

**COUNTY DONEGAL—11TH MARCH.**—This county, in consequence of the Gweedore inquiry, the emigration of the people from that district, and the attempted assassination of the Rev. Mr. Nixon, has obtained a great deal of notoriety, and if one were to credit the statements of the local press, he would be naturally led to infer that the people of this great county were in a state of semi-barbarism. The calendar, however, for the present assizes presents no crime of extraordinary magnitude. The commission was opened by the Right Hon. Justice Perrin. His Lordship addressing them said—Mr. Foreman and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of the county of Donegal, I have the pleasure of informing you that there are but few persons in custody for trial; there are a few more bailed out, who will be in attendance to take their trial. I do not find that any of these cases call for particular observation or direction from me. His Lordship then proceeded to read the presentments.—Lordship local influence could be brought to bear on the great constitutional judge who presided on the present occasion in Donegal to induce him to bolster up the sinking fortunes of a few Donegal landlords.—*Cor. of Nation.*

Four men charged with stealing sheep in Gweedore were acquitted. The *Dublin Evening Post* justly remarks that the failure of this prosecution is another evidence of the monstrous system of exaggeration by which this peaceable county has been calumniated, and the poor peasantry mulcted in taxation for extra police.

**Gweedore.**—In the county of Donegal there are some curious rumors afloat, imputing the crime of systematic sheep-killing to others than the peasants. We have even heard that gentlemen connected with the county have spoken out pretty plainly on the matter. This is an offence which cannot be too strongly reprobated. Nothing could palliate it except the fact that hunger had forced the people to seize sheep and eat them. At the same time it is only justice to the wretched population to notice the exculpatory rumors to which we have referred.—*Derry Journal.*

At the late assizes in Nias, the Athy men charged with riot were all let out on their own recognisances. The Lord Lieutenant has offered a reward of £100 to any person or persons who shall, within six months from the date hereof, give such information as shall lead to the arrest of the person or persons who murdered Edward Durneen, in the county Wexford, on the 6th March.

**THE SPIRIT OF ORATORISM.**—An incident of two occurred at the Monaghan Assizes, before Chief Baron Pigot, which are worthy of notice. A Protestant named McClure was put to the bar and charged with the manslaughter of a Catholic named Donnelly. An altercation had taken place between the parties, when McClure went into his house, seized the handle of a sword, and returned, and Donnelly's skull with a blow. The professional gentleman concerned for the defence challenged every Catholic juror who was called, and succeeded in getting a Protestant jury to try their client. This was a gross insult to the Catholic Judge, and we wonder they did not challenge his lordship. The witnesses were examined, counsel addressed the jury, and they were charged by the Chief Baron, who held that the offence of manslaughter was fully proved. But what does the jury do? Of course, they return a verdict of manslaughter against the prisoner. No, nothing of the kind; but they come into the jury box, hand their verdict to the Clerk of the Crown, and that verdict is "justifiable homicide" with a recommendation to mercy! The Chief Baron refused to take such a verdict, and said the prisoner's offence was more akin to murder than to anything else. The feelings of most of these in the court were terribly excited, and the Catholics at once saw why every man of their creed was excluded from the jury. The outwitted jury again sneaked into their room, and after wiping the perspiration from their brows, and recovering from their surprise, they descended to return a verdict of manslaughter against the prisoner, who was sentenced to penal servitude for life. These matters carry their own comment with them, and are a disgrace to the Orange spirit of Ulster. First, a Protestant jury is packed, to try a Protestant prisoner, who has deprived a Catholic of life by a savage blow; and then the packed jury, contrary to the evidence and the charge of an upright judge, endeavor to mitigate the offence, and call manslaughter "justifiable homicide!" The judge and all those who looked on the scenes enacted, must have formed their own opinions of the men who could act in this manner. Let us request the *Nevry Telegraph*, the *Evening Advertiser*, and all such organs to take some notice of these transactions. But what after all, have the Monaghan jury done, but what they have seen their betters accomplish? They have studied in the despot and bigoted school of England. They have been taught to hate the "Papists," and to hunt them down; and when a "papist" was slain, and a Protestant arraigned for doing the foul deed, can we wonder if they thought that deed one of no great harm? Oh, this "liberty" which England cherishes (!) is one of a strange kind. It is all on one side like the handle of a jug. The "Protestant boys" of Monaghan would give it only to themselves, for when the prisoner in the dock "carried the day" by splitting a "papist's" skull, the jury thought to "carry the day" for him, in the jury box. But an upright judge spoiled their pretty game, and so may it always be.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

**IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.**—Little more than eight years ago the publication of a document which we reprint elsewhere excited public opinion in Great Britain and Ireland in an extraordinary degree. It was a letter written upon the occasion of an act of spiritual authority exercised by the Holy See, and solely affecting the Catholic body in England. That act had been misrepresented by bigotry, and the misrepresentation had acted unfavourably upon popular prejudice. Polemical impostors and political knaves saw the use which might be made of this opportunity to further their own selfish schemes, and at once resolved to turn it to account. Among the latter class the Ministry of the day was conspicuous, and the leader of that Ministry calculated that, by spreading his sails to catch the popular breeze in the new direction it had taken, a prosperous voyage and a safe harbour would be the end and the reward of his dexterity. Nor was he entirely disappointed. He made wonderful head-way for a while, though some experienced old mariners did not hesitate, at the risk of incurring great temporary disapprobation, to warn him of the dangers of his course. But he soon found himself on a lee shore—his vessel was stranded, and went to pieces; and his character for seamanship suffered so much in consequence of this misadventure, that the post of second mate is the highest that he has since been deemed qualified to fill. Had he been, in fact, the veritable "man that shot the Albatross," he could scarcely have had worse luck than has for some time attended him. Dropping our nautical metaphors, it is simple truth to say that the unprincipled scheming and unparalleled treachery of Lord John Russell, have met with a fitting retribution. The Durham letter was followed by the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. The punishment of the Irish Hierarchy for a presumed offence, in which no one imputed any share to them, was justified upon the principle of the juror, who would have convicted a man of murder because he had stolen his "grey mare." The Archbishop of Tuam, and the venerated prelate who now governs this Archdiocese, were made the objects of the episcopal pigmy's most venomous vituperation.—The Bill was carried through Parliament by sweeping majorities, but had scarcely received the Royal assent when it was practically repealed by the will of the Irish people. No one thought of prosecuting the prelate who, in the teeth of the Act, had signed himself "Paul, Archbishop of Armagh;" no one has since thought of taking proceeding against the prelate who has always signed himself "John, Archbishop of Tuam." But the passing of the Act and its insertion in the Statute Book is not the less a standing insult to the Catholics of Ireland. Lord John

Russell's hostility to our Church did not, however, end here. In 1853, being then a member of Lord Aberdeen's Administration, and Ministerial Leader in the Commons, he took occasion, in opposing Mr. Moore's Religious Equality motion, to express himself in terms so offensive to the Irish Priesthood that Mr. Monsell, and even Mr. William Keogh and Mr. John Sadleir felt that they could not with honour continue to hold their places without obtaining from the head of the Government a public disavowal of any share in his colleague's opinions. We need say nothing of Lord John's subsequent career. One would have thought that his disgraceful conduct in reference to his Vienna mission, the exposure of which obliged him to quit Lord Palmerston's Cabinet, would have, even in England, given the finishing stroke to his political reputation. But the Great Britain is a worshipping of lords, and we find the little Jockey of Bedford, notwithstanding all his falls, again upon his legs, and bidding for a fresh start in the race for power. It is not often that Ireland has such a chance of inflicting condign and final punishment upon one who has so deeply wronged her, and we think we can see that, in the present temper of the country, the opportunity will not be allowed to pass unused. We beg, therefore, to give notice to Lord John Russell, should our warning happen to reach him, that if Mr. John David Desmond Divorced Fitzgerald, and Mr. Rickard Deasy, and other honorable gentlemen representing Irish Catholic constituencies, accept office under him with the express or implied condition of being able to support the measures of his Government in Parliament, they will not be left in a position to perform their part of the contract. The noble lord's name is on the back of his friend Fitzgerald's Oaths Bill, and we have not the least objection to see it there; but we can never forget that it once appeared on the back of another Bill, which became an Act of Parliament; and until it appears on the back of a Bill to repeal that Act and erase it from the Statute Book, we shall give our worthy champion the benefit of his bad deeds rather than of his better dispositions. The name of "J. Russell" also once appeared at the foot of an elaborate epistle which held up to public odium and derision our "superstitious use of the sign of the cross," our practice of auricular confession, and other usages which we cherish more than life, though to him they seem no better than "mummeries of superstition;" and we can assure the writer of the Durham Letter that our "intellects" are not so "confined" as to prevent us from distinguishing an enemy from a friend, nor our "souls" so "enslaved" as to make us ready to yoke ourselves at the chariot-wheels of an "insolent" impostor, and an "insidious" traitor.—*Nation.*

