that the voice of the Archbishop of Tuam has condemned that system of education by which the faith of the rising generation is being assailed—a system whereby the Minister of religion is robbed of his authority, and the first place, which is due to God alone, is taken from Him and given to secular education, under the guise of which the children of Catholic parents are proselytised from the true faith, and taught to listen to the schoolmaster and turn a deaf ear to the Priest.—*Tablet*.

THE LORD MAYORS OF LONDON AND DUBLIN.—You cannot think what interest the speeches delivered at the Mansion House in Dublin, on the occasion of the Atlantic Telegraph banquet, have excited at this side of the Channel. They have awakened an admiration which rises superior to the spite of national prejudice and the rancour of sectarian bigotry. The London civic oratory is, generally speaking, a disgrace to literature and a scandal to civilisation. The Aldermen and other members of the Corporation are, for the most part, men of most defective education, and when, flushed with wine and bloated with rich viands, they get, or are helped, up to deliver speeches after dinner, they usually make a pitiable exhibition of themselves. It is not unfrequently happens that the Lord Mayor is the biggest dunce of the lot, and his arrogance is only exceeded by his ignorance. The present Chief Magistrate, Sir R. W. Gardiner—not baronet, mind, not baronet, only Knight Bachelor—is a gentleman of the smallest imaginable attainments. He is on terms of the deadliest enmity with Lindley Murray, and when he abuses the Irish at the large house in the Poultry, he invariably does so in bad English. There is the sting of it. If a man be villified in grammatical language he may bear the misfortune with the resignation of a Christian; but to be calumniated by an individual who, albeit he wears a scarlet coat and a cocked hat, tacks the letter "R" to every word that ends with a vowel, and who has always got something the matter with his "Hs"—that is a trial too bitter for flesh and blood to endure. When "the 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill," Lord Mayor Gardiner gets out of bed and has his breakfast; he then transacts his business at Birchington; after which he abuses the Hoirish in his Mayoralty Court. In the afternoon he repairs to the 'Ouse—if the 'Ouse be sitting—and cries "Ear! Ear!" when Mr. Disraeli rises to address the Speaker. Lord Mayor Gardiner, like Brutus, is "no orator," but surely he might condescend to cultivate some manner of acquaintance with the mysteries of grammar. If he will order the Irish out of the country, let him at least try to do so in good Anglo-Saxon phraseology. Lord Mayor Cardon may sneer at the Irish, but if he were to get the sun, moon, and stars for it, together with the last new comet, he could not deliver himself with such purity and elegance of diction as did the Lord Mayor of Dublin the other evening when proposing the health of Mr. Bright. Cardon might try to express himself with propriety—for what is there that ignorance will not attempt?—but he could not do it, though his very existence were to depend upon the success of his experiment. Gardiner is a respectable man in private life—far, ay, far as polar star from southern cross be it from me to insinuate to the contrary—but Cardon is not a grammarian. Cardon knows little of orthography, less of etymology, nothing of syntax, and, as for prosody, he positively has no more familiarity with it than with the "domestic habits of the sun"—to borrow an illustration from Mr. Carlyle. Cardon is a stock-broker. Dr. Johnson, in his first edition of his dictionary, defined a stock-broker as "low wretch who gets his living by trafficking in the funds." Cardon is not a stock-broker in that ignominious sense of the word. By no means. No, no, no—a thousand times no. He is a man of irreproachable reputation. A more honourable man never walked on 'Change—and there again he resembles Brutus, for Brutus was an honorable man. Yet, with all these fine qualities, Cardon's grammar is at fault. He is a judge of "koup," more especially of that sort which is used for theological purposes; and it may be that his palate is skilled to discriminate the virtues of Tokay; but he has never quaffed at the pure well of English undefiled. You might as well tell him to swallow the monument on Fish-street Hill, as ask him to deliver such a speech as that which fell from the lips of Lord Mayor Campbell in the Oak Room the other evening. The man could not do it for the life of him; nor, though he were to be transfigured for a Knight Bachelor to Baronet for it. Cardon is no grammarian; a respectable man, admitted;—but no grammarian. Lord Mayor Campbell, on the contrary, is a grammarian, "and a ripe one." He combines a cultivated mind and nice literary tastes with commercial enterprise and complete aptitude for business. You have therefore, good reason to be proud of him. If he were to order the English out of Ireland—which, of course, is not to be expected from a man of his liberality—my life for it he would do it in grammatical language. But if your Lord Mayor acquitted himself well, what shall be said of the speech of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster? Simply, that it was worthy of his splendid reputation. I will tell you what I heard a Protestant Clergyman say of it:—"If you were to look up all our Bishops," he observed, "in the Library of the British Museum, and give them free access to the treasured learning of the word, they could not, amongst them all, produce such a speech." There can be no doubt he was right. The Times complained some time ago that there was not a man of them who could preach a sermon worth listening to. Take them, for "all and all," as Hamlet told his father, they are cold, languid, and unimpassioned. Unlike Cardon, they are erudite—or at least some of them are; but they have no faculty of profound thought, and they are wholly destitute of eloquence. They may well be envious of our Cardinal, for the best of them is to him as a brass button to a star.—*Freeman Correspondent*.

