

PROMOTION OF LORD NAAS.—The London correspondent of the "Dublin Post" says:—"There is a strong rumour that Lord Naas is to be sent to India as Governor of Bombay, in succession to Lord Elphinstone, who has expressed a wish to return to Europe. As the salary is £10,000 a year, it would make the noble lord a comparatively rich man."

THE EDUCATION QUESTION.—While the supporters of the Church Education Society and the friends of the National system are, to all appearances, prepared for active hostilities, Archbishop Cullen and his ultramontane followers are by no means idle spectators of the situation. A circular, addressed by the titular Primate (Dr. Dixon) to the Roman Catholic members of Parliament gives warning that the Ministers will ere long have the demand of a charter for the Catholic University in St. Stephen's-green added to his already overgrown pack of educational difficulties. The Presbyterians, too, are invited to take notice of the ground that, unknown to themselves, they must be laboring under grievances as sore as those which afflict the other religious denominations, and that now is the time to press their claims for redress upon the Government. A letter in the "Derry Journal" reports progress as follows:—"I may mention that it is stated in official circles that a portion of the Cabinet are in favor of granting a charter to the Catholic University in this city, so as to enable that institution to confer degrees to an extent similar to the powers enjoyed by Trinity College. That the question will be raised next session of Parliament is certain, as all the Roman Catholic bishops are most anxious for the charter, and nearly all the Liberal members have, in reply to a circular issued by the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, intimated their intention of pressing upon the Ministry the necessity of granting the boon. Why are the Presbyterians of Ulster silent in the midst of those movements of other religious denominations? Are they so favorably circumstanced that they have no request to make, no grievances to be remedied? I rather opine not. Why, then, are they not 'up and at this very squeezable Government, who are not certainly not strong enough to refuse any reasonable request coming from so influential a body as the Irish Presbyterians?"—Dublin Correspondent of Times

CATHOLIC OPPOSITION TO STATE SCHOOLS.—The State has just made, and is just making, an attempt, not so much to introduce the thin end of the wedge into the system, as to drive it home at a blow, and destroy for ever the integrity of our defence. And the attempt has so far failed so signally, that there is every reason to hope that the failure may prevent, for some time, any renewal of the assault. In the course of the last session, when Sir John Pakington brought before Parliament his views on education, the House, instead of adopting them, resolved to present an humble address to the Crown, praying Her Majesty to appoint a Royal Commission, and to charge it with the duty of enquiring into the state of Education over the country at large, to receive and to consider evidence upon the subject, and to report their conclusions, that so a basis for general legislation might be with more security attained. In compliance with this address, Her Majesty appointed her Commissioners, the Duke of Newcastle as their Chairman, and among them are Mr. Nassau Senior, Mr. Miall, the Disserter of Nonconformist note, a Protestant Clergyman of the Establishment, and some others. But no Catholic is found among them. The Commissioners have appointed ten Assistant Commissioners, all honourable men no doubt, and for all we know, including among them men of manifold religions—but no Catholic is found among them. These Commissioners and their Assistants are to traverse the country, visiting and inspecting schools, no limit whatever being set to the scope of their enquiries. They are to ascertain the state of Education and report thereon; and in enquiring into the state of education, they must not omit its most important part. The religious education afforded in schools must be enquired into by them. Their inspection must extend to the religious instruction imparted both to Protestants and Catholics. It is needless to remind our readers of what they know as well as the House of Commons, or the Royal Commissioners, that this involves a flagrant violation of the great principle hitherto successfully contended for by Catholics, and insisted on by our Prelates, viz., that no inspection of Catholic Schools shall be permitted except by Catholic Inspectors, approved by the Bishops; the said Catholic Inspectors being, moreover, strictly and expressly excluded from all right to meddle with, or inquire into, or inspect, the religious learning of Catholic scholars, or the religious teaching of Catholic instructors. A case has therefore arisen to test the vigilance and try the firmness of those in whom Catholics have trusted. The Commissioners have entered on their duties and have blandly intimated their intention of inspecting generally the schools of Catholics. They have been promptly met. The Chairman of the Poor School Committee has refused his assent, and has notified to the Ecclesiastical authorities the demand and his answer. The Ecclesiastical authorities have taken their measures and have reminded their Clergy that no inspection of Catholic schools can be allowed, except by the Catholic Inspectors of whom they have approved, and by these only within the prescribed limits. So far then all is well, but much remains. It remains now that every Catholic Priest, and every Catholic Teacher, to whom the Commissioners may apply for leave to inspect his school, should know the answer that he has to make, and should make it with all courtesy, no doubt, with all mildness, if he pleases, but with as resolute and as unflinching a purpose as if he were resisting an attack upon his life, his honour, or his faith. *Cor unum et anima una*, must be the maxim now. There is a principle at stake, compared to which all that we have got is only dust and chaff. It is a question whether the Church or the State has jurisdiction in religion. It is a question whether we shall maintain the position we have won, or suffer ourselves to be dislodged by the first move of the enemy. There is only one course. If the Commissioners visit a school, they must not be allowed to enter, they must not be allowed to put questions, they must not be allowed to receive answers. If the first refusal does not satisfy them, we see only three courses—to preserve silence, to take the spot, or to close the doors against them.—Tablet.

