

and his example will support temperance long after his followers have broken through the tyranny of total abstinence. As we read of hundreds of thousands in Ireland, in this country, and in America have signed the pledge under his influence, it becomes impossible to conceive the amount of good which he must have accomplished.—*The Times on Father Mathew.*

UNVEILING OF THE MATHEW STATUE IN CORK.—Grand Procession.—The unveiling of the statue recently erected in Cork in honor of Theobald Mathew the apostle of temperance, took place on Monday, and was the most imposing, ceremonial which ever took place in the city. Having traversed the principal streets of the city, the procession arrived opposite the statue in Patrick-street; and after an inaugural address by the Mayor, the statue was unveiled amidst the deafening cheers of the many thousands persons present. No ceremony which has ever taken place in Cork displayed so much pomp, combined with elegance as this. The members of the various trades to the number of 5,000 or 6,000, all wore appropriate sashes, badges, or dresses of some kind, and the finished character of their arrangements in the provision of magnificent banners, and insignia, gave an air of completion to the whole, which rendered it unique, in its way, in Cork. Besides the trades, about 5,000 other persons, consisting of Odd Fellows, Foresters, Temperance Societies, &c., took direct part in the procession; while those who accompanied it through the streets, although taking no regular part in it, were four times that number. At the moment of unveiling there could not have been less than 30,000 persons in the immediate vicinity of the statue. The entire proceedings passed off without disturbance or accident of any kind. The proceeding was wholly devoid of any sectarian or party spirit, and to this may be mainly attributable the perfectly quiet character of the entire ceremony. The statue is worthy the reputation of Mr. Foley, R. A. In resemblance to the original, in the character of its pose, in its dignity, and in the grace with which it has been invested, it is a masterpiece. It is of bronze, and stands 8 feet high, including the plinth. One hand grasps the folds of the large cloak placed upon his shoulders. The other, slightly extended, seems as if it were about to be raised in benediction. The long surcoat and the close-fitting Hessian boots, while well suited for sculptural purposes, are, as many of our readers probably remember, mere transcripts of the well-known attire of Father Mathew. A temperance medal upon the breast is equally characteristic and significant. But the triumph of the artistic effort is in the face. Though Mr. Foley never, we believe, saw Father Mathew, and has therefore been compelled to depend upon such helps as he could in the way of portraits, he has not only produced a most striking likeness of the mere features, but he has contrived to throw into the lineaments that expression of sweet and beaming benevolence which made the charm of the countenance the people so loved to look upon. The statue has been most successfully cast by Mr. Prince of London. The cost has been 1,000*l.* The pedestal, which stands nine feet six inches high, has been designed by Mr. Atkins, architect. Its best feature is its suitability. There is no ambitious attempt to outshine or hide the statue. It is square, with a rich moulding a little below the base of the figure, which has not been allowed to project to any considerable extent. Owing to disappointments in the arrival of some bronze scrolls, the inscriptions have had for the present to be painted. They are as follows:—The word 'Mathew' and 'Apostle of Temperance' on the frieze. On the block 'The Tribute of a Grateful People' is inscribed in the front, and at the back, 'Erected in the Mayoralty of John Francis Maguire, M.P., 1864.' On the sides towards the footpaths are small marble drinking fountains.—*Cork Examiner.*