The Earl of Eglinton, with words of promise on his lips, with something very much akin to blarney on his tongue, and with copious platitudes about mutual forbearance and reciprocal courtesy and kindness, in his replies to congratulatory addresses, and his after-dinner speeches, rather than meet the Cardinal at the Lord Mayor's table, when the object was to offer national thanks to a national benefactor and to do honor to exalted genius, rudely breaks his promise, coarsely offends the Chief Magistrate of the City, and wantonly insults a whole people. For a provinciality Knight, there was a marvellous lack of civility in this proceeding. A more indecent piece of gratuitous insolence could not be exhibited in the least polished circle of society. It was petty, paltry, vulgar, and contemptible; and, like all such miserable displays of crooked policy and nasty temper, it has reacted terribly upon its author. The reception given to the Cardinal at the Mansion House, where his two speeches were admitted on all hands to have been, not only unexceptionable in point of taste, but as admirably appropriate as they were clever and brilliant, was flattering in the extreme. All were charmed with his noble thoughts, his generous sentiments, his sublime ideas, his rich imagery, and his felicitous language; and, in one sense, it may have been well for the Viceroy and his Parliamentary Archbishop that they had stayed away from the banquet; for the public were thus deprived

of the opportunity of contrasting the frothy loquacity of the one and the heavy lumber of the other, with the massive yet ornate eloquence of the Cardinal. But cordially as His Eminence was greeted, by the distinguished throng of persons of all religious denominations whom he met in "the King's Room," his exaltation there sinks into insignificance when compared with his subsequent reception at Dundalk and in Dublin. We question if history records a parallel triumph in the career of any Ecclesiastic, or even of any layman, in similar circumstances. The Viceroy's insult has been avenged a hundred-fold by the nation. The shouts of the millions have drowned the puny squeak of a faction; and so intense is the indignation felt at Lord Eglinton's conduct, that we see it stated, in a morning Protestant contemporary, that His Excellency's health was omitted from the list of toasts proposed at a *déjeuner* given a few days ago by Messrs. Martin, the eminent shipbuilders in Dublin on board one of their vessels which is intended for the trade between that port and Australia. Indeed, the feeling of disgust is not confined to Catholics, but is shared very largely by the Protestant community; and we are glad to perceive that the University of Dublin has, on this occasion, thrown off the coil of prejudice it has too long worn, and, as a seat of learning, gracefully invited His Eminence to visit its Halls, Library, and Museum. We confess this incident has given us great pleasure—apart from old reminiscences; first, because it exhibits that asylum of literature and science rising above sectarian prejudice, and offering courtesy to a Prince of the Catholic Church who has reaped laurels in every field of intellectual pursuit; and, secondly, because it administers the severest rebuke to the narrow-minded bigotry of the Viceroy and his promoters and abettors. It is Lord Brougham, we believe, who enunciated the aphorism that a political mistake is a crime in a Government. We are very much mistaken if Lord Derby has not before this discovered, in the recent rudeness of his Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, as serious a mistake as ever signalled the career of a Minister, or shook a Cabinet to its base. There was no political admixture in the reasons the Cardinal had for visiting Ireland. He owed no fealty, no gratitude, to either Whigs or Tories; and