THE HOUSE SECRETARY'S IRISH TOUR.—The morning organ of the Irish Government (the *Express*), in the course of a long article, laudatory of the nobleman who fills the office of Irish Secretary, refers to the recent visit of the Home Secretary as the herald of good things which are in store for Ireland. The oracle thus speaks:—"Mr. Walpole resolved to examine personally the state of Ireland, and to judge for himself of her wants, capabilities, and resources, so as to be able to deal properly with the Irish questions that may come before him during the next session of Parliament. It is melancholy to think of the mass of crude legislation on Ireland, resulting from the ignorance of British statesmen. Mr. Walpole has resolved such ignorance shall no longer be the reproach of the Home-office. Instead of relying on antiquated or ill-digested blue-books, and the voluminous evidence of garrulous or crotchety witnesses, or even what might be the Opposition be supposed to be the interested advice of the Irish Government, he has gone through the country, conversed with the most intelligent and influential men of all classes, examined carefully our various public institutions, and then compared notes with the Lord-Lieutenant and the other members of the Irish Government. We are not surprised to learn that every one was charmed with the right hon. gentleman's intelligence, discrimination, candour, and courtesy, as well as with the warm interest he evinced in everything that concerns the prosperity of Ireland. No doubt this visit will bear fruit next season. There are questions of both a local and national character which will demand immediate settlement, and these questions the Home Secretary has mastered. He sees the practical reforms that are required, and he will be prepared to support them. Lords are becoming every day less aristocratic; the barriers that used to

separate them from the middle class are fast giving way, and we find them coming forth as the most ardent advocates of progress in the lecture-room and on the platform. Yet, it is very rarely that any of them can take such an earnest and thoroughly intelligent interest in the condition of the classes below them, and show such real sympathy with their feelings and wishes as a gentleman like the present Home Secretary."

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHAPLAIN DISPUTES.—It is announced that the Moderator has convened the committee appointed by the Assembly to correspond with the Government to meet in Belfast to-morrow (Wednesday), for the purpose of taking into consideration General Peel's official reply to the resolutions of the late Commission of Assembly. Speculating on the course to be pursued by the reverend body, a local paper (the *Mercury*) remarks:—"The Government will not, cannot receive recommendations when recommendations are tantamount to appointments—that is, if there are six appointments to be made, and the Assembly is asked to recommend eligible persons, and only six are recommended, who can be so blind as not to see that the Government is deprived of the right of selection, the right of appointment? The Assembly virtually, if the thing was allowed, recommends and appoints at one and the same time. Now, would it not be well to cast aside extreme notions and look more to the good of the church and to the spiritual interests of the poor Presbyterian soldiers, about which we have heard so much? Were this done the solution would be easy. It would be shameful to make such appointments merely through political influence. Taking Ireland, England, India, and the colonies, we may fairly look upon at least 20 chaplaincies as already resolved on. We need not go into particulars. Now, the simple question for the Presbyterian church in Ireland to consider is this—whether by the exercise of commonsense prudence they will retain those appointments in the church, or whether they shall be handed over to the mother church of Scotland?"