TALK AND WORK.—Are the Irish people thinking seriously about the coming General Election? If not the Whigs are. The *Freeman* of Monday comes out with a sort of editorial feeler—a skimming article, discharged at long range. 'On the approach of a General Election,' (says the *Freeman*), 'the present state of Irish politics is a topic of deep interest.' Just so—on the approach of a General Election! At any time, the state of Irish politics is a topic of deep interest—interest of life and death, if that be deep to the Irish people. The case is different with the Whigs. In general, they make slight account of Irish politics—but a coming General Election works wonders among them. The Irish then have it in their power to despise and reject the Whigs—and, therefore, the Whigs must pretend deep interest in the Irish. The *Freeman*, which is the principal organ of the Whigs in Ireland, tries to cover the great and real crimes of the party, by accusing them of things that are harmless enough. 'The famine came,' (says the excusing and accusing *Freeman*), and though that tremendous visitation was one that might have defied any human wisdom, yet, the hard theories of political economy ostentatiously promulgated to a perishing people, served more than anything else to make Government odious.' This is a pretty defence for murder! to accuse the murderer not even of a common assault—but merely of bad language! The excuse will scarcely reverse the verdicts of 'wilful murder' pronounced against Lord John Russell, by Irish jurors, in the days of Irish starvation. It is not the hard theories of the Whigs—at least, not their promulgation—that did the mischief. Soft words and better no parlance; says an English proverb—and soft theories, when only promulgated, and not put in practice, would do no better than hard ones, for the support of human life. It was not hard theories—it was the hard fact of a stone given instead of bread, that emptied Irish houses, and filled Irish graves with skeleton corpses. 'The tremendous visitation,' which the *Freeman* says, might have defied any human wisdom, would have defied the loan to Ireland which Lord Bentinck proposed—the inhuman wisdom, of the Whigs defied, and prevented that. Another of the *Freeman's* mild accusations against the Whigs, consists in blaming them for folly.—that greatest of legislative follies—the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, as it says. Now, if it had called the thing insulting, illiberal, ungrateful, there would be severity and truth in the charge—but to call it foolish is not correct, and would be very gentle censure if it were. It would have been a Whig folly if it had alienated the Bishops and Priests of Ireland—but it did not. The Whigs got a sale opportunity of indulging their feelings—and the majority of the Bishops and many Priests used the opportunity which they got, of showing Christian forgiveness for the starvation of the people and the insulting defiance of themselves. The *Freeman* next proceeds to the foreign policy of the Whigs and beats them unmercifully, with a straw, in its gentle rage. Here is the operation:—'It may be true that no English Minister could have acted otherwise, but at any rate needless taunts and insults to the Pope might have been spared.' So, you see, the severe *Freeman* would be satisfied if the Irish people had been starved on soft theories instead of hard ones, and if the Pope had been robbed politely, after the manner of Claude Duval, who always took of his hat to a lady, before and after taking her purse from her. The slight blame of the *Freeman* to the Whigs for their foreign policy, is accompanied by some slight praise to the Tories. Speaking of the needless taunts and insults, it says, the Tory leaders, with some few exceptions, had the good taste and tact to avoid them. Now, the taunts and insults were needless, surely—the Pope could be robbed without them, was not robbed by them, and could not be. Therefore, they were harmless as well as needless. But, the Tories held their tongues, did not love the Pope better than did the Whigs that spoke out—and we do not forget Lord Derby's plague spot of Europe. Whig—and Tory would be equally hard on the Pope as a spiritual ruler. But it was not the abuse of the Whigs that robbed the Pope—it was their official conduct that did it. By the agreement of Villafranca, and the Treaty of Zurich, the French Emperor bound himself to restore the Pope to his rights—but Lord John Russell released

him from his engagement, he said, by a dispatch in which he insisted that the Romagnols should choose their ruler through vote by ballot. The choice was simplified by the fact that one condition was that any vote given for the Pope should go for nothing. Now, though the Tories like the Pope much as the Whigs do, they would never have tolerated the principle that Kings should be banished, or elected by ballot vote, even if honestly managed. They would respect the Pope's rights as a King, for the sake of their own Queen and themselves. Consequently, they would not have issued a despatch like Lord John Russell's—the French Emperor would have had no excuse for his perfidy—and the Pope would have got back the Romagna. But the Whigs could preach vote by ballot for the plunder of the Pope, though they would not allow it in England even for the electing of a member of parliament. After all the small blame given to the Whigs by the *Freeman*, comes praise which that journal thinks great indeed. The Whigs, it says, admit Catholics to a share of power in governing the empire and in administering justice. As to their improvement of the Irish Bench, we need only refer to Judge Fitz-Gerald, who insulted a Priest that was seeking decent remuneration for his labours as chaplain, and to Judge Keogh, who hanged the McCormacks, and who, more lately, told a man while passing sentence of death upon him, not to believe the teaching of his confessor. As to their share in governing the Empire, Irish Catholics only get it from the Whigs by helping them to misgovern Ireland.

