

cooler moments, you would be incapable of either conceiving or expressing a sentiment so utterly devoid of charity, and at variance—you will forgive me with the true, mild, and tolerant spirit of Christianity. So we will waive the subject at present, if you please."

They parted soon after; by no means impressed with any increased approbation of each other's sentiments, though the benevolent rector still flattered himself that his curate could not feel the acerbity he had expressed towards his poor countrymen.

Immediately after the departure of his curate, Mr. Gordon set out to visit the cottage, whither he had been preparing to proceed, previous to Dixon's arrival. On his entrance, unceremoniously, as was his wont, he perceived there was a slight bustle. A tall man, muffled closely in a large cloak, brushed hastily by him, and Ellen herself met him, with a flushed though tearful countenance.

"I know you have been at prayers, and I have a shrewd suspicion who your companion in prayer was, you little hypocrite," he observed, affecting a jocular tone; "but surely I am not such a bugbear as that my appearance should produce flight and confusion. Indeed if it were Mr. Dixon, who has just left me, caution might be necessary. So, as I have come, like some giant or enchanter of the olden time, to bear you off to my castle, I shall, as an additional punishment for your distrust or thoughtlessness, give you but a quarter hour for preparation to accompany me."

Ellen had yielded to the cordial and urgent request of the rector, backed by the earnest entreaty of Frank, as he was setting off for the coast two days previously, that she would spend a month at the glebe; but she now besought him to allow her to remain that day in the cottage, promising that she would be quite prepared the next.

"Giant or enchanter was never more inexorable than I shall be on this point. An hour's further respite you shall not have; and, as I know your entire freedom from all selfishness, I am confident, if you saw the joy that sparkled in poor Marie's eyes when she saw me set out to capture you, you would not seek it. I have not, for many months, seen her in such spirits as she has been in since you consented to become her companion again, even for so brief a period. Why, the day is so beautiful, that I should not at all wonder if she had the Zephyr pushed across the lake, as she threatened to intrude us by water, should I make any delay; and I did waste some time talking to Nancy Loughnan, before I reached the cottage."

While he was talking, the Zephyr itself appeared rounding a point, and carrying the young lady and two rowers, one of whom, the quickened pulsation of Ellen's heart told her was Arthur Folliot. And he indeed it was immediately after Mr. Gordon's departure, he reached the rectory by a road different from that leading to the cottage, and was instantly enlisted by Maria to aid in bearing Ellen from the cottage—a service which she was well aware, would be far from an unpleasant one to him.

A few minutes more, and the boat was at the beach and Ellen in it, followed by the directions and blessings and remonstrances of Katty; the latter promising at the same time, that the cottage had never been so cared after, as it should be during her absence, "if the words or an old colliagh was worth minding!"

(To be continued.)

THE SMARTEST MAN IN CREATION.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

"Wall, Squire," said Mr. Ewins, "I've been over all that there country of yours, sir; and I ain't going to deny that I found your folk pretty spry and sharp in their notions. They've a neat way of turning the dollar twice over in the Highlands, that's a fact; and the man that stays long enough at Inverness, at the gunning season in the fall, will find himself very much in the predicament of a skinned coon. They are almighty sharp, to be sure, considering the scarcity of breeches' pockets; but there be some of the Lowlanders, too, that ain't soft, I can tell you. I guess there ain't many loafers in Aberdeen. A chap would require to step out pretty smart before he could get ahead of a native of that locality; and they are by no means the kind of men that I would fit upon for a deal."

"But if you want to see what real smartness is, I guess you must go for it to the States.—There's something in the air of the great Free and Independent that polishes up a man like a razor, till he can almost shave a grizzly bear without the crutcher knowing it. It ain't education that does it, and it ain't reason. It's a kinder of instinct, like what naturally sends a young duck into the water. The children have it, too; they are wondrous; and there ain't a boy five years old in Connecticut but knows how many henny nuts go to the baker's dozen."

"It's a proud thing, Squire Sinclair, sir, to be a citizen of a country like that—a great, free, and glorious nation, where every man keeps his eye skinned, and walks with his wits cocked and primed. I've heard some sharp things that have been done in this country, more especially of late years; for you Britishers are beginning to take a wrinkle or two from us free Americans—I guess from the smash among your banks that you are becoming alive to the grand system of unlimited credit and universal speculation—but for real genuine smartness, I calculate, as I said before, that you must go for that to the States.—Oh, it really makes one feel quite juiced-up like to think how smart our people are!"