Mr. John Carden, who has undergone a period of imprisonment for attempting the abduction of Miss Arbuthnot, a young Irish lady, of whom he appears desperately enamoured, has again been arrested, and bound over, in heavy penalties, not to proceed in his absurd and ill-advised course. He has gained notoriety, and might be content with that, for the lady positively spurns his suit. The *Star* says:—"We observe that a contemporary comments on the notorious suit of Mr. Carden, as if it were a case of Irish fortune-hunting. This is a mistake. Mr. Carden is a man of £5,000 or 6,000 a-year. So infatuated is he that he has added a ball-room to his house, and made other preparations, in full confidence that he will ultimately be a successful wooer. He has been heard to declare that, whatever be the issue, he is determined to leave his fortune according to his insane affections."

Among the passengers by the last steamer from Galway for New York was an Irish woman, who had with her a nicely-painted flower-box filled with "Irish earth," and in it were planted three Irish shamrocks. She said she was going out with her daughter to join "her people" in America, who had sent for her, and added "I was all I had to take."—Irish paper.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A GREAT GUN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—On Wednesday a monster piece of ordnance was brought from Woolwich to Windsor Castle, by command of Her Majesty, and placed on the North-terrace, where it will be inspected by the Prince Consort, and a suitable situation selected for its permanent position. The gun was taken during the late war from the Chinese, and brought to England by the ship *Sibyl*; it is an admirable piece of workmanship in brass, and weighs 7 tons 33cwt. 8lb., its length is 134 feet, girth 7 feet 3 inches, and 12 inches in the bore. It requires upwards of 30lb of powder to load it, and it will carry a ball of 200lb weight. The value of the brass alone is estimated at between £500 and £600. It is somewhat remarkable that as so many officers of the Guards, as well as of Eton College, have fallen in the late Crimean war, that no trophy has yet been received by the authorities either at Windsor or Eton, although we perceive that most of the large towns in England have been presented with some memorial of that war.

THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.—It is contemplated to make the three hundredth anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth, which will occur on the 17th November, the occasion of a special celebration commemorative of the establishment of Protestantism.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN AND HIS TENANTS.—It is averred that some time since the Bishop came into possession of four farms at Lusby from the ecclesiastical commissioners; that three of the farms were occupied by Messrs. Lill, Matthews, and Clark, all being Wesleyans, and the fourth by Mr. Robinson, a Churchman; that all are first-rate farmers, and the farms have been in the families for a century, being occupied successively by grandfathers, fathers, and sons; that in August the steward of the bishop and his son went over the farms and found no fault, except with the fact that 13 beasts were eating cake in one crew-yard; that notices to quit were given; that the three first-named went to the steward when the following colloquy took place:—"Why are we to be turned out, sir?" "Don't ask me, gentlemen, don't ask me; I cannot say."—"Is it for mismanagement?" "If you wish us to manage in any way differently, we will." "Don't ask me; don't ask."—"Is it because we are Wesleyans? Pray, sir, give us some sort of an answer." "Don't mention it; don't mention it. You must not say that—that you are turned out because you are Methodists." It is further alleged that, unable to get any satisfactory answer, the three appealed to the bishop, going to the palace, and sending in their names; that his lordship's answer was, "I know your business, and do not wish to see you;" that the steward ordered the four tenants to meet him at the Bull, at Horncastle, and there asked Mr. Robinson, "Are you a Methodist? Do you go to chapel?" "No, I am not; and I never shall go to chapel."—"You may stop." The inference drawn is a natural one—that the three are excluded because of their Methodism. Can it be true?—*Stamford Mercury*.

A LADY PREACHER.—The *Aberdeen Herald* says, "Miss Marsh, the lady who edited the 'Memoirs of Hedley Vicars,' has been preaching with acceptance at Keith Hall, Armdilly, and Sains Castle."