THE CHURCH AND THE STATE.—Every Catholic knows himself to be a member of two bodies politic; a subject of two distinct Governments, each supreme in its own order, the Church and the State. Of these, the former has far stronger claims than the latter; not, indeed, on his obedience, (for simple obedience is due to each when acting within its proper sphere); but on his loyalty and affectionate attachment. Let us contrast the two in some of their numerous contraries. (1) The Church's primary end is immeasurably higher than the State's. (2) The blessings which she conveys are immeasurably higher and greater. (3) The State neither has, nor claims to have, any authority over inward convictions; but the Church, as God's infallible organ, authoritatively and absolutely controls them on the highest, most momentous, and most practically persuasive of all imaginable truths. (4) From the mere fact of the church issuing a command, we know for certain that such command is within her province; and we are bound to obey it so far as we are able, with whatever energy and severity the State may forbid our compliance. (5) The rulers of the Church like the rulers of any other society, have their own maxims and principles of government; but there is this broad contrast between the two; that the Church's maxims of government are simply pure and heavenly, while those of an earthly society are, in general, most deeply and widely tainted by an anti-Christian leaven. And this is emphatically the case now that the State has everywhere well-nigh abdicated a distinct Christian basis, and that the great Christian emperors of the Middle Ages—Christendom, properly so-called—no longer exists; there are nations composed of individual Christians, but there is no grand Christian polity. (6) The Church, like other bodies politic, has her heroes, the great men of her history, cherished in the thoughts and memories of her children as her great ornaments in the past. But the world's heroes have ennobled their names by qualities which are often not necessarily not virtuous at all, and which are almost always compatible with any amount of worldliness and godlessness; while the Church's saints are heroes in the very respect of their leading that life which, as reason declares, alone of all others is consistently virtuous, and which, as faith assures us, is no mere result of human effort, but is both started and maintained by the wonder-working grace of God. (7) In every nation there is a certain subtle, yet most powerful influence, which we call the national spirit; it is produced partly by national character, and partly by long-continued habits of legislation and administration; and it imbues unconsciously the mind of each individual citizen with an indefinite number of notions, regarded by him as self-evident first principles, and as beyond the province of criticism or examination. In like manner, on the Church's side, there is a Catholic spirit, and there are Catholic instincts, produced partly by the working of Catholic truth on these pious and simple souls who faithfully receive it, and partly by the more direct agency of the Ecclesiastical Doctors; and this circumambient Catholic atmosphere is one of our principal instruments in bringing home to each individual the great truths with which she is instructed. But these two spirits—the Catholic and the national respectively—are very far more antagonistic than harmonious. To the former we cannot resign ourselves too unreservedly, for it is the very effluence of God the Holy Ghost. Towards the prevailing national spirit, on the contrary, our only reasonable attitude is one of deep jealousy and suspicion; because it is charged with principles which from the corruption of human nature, are sure to be far more false than true, and from which we should keep ourselves entirely free until we have measured them by their true standard, the Church's voice. From all these points of contrast it follows that we have a far closer corporate connection with a French or Italian Catholic than with an Irish or English Protestant, as such; and if he be a loyal son of the Church, should have with him a deeper and wider sympathy. And it also follows, as we have already observed, that we owe to the Church a far more unreserved and loyal devotion than we owe to the State. The enemies of Catholicism, have, indeed, founded on this our principle one of their most violent objections and maintain that no zealous Catholic can be a good subject. Catholics contend, on the contrary, that the most zealous Catholic is the best of all subjects, partly because there is no less than the Church more earnestly enforces than the hearty and generous rendering to Cæsar of all which is Cæsar's due, and partly because the highest interests of the Church and State are, in fact, identical. To this it may be added that, just as a good man loves his fellow-men all the more genuinely and earnestly from the very fact that he loves God still better, so the zealous Catholic loves his country in a far higher and truer sense than that in which the worldly patriot can love her, from the very fact that he knows wherein her true welfare consists; that he pursues that welfare simply and disinterestedly; and that he ever views her relation with God and with God's kingdom, the Church. On such grounds as these the Protestant objection may be most satisfactorily answered; but as to the premises on which that objection proceeds the premises, namely, that if Catholicism be true, a far higher and more unreserved devotion is due to the ecclesiastical than to the civil government—surely neither Protestant nor Catholic can raise a question.—*Dublin Review for October.*

The *Munster News*, of Oct. 8th, says that it is supposed that Lord Wodehouse and Sir R. Peel are not likely to get on well together in their management of Ireland. The impression also prevails that the eccentric baronet long since placed his resignation in the hands of Lord Palmerston, and that the latter is only looking about for his successor before he accepts it. It is also said he was willing to take a peerage and the Lord Lieutenantcy of Ireland, only that Lord Pam thought both or either would be too preposterous.