"The smartest chap by a long chalk that ever I knew was Haman S. Walker, who was raised down country in Virginia. Haman had a bit of a plantation, where he made show of growing cotton; but that wasn't by any means the way that he grew his dollars. He did a good streak of business, I can tell you, in the nigger and horse line; for he was a prime judge of flesh; and once or twice every year he went through the country, picking up bargains and selling again at a profit. He didn't need to look twice at cattle to know their real value to a cent; and as for cleaning and carrying them up for sale,

there wasn't the like of him throughout the confederation. I've known him pass off a sixty-year-old nigger for forty-five, and get the sound price for a brute that was a regular roarer.—Haman it was that painted the donkey black and white, and sold it to the Philadelphia Zoo. Gardens as a zebra."

"Wall, Squire, two years gone by, business was rather slack down by in Virginia. It was one of those oneasy times when folk are timorous to sell, and buyers are as skerry as buffaloes in a clearing. Niggers wouldn't more nollow, and horses were at a nominal quotation. So Haman, who knew as well as most men that time was the Delaware for dollars, moves up a bit to the north, by way of spying if anything could be done thereabouts; for, thinks he, there must be a lot of runaway niggers caved up in these parts and who knows, if I swear stiff enough, that I mayn't pick up a specimen for nothing? However, he soon found that two could play at that game, for there were a lot of chaps, a most if not entirely as 'cute as himself, prowling about the prisons, and rapping out affidavits of ownership to every likely nigger as thick as cadoodle bugs in a sugar-barrel. Wall, when Haman saw that no good was to be done among the New Yorkers (for there are a plaguy lot of unnatural citizens up there that hold shares in the underground railway), he noticed that he would take a cast over the frontier, and try to strike trail in Canada. I expect, however, that he was clean too well roused up to show himself in his own character, for there weren't many loafers in the States that 'dn't know Haman, and the bare report that he was in the country would have cleared that district of niggers, as fast as the Unitarian congregations dispersed when a skunk got into the chapel. So he gets bold of a razor and shaves himself clean of hair as a terrapin (for Haman commensurate a beard that might have broke the heart of a billy-goat), then he rigs himself out from head to foot like a Methodist parson, with green barnacles, a white choker, a broad-brimmed hat, mts without ends to the fingers, and a genuine sanctified umbrella, such as them critters always carry, with half the whalebone broken. Oh, he was a lovely disciple was Haman! The very sight of him was enough to convert a whole billing of sinners. He had a knack of growling so loud, that I'm blessed if he didn't give you a pain in your bowels; and spoke in a choking kind of way, as if he had swallowed a force pump and kept the nozzle in his nose."

"Wall, he crosses the frontier and comes to Toronto, where the people don't think they are as soft as steeped dough-nuts, though I guess, they are confoundedly mistaken. He walks slap up to the biggest hotel he could see, and into the bar, where a weakish-looking chap was serving out the liquor. "Young man," says Haman, says he, "will you oblige a suffering laborer in the vineyard with a brandy cocktail?" "What name, sir?" said the help; looking somewhat bumbazed; for, as I hinted, Haman wasn't exactly the kind of looking man you would like to take bitters with before breakfast. "I am known to the brethren," said Haman, turning up his little finger "as the Reverend Issachar Quail, a poor but persevering pilgrim in the great cause of abolition. I was raised in Louisiana, called in Tennessee, and tarred and feathered on account of my principles no later than three months back, at New Orleans, may the devil gauge my persecutors!" The young help bangs up like a gosling at the sight of a corn-basket. "Here's glory!" shouts he, and he rings a bell like mad; whereupon the landlord and a dozen whacking niggers of waiters, ever one of whom had bolted from their lawful owners, came tumbling in; and if they didn't make a saint of the Reverend Issachar when they heard how he had been handled by the down-south Philistines, there ain't no alligators in Arkansas."