The Dublin correspondent of *Times* complains that:—"The education question is hourly becoming more complicated, and as matters are going on, it promises to be, before long, the great Irish difficulty in the path of whatever Ministry holds the reins of office. Between the zealots of both sides, no one can discern the beginning of the end, but it is impossible to close one's eyes to the probable prospect of some Government yielding to the pressure from without, and by conceding the claims for separate grants, restore that miserable sectarian system which prevailed in Ireland until its demolition, in 1830, by the present Prime Minister of England. The *Nation* of this day makes the important announcement that, at this moment, there is in the hands of the four Roman Catholic archbishops, 'one of the most remarkable manuscripts on the subject of education which has ever emanated from the Holy See.' And the organ adds:—The Propaganda, in proof of its solicitude and anxiety regarding the education of the Catholics in Ireland, gives a historical resume of the various bulls, rescripts, and other official documents which it has forwarded upon this subject for the last century. It sets forth the unfavorable reports which have reached it respecting the working of the ordinary National Schools of Model Schools, and of the Queen's Colleges, and refers to the projected scheme of Intermediate Schools. The archbishops are called on to reply to a series of categorical propositions in relation to those institutions, and, in doing so, to ascertain the opinions of their suffragan prelates, and inform the Holy See. Provincial synods and a council of the whole Irish episcopate are suggested, and we have reason to expect that a national meeting of the prelates will be held at the earliest possible moment.—The gratitude and prayers of every Irish Catholic will, we doubt not, be freely and generously offered to the Holy Father for this additional proof that no domestic trouble, none of the weighty care of State which unhappily surround his throne, can abate his watchful zeal in protecting that faith which 14 centuries since his predecessor in the Pontifical Chair sent St. Patrick to plant in Ireland."

With the question of the Catholic University now assuming a political shape, the whole subject of education in Ireland will probably be brought under the review of Parliament. Mr. Blake, of Waterford, moves next week for a Select Committee, to inquire into the working of the Queen's Colleges. If all that is asserted in justification of this application be true, as I have reason to believe it is, there is a case strong enough to justify the abolition of the whole system of mixed education in Ireland, on the simple ground that it is a gross public fraud. For it will be found—1, That every graduate of the Colleges, since their foundation, has cost the country £1000; 2, That there have been more scholarships given away than students entered; 3, That there have been constantly more scholarships, gold medals, and exhibitions than there could be found competitors; 4, That not a single student has attended some of the faculties; 5, That all the annual returns of students have been false—the same names reappearing over and over again, and each time counted as individuals, one name actually registered and counted in this way eight several times. And all these returns have been revised and authenticated by the Catholic commissioner, whom Lord Nias calls "that consistent Liberal," Sir Thomas Reddington. Such is the success which it has for years been vaunted that the goddess college had, in spite of the interdict of the Church.—*Corr. of Tablet.*

**REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF ALL HALLOWS COLLEGE, DUBLIN.**—This is the Tenth Annual Report of the above institution—an unpretending volume it certainly is, but full of news which will gladden every Catholic heart. Ten years ago Ireland was suffering sorely from the effects of an artificial famine; its poor houses were overstocked, and its road-side ditches, too often were the scenes of dying wretchedness which it is painful even now to recall; yet it was at this time that All Hallows College was established as an Irish Missionary Training Depot, a time which, in human eyes, would seem ill selected. Still the institution has prospered; though grim poverty pressed hard on the old tale of Saints, yet when the cry of spiritual distress fell upon her ear, her Catholic heart throbbed with sympathy, and her widow's mite was cast into the treasury. Her prodigious boast is to be the mother of so many of the brave soldiers of God's army, battling in every corner of the world. In how many wildernesses have they not reared the cross—emblem of man's salvation? everywhere, everywhere the Gospel has yet been preached, the Irish missionary is to be found busy in his master's service. In the far West he is hard at work amongst its wilds and prairies, in the crowded streets of its vast cities where rage sin and sickness, he is to be met on his errand of love and charity; in Australia he is at the "diggings" seeking what is far more precious than all the gold that lies hidden beneath the sands of its shining rivers; the dark pine woods of the East echo with his simple eloquence, and too often cast their shadows on his early grave. In the old world, as in the new, in the cities of England and of Scotland, he is to be found amongst the host of workers in the cause of religion, which, thank God, those countries can now boast. When we contrast the aids in money, in organisation, in favor of the powerful, in all human means, fine, in which the Protestant missionaries have at command with those

of the Catholic missioner, and then compare the results attained under all disadvantages by the latter, with those of the former, we see how signally God's favor has been shown to Catholic missions all the world over. Superior in all worldly aids and appliances, wanting in nothing save God's grace, and the spirit of His Gospel, the Protestant missionary has failed, utterly failed. Even in China, where such ship loads of Bibles have been sent, such numbers of missionaries been despatched, such quantities of money been expended, it is well known that of the conversions there, ninety per cent are effected by the humble and ill-sustained Catholic Priest. We lately mentioned that Mr. Albert Smith, in his lectures, publicly vouched this fact, but the statement was unpalatable to Protestant ears polite, and Mr. Smith soon kept the information to himself. But how is the good cause progressing under the efforts of the directors of All Hallows, who have devoted themselves to the training of the young Irish missioner, so as best to fit him for his arduous and sacred calling? Well then, they have in the year that is past sent forth thirty young and ardent priests—some to Australia, some to America, some to England, some to Scotland, some to Demarara, here or there, wherever the need was most felt. Of students they have nearly 300, who are humbly and patiently waiting for the moment when they shall be desired to set about their Father's business, when willingly they will leave home and country and dear friends, to spend their prime in the effort to save the souls which lie in wait to redeem.

**THE NEAPOLITAN EXILES.**—The total amount of the Cork subscription is but £330, and of this £200, has been handed to the committee for the use of the more necessities. These number about 50, and are yet in Queenstown, waiting instructions from the Sardinian Embassy in London, whether some of the principal of their companions have proceeded to make arrangements it is supposed, for their settlement in the dominions of Victor Emmanuel.

**ITALY AND IRELAND.**—The Irish American has a capital hit at the intense hypocrisy of the British Government in its affected interest in the freedom of the Italian Governments from Austrian domination. Speaking of the Premier's speech to the House of Lords on the subject, the American says:—"It is, in Ireland, what the Austrian is in Italy, with this difference, that his title is more perjured, the agencies by which it was usurped more foul and false and fraudulent, and those by which it is sustained more cruel, treacherous and heartless. In fact, as compared with the English Garrison in Ireland, the Austrian in Italy is not 'foreign' at all, it is coeval with modern civilization, is the same in race, to a great extent, and identically the same in religion, with the Italian people; while in Ireland, the Garrison is alien in race, in blood, in religion, in sentiment, in feeling, and in estimate of honor, of faith, of truth, and of justice, and draws from all and every of these sources weapons and means to minister to his lust and vengeance. Too well the noble Lord knows this; too well he knows that the same inextinguishable disaffection to foreign tyranny pervades every Irish as well as every Lombard heart, and we apprehend that when warning the Lombards of the evil consequences of another unsuccessful revolt, he was reading a lesson to the Irish 'enthusiasts' on the danger of their present attitude. Be this as it may, the effrontery of the *Times* and of the Premier, in the pretended sympathy for Italian liberty, is absolutely astounding; when all Europe knows that the cruelest, falsest, bitterest, most perfidious, treacherous and wolfish tyranny is that the English have forced, and is forcing on Ireland; a tyranny rendered more intolerable by their cant and pretences of philanthropy everywhere else."