A correspondent of the *Northern Whig* writes:—The Baptist denomination at Portadown has held a weekly prayer meeting in the house of one of the tenants of the Rev. Archdeacon Saurin, Incumbent of the Parish of Seagoe, for the past three years; but, owing to the strong language recently employed by the Rev. O. H. Spurgeon, of London, respecting the dogmas of the Establishment, the Archdeacon has noticed his tenants, on pain of his displeasure, not to lend their houses any more for the religious meetings of Dissenters.

THE HOWTH HEARING FISHERY.—The autumn herring fishery of the Howth fleet is unprecedentedly productive. Nearly two hundred regularly appointed fishing vessels are engaged, and the appearance of the fleet by moonlight, moored to their nets, or on setting out or returning to harbor, is one of the most interesting and beautiful sights it is possible to conceive. Seen from the cliffs of Howth as the moonbeams glint upon the sails far out on the dark waters, the vessels look like floating birds. Sometimes there is borne over the surface the sound of a hymn or sea song, and often the commands of the Commodore echoing faintly among the heights seem weird voices from another shore. It will be seen from the official table given below that the capture for a week of five days amounted to 24,100 macs, and the sum realized by the sale was £12,752; or, as there were 188 boats engaged, an average of nearly £70 to each boat for five days' work.

DUBLIN, 18.—Very little additional information has been obtained by the magistrates with reference to the recent agrarian outrage in the country Donegal. Mr. Wilson, who so narrowly escaped with his life, was able to pull up his horse at the house of a man named Boyce, whose wife urged him to raise the neighborhood and pursue the assassins, whom Mr. Wilson pointed out. He refused to do this; but he consented to go with Mr. Wilson back to his residence at Ballyheran. It is stated in the *Daily Express* that the inhabitants of the neighboring houses admit having seen Mr. Wilson pass, having heard the shots, and observed the two men leave the place in which they had been concealed; but they all deny that they saw the assassins, or would be able to recognize them, which may be quite true, as strangers are often employed by the Riband Lodges for jobs of that kind. It is stated that the nearest police station, Rosnakhil, is four miles distant from the scene of the outrage. There was a station at Milford, but the Earl of Leitrim deprived the authorities of the use of the barracks, and the constabulary being evicted by the landlord, whose tenants so much needed their protection, were draughted off to three other stations in remote districts. The police, however, were on the spot in two hours after the outrage occurred, but at first they could only guess at the locality, as the people denied that they knew anything about the outrage. A man named Carr was arrested on suspicion, but was discharged by the magistrates, an *alibi* being satisfactorily proved. A boy about 14 and a girl about 12 years of age were within thirty yards of Mr. Wilson when the shots were fired. They saw the assassins, who had black or very dirty faces, and they thought they must have been in the 'blind' very long, as they had been working in the field several hours and had remarked the corn stacks pulled down. These children, being supposed to know more than they admit, are retained in custody. Two men, named Peter O'Leary, and John McDermot, were arrested, but the latter was discharged. The constabulary spent the whole night and until twelve o'clock next day searching suspected houses, without obtaining any information. As to the motive for the commission of the crime we have nothing better than conjecture. It appears that a man had been turned out of a farm on Lord Leitrim's estates, and it was supposed that Wilson was the cause of the eviction. It was also stated, according to the *Daily Express*, that the steward was looked upon by the tenant as a spy, who was in the habit of making private reports about them to their landlord. No suspicion could make him so odious to the people as this, and if it be well founded it is probable that the unfortunate man had many personal enemies.