"Oh, they are a soft set, these Canadians!—Darn me if I don't think a States baby could find out the blind side of the 'cutest of the lot, and thread him like a needle. They took for gospel every word that Haman uttered, and a most bohooed at his animated description of the tortures he had undergone for the sake of the afflicted niggers. When he saw that they swarmed the tarring and feathering as oily as a greasing, he thought it safe to put on more steam and go ahead; so he told them that he had been twice hung up, and once roasted alive, not to speak of whippings, skinnings, and suchlike mischances, which were as common as his daily bread. If he had pretended to have been clawed to death by wild cats, I do suppose they'd have believed him. You may guess that they couldn't make enough of such a glorious victim of ornamental persecution as the Rev. Issachar Quail, so they gave him free quarters in the hotel, stowed him in the best room, crowded him with victuals, juiced him up with liquors, and allowed him unlimited credit for rosterskirts at the bar."

"But it didn't stop there; for the soft heads must needs have a public meeting of sympathizers to welcome the interesting stranger; so they held a kind of tea-drinking, with prayers and speeches; and Haman he gives them such an account of his persecutions as frize up the marrow in the woman's bones, and set them a-sobbing as though they had been troubled with the hiccup. Of course such vartue couldn't be allowed to go without some kind of reward; and you may guess how Haman grinned in his heart as he pocketed a heavy bag of dollars, which the sisterhood had subscribed as a small recompense for his sufferings."

"Among the foremost of the women folk that came down with the rowdy was a slapping black wench called Indolence Bungo, the daughter of old Daddy Bungo, a thriving horse-dealer, who had been located at Toronto for some thirty years. Daddy was raised in a plantation somewhere down south, but had taken to his heels and absquatulated without leave, about the time that he cut his wisdom-teeth. He got safe to Canada; and being a thundering tall nigger, as strong as a buffalo, he managed to work his way from one thing to another till he owned the biggest stable in the place, and was worth a deal of money. His daughter, Indolence was a grand specimen of the she-nigger, evidently intended by nature to hoe canes, and feed upon yams and salt-fish. Haman no sooner set eye upon her

than he niggered her at eight hundred dollars, and calculate he was not likely to be far wrong in his reckoning. She was fat as a porcupine, large lipped, well ballasted, and showed a figure-head like the Hottentot Venus. I guess she was as powerful a slut as ever tied a red handkerchief over wool."

"Wall, it wasn't in nature that Haman could see such a valuable article as that without vicious notions about a deal. 'You tarnation fue cow,' thinks he to himself, 'I wouldn't I just like to have the selling of you at New Orleans? I'd make you useful in your generation, I would, instead of letting you loaf about in lace and satins, and hiding your hooles in silk-stocks. You'd look pretty in a blue petticoat, picking cotton; and if that hide of yours were only braked a little, you'd be as active as a squirrel in a nut-bush!' That was what Haman thought, but he didn't say it now. He squeezed Indolence by the fat and told her he would mention her in his prayers, which, you may be sure, was a great comfort to the poor deluded she-nigger; and he announced his intention of calling next day on Daddy Bungo. Indolence went home as pleased as a cat with a new collar; and though she was not a handy gal with her needle, began to work a pair of embroidered slippers for the Reverend Issachar Quail."

"Next day Haman looks in upon Daddy, whom he found down in the stables watching his helps who were rubbing down the horses, and swearing away at a rate that might wake the thunder. Haman saw with half an eye that it was no use trying the evangelical dodge with Daddy, so he quietly pocketed his barnacles and mits, stowed away his umbrella behind a nail, and went up to the old horse-dealer. "Morning, Mister Bungo," says he; "glad to see you looking so well, sir. I heard a good stock about your horses, and I want to see them a bit." "Daddy looked quite puzzled like."

"A nerry good, sar, but I not know you.—Whom hab I de honor to address sar?" "My name," said Haman, "is Issachar Quail. I have a kinder notion you may have heard of it afore." "At this Daddy snorted." "Iss, Massa Quail, I hab heard of you before, sar. You are de man dat my daughter Indolence gib ten dollars to yesterday for helping niggers to run away. You no wanted here sar!—dis de free country, where every man hab his liberty and do as he like.—I say you Jake I—you pick up dat halter, or I'll whip de liver out of you, you dam dirty black scoundrel!" "That, I notion, is a rael stupendous horse, now," said Haman, pretending to think that Daddy was quite pleased at the visit. "I reckon that ere animal would go over a snake-fence like greased lightning."