#### GREAT BRITAIN.

**A SCENE IN EXETER HALL.**—A meeting was held on Wednesday evening, in the Lower Room, Exeter Hall, for the purpose, as described in the announcement conveying the meeting, of "considering the dangerous tendencies of the new Roman Catholic Oaths Bill, and to frame petitions to Parliament against it." A Mr. Bingham was called to the chair. The audience comprised no persons of influence, being composed of some noisy ultra Protestant demagogues. A Rev. Mr. McCarthy, after the usual tirade of misrepresentation, moved the adoption of a petition to Parliament, which was duly seconded.—*The Morning Advertiser* of Thursday thus reports the subsequent proceedings:—"A gentleman in the body of the hall here got up, and said he begged to propose an amendment. Before doing so, he would announce to them that his name was Tresham Gregg, and that he was a benefited clergyman. He then approved of the wording of the resolution and petition. Mr. Harper, Mr. Chairman, I call to order. Mr. Gregg says he has an amendment to propose, and yet he says he approves of the resolution and petition. Beware, gentlemen, of what Mr. Gregg says, for he is a traitor to our cause.—A scene of great confusion here ensued, in which, in the midst of shouting and hooting, Mr. Gregg called upon the Chairman to hear him, and protect him from the attacks of Mr. Harper; and Mr. Harper, in turn, called upon the Chairman to order the police, who by this time had entered the hall, to turn Mr. Gregg out.—Chairman: Mr. Gregg, if you are not quiet the police must turn you out.—Mr. Gregg: I dare them to touch me.—Chairman: What for?—Mr. Gregg (who by this time had, along with several other parties, mounted over the chairs and reporters' table on to the platform): I will make them answerable to the laws of their country. [Great uproar.] The Rev. Mr. McCarthy: Don't hear him; he is treacherous to us. [Groans, hisses, and cheers.]—Mr. Gregg: Is not this too bad, to be charged with falsehood and treachery? The Chairman then called upon the police to remove Mr. Gregg, and they complied with the request, he said to that individual, 'If you do not sit down forthwith, I will turn you out myself.' [Great uproar.] Mr. Gregg: Then I will put the matter in my attorney's hands. The scene that here ensued beggars all description; an uproarious audience in a 'penny gaff' could not have been worse. All further attempts to hear anything more were fruitless. People were struggling to get on to the platform, the occupants of which endeavored to keep them off, and the cheering, hooting, and hissing were carried on to the very echo. At last, the meeting, as the Chairman said, was dissolved, or put an end to, in some way or other, but how we do not know, as the reporters for their own safety had quitted the scene of confusion."

The British public is reaping at this moment the fruits of that unwise encouragement with which it has fostered revolutionary principles wherever a disposition to them has appeared; and it is due to that encouragement that we are in danger of war, of which at any moment we may see the beginning, but not so speedily the end. It was a hobby of the English people, amounting to a passion, to see the existing Governments of Italy overthrown, in the hope that in the general confusion and madness the harque of Peter might somehow be stove in, and finally got rid of. And when Sardinia rose up and proclaimed herself a model State, framed upon the British pattern, it was impossible to set bounds to our fellow-countrymen's admiration. Here at last was a hope for Italy. The example of Sardinia would attract the free and the enlightened in all the other States, and her success would animate them to give vent to those aspirations after liberty which it was well known in England were universally indulged, though their visible sign was, for obvious reasons, suppressed.—British principles would be triumphant, and Popery would go to the wall. Nor could this consummation be long postponed under such a Minister as Camillo Cavour. He had had the inestimable blessings of an English education; his sympathies and principles were English; he swore by the representative government and a free press; he had the courage to plunder the Church and break with the Pope. What fitter prophet could rise up in these latter days to sketch

