

Irish Emigration.—The *Daily News*, in an article on this subject, makes the following remarks:—“The accounts that have lately appeared in leading Irish newspapers of the extensive emigration which is taking place to South America have probably astonished many readers. The first impressions of the difficulty and discomforts, caused by the difference of language and of manners, and customs, the fact is, however, that the Irish, the really, Romish dis- ciples have sympathies with continental and colonial Catholicism which go much further than community of language, and there are pains and penalties at present connected with immigration into the United States which it is worth a good deal of merely external trouble to avoid. The Irish in the South American States are forming an element of society analogous to that of the Flemings and French immigrants into Great Britain; Ireland, and these board states of North America, which has been of great and permanent value wherever it was introduced. The French and Flemings who had settled in our south-eastern counties, pursuing their useful arts, and having their own churches and pastors, and (for a time) schools, seem to have found the difference of language no serious drawback. The traditions which hang about the Dutch Church, and the French Church in Norwich and other towns, and the records of public institutions there, seem to show that the strangers speedily became a prosperous and honored class of citizens, and in each locality where they settled some of their names have been kept alive; by the efforts of their posterity. What the continental Protestants did and became in Great Britain and Ireland, the Irish Catholics may do and become in South America. Our Protestant immigrants were great manufacturers; our Catholic immigrants promise to become great agriculturists. If some of the needy laborers who went out, with nothing but the clothes they wore and the tools they carried, are now worth £5,000 and upwards, there is every reason to hope that a substantial and respectable Irish class will mingle with the Spanish blood of our *ciudad* in European colonies. Irish energy, amalgamated with the vivacious, yet indolent, graces of the people of Buenos Ayres and Rio Janeiro. They will not have to build churches, as the continental Catholics had in our Episcopal country. The churches, with their services in an unknown tongue, are ready and open; and those who have happened to visit the parish chapel of Galway will not apprehend that the observance of Spanish churches can be too objectionable for Irish Catholics of the half-educated class. They carry their own pastors with them; and their whole Priesthood is in favor of this new emigration in comparison with that to the United States. On the whole, the Priests had rather the people remained in Ireland; but if they will go forth in the hope of improving their fortunes, it seems that those have been best advised who have preferred the Southern American continent to the northern. We have heard more of the warnings sent to Ireland by the Priests in the United States since the rise of the Know-Nothing party than ever before; but the Know-Nothing party is only a mushroom growth, which ought not to affect the permanent destinies of any substantial class of immigrants. There is a hostile and detrimental influence which was daily growing in force before the Know-Nothing party existed, and which will operate against European immigration long after that organization ceases to be heard of. It is painfully and morally dangerous to the Irishman in the United States to find his religion persecuted and himself cast out from one settlement after another on account of his creed, but it is worse in every way to find himself despised, oppressed, and subjected to overwhelming temptation on the ground of his being of the industrial class.”

Some of those old ornaments used at the late Dublin Crimean banquet, having, through inadvertence got into the hands of children, one poor child died from having eaten a portion of them.

There is rather a good story of an adventure of the Mayor of Waterford. On one occasion he went to the Belgian Embassy, and commenced an interview with one of the officials there, in French, but was interrupted by him in excellent English, but with that touch of Doric in the accent, which proved at once the truth of his statement, when he said:—“Oh! you need not speak French; I am an Irishman, like yourself. On went the Mayor to the Spanish Embassy, where he was received by a certain Don Fernando de Comyn, and was again struck dumb by a request to use his native language, for that the attaché to the Minister for Spain was also a countryman of his own! These little incidents are curious.”

Some of those old ornaments have long since disappeared before the Iconoclasts of past years. The green mounds of the dead, the traditional reverence of the people, the drooping willow or the hoary ash tree, spreading her branches over these consecrated spots, which demons in human shape have uprooted and profaned, alone mark the site where generations have knelt and prayed. The grey walls of ivy-mantled ruins of others stand still monuments of better days, records of past ages, heirlooms of piety and charity, speaking to the heart and recalling memory to those ages of faith and philanthropy, when,” says Dr. Johnson, “Ireland was the school of the West.”