"I hab to inform you, sar, dat all my horses are of first-chop quality, sar. But what de debbit do a parson know about a horse?" "Maybe more than you are aware of, old coon," quoth Haman. "I guess, now, that ere bay mare has been down on her knees; that ere colt has a splent on his rear fore-leg; and this horse has a touch of thoroughpin and the hickies." "Eh, Gor! what dat?" sings out Daddy. "You no parson; you Obeah man! How you come to know dat, sar, ah?" "I guess there's tricks in all trades," replied Haman; "and though I may be a parson to-day, maybe I may have a deal with you for a bit of sound horse-flesh to-morrow. So shut up your iveries, old coon, and let's go and licker."

"You berry clever man, sar—berry clever!" said Daddy, who, you see, Squire, was clean taken in by Haman's cool woadacity. "You no parson, sar; dat be all gammon. Berry glad to see you in my house—you walk dis way."

"I guess it wasn't long afore Haman made himself at home at Daddy Bungo's. It's a pity if he didn't cast grave in the eyes of the old nigger, till he made him believe that he was the cleverest chap on the face of the earth—and Haman wasn't very short of it either; but he did more than that, for he persuaded him that he was a right good friend of his, and as upright a character as ever mixed a hail. As for Indolence, the black wench could not think enough of that blessed Issachar. He sat with her all mornin', squeezing her big hand, and administering spiritual consolation; and it was beautiful to see them going together to a revival meeting, he stalking along in black and white, like a penguin on the beach, and she ogling him with her saucer eyes, as fond-like as a Frenchman is of oysters. In less than no time he had wormed out of Daddy the whole of his previous history. He knew the plantation where he was raised, the name of his owner, and the year and day when he absquatulated; and Haman wasn't the man, as you shall presently hear, to let that information grow rotten for want of use. Then he knew to a dollar how much Daddy had saved, for the stupid old nigger, when he was juiced up, would tell anything; he also knew what was the value of his stable; in short, he had an entire and thorough knowledge of the whole concern."

"So, one morning, when he saw that he had brought old Daddy to the scratch, and crammed him choke-full of sawder, 'Mister Bungo,' says he, 'I swear this is a pleasant here loafing, with my hands in my pockets, when it's positively raining dollars elsewhere. I have a notion to drop the parson for a bit, and go down to the States with some horse on speculation. Now, I'll tell you what it is, old coon:—That ere daughter of yours, Miss Indolence, is as likely a gal as I ever set eyes on. She's a burning beauty, that's a fact; and if she is agreeable, I don't see any reason on airth why she should not become Mistress Quail. If you were to marry her to any chap in Toronto, you'd have to come down I guess with an almighty heap of dollars, which ain't as pleasant as pumpkins. Now, I'm a reasonable man, and if you let me have a span of horses with your daughter, we'll cry quits, and I'll marry her off hand; so say the word and it's a deal."

"Daddy did not come into the thing just at once; for, though a nigger, he had some kind of natural affection for, and was right sorry to part with his daughter. But Indolence no sooner heard that she had a chance of reposing upon the bosom of that blessed Issachar, than she became as wild as a prairie mare, roved that if she had not her own way she would swallow pison, and gave old Bungo no rest day or night till he consented. I guess theirs was a slap-up wedding. All niggerdom was in an uproar, and Indolence shone out like a red-hot rainbow.—Haman alone took things quietly, but you may suppose he was not without a kind of deep satisfaction at the thought of so beautiful a sell."

"I desassy now, Squire, you think that Haman would be in a right hurry to turn his bargain to the account, and that he put up Indolence for auction at the very first must be reached in our free and enlightened States. You're wrong. He was a good bit of a tender-hearted fellow was Haman, and he did not wish to make her squeak after the appointed time; besides, he knew well that she wasn't in any kind of training for the cans-field, and was too unhandy for house-work, so that he could not get anything like the price for her which he was fully determined to have. Sold she should be; that was a settled point from the first minute that he set eyes on her; but he didn't want to be harder on the poor black wench than was needful, and beyond that, he saw his way to a right good deal without putting her up to the hammer. So he contented himself for the meantime with selling the span of horses, for which he got awful prices, and took the heifer down with him to Charleston, treating her with all matter of fixings, and never once hinting at the cowhide. He was a rael agreeable chap was Haman, I can tell you; and it's odds if Indolence didn't worship him as devoutly as her mother worshipped Mumbo Jumbo."