of the two, his feelings, since the Titles Bill was introduced, must, if they swayed to either side, have been rather against the Whigs—especially the Palmerston and Russell divisions. His mission, as explained by himself at Dundalk, was charity and then pleasure and recreation; but the violence and the folly of an effort faction have contrived to give it a political character, and, by it, to raise a storm which Ministers will find it difficult, if not impossible, to allay. A Dublin contemporary, in commenting upon Lord Eglinton's conduct on this occasion, has referred to the part taken by His Lordship, some years since, during the progress of Lord Lansdowne's Bill for legalising the resumption of diplomatic relations between England and Rome. Knowing something about the secret machinery by which that measure was rendered abortive, we are bound to acquit the noble Earl of more guilt than attaches to the willing instrument of an evil purpose; but it certainly is a curious coincidence that the person who overtly prevented the Queen from receiving a Cardinal as Nuncio should be also the person who, as a prominent Minister of the Crown, gratuitously insults a Cardinal in Dublin and thereby gives to his own Party a deadlier wound than any which the combined malice and ingenuity of their enemies could inflict.—*Weekly Register*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Bishop of Oxford has issued a commission addressed to three laymen and two Clergymen of his Diocese, to inquire into the statements alleged against the Rev. Richard Temple West, M. A., of Christchurch, Oxford, and Curate of Boyne-hill, in reference to his practice of Confession, as brought out in a case which has lately been so prominently before the public, and to report to his Lordship whether there is *prima facie* ground for instituting further proceedings. The commissioners are Dr. R. Phillimore, Chancellor of the Diocese; the Ven. James Randall, M. A., Archdeacon of Berkshire; the Rev. J. Austen Leigh, M. A., Vicar of Bray (the parish in which Mr. Greasley's district is situated); Mr. Charles Sawyer, of Heywood-lodge; and Mr. J. Hibbert, of Braywick-lodge; the two latter being county magistrates. All these gentlemen hold high church views, particularly Dr. Phillimore, Archdeacon Randall, and Mr. Leigh, who are commonly classed among the ultra-Tractarian party. The usual 14 days' notice has been served upon Mr. West.—*Times*.

A recently published pamphlet thus remarks on the influence around the Queen. Some remarks are here made on the frequency of Royal visits to the camp at Aldershot, to Chatham, Portsmouth, and other places of like character, as if a confidence rested there. The allusions to the army and navy, to soldiers and sailors, ought not to be heard so frequently from the lips of Royalty. The appearance of the Queen at reviews, as at Woolwich and at Aldershot, in military costume, is enough to cause a feeling in the minds of many persons, the reverse of comfortable. A Ministerial paper described the costume in the following manner—"A most splendid military uniform—the habit of the finest scarlet cloth—the blue ribbon of the Garter—a brilliant hat upon the left breast—golden tassels—black felt hat—crimson sash—officer's plume—and the device of a field marshal." The Queen is styled Supreme Head of the Church, and makes, (if needs be) amakes Bishops. One cannot help thinking how oddly the appointment to a Bishopric for the cure of souls will contrast with a military spectacle a few days afterwards. It is a pity that the first lady in the land, a wife and a mother, should be surrounded by these influences; there must be some meaning in all this; the Queen has employed the influences she possesses, as a woman and a Sovereign, in keeping alive that romantic spirit, which as a halo surrounds the military life.