THE FRENCH CONSUL AND THE PENNY EDITOR.—The following narrative of some extraordinary proceedings of which Newcastle-on-Tyne has this week been the scene may interest our readers. In prospect of the municipal elections in that town a great deal of popular excitement exists, especially in the Westgate Ward. Mr. Wm. Dunn, a Catholic gentleman of considerable influence and wealth, represents that ward, and a strong feeling of antagonism has been aroused against him on account of his faith.—The *Daily Express* has taken up the case in this sense with great vehemence, and letters and articles have appeared commenting with unqualified severity on its opponents, and the means adopted by them to further their electioneering purposes. On Tuesday morning last a letter appeared in the *Daily Express*, attributed to the French Consul, the Count de Maricourt—the agent, as it called him, of the arch-traitor and plotter against his country's liberty, Louis Napoleon—an interference with the canvass in the ward. The son of the consul, lately an officer in the French army, who was staying with his father at the time, called at the office and left a card for the editor of the *Daily Express*, desiring that that gentleman would meet him at the smoking room of the Central Exchange next morning. The letter further threatened to chastise the editor at his own house if he did not keep his appointment. Of course the appointment was not kept

and M. de Maricourt returned home. Shortly afterwards he obtained a copy of the *Daily Express* of Wednesday, and found an article in it reflecting on the count in the most violent manner. "Now," says the *Daily Express*, "there are two kinds of French counts—first a professor of anything from language or legation comes from America, the chances are that he is a major or something between that and a general; if on the other your necromancer or dancing master comes from France he is pretty certain to be a count. There are no doubt real counts as well as pinchbecks, but whether M. de Maricourt belongs to the one class or the other, whether his affinities connect him with the Count Montalembert or Count Horromeo, the most impudent impostor on the treadmill, he is equally precluded from interfering with the course of an English election." The article concludes with this advice:—"Monsieur must follow Madame." To understand the last allusion it is necessary to explain that "Madame" was the keeper of a notorious house in Newcastle, so notorious that she was handed out of the town by the police. On the publication of this article, M. de Maricourt, the son of the consul, proceeded to the office of the paper, demanded to see the editor, and on the hesitation of the people to tell him where he could be found, the young man pulled out a pistol, and threatened them if they would not inform him. On learning the place where the editor could be found, he drove thither in a cab, and entered the library, where the editor was sitting; on inquiring if he were the editor, he ordered him, with similar threats, to come to apologise to the count his father. A most humble apology was made, and the editor of the *Daily Express* was released from detention. The count denies ever having interfered in the election, and that he was, moreover, entirely ignorant of his son's movements till the editor was brought into his room in captivity. An address of sympathy and confidence to the count is in course of preparation by some respectable inhabitants of Newcastle. The tradesman with whom he is alleged to have used his influence states that the assertion is groundless.

THE MAWORMS AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The London Correspondent of the *Dublin Freeman* gives the following sprightly account of the Westerton demonstration:—"The great meeting of Mawworms, taken for all in all, was quite equal in drollery to any of the droll exhibitions now in course of rehearsal at the theatres for the approaching Christmas holidays. The gathering took place in St. James's Hall, and at 12 o'clock about two hundred vestrymen, or individuals alleged to be vestrymen, were present. The persons of many of those representative men were at once recognised as habitual frequenters of Exeter Hall.—At twelve o'clock a loud scraping of feet and other symptoms of impatience indicated that the time for commencing proceedings had arrived. Great anxiety was also expressed by several very seedy-looking persons in the vicinity of the platform to know who was to take the chair, as it was rumoured that Lord John Russell, the bosom friend of Mr. Westerton, the promoter of the tumble, had played the traitor and refused to preside. All speculation on the point was, however, soon set at rest by the appearance on the platform of a lean, hungry-looking little man, with a white choker and a gold chain, who was announced as 'Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Hale.' This gentleman has only just been admitted to the splendid civic distinction of the aldermanic chair—a circumstance which may account for his influenza likely to accrue from the movement, not a single person of the slightest social position or standing ventured to put in an appearance on the platform. Even Mr. Westerton himself was not present, owing to a 'domestic affliction' but as it was known that he had made himself responsible for the hire of the room, the following touching appeal was printed and circulated in all directions:—"A collection will be made at the doors towards defraying the expenses of the meeting." A reference to the columns of "the leading journal" will, however, show that, although Mr. Westerton was not to be present, his great soul still throbs with healthy action. The following precious announcement is from the *Times* of Saturday:—"In a house where religion is put first, wanted, an active, healthy butler, of sound Evangelical principles, competent to conduct a very regular establishment; also an active, healthy lady's maid, about 30, who has a turn for management and being useful.—Both must be known to their clergyman (Evangelical). Apply by letter to A. B., at Mr. Westerton's library, Knightsbridge."