IRISH ADVENTURES.—Cæsar Otway tells a story of a courageous little dapper exciseman, who entered Connamara, single-headed, to seize a fat lady who did a good business in silks and laces. He met the contrabandist in a narrow pass, and came upon her, if I recollect right, unexpectedly from behind a rock. The lady who was very large and fat, was riding on a pillion behind a servant boy. Although taken by surprise, she proved herself more than a match for the excise officer.

'I shall thank you ma'am,' said he, taking the horse by the bridle, 'to dismount.'

'Dismount! Arrah, what for sir?' asked the lady.

'I am an officer in his majesty's service, ma'am, and have reason to believe that you have contraband property about your person, or beneath the saddle of the horse.'

Fortunately for the contrabandist she had none of the goods about her person; they were all stowed away beneath the pillion, or saddle, on which she sat.

'I really cannot come down,' said the large fat woman.

'But really, ma'am, you must,' said the courageous little man, looking up at the mountain.

'Then if I do sir, you must help me.'

'With the greatest pleasure, ma'am,' said the miniature exciseman, holding up his hands to assist her.

The lady who came 'down at a run,' plopped into his arms with a weight and velocity which threw him on his back on the road, where she held him pinned beneath her.

'Ride away, ma bouchal,' said she, in Irish, turning round her head to the servant-boy; 'it's me the gentleman wants, and not you.'

'Let me up madam,' roared the exciseman.

'Oh dear me, sir! what a fright you gave me!' rolling herself off; 'and I declare that boy has rode off with the horse.'—*Once a week.*

The *Limerick Reporter* says:—'There is a greater dearth of water in Nough at present than has been experienced for a number of years past. All the public and nearly all the private pumps are dry, and many wells and many springs in the neighborhood, which were never known to be without water, are now in a similar condition.'

The *Derry Journal* says:—'Two skulls and other bones of a couple of human skeletons were discovered recently, by the workmen employed in leveling the embankment between the new roads leading from Ferryquaygate and Bridge st. to the new bridge, about four feet beneath the surface of the ground. They are supposed to have been the remains of persons killed during the siege.'

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE POPE, THE PRETENDED BENEVOLENCE AND THE 'UNITY OF CHRISTENDOM.'—On last Sunday the Rev. Father Rooke, Kentish-Town, in his sermon stated that a communication had been received from His Holiness directing the Bishops in this country to point out to the Clergy the duty of impressing on their flocks the danger of giving any countenance to those who, though remaining Protestants, have presumed to adopt the name and the habit of members of Religious Orders in the Church. The preacher added that the same communication emphatically condemned the acts of those who under the form of promoting what they call 'The Unity of Christendom' would reduce the Catholic Church to the level of schismatical and heretical creeds. The Rev. Preacher eloquently traced the history of the struggles of the Church in these countries, spoke in warm terms of the labors of O'Connell in the cause of religious liberty, and forcibly urged upon his hearers the duty of resisting every innovation no matter how plausible it might appear.

FATHER IGNATIUS, PASSIONIST.—The London (Protestant) *Daily News* speaks thus of this eminent man: The Hon. and Rev. George Spencer—Father Ignatius, Passionist—who was buried last week at the Retreat, near Sutton, was not a man to astonish the world by eminent talents or native force of character, but he held a position which made him an object of interest to two Churches. He was not accustomed to obtrude himself violently on public notice, although his ceaseless activity, for the conversion of his countrymen to the faith of Rome during a period of more than thirty years, and his ha-