It is a historical truth, which even the most prejudiced enemies of Ireland are obliged to admit, that this country was once pre-eminent for literature and practical religion. All Europe testifies that crowds of Irishmen, in the early ages of our Church, sought ed to the Continent, with the lamp of religion and the torch of learning. So that, before the Irish battle was heard at Stafford, Marsiglia, Valenza, and Namur, before Irish blood ran in torrents at Steenkirk, Spire, Blenheim, and Malplaquet, before Irish valor shone conspicuous at Ochemona and Fontenoy, before Irish bravery, suffering, fidelity, and devotion enlisted in our behalf the sympathies and admiration of Europe, legions of Irish, on a holier mission, gave this country a claim on the gratitude of the Christian World. The learned Camden, induced by the force of truth, although no friend to Ireland, observes:—“No man came up to the Irish Monks in Ireland and in Britain for sanctity and learning; and they sent forth swarms of holy men all over Europe; to whom the Monks of Lullin, in Burgundy; Bobbio, in Italy; Wurtzburg, in Franconia; St. Gall, in Switzerland; and of Malinesburg, Linz, and many other monasteries in Britain, owe their origin. Why should I mention almost all Ireland, with its ‘crowd of philosophers,’ despising the dangers of the sea, and flocking to our shores?”

The Saxons also, at that time, flocked to Ireland from all quarters, as to a mart of literature, whence they frequently meet in our writers of the Lives of the Saints “such a one was sent over to Ireland for education;” and in the life of Fulgenius—
“Exemplo patrum comitatus, amore legendi
Ivted. Iliberos, sophia mirabili claros.”

By his ancestor’s bright example moved,
He sought abroad the learning which he loved,
And in Iberia skillful masters found,
Whose wisdom is through all the world renowned.”

Even Mosheim, from whom such a testimony might not be expected, adds:—“That the Irish were lovers of learning and distinguished themselves, in those times of ignorance, beyond all other European nations, travelling through the most distant lands with a view to improve and communicate their knowledge, is a fact with which I have been long acquainted; as we see them in most authentic records of antiquity discharging with the highest reputation and applause the functions of Doctors in Rome, Germany, and Italy.”

(See the *Life of Dean Hall*, &c.) Hence, Sir James Ware in his *Treatise on Irish Writers*, remarks:—
“Ireland for ages after the coming of St. Patrick, and was justly called the Island of Saints. These saints, who for the present will suffice. (Such was Ireland in the good old Catholic days.)—Tablet.”

GREAT BRITAIN.

Archdeacon Denison.—The present incumbent nearly 90 years of age, at present these desirable, benefits, are somewhat scarce, but by Christmas the market will no doubt be well stocked.