But to return to the meeting. Poor little Alderman Hale was so frightened with the responsibility of his office that he was unable to do more than introduce a fat man, named Vereker, as the proposer of the first resolution. Mr. Vereker, looked down his nose, coughed two or three times, and stroked his chin ominously. At length, after a pause of nearly five minutes he summoned courage to say that it was a cheering fact to witness an attempt made to resist Puseyite aggression. "Hear, hear," exclaimed a seedy-looking fellow with a battered white hat; "Give it 'em, old fellow." The "Hear, hear," although no doubt, intended in a friendly and encouraging spirit, had a damaging effect on the nerves of the orator, who broke down at once and looked intensely foolish. The chairman then requested silence, and Mr. Vereker proceeded to say that the faithful diocesan and vile practices of the Tractarian clergy in desecrating the Church by heathen rights, called for the severest reprobation of a Christian and Protestant community.

A Mr. Beale, an auctioneer (a little man with fiery red whiskers and a thick bull neck), next stepped forward and declared himself to be the bosom friend of the absent and interesting Charles Westerton. In that capacity he begged to read to the meeting the speech which that gentleman would have delivered had he been present! In pursuance of this modest proposition, Mr. Beale proceeded to draw a romantic picture of a splendid drawing-room in Belgravia, tenanted by the fairest and most aristocratic denizens of that favoured quarter. A knock was heard at the door, and a Tractarian parson was announced. The high-born ladies dropped their novels, crotchets and embroidery, and listened with eagerness to the ghostly ministrations of the Ecclesiastic. Another early visit was promised, and then, a room darkened by the partial closing of gilded shutters, and obscured by the agency of heavy lace drapery, the lady unbosomed herself to the priest, and owned that she was a sinner. The meeting shuddered with pious horror at this hideous picture of human depravity, but, taking courage, the tradesman of Houndsditch and Radcliffe cheered and groaned alternately at the appalling spectacle presented to their view, and shouted, "Shame, shame," and "Infamous!" One apoplectic gentleman of diminutive proportions, and who carried an immense cotton umbrella in his hand, stood up in his chair, and, with frantic gesticulation, declared that if ever he entered a confessional he would go "armed with the sword of Gideon!" A spectator here asked Mr. Beale what was his authority for stating that Tractarians in the guise of Jesuits, or Jesuits in the guise of Tractarians, had penetrated to the bowdoin of Belgravia and Tyburnia. Mr. Beale declined to state his authority, but said that "he had it as a fact from a trustworthy friend, whose name he would not give!" He might also add, he observed, upon the same satisfactory authority, the astounding intelligence that certain clergymen connected with the Oxford Party actually carried "crosses, rosaries, and crucifixes," and that the benighted victims who unbosomed themselves to them were so far forgetful of their dignity as Christians and Protestants as to kneel before their follow-worms. Groans, hisses, and cat-calls filled the air at this terrible revelation. When silence was restored Mr. Beale proceeded to tell a cock-and-bull story about how he and his friend Mr. Westerton took a walk to Wimbledon—how they rode back in an omnibus (that is important), and how on

the way Westerton confessed to Beale that he was very uncomfortable in his mind at the Romish proceedings going on at the Church of St. Barnabas, of which he was warden, and how very much he would like to "take the law" of the Rev. Mr. Bennett—how Beale said he sympathised with him, and how very much he would like, in his capacity of churchwarden of St. Paul's, and also to take the law of the Rev. Mr. Liddell; and finally, how they shook hands at the doors of their respective shops, and registered a solemn oath (or "hoath," as the speaker said) never to rest until they had rolled back the tide of "Popery" and "unrocked the emissaries Romo." The speaker next made a playful allusion to Lord J. Russell (whose name, I should tell you, was received with enthusiastic acclamations, and declared his conviction that although Lord John had once been a frequent attendant at the service of St. Paul's he was sound at heart, and ready to lead a party pledged to support the principles of the "uncrowned Puritan King of England.") This and other boyish gasconade helped to amuse the meeting, and then a gentleman without a forehead, named Sibley, got up and told a diverting story about the manner in which the Rev. Canon Oakley (one of the most distinguished of the Oxford converts) had introduced "the works of Catholic divines to his college, and how, to use the elegant metaphor of the speaker, 'the Hisis (the Isis) and the Tiber flowed together Romeward.'" Several speakers followed on the same side, and the resolution was carried amid lusty Protestant applause. Resolutions were subsequently passed, pledging the meeting to combined action, and the Sectarian acrobats having shouted their assent until they were black in the face, the tumble was brought to a conclusion.