bit of making personal and individual appeals where it was possible with that object, necessarily made him widely known. Mr. Spencer was a son of that sumptuous nobleman, the Second Earl Spencer. His own tastes, however, like those of his brother, Charles John, Viscount Althorpe, Earl Grey's Chancellor of the Exchequer, were exceedingly simple. Having taken Holy Orders, after no more special study than was customary in those days, he was presented to the family living of Brington, a village at the gates of his father's park. He understood, however, the *compelle in rare* in its milder sense. He was the soul of kindness, and incapable of applying any harder pressure than that of persuasion. Indeed, his meekness was such as to cause a certain amount of social inconvenience. His harness-room was burglariously entered and his saddle stolen. It was in vain that his friends endeavored to stimulate him to the discovery and prosecution of the thief. 'They'll take your horse next.' They took his horse, and then he walked, and got told for his pains that he was encouraging crime. He did not long remain at Brington. He thought as well as worked, and with thought came doubt, and with doubt a sense of the need of some infallible spiritual authority to terminate the conflicts of the individual reason. Among the bishops of those days were learned men, bent on strengthening the theological position of the Church by their writings, and ardent politicians, fighting off reforms of every kind, having read that judgment should begin at the house of God. But of bishops sympathizing with earnest and sincere minds, and ready to offer their fatherly guidance, there were few. Mr. Spencer's bishop was the celebrated Dr. Herbert Marsh, who introduced the writings of Michaelis to the clergy of this country. It should be said, however, that there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Spencer consulted any body competent to advise him at this crisis. About two years ago he took advantage of some Romish celebration in the neighbourhood of his father's seat to give a public account of his conversion. The great movement which has had the credit of giving so many sons of the English Church to Rome had not begun then and Mr. Spencer's secession was an extraordinary event. He repaired to Rome, studied in the English College, and subsequently became a priest. In 1849 he joined the Passionists, a preaching order devoted to a life of poverty and mortification. In this character he visited every part of England, and many countries of the continent as far as Hungary. As he passed up and down this island in a long coarse black coat, and with feet protected only by sandals, there were those who, reflecting on the fewness of the lives which stood between him and an earl's coronet, have said—'What if this strange figure should glide into the House of Lords? What if the splendid revenues of Althorpe should go to nourish an alien Church? Providence has cut short these speculations, and left us to wonder at a character, adorned, indeed, with many virtues.'

ALLEGED ESTABLISHMENT OF A CATHOLIC COLLEGE AT OXFORD.—We are authorized to contradict the report which has been given currency in several London daily papers, that a Catholic College or any other educational establishment is about to be formed at Oxford, under the presidency of the Very Rev. Dr. Newman.—*Weekly Register.*

At the Condoover monthly party sessions, on Wednesday before the Rev. H. Burton and H. De Warter, Esq., two agricultural laborers were brought up at the instance of their master, charged with having, on the 4th of September, refused to obey his lawful commands. From the evidence it appeared that the 'lawful commands' deposed to in the summons were resolved into the fact that on the day named, it being Sunday, the men were ordered by the master to go to church, which they point blank refused to do. The case having been fully proved, the defendants were sentenced to seven days' imprisonment in the House of Correction.—*Birmingham Post.*

Now what we desire to maintain is this,—that at the close of the second year of the American war, the moment had arrived, as France perceived, when policy and humanity pointed to the same course of action. In dealing with the American difficulty, our Government could only be guided by one of two motives. Either they might openly avow that they cared for nothing but the material interest of England; that is, that policy was their only pride; or they might take the line which France adopted when America first revolted from Great Britain, and which our present Administration has repeatedly sanctioned in our own time, that every people has a right to choose its own Government; that is, that the Confederates were a nation, and not a faction. Since it is evident that our rulers did not choose the last of these alternatives, it follows that they preferred the first. They were willing to calculate and not willing to be generous. And what has been the result of what they would call their 'policy'? It was accepted, according to the hypothesis, to serve the interests of England. Has it done so. The answer is found in the letter of the *Times* Correspondent to which we have referred. Both parties, Federal and Confederate, now hate us with equal cordiality. That is what we have gained by the principle of non-intervention, justifiable at the outset, but as inhuman as it was impolitic when two years of warfare had proved that the two conflicting parties could only succeed in inflicting mutual injury, but that neither could succeed in subduing the other. If, then, we consider the conduct of our Government as a political scheme and it is impossible to view it in any other light, we cannot exaggerate its failure. Its want of generosity is only equalled by its want of sagacity. We might have secured, without risk and without costs, a sure ally and fast friend on the American Continent, whose sympathy would have neutralized for ages to come the rampant brutality of the New England monopolists, and the ignorant hatred of the north western farmers. Without diminishing in the slightest degree the malice of these ancient foes, we have managed, with our usual felicitous blundering, to convert the Southerners, who were fighting for rights which we profess to venerate, and whom we might have attached to us by enduring ties, into equally determined enemies. When they have won the final victory which the justice of their cause and their own valor deserve, we shall offer them our worthless congratulations. We can tell beforehand how they will be received.—*Weekly Register.*