"Wall, they had not been at home for two days

before Haman brings to the house, all with a whip, with whom he had had many a deal already. Judge Cyrus Plinter, as 'cuts a hand as ever set on the judgment-seat in his shirt-sleeves. Indolence was quite in glory at getting a visit from a man of such high distinction as the Judge; she showed her white teeth, chuckled, and gormaghtied, and wriggled about like a bass on a fish-spear. The Judge, he takes a long look at her through his glasses, and then says to Haman,

"All right, Squire," says he. "You're a lucky man! It ain't every one that can show a beauty like that. I would be mighty unreasonable if I did not go into your terms." "Say no more, Judge," quoth Haman, "here's the paper ready; and I guess I may jest at once sign and seal. Indolence, my canvas-backed duck, look smart and fetch me the ink." "Indolence did that; and also, to show her devotion to Haman, mended the pen, which was blunted as the wits of a Blue-nose. Haman signed the paper handed it to the Judge, and then said,

"Indolence, my beauty, I'm obliged to go this afternoon on some tarnation business to Washington. As you won't be lonely-like here, Judge Plinter has been good enough to ask you to his house. So you will jest go with him now, old gal, and you needn't mind taking any things with you. Now hand me these rings, my dear; I want to get them matched at Washington." "Goramighty, Issachar!" says Indolence, "I must had another soot of clothes. I nollow fit to go to Massa Judge's widout dem." "Wall," drawled the Judge, "I guess you might allow her a change."

"Darn me, if I do!" says Haman, "you'll see to that, Judge; and Indolence, I'll trouble you for your keys. There's a peaky set of niggers hereabout whose fingers are as sticky as molasses; and I've no mind that the amethysts Daddy Bungo gave you should go astray. So—good-bye to you, old gal, till we meet again." "That was the last parting of the spouses. About ten days after this interview, Daddy Bungo, when superintending the grooming of his horses, and swearing awfully at his nigger helps, Jake and Juba, had a letter put into his hands, which he could no more read than a shark can the name of a vessel that is painted on her stern. 'Dis come of dat darn education!' says Daddy. "What for um teach picanninies to write? Berry hard to hab all dis book."

However, he took the letter, a crossed to the hotel, where he knew he would find some Toronto lawyer who would read it to him for the matter of a cocktail. "The lawyer puts on his spectacles, and began to read aloud, but afore he had got over six words he gave a whoop like a wild injun. 'Fire and blazes!' says he, 'this is the deepest dodge that ever was heard on.' 'What you mean by dodge, sar?' says Daddy. 'O coons! that is sharp practice, and no mistake,' says the lawyer. 'I no understand you, sar,' says Daddy, 'you read dat letter to me, sar, or I tink you not able.' 'Taint just the kind of letter, Mister Bungo,' says the lawyer, 'adapted for general circulation, and I guess you would hardly thank me if I were to read it at the bar. So, if you please, sir, we'll step over to my office, and I'll let you know all about it.'"

"And a very nice letter it was, as you may conceive. I got a copy of it at the time, for the Abolitionists made an awful row about the matter and printed a statement of the case, and I guess it ran somehow thus:—'Mr. Bungo.—Sir,—This is to inform you that I have purchased a black slave calling herself Indolence Bungo, aged 25, sound in limb and wind, no marks, white teeth, and likely for domestic work, from Haman S. Walker of Charleston. Said Indolence Bungo describing herself as your daughter, I have to state that I am willing to allow you to purchase her freedom, for the sum, which is the lowest I can take, of 1800 dollars, money to be paid down here at Charleston. If I do not hear from you within three weeks from this date, I shall put her up for public auction, as I do not want any article for myself, and her keep is expensive.—yours, CYRUS J. FLINTER.'"