In connection with this subject I may mention, that the Rev. Mr. Poole has at length commenced proceedings against the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Baring, the person whom you may remember presided at the first public meeting, six months ago, and put in circulation the reckless and indecent libels which led to the withdrawal of Mr. Poole's license.

IRELAND AND THE LATE SOCIAL SCIENCE MEETING.—The *Dublin Freeman*, in noticing the proceedings in Liverpool, last week, says:—"Lord John Russell, in his opening address, devoted from the straight line to pay us a compliment. He had no doubt that Ireland was equal to England in poetry and eloquence—in the gentle arts of peace as well as the more stern vicissitudes of war. The compliment was quite unexpected, and though rather late, we are not disposed to undervalue the favor. The successful treatment of Irish convicts was another prominent topic in the debates of the social legislature. Sir James Stephen next took up the strain of eulogy, and with discursive eloquence painted some of the most touching traits of the Irish character. Sir James is no ordinary man, and entitled to no ordinary consideration. He long filled the office of Under Secretary to the Colonies, and acquired great distinction by his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. His articles, were distinguished, for their breadth and exhaustive character, though his historical-political essays sometimes assumed an unfairness which belonged less to the writer than to his position as an Edinburgh reviewer. Sir James is now Professor of History in the University of Cambridge, where he attracts large audiences by the originality and vigour of his style. He delivered a highly interesting speech on British colonization and emigration, for the set form was laid aside to enable him to wander more at will in the glade of that graceful rhetoric in which the professor takes such delight. We think he exaggerates the colonizing virtues of England, not that she does not understand the art of founding societies and educating empires, but because she denies the same faculty to other nations. Her enormous resources and unrivalled commerce have enabled her to outstrip other countries in planting dependencies; and though the Englishman is a good worker, he is equalled in many of the highest qualities of the "Coloons" by the Irishman, the Swiss, and the German. Sir James illustrated his view by the usual reference to the "Visitation of 1847." "To emigrate," says Sir James with great beauty and feeling, "is no holiday pastime; the ship in which men abandon their fatherland for ever does not put sea like the trim vessel of the summer tourist—hope at the helm and pleasure at the prow—but freighted with aching hearts, with mournful retrospects, and with dark forebodings." Over the storm of grief, which convulsed the heart of the emigrant during that memorable period, rose the rainbow of hope, which cheered the gloom that would otherwise have overwhelmed him—the hope of gathering again in his new home the father or mother, wife or child, sister or brother. The sacred charities of home travelled with him to the Atlantic city or the western wilderness. He toiled in his new home with an energy which astonished those who had heard so much about Irish indolence. The poor emigrant did not spend his savings in sensual gratification. Though economical, he did not lay it up in banks. He remitted all—often more than he could well spare—to his forgotten relatives. Sir James and Mr. Mackay estimate the amount at ten millions since 1848, or at the rate of one million a year. This is far below the actual remittance, since it does not include the sums transmitted through parish clergymen and local gentlemen, which during the ten years could not be less than two hundred thousand pounds a-year, or two millions additional! There is nothing like this in the history of the world. A pretty story has been worked last week into a woodcut in one of the illustrated papers about English Australian emigrants and an English primrose:—

They pressed it—careless it,
A thousand times they blessed it.