READY, OR NOT READY.—That is the question. At a time like this, when all other nations are pressing hard on with their armaments, can it be said that England—of all other nations the one to which a naval supremacy is a matter of nothing less than life and death—is prepared to take and keep her fitting place in the strife of nations on the sea? We have the means, doubtless, of placing on the sea a fleet which, setting aside for awhile the well-established superiority of our officers and men, would be superior to that which any other nation could produce; but we have the administrative talent or the administrative readiness to do so? We can build the finest ships, invent and construct the best machinery of any nation in the world, and we may have men and officers to man those ships and work the machinery, but who will say that at the present moment we can be said to have any of these essentials at immediate command? At this very moment we are at a loss to decide as to what kind of ship is likely to be the most efficient. The order of things has changed *in toto*, and while we have been making experiments for the benefit of the whole world, and the world has not been slow to profit by our liberality, we, and we only, seem to be at a loss to discover the result at which those experiments point. We produce impregnable iron-plated targets, and, throwing aside our wooden walls, commence to construct an iron fleet, which is no sooner near its completion, than an enormous cost, than we produce an irresistible gun against which iron-plates are no more impregnable than brown paper! All the world

sees this, and profits by it; but what do we? Why just this. To arm our ships with the irresistible gun would be to stultify our grand discovery of impregnable iron-plates; and so not only do we take no measures to do so; but we actually leave our ships unprotected with the only kind of shot which could render in any way available against the vessels which we have taught other nations to construct. This is certainly a pleasant state of things to contemplate. With the Northern States of America in full practical activity, ravaging denunciations at us, and threatening Canada and England itself, we have no confidences in the ships we are constructing, but are facilitating from day to day between plan and plan, and one constructor and another, and have not yet even decided on a gun for the navy, much less got such guns in store.—*United Service Gazette.*

THE DUKES OF NEWCASTLE.—Another of the galaxy of able men whom Sir Robert Peel introduced into official life has disappeared. Within a few years the country has had to lament the early loss of Dalhousie, Gunning, Herbert, and Elgin, and now we have to add the honored name of the Duke of Newcastle to the heavy list of prematurely departed British Statesmen. One of the most remarkable incidents in the official life of the deceased Statesman, was his visit to North America as the responsible mentor of the Heir Apparent to the Crown; and there will, we think, be found no brighter spot in his character than in his admirable conduct under the trying and difficult circumstances in which he was placed by the perverse and indecent conduct of the Canadian Orangemen. To that abominable faction he was strongly opposed, as proverbial enemies of the good order and peace of society, and fanatical bigots who, while impudently arrogating to themselves an exclusive admiration for the principles of religious and civil liberty, have ever been the unrelenting enemies of toleration and the clamorous advocates of civil restriction on account of the profession of religious opinions. But his mission to Canada being one of friendship and fraternity, he strove to induce the Orangemen to behave, if possible, as decent, well conducted citizens for even a day, and to lay aside for the occasion their rusty banners—emblems of discord—to cease for a moment from their party tunes, as incentives to strife, and to unite with their fellow-subjects of all political and religious denominations in giving a hearty welcome to the Prince of Wales. The good intentions of the Minister failed, for his generous and enlightened suggestions were offered to a ferocious faction, who think all occasions opportune for the indulgence of their foul passions, and as the Orangemen could not be prevailed upon to exhibit a decent and Christian deportment even for an hour, the Duke humiliated them by a rare combination of calmness, dignity and determination.—*Weekly Register.*