Archdeacon Denison has had a brilliant success. He has succeeded in procuring the condemnation of a doctrine which he evidently thinks more important than any other in, or not in, the Bible. Of course, he must be congratulated on a result which he could not but have foreseen, about which nobody within our knowledge had any manner of doubt, and which, indeed, was inevitable, if words were to be allowed their usual significance. His act has been that of the boy who drops a stone into a well for the pleasure of hearing the splash. That is only a question of time, and in fact, the boy sets about counting the moment he drops the stone. It knocks once or twice against the sides of the well, and by the time the boy has counted a dozen or so there comes up the sharp, grateful sound, of a palpable and final result, bringing the assurance both that the well is deep and that the stone will rest for ages in its watery bed. The Archdeacon has counted about a dozen terms. His cause has been, knocked about from one court to another, and his delighted ears have just caught that very hard knock which by a brief interval precedes the final splash. On the 5th of next November he will make his appeal to the judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and before long the Archdeacon will have his happiness consummated by a final judgment against him and his doctrine. It is hardly necessary after what has passed between us, yet, to be on the safe side, we give the Archdeacon distinct notice that we will not admit his controversy into our columns. [After transcribing the Twenty-ninth Article, and a distinctly contradictory passage from Mr. Denison’s Sermons, the *Times* proceeds.]—The two passages thus so plainly contradictory, and there was no alternative but to pronounce the sentence of deprivation against Archdeacon Denison, who, of course, appeals, with the certainty of a similar judgment in any court in this land. Now, we have no wish to speak ill of the Archdeacon; there is no provocation to it, for a man who torments himself in this fashion would be too happy to stand, like St. Sebastian, stuck over from head to foot with the missiles of controversy. Whenever we have had the misfortune to differ from him he has not hesitated to call us Sons of Belial, agents of Satan, and the like; but we don’t think him possessed with anything worse than an immense opinion of his own powers. He is not a good writer, or a clear-headed man; much less has he common discretion. For the latter it must be remembered that, knowing these two Articles were right ahead of him, knowing that he could only muster, at the outside, a few score Clergymen of his own opinion—he has been several years driving, might and main, at the present decision. It is not Mr. Ditcher but Mr. Denison who is the real aggressor. The Archdeacon began the war when he was examining chaplain, by rejecting those candidates for orders who would not answer his questions as he wished. When the Bishop, acting instead of the Bishop of the diocese, nevertheless ordained them, Mr. Denison protested against it. Such a line of conduct put him out of the pale of that forbearance which the Clergy of our Church are generally so ready to exhibit one to another. Indeed, the Clergyman of the Church of England has no one but himself to complain of if he gets into trouble. He commonly takes orders with very little inquiry, or at least with a prevailing wish to take things for granted. He acts on the old saying, “*Oporet discentem credere, doctum dubitare.*” If he is a man of social and practical qualities, with a keen sympathy for the distresses and troubles of his flock, he finds his time, hands, and heart too much occupied for abstract investigation. For doctrine he goes on as education, friendship, or neighborhood may incline. If, on the other hand, he is of a studious, reserved, and inquisitive turn, and spends his mornings in his library, he is sure to find himself bothered with doubts about this doctrine or that text in this article or that prayer. Every body knows how this has ended in instances too numerous to be called new, yet, after all, really few, compared with the whole body of the clergy. That “great body,” after pondering for a while in the great dismal swamp, the sinuous paths, and tangled thickets of controversy, after plunging into the Charvbidis of patristic theology, and encountering the Scylla of continental Protestantism, after getting every bone broken and the very skin torn from their backs in the unequal contest, have come at last to the humbling conclusion, that they have not the capacity for these tremendous questions. It is not their vocation. They must take the Church of England as it is, and compound by lives of practical utility for the want of a perfectly consistent theological system. There can be no question that this is a very allowable course, for it is a necessity. It cannot be every man’s business to harmonise the Bible, the Fathers, the Reformers, the Articles, Prayer book, homilies, and the leading divines of the Church of England into one consistent whole. Indeed, there are too many who undertake the task only to fall, for few, very few, are the writers who do not add to the obscurity which they wish to dispel. In our opinion, Archdeacon Denison is one of those who have mistaken their vocation by plunging into controversy. He has not the fitness of perception, or what is commonly called the acumen, for it. As a country clergyman he might have been both an ornamental and a useful character; and he might even have expressed himself in strong generalities on the subject of the Sacrament, with no worse result than driving away a few humble Christians from the altar. But he has not the qualifications for controversy, and, as far as he is concerned, it is a positive kindness to give him his quietus; if he will be pleased to take it.—*Times*.

A London daily paper, of Protestant notoriety, has a long article to prove that the “Bishop of Oxford” is laboring to introduce “Popery” into England; and adds in illustration of the system, which his Lordship holds, that “the King of Naples has just issued a medal for the Lazzaroni with the inscription, *Deus immensator Color Liberatoris.*” The immaculate Goddess, Deliverer from Cholera! All this would be amusing, if it were not so; to know that hundreds of thousands of our countrymen greedily swallow lies such as this, and keep them as admitted facts always ready in their minds for any argument which may come to their ears, or eyes, or any motion of Divine grace in their hearts, in favor of the One Church.