But what is their primrose romance in presence of the annual remittance by Irish emigrants, even throughout the monetary depression in the United States, of such vast sums for the sacred pleasure of glouting once more on the faces of their kindred? We have alluded to Mr. Mackay, one of the great shipping firm of James Baines and Co., of Liverpool. He read an admirable paper on the subject of emigration, and, in referring to the generosity of the Irish character, even surpasses Sir James in his admiration. "There is one beautiful feature," says Mr. Mackay, "in the Irish character which shines in charming contrast with the cooler and more calculating affection of either the Englishman for the Scot." And after an estimate of the remittances, which coincides with Sir James Stephen's calculation, Mr. Mackay continues:—"The amount of misery which this prodigious fund has not only relieved but absolutely annihilated cannot be imagined, and whatever may be the creed or those whose chief anxiety is to share the blessings of Providence with their poorer kindred, rest assured, in that day when the Almighty Discreeter of the human heart makes up his jewels, such warm-hearted followers of their Divine Master will not be forgotten." We do not wish to mar the harmony of the "section," by introducing the religious element; but the "beautiful feature in the Irish character" which won so many nobleman and gentlemen—for even Lord Brougham dropped an approving nod—is "rareable to that charity which the religion of the emigrant inculcates as among the primary virtues, and which is not to be found among the colder creeds of the Englishman or Scotchman. We pass over Mr. Mackay's half compliment, which was, perhaps, intended to be a full one, about "the creed of those who," &c. It were well for the happiness of mankind if the spirit that animates the poor Irish emigrant were more general.

AN OLD DONKEY.—Lord John Russell, who is at present in Liverpool attending the meeting of the Social Science Association, was on Monday at the committee room, St. George's Hall, and being desirous of proceeding to the offices of Wm. Brown, Esq., M.P., but not knowing the way, he requested the local se-

cretary Mr. Melly, to get him some one who did.—Mr. Melly accordingly took him from the committee-room, at the door of which several gentlemen were standing (among whom was Carlyle, the Liverpool detective), and asking if any person knew Mr. Brown's offices, Carlyle answered in the affirmative, when Lord John was immediately placed under his care, and proceeded on his way. On going along the hall a gentleman asked one of the waiters if he knew who the old man was whom Carlyle had in charge, when the following reply was given:—"Ah! yes, he is an old dodger, as I have been watching him all morning; he's boned now, nay how?"

A chivalrous attempt has been made, says the *Freeman*, by the churchwarden of St. Benet's in the city, to seize the chairs, tables, and cooking utensils of Mr. John Powey Burgon, a parishioner, to satisfy a demand for church rates. Mr. Burgon attended before the Lord Mayor, and protested that he was not a member of the Reformed Church, that he had no sympathy whatever with her proceedings, that he never sought her assistance, that he had never "sat under" her teachers, and that he had never crossed the threshold of St. Benet's Church, and never meant to do so. On these grounds he resisted the enormous demand of £6 10s for one year's church rate. The vestry clerk, who represented the "establishment," declared that the church was open once a week (from eleven to one on Sunday), and that Mr. Burgon was quite at liberty to attend during these hours.—Mr. Burgon said he did not want to attend, and that from all he had heard the great majority of the parishioners were of the same opinion as himself, for although the parson attended very regularly once a week attended by a procession, consisting of the vestry clerk, two headles, and two par-owners, the offices of the latter individuals were at most a sinecure, as the congregation rarely exceeded from sixteen to twenty persons. If from these there were deducted the families of the official portion of the congregation, the "voluntaries" would, he submitted, amount to less than half-a-dozen. He consequently objected to pay a rate to maintain a church which he did not use, and to remunerate a staff of parish officers who had nothing to do. The Lord Mayor, with tears in his eyes, remarked upon the shocking depravity of the parishioners of St. Benet's in general, and Mr. Burgon in particular, and dismissed the summons. The chairs and tables, which had become the object of so much ecclesiastical solicitude, were then restored to their rightful owner, and Mr. Burgon was informed that "uterior proceedings" would be taken to restore them to the church! What will Lord Stanley say to this case when Sir John Trevelyan's bill for the abolition of church rates comes on next session?

In a London weekly we find, under the full heading, "Provincial Theatricals," the following unique *nouveau* of intelligence:—"Huddersfield Theatre Royal.—The Rev. J. Hanson (Baptist) continued his 'winter season' of Sunday afternoon lectures at this establishment on the 10th inst., the subject being, 'Now I've got?' and, although the weather was in most unfavorable, the house was crowded in every part.—Today (Sunday) the subject is 'Breath of Promise.'"