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE PHOTOGRAPHER.—A project, suggested by Mr. McLachlan, for the formation of a photographic gallery or museum in which negatives should be preserved of the portraits of great men has been before the public on several occasions, and has been mentioned in the Manchester City Council more than once. Mr. Gladstone, on Friday, gave his assistance towards carrying out this scheme. Upon his arrival with Mrs. Gladstone, at the Victoria Station in the morning he was received by the Mayor and the Town Clerk, and they were immediately driven in the Mayor's carriage to Mr. McLachlan's gallery, Stamp-office-buildings. Mr. Gladstone was soon placed in a position to admit of a characteristic portrait being taken, but Mr. McLachlan experienced a difficulty upon what object ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer to fix his attention. In the emergency he put his hand into his waistcoat pocket drew out a sovereign, balanced it adroitly on the back of a chair, and asked Mr. Gladstone to look intently at the coin. The object was defeated by the spontaneous laughter that the act produced. Mr. Gladstone remarked that Mr. McLachlan had selected the best thing for him to look at—it was quite a bait. Mrs. Gladstone said that Mr. McLachlan had shown that he possessed a deep knowledge of human nature. After the mirth, in which all present joined, had subsided two or three successful negative portraits of Mr. Gladstone were taken.—*Manchester Guardian.*

MULLER'S TRIAL.—There is every probability that Muller will take his trial at the October sessions of the Central Criminal Court, to open on the 24th inst., as in reply to a communication from the Solicitor to the Treasury, the solicitor for the prisoner has stated that he will be quite ready for his defence by that time. The prosecution will be conducted by the Solicitor-General, Mr. Giffard, and Mr. Beasley on behalf of the Crown. Mr. Sergeant Parry is specially retained, with Mr. Metcalf and Mr. Besley, for the defence. Muller being entitled to be tried by a jury of half Englishmen and half foreigners, will, it is understood, avail himself of the privilege. It is currently rumored that such a constitution of the jury is one of the grounds upon which he places his reliance for acquittal.—*Observer.*

THE PRESENT PARLIAMENT.—On reference to the Septennial Act of 1715 it will be found that the duration of a Parliament is for seven years, reckoned from the day on which it may be appointed to meet. The present Parliament was appointed to meet on the 31st of May, 1859, and, therefore, its natural duration will be till the 31st of May, 1866. Of course, it may be terminated at any time at the pleasure of the Crown. The confusion upon this subject in the public mind, no doubt, from the notion that next Session will be the seventh Session of the present Parliament, and that it must be; consequently, the last. But there might be 20 Sessions, or more, in one Parliament, although it could only last seven years.—*Times.*

Alarm prevails in several districts of Lincolnshire and Yorkshire amongst the farmers, and other owners of property, in consequence of the renewal of the incendiary fires by which such a vast deal of property was last winter destroyed.

Captain Semmes of whom we have heard so little since the sinking of the Alabama, has again left Liverpool on a cruising expedition. On Sunday last the barque Laurel, 296 tons, left the Mersey ostensibly for Matamoros, but in reality bound for Havana via Nassau. Her cargo was of a most miscellaneous nature, comprising several heavy guns, a large number of cases of ammunition, chests of clothing, shoes, leather in bulk, and drugs. The Laurel is commanded by Captain J. F. Ramsay, a gentleman not unknown in blockading 'circles,' and Captain Semmes was on board. The Laurel was cleared from this port, by Messrs. Lafone and Co., who, since the commencement of hostilities, and the blockade of the Southern ports, have been doing a large business in this vein. Captain Semmes took with him eight of the officers of the Alabama, and 100 men, many of whom it is understood served with him on board that vessel.—*Post.*

BIGONS OF BUANA.—At a soiree given in Glasgow, on Friday evening to Richard Weaver, the pugilistic preacher, who has just completed a 'revival' engagement in that city, the Rev. Mr. Howie, of Wynd Free Church, in the course of his remarks referred to the speech which Lord Ardmillan had made in proposing the memory of Burns at the Ayrshire Society banquet on Thursday evening, and said he should like to know what good the productions of that poet could possibly effect among those living in the wynds and alleys of Glasgow. Weaver, who delivered an address afterwards, said with magnificent loftiness that he did not wish to be told of a Shakespeare of England, or a 'Bobby Burns' of Scotland; but he did like to be spoken of concerning John Knox or Martin Luther. He had no desire to hear of men who cast off to the people; for where was the soul that had ever been blessed by the writings of a Burns or the facts of a Shakespeare? As for himself, he would not learn a verse of the one, or quote the lines of the other.—*Edinburgh Courant.*