It is not perhaps generally known that the new Protestant sect of Agapemones consists chiefly of seceders from the Establishment. The Somerset papers relate some curious particulars in reference to the leading persons of this institution. Brother Prince, who is at its head, was educated at St. David’s College, Lampeter, and was afterwards ordained and made curate of Charlton, near Bridgewater, of which parish, Brother Starkey, second in command of the Agapemones, was at that time Rector. While acting as curate, Mr. Prince preached extraordinary doctrines, divided his congregation into two classes, “the blessed,” and “the cursed,” and administered the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper doctory young children. This course of conduct brought down ecclesiastical censure upon him, and he retired from his curacy. While at Charlton he made such a deep impression on the mind of Mr. Starkey, that he gave up his benefice and joined with Mr. Prince in the delusion which they have, since that time, so assistantly propagated. Mr. Thomas, who ranks third in importance at the Agapemones, was also at one time a clergyman of the Established Church, officiating in Somersetshire.

The Mormons have taken a beer-shop at West Ham, near Bow, and have converted it into a chapel for the purpose of expounding their peculiar religious views.

English Mobility.—On Thursday, William Jackson, a paper hanger, was arrested for the murder of his two children. The bodies of the children were found in a garden, with their throats cut.

MURDER OF TWO CHILDREN.—Last evening (Friday the 31st Oct.) an inquest was held relative to the death of a newly-born female infant found dead in Hyde Park, London. The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown. Another inquest was held upon the body of an infant found dead in Warwick-square, Finsbury. In this case also a similar verdict was returned.

Three boys are in custody, at Leeds, charged with hanging a companion, twelve years of age, who lies dangerously ill, at the hospital.

Two murders were committed this week in the little Island of Alderney.

A large number of burglaries have recently occurred in the neighborhood of Bristol.

DREADFUL MURDER AT DOVER.—A dreadful murder has been committed at Dover by a young woman named Frances Wallace, the victim being her own child, a little girl about five years of age. It appears that the child was illegitimate; and the father of the child was the husband of the mother’s sister.

HOW ENGLAND BECAME PROTESTANT.—It was this spirit of persecution which elected the Protestant Reformation. It has been said and the people of England have in these latter times been persuaded, that their ancestors, from being Catholics became Protestants from conviction; that they freely renounced what are called the errors of Popery, and embraced what are called the Truths of Protestantism. It is asserted, and Englishmen are ignorant enough to believe, that this change was brought about by argument—by reasoning—by the study of Scriptures, and the preaching of learned men. Alas! there never was a greater or more palpable delusion. There never yet were more distinct falsehoods promulgated or credited. It is not only untrue but it is false to the most emphatic extent, that the minds of the people of England were converted from Catholicity, or that their judgment was persuaded in favor of Protestantism. The arguments the Reformers used were quite of a different nature. They were penal laws and persecuting statutes; for reasoning, the Reformers employed prisons, and scourges, and instead of Scripture and preaching, there were the rack, the torture, and the reeking scaffold.

These were the means by which the people of England were compelled to abandon the ancient faith. There were the penal laws for not going to Protestant churches and for not having their children baptized by Protestant clergymen, and against the husband when the wife went to Mass—and against the father who sent his child abroad for education—and there were the gallows and scaffold erected for them—and the cutting up alive, and the embowelling before death—and the tearing out the hearts of the still writhing victim!