"Goramighty!" shouted Daddy Bungo. "Dat not my daughter. She married woman. Who be dat Walker?" "That's explained in the postscript," said the lawyer, and he read on—'P.S.—For your better information, I may state that Haman S. Walker afore referred to, was, I am given to understand, known in Toronto by the name of Issachar Quail.'"

"It's no use trying to describe the scene that followed. Daddy howled like a wolf in a trap, or a Methodist minister when he gets on the subject of brimstone; hopped round the room like a ball of Injun-burr, tore out his wool by handfuls, and upset the ink over bundles of papers, for which he had afterwards to pay considerable smart money to the lawyer. It's my belief that, but for a bottle of brandy which the lawyer happened to have in his desk, he'd had gone stark staring mad, and they must have clapped a straight-jacket on him. As it was, they had to send for Jake and Juba to carry him home, which they did with great difficulty, for he bit viciously, and kicked as hard as a mustang."

"There was no help for it; so he had to draw all his ready money out of the bank, and with it he started for Charleston, thinking he was safe enough, for he had been thirty years and more in Canada, and had certificates from the first-chop men in Toronto as to his character and occupation. When he gets to Charleston he goes direct to Judge Plinter's who was quite cool and pleasant like, and said he was rael sorry to have given him the trouble of coming so far."

"Fact is," said the Judge, "I wasn't quite sure about the gal's being your daughter, for Haman is an almighty deep file, and it ain't a most possible to fix him. I s'pose," says he, "it wasn't a lie of Haman's that the gal was born afore you bought your freedom?" and he squinted at Daddy Bungo like a rattlesnake. "No, sar," says Daddy, "dat no lie." But he felt particularly uncomfortable, and his knees began to fail him."

"Wall, in that case," said the Judge, "you jest step into that ere room, and see if it be your daughter. She's been well cared for; corned to the lips, I can tell you, and I'll charge nothing for her feeds.—I'm apt to be soft in these matters, but I hope for a blessing; so get through it, will you, as smart as you can, for I may chance to be wanted in court.—There's some talk of lynching a nigger this afternoon."

"make the same worse for you than I like; for I'm a quiet, reasonable kind of man, and am disposed to let you go free. I've bought you. I guess you may remember telling me the plantation from which you absquatulated; and as you were long wiped off the books as a bad debt, I bought you for twenty dollars. Here are the papers, old darkey; and you are my nigger now. The Judge here sacks two hundred dollars as commission on the sale of Indolence; and I'll trouble you to make up three thousand dollars to buy your own freedom, else Jake and Juba will have the letting out of all the horses in Toronto. It ain't no use your making a row about it; for I know to a cent what you're worth in the world, and I reckon I am unkimmon liberal in not piling you together. Daddy Bungo—if a nigger ever can be a Christian, you ought to remember me in your prayers."

"The upshot of the matter was, that Daddy Bungo had to put his mark to a letter directing the Toronto lawyer to sell off his stock; and till the money was paid, he and Indolence were handsomely boarded by the Judge at the rate of two dollars a day.—Now, that's what I call smartness. I guess you'll allow that no Britisher ever born could hold a candle to Haman S. Walker, who, besides a handsome subscription, got a black wife and a span of horses, and sold them both, and his father-in-law into the bargain."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE PANTRY ANTI-PROSELYTISM FUND.—In the following letter, the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam shows the lovers of toleration a generous example, which we hope will be followed:—

St. Jarlath's, Tuam, August 9, 1860. Rev. Dear Sir—With my own contribution of £20, I hereby authorise you to appeal to the friends of humanity, and justice, and free education, for assistance to meet the heavy expenses in which your zealous assertion of those principles has involved you in protecting the faith of your flock. Among the many instances of suffering for conscience' sake with which the poor tenantry of Ireland are so familiar, on the part of oppressive and bigoted proprietors, there are few which exhibit more heroic endurance on the part of the people, or convey more salutary lessons to the legislature and the government, than those which the late Galway trial has revealed."