The *Morning Advertiser* mourns over "the present deplorable condition of the Church of England,"—asserts that "the State is virtually undowing Popery inasmuch as the majority of the livings in the Establishment are held by persons who are more or less deeply tainted by the leprosy of Puseyism, which is synonymous with Popery," and contends that a Free Church of England is manifestly the great want of the time.

The British war-steamer "Gorgon" arrived at Plymouth on the 2nd, from Halifax and Fayal.—The "Gorgon" took soundings for another line of Atlantic Telegraph from the Banks of Newfoundland to the entrance of the English Channel, via Fayal.

EDINBURGH POLICE STATISTICS OF DRUNKENNESS.—Last week, as we read in the *Edinburgh papers*, a discussion took place in the Town Council of that city, respecting the statistics of drunkenness, and the time occupied by the police in enforcing the "drunk and incapable" to the office for protection. The facts of the case are rather astounding. No less a number than 5,000 of the class now mentioned are annually taken to the office for the night, and dismissed in the morning without being required before a magistrate. At one time all the "inecapables" were required to appear in court; but when it was found that, though the magistrate sat from ten in the morning till the same hour at night, he was quite unable to get through the duty required in the circumstances, the practice was discontinued. There is a small, but determined party of "Social Reformers" in Scotland, who propose to remedy the "national sin of drunkenness" by the Quixotic expedient of prohibiting all traffic in intoxicating liquors.

THE WESTERN BANK OF SCOTLAND.—The shareholders have decided on proceeding against the directors for the amount of their contributions.

The daily and weekly papers have in the most strong and unmeasured terms condemned the conduct of the North Cork Militia, while stationed at Sheerness, as "brutal and unsoldierly." We have been favoured with some information which convinces us that the facts connected with the recent disturbances at Sheerness have been wilfully distorted by the *Times* and other of our contemporaries, as we are informed the riots originated in a most disgraceful act of one of the Marines towards the wife of a sergeant of the Militia force and which when complained of, drew forth further insults. In truth, before the riots were said to have been commenced by the Militia, the magistrates had felt it necessary to issue a placard complaining that "numbers of people were parading the streets in a riotous and disorderly manner, hooting and annoying the military." This is easily explained by its being known in Sheerness that the Cork Rifles was a thoroughly Catholic regiment. Epithets insulting to their creed and their country were freely bestowed upon the soldiers whenever they appeared in public, and it is not therefore, surprising, after the riotous conduct of the people, that some of the Militia should have given some of the mob a sound thrashing. We may mention that this regiment which has been so scandalously abused, has been remarkable for its good character and discipline, and even for forbearance under circumstances highly discreditably to the mob of Sheerness.—*Weekly Register*.

TETROTALISM IN AMERICA.—A German writer, M. Grissinger, who has recently visited the United States, says:—"The temperance mania is most at home in the Northern States, for the clergy have thoroughly frightened the farmers into it. They mean it honestly enough. If you visit one of them you find nothing but water on the table—water for breakfast, dinner and supper. After staying a few days and becoming known to the family, the son will first take you on one side. He will lead you into the stable, and express his opinion that a dram would do no hurt such a cold morning, but you must not say anything to father or mother. After dinner the mother will take you by the arm and leading you into her sanctuary behind the clothes press, she will open a secret door, and produce a nice bottle of the real sort, from which she will give you some 'stomach drops.' She thinks, though, the father and son need know nothing of these drops. Last of all, after supper, your host will conduct you into his study, and from one of his bottles in a medicine chest will pour you out a glass, the best of the three; but you do not drink it as brandy, but as a medicine. He, too, warns you to keep the secret so yourself."

RECIPTS FOR POVERTY.—If you want to keep poor, buy two glasses of ale each day, amounting at the end of the year to \$38.50; smoke three cigars, \$64.65; keep a big, lazy dog, \$15; a cat, \$4; buy all the snuff little snuff of \$10.25. Enough to buy several barrels of flour, one hundred bushels of corn, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee, a good coat, a respectable dress, and half a dozen pairs of shoes more or less.—*Dorchester Chronicle*.