To show how literally true this statement is, let me give you some examples. I will give you from contemporary writers an account of the death of Dr. John Haughton, the Prior of the Charterhouse, in London, then a great Cartesian monastery. He was the proto-martyr of this savage persecution. Just listen while I read his horrible fate:—

“This holy prior was the first person who was publicly executed during the arbitrary reign of Henry VIII, for refusing to take the oath of Supremacy, as framed by the King and Parliament. He was, together with Father Humphrey Middlemore, the procurator, ordered to be immediately confined in the Tower prison where they lay for one month. At this juncture Robert Daurence, the worthy prior of Beau Valle, arrived in London, and within two days more, Augustine Webster, a monk of Shene, and prior of the house of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, also visited the metropolis. They were shortly after brought to their trial before Cromwell, Dr. Latimer, &c. On the 28th of April sentence of death was passed against them in the usual form. They were then sent back to prison, where they remained five days before they were executed, during which time they suffered inconceivable hardships. On the 4th of May, 1535, they were taken from the Tower and placed on hurdles at full length on their back. Dr. Reynolds, and the Vicar of Thistleworth, now Isleworth, were also in like manner drawn with them to the place of execution. Upon their arrival at Tyburn, the holy prior Haughton was first taken from the hurdle; the executioner then knelt down and asked his forgiveness; he kindly embraced him, and offered up his prayer for him; and for every one then present. After this he was desired to ascend the ladder, which he immediately did, and was attached to the gallows by a thick rope; which it was imagined would not produce strangulation as soon as a thick cord.

At the conclusion of [his] prayer the ladder was turned on one side, so that the holy father was suspended from the gallows; the rope was almost immediately cut, and he fell to the ground while yet alive. As he began to revive they dragged him to a short distance, and stripping off his clothes, commenced the work of butchery; they ripped him up, tore his heart and entrails from his body and threw them into the fire. The blessed man not only uttered no complaints in the midst of his torments, but, on the contrary, prayed incessantly until his heart was torn out, and conducted himself with patience, mildness, and tranquility, more than human. When he was at the point of death, and almost disembowelled he exclaimed with fervor:—‘Most holy Lord Jesus have mercy on me in this hour.’ And credible persons who were present at the execution, have affirmed that when his heart was extracting he uttered:—‘Good Jesus, what wilt thou do with my heart?’ and then expired. His body was separated from his body which was afterwards divided into quarters, and thrown into a cauldron to be parboiled; these quarters were again subdivided, and fixed up in different parts of the city. Thus died the good Prior, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and the fifth of his Priestship.

I relate these instances merely as a specimen of the nature of the persecution which forced the Catholic people of England to renounce ‘the faith their fathers held to God.’ The cruel and profligate Henry—the first hero of the English Reformation, saturated his diabolical spirit with blood. In the few last years of his ill-fated reign, the persecution against the Catholics raged with such fury, that no less than sixty martyrs shed their blood on the scaffold.—(Hear, hear.) Each and every one of them could have had his life spared, and even wealth bestowed upon him, if he would—but renounced Catholicity and take the oath of supremacy. They all preferred death to apostasy.—(Hear, hear!) There were sixty of them slaughtered in little more than three years. Of these sixty, one was a bishop—the amiable, the accomplished, the pious Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Fisher. Another had been Lord Chancellor, the ever renowned Sir Thomas More. Three were Benedictine Abbots, mired Abbots, Lords of Parliament, descending from their seats as peers, to the misery of the gaol and to the torture of the scaffold, rather than violate their consciences by taking an oath contrary to the truth of God.—(Hear, hear!) Three were Carthusian Priors, equal in rank as well as in courageous virtue with the Abbots. Sixteen were Carthusian Monks; other religious, twenty-three were secular Priests; and the rest were knights, gentlemen, and yeomen. Nor did the direct persecution end here—sixty-four more were condemned to death; and died in prison; most of them having been actually starved to death. They suffered these glorious martyr deaths, all the lingering tortures of public execution, or the still more agonizing sufferings of starvation—and this is England! Add this to your Protestantism!

It is true that these noble spirits were constant to the last; but how many timid and weak are there in every society. The example of the constancy of these martyrs, it is true, encouraged some—but alas, how many did their sufferings terrify. A large portion of the English people yielded to their terrors, and were, by mere fear of pain and death, driven into Protestantism.—(Hear, hear!)—

But the hideous cruelty of Henry VIII was calculated to strike terror at every side. He slaughtered with indiscriminate barbarity the Protestants who

refused to square their Protestantism with his, as well as their Catholic countrymen. He put to death by public execution no less than nineteen Protestants, frequently burning them in the same fire with Catholics.—(Hear, hear.)