That trial has become an authentic and legal record of facts, which a cautious public have been heretofore slow to credit, and the share you have had in protecting your flock from the snares of an harassing combination of unscrupulous men, entitles you, not only to the warm gratitude of that faithful people, but likewise to the sympathy and support of all who hate oppression, especially when relied under religious affection and aggravated by religious persecution. The vigorous source of this religious oppression is to be found in the Established Church. To it we are indebted for all the evils of commercial fraud and of immorality of which the workhouses are productive. It is to its influence we are beholden for the anti-Catholic education maintained by the enemies of our faith, in despite of the repeated remonstrances of the Hierarchy, which has already produced the vicious fruits termed the Godless colleges, and which is daily becoming worse, so that it cannot be long tolerated without imminent danger to the rising generation. It is in vain to attempt to dry up those noxious rivulets whilst the fountain remains untouched. The people, then, who are so solicitous to preserve the faith of their children, will not fail to point the attention of their representatives in parliament strenuously and incessantly to the Established Church as the deep and bitter spring of all the religious oppression they experience. Were it not for the malignant influence exercised by the Establishment on the minds of the proprietors, the land question itself would lose much of its disastrous interest; and landlords, taking counsel from their humanity rather than from their bigotry, would feel the utmost joy in witnessing the happiness and prosperity of their tenants."

As it is our paramount duty to labour to preserve the faith of our flocks, we cannot be indifferent to the necessity of adopting the most efficacious means to abate the violent hostility by which it is assailed, as well as to promote peace and good will among the several classes of the community. I remain, your faithful servant, JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam. The Rev. Patrick Lavelle, R.C.A., Partry. THE PAPAL TRIBUTE.—The success of "the Tribute" has been so universal, that little more remains to be said on the subject to which Catholic Ireland justly attaches such great importance. It is not only in essentially Catholic districts that the appeal has met with a generous response, but in what is popularly called "the black north" we find sterling evidences of the same magnificent spirit. We have published numerous proofs of Catholic liberality in Ulster, and our columns to-day exhibit an addition which will gratify every lover of the cause in which the tribute originated. The diocese of Londonderry, presided over by the Right Rev. Dr. Kelly—an ornament of the Irish episcopal bench, and beloved for his amiability by all classes in Derry—has contributed the noble sum of £2,611 3s., thus showing that Catholicity in that fertile province of Orangeism, is, at the same time, numerically powerful and profusely liberal. "The estimable Bishop is well seconded by his active and intelligent clergy. Their petition is not an enviable one. Surrounded by such men as recently "demonstrated" their devotion to wicked traditions, they have to exercise patience and forbearance, and often to submit to insults trying to human nature. Conflicts would have been more frequent had they not inculcated on their flocks the practice of those virtues which they teach. With such pious and active instructors we should indeed feel surprised if the Papal Tribute had not been a triumph in Londonderry.—Such an offering, from such a quarter, must be doubly acceptable to His Holiness, who feels most acutely the devotion of Catholic Ireland in this crisis of his fate as a temporal Sovereign. We congratulate the amiable Prelate and his clergy on the success of the tribute. Nor shall we overlook the zeal and generosity of the Catholics of the diocese who have nobly responded to the call of their pastors.—Freeman.

The amount of contributions from the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin to the Papal collection exceeds five thousand five hundred pounds at present. Details shall be published when the collection will have been fully completed. The Papal Tribute in the Diocese of Limerick amounts to £6,407 11s 2d. When we state that this is the largest sum that has been collected in Ireland—with the single exception of Dublin alone—in sustenance of the Sovereign Pontiff, we feel pride and pleasure in adding that it is highly creditable to Limerick, in consistent accordance with its time-honored traditions, and a significant proof that the old spirit actuates the great body of the people whenever the interests of their faith are involved in the issue.—Limerick Reporter.

THE CLARE MONUMENT TO THE LIBERATOR.—An effort has been initiated to complete the Clare monument to O'Connell; and authorised by the secretaries, Mr. Michael Connelley of Ennis, has gone to Limerick, to receive subscriptions for that purpose. THE FLUNKERS.—The extraordinary case of the Rev. Mr. Lavelle against the Mayo Constitution, or rather, against Lord Plunket and the Partry proselytisers, ended in the disagreement of the jury who were discharged without finding a verdict. The trial lasted five days, and though it has had an abortive termination, the exposure it has caused of the working of the vile soper system cannot fail to produce important and valuable results. Rev. Mr. Lavelle has bravely fought the good fight against corruption and persecution, and deserves public gratitude for his strenuous efforts to protect the faith of the poor.—News.