A HOUSE OF COMMONS REVELATION.—It came out that something over 70,000 belts have been condemned and sold as old stores for 8d. and 9d. a piece. The question is asked in various ways.—Do these condemned stores return again to government as new ones by virtue of new contracts? But we cannot catch a positive answer, either affirming or negating the fact. The admission is made that, the stores being sound and good, it would be a fair and tradesmanlike transaction to buy them cheap and sell them dear, no matter to whom, but nearer than that it seemed impossible to get the truth. The belts were condemned, it is said, because they were a trifle too broad under the newest regulations, and were, therefore, of an obsolete pattern, but it is admitted that the cutting of them down would have cost but a trifle. Why they were sold at a loss of eighty per cent. to the nation nobody pretends to know. All that is an inscrutable mystery, for the elucidation of which nobody is responsible, and, therefore, nobody chooses to throw any light upon it. The worthy chairman is anxious to arrive at truth, however, and he does it. If those articles were bought by government (he asks the witnesses) at 4s. 6d. each, and sold for 9d. each, is it your opinion that the government sustained a serious loss by the transaction? The witness, after a moment's reflection and a few shrugs of the shoulder, arrives at the conclusion that there can be no doubt that such is the case; and that that arithmetical fact, couched to the shade of Cocker, is established to the evident satisfaction of hon. members.—*Chambers Journal*.

Within Dover Castle, there is now a collection of the pikes and lances of the survivors of the renowned "Six Hundred," who, in the charge across the plain of Balaklava, won immortal fame for themselves. The condition of the lances now in the castle speaks forcibly of the nature of that bloody passage at arms.—*Athenaeum*.

A Leith widow has been arrested for the murder of her child, which was found buried in her garden.

The whole of the 6,000 reinforcements of cavalry and infantry selected by the Government to proceed to India have now been despatched; the last of the detachments having embarked at Gravesend yesterday, on board the *Herivie Castle*, 600 tons, Captain G. M. Hardy. They consisted of reinforcements for the 7th Dragoon Guards, 27th Lancers, 61st, 70th, 81st, 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, 94th and 98th Regiments, to the number of 200 men of all ranks, with 6 officers; they proceeded direct to Kurrachee. On the previous day the last of the troops under orders to proceed to Madras embarked at Gravesend on board the *Walter Morris*, 1,600 tons, Captain D. Morris; they consisted of Detachments for the 1st Dragoon Guards and 12th Lancers, from Canterbury and Maidstone; 44th and 68th Regiments, from Colchester; three battalions 60th Rifles and 80th Regiment, from Winchester; 74th Highlanders from Aberdeen; 68th Light Infantry and 69th Regiment, from Fermoyle; and the Royal Artillery from Woolwich, to the number of 240 men of all ranks. During the present summer reinforcements of upwards of 10,000 men have been despatched to India, the whole of whom are armed and equipped with the Enfield rifle, and are in other respects fit to take the field immediately after landing. With the exception of the two regiments of the Line ordered to embark on the 18th inst., the war authorities do not intend forwarding any additional reinforcements to India for the present, unless any unforeseen emergency arises, in which case there are at the present moment at least 5,000 troops immediately available.

A somewhat curious address to the electors of Ipswich has been issued by Mr. John King, the editor and proprietor of a local newspaper. Mr. King announces himself to be a candidate for the representation of the borough at the next general election, but declares that he will not spend a shilling more than the law compels him to spend, and that he will ask no man for his vote, appoint no committee, and solicit no one to move or second his nomination on the hustings. His object is to promote purity of election, and to give the constituency an opportunity of rendering the Corrupt Elections Bill a dead letter.

During the past week, great excitement has been caused by a series of lectures given by the notorious *so-distant* Baron de Camille. The first lecture was delivered on Tuesday evening, on "Jesus, the Spies of the Pope, and Napoleon the Little." The audience was small, and considerable confusion was created by the vile calumnies cast upon our Holy Religion and its Priesthood, which called forth the indignation of all Catholics who were present. In fact, except during a few intervals of silence, the greatest disorder reigned throughout the evening. An attempt was even made, at the instigation of the chairman (a Scripture reader), to oust the Catholics from the room; which, however, failed. The next lecture, on "Agricultural Confession," from which females were excluded, attracted a crowd of Protestants, eager to devour the filth which, doubtless, they expected. They were woefully disappointed, as not one word of the lecture was heard by any one present.—The Baron, frightened by the uproar which was created, speedily disappeared from the platform, and for two hours nothing