Thus, having acquired justly a character for satanic vindictiveness, he inspired such fear and apprehension in the minds of his subjects, that the first great step was taken in driving the English people into Protestantism.—(Hear, hear.)

In the succeeding reigns, similar persecution was exercised with similar success. But it was not the punishment of death alone which was used to compel the English people to desert Catholicity. The more enraging cruelty of plundering statutes affecting their property; robbing them of their means of existence, and rendering them beggars, was resorted to.—(Hear, hear.) Listen to the following catalogue of statutes:—

Act passed in 1538.—any person reconciling another to the Church at Rome, shall have judgment, suffer, and forfeit as in the case of high treason. All Jesuits, seminary and other priests, remaining in England, or entering the kingdom after forty days, shall, for this offence, be adjudged as a traitor, and shall suffer, lose and forfeit, as in cases of high treason. Receiving or relieving such a person shall be felony; and sending money or relief to such persons shall be punishable with transportation or forfeiture of property. Any one knowing where a Jesuit is in the kingdom, and not discovering it, shall forfeit 200 marks.—*Speech of Daniel O’Connell, London, 1839.*

UNITED STATES.

We learn from a correspondent of the *Telegraph* that on Sunday week last, a new church was dedicated to the service of Almighty God under the patronage of the Holy Angles, at London, near Springfield, (O.) The Mass was celebrated by the worthy Pastor, Rev. Mr. Howard, of Springfield; the ceremony of the Dedication was performed by the Rev. Michael Carroll, of Alton, Illinois, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Quilan, Cincinnati. A large crowd from Springfield and the country around assembled on the solemn occasion; many of our dissenting brethren were present also, and erinced, by their respectful religious demeanor, that they were deeply affected throughout. The church is a handsome frame building, large and convenient enough for some years for the attending congregation.—*American Celt.*

Any one who supposes fanaticism to be confined to a portion of the country, or to one particular sect of Protestantism, may read with advantage the following editorial notice from the *Savannah Georgian*:—Madame Swett, clairvoyant lady, since her arrival in Savannah, has had a tremendous rush to her rooms. Old and young, grave and gay, are daily consulting her, all of whom are astonished and delighted with her mysterious talent. She is certainly a marvel in her way, and merits the attention of the scientific and curious.—*American Celt.*

The police of Portland have arrested a gang of seven incendiaries all but two of them over 21 years of age, who have caused numerous fires in that vicinity during the past year. Two or three of them have confessed.

IRISH HEROISM.—Monday afternoon, four men, named Henry Moran, William Short, George Jacobs, and John M’Gee, started in a small sailboat from Chelsea Beach on a fishing excursion. In going out the wind was so light that the sail was not used, but the men rowed a distance of two and a quarter miles from the shore, where they fished for several hours. Having concluded their fishing, the wind sprung up a little, and one of the men attempted to put up the sail. From some cause or other the sail fell over the side of the boat where Moran and Short were seated, and they both being heavy men, caused the boat to upset. Moran and Short could not swim at all; and Jacobs could swim but little, and the three were obliged to cling to the bottom of the boat. M’Gee, who is a very expert swimmer, told the others that he would swim ashore for assistance, assuring them that he could do it easily, and directing them to hold fast upon the boat until his return. M’Gee had swam about half the distance to the shore, when Moran began to grow disheartened and weak, thinking that M’Gee had gone down, and his hands soon slipped from the boat. He went down once, and on coming up he seized hold of Short, pulling him from the boat, and both, of them then disappeared beneath the waves. Jacobs still clung to the boat. When M’Gee had got within half a mile of the shore he was seen by some workmen employed in building a new hotel on the Beach, and they instantly went to his assistance in a boat. When they reached him and offered to take him in, he refused, saying that he could swim ashore, and told them to proceed with all haste to the rescue of the men left on the upturned boat. The men did as they were directed, but they were too late to save any but Mr. Jacobs. The heroic M’Gee reached the shore in safety, swimming two and a quarter miles.—*Boston Times.*

A SILENT SAVED.—The Pilot heads an account of a child being carried off by a bear in the backwoods of Wisconsin with, “*A Nice Place to Emigrate to.*” For our part we had rather risk our children among the bears of Wisconsin than the proselytizers of Boston or the reform school of Westboro’. Such sneers at Wisconsin do not well become the Pilot, or any other paper pretending to benefit the Emigrant.—*American Celt.*

A lady correspondent of the *New York Mirror* says that she has heard it said that the only difference in the theology of Unitarian and Universalist Christians was this:—“The former believe themselves too good to be damned; and the latter believe God is too good to damn them.” A nice distinction certainly.

ABOLITION PHILANTHROPY.—Here is a good specimen of it as we find it in the *Providence Post*:—“A manufacturing firm in this city, the members of which are loudly proclaiming their love of freedom, and are battling warmly for the republicans on account of their hatred of slavery, men who go about charging democrats with being pro-slavery men, during the present season have secured a debt in the south by attaching negroes and selling them at Auction under an execution, and now have in their treasury the proceeds of a sale of negroes. Oh, what beauties you screechers for freedom really are!”

The ladies of Aurora, Illinois, have passed the following resolution:—Resolved, That if we, the young ladies of Aurora, don’t get married, this year, somebody will be to blame.

The Altonian, Pa., *Tribune* says, “A colored man, said to be 103 years old, passed through that place, this week on his way to Philadelphia. He says he was in that city when Gen. Washington first took his seat as President of the United States, and thinks he can easily find the State House, since he remembers the location of the two creeks. The fact that they are now trunked through under the city, and built over, appears to him incredible. At all events he wishes to see the city once more before he dies. He states that he was with Gen. Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, and recounts scenes and incidents connected with the days of the revolution, with so much accuracy, as to leave little doubt of having participated in them. Ninety-nine years of his long life were spent in slavery. This is one of the few survivors of the revolution, who are still among us! When we consider how few who are now living will ever see their three score years and ten, a man of the above age stated, becomes a curiosity.”

A Missouri paper—the *Warsaw Democrat*, says:—“We strike the names of two of our subscribers from our books this week, who have recently been hung in Texas.”

THE READING QUESTION.—It is said that 400 persons in Connecticut were disfranchised this month, by the new constitutional provision requiring that they should know how to read and write in order to vote.

THE MORNING STAR OF WEDNESDAY.—The following:—“We had all thought that Dr. Tait had, in reality, become Bishop of London; but that was not an accomplished fact till yesterday, when the face of the conge d’être was enacted. In olden times, the Church claimed the right to elect its own Bishops; it is now the right of the State, but the ancient form remains. The practice is, for the State to make choice and for the Church to receive liberty from the State to choose as the State has chosen. This is the conge d’être—simply a contemptible piece of imposition—and it was gone through yesterday in St. Paul’s Chapter-house with a *Te Deum laudamus* at the end.”

CHURCH LIVINGS FOR SALE.—The dull season for the sale of church livings is passing away, and Wednesday’s *Times* contains a few advertisements from patrons eager to effect a speedy sale. There is a living in Somersetshire, beautiful situated, with an income of £400 a year, the present incumbent of which is 99 years of age. Interest is to be allowed on the purchase money until possession of the living is obtained. The next is a living in Suffolk, beautifully situated, with £500 a year, population 1,000 and early possession. Then there is a living in Norfolk, also beautifully situated, near a railway station, with £500 a year, population small, and a prospect of immediate possession. Another is in a good county, and in the midst of good society; population small, duty light, and an income of £300 a year. The last that may be mentioned, is in a beautiful part of the south of England, income about £400 per annum, with an old