forth the future of a regenerated Italy, and pronounce the words of wrath before which the authority of Pope, and King, and Emperor, should topple to the ground! Suddenly the Sardinian minister appears in a new character. Hitherto he has been to the bone British, a foster-child of our commonwealth, brought up at the feet of our Russells and Palmersons, and repaying them for their principles by constituting himself their apostle. But now we see him in a different capacity, at the feet of quite another sort of philosopher. He shakes hands with an autocrat, and in the name of liberty calls to his aid an army whose services have certainly not been taxed in favour of Constitutional Government. By his intrigues he has so perplexed the relations of two great military powers that it is uncertain from day to day whether Europe shall not be plunged into all the horrors of a war, to which that enlightened progress which Englishmen so much profess to love must be postponed, and which, in all probability, will terminate by confirming the reign of those absolute powers which they profess to hate. Under no rational supposition can Italy be benefited. In all probability, the representative institution of Piedmont will become even less a reality than they are now; and, should France prevail, it is most likely that they will be swept away altogether. And, taking into consideration the fact that these institutions have been cemented by the plunder of the Church, and have grown up to be whatever they are under the fosterage of an apostate Minister and a worse than apostate King; it is difficult to imagine a more appropriate termination to them. In truth, they are already on the brink of such a fate. For what hope can we have for a country on the eve of national bankruptcy familiarized through the election of her representatives with moral corruption, cast off from the Church, having sent into exile two archbishops, whose sin was their fidelity to a sacred trust; and still under the Government of a Minister who, though he has not "driven out the Crost," has brought in the "Cossack"—at Villafranca; has degraded the Royal Family by uniting its Princess to an adventurer, and brought upon his King this deserved satire from the lips of one of the wisest and bravest of patriots.—"Il faut comme les Chinois, qui jettent leurs flûtes aux porceux!" During the eight years that he has ruled the destinies of Piedmont his administration has been marked by the most profligate expenditure; by the increase of loans and taxes under which the energies of the country stagger; and instead of an able despotism he has created a mongrel constitution, under whose shelter he is himself an irresponsible despot, acting by the aid of creatures who serve him for a share of the spoil, mocking his countrymen with a show of freedom far more injurious to them than a declared tyranny.—*Tablet.*

In the case of Flanagan v. Flanagan, a Catholic has availed himself, as far as the law of God allows, of the miserable Divorce Act of 1857. A clause was put in expressly for the relief of Catholics, by which those who refuse to set aside the law of God by seeking a "dissolution of marriage" (which the law now calls a divorce), may seek and obtain what is now called a judicial separation (equivalent to what the Church calls a divorce) on the ground of infidelity. This was practically obtained in this case, we believe, for the first time. Meanwhile the business of the Court increases so fast that Lord Brougham has given notice that he will, on an early day, "call attention to the absolute necessity of aiding the Court in the discharge of its duties." The *Times* also gives us the estimate of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as the cost of what it very truly calls "Lord Palmerston's Act for the relief of married couples to whom matrimony may have become from circumstances a galling yoke" (the description observed is not ours but that of the *Times*). We have to pay £130,000 per annum as compensation to the officers of the abolished Courts, which represents a capital sum of at least two millions and a half. We are, therefore, "paying dear for our whistle." This includes none of the expenses of the Divorce Court itself. The *Times* appears to think that they will be delayed by the fees and stamps paid for by suitors. It may be so, but it supposes an enormous number of suits, for it tells us at the same time that the fees in very many cases amount only to £1, and in one case only to as much as £28. These small fees, however, produced an aggregate sum of £1,555, "proving," as the *Times* boasts, "at once the cheapness and facility of the present system of loosing the bonds of wedlock," in other words of "putting asunder those whom God has made one."—*Weekly Register.*

A correspondence has arisen out of a Passeyite publication, called the *Directorium Anglicanum*. Many of the clergy of the diocese of Oxford, relating Passeyite imputation lately cast upon them, say in an address to the Bishop of Oxford:—"We conceive from the extracts we have seen from it, that Mr. Passey's book is a very unwise and mischievous publication. We are strongly opposed to all attempts to alter in any respect the ritual of our reformed church, of which we are, as our fathers were before us, loyal and affectionate sons. We are confident, from our experience of your episcopal rule of fourteen years among us, that these are also our convictions and principles of action; and many of us know instances in which, where young and inexperienced men have been led in this direction you have kindly, but firmly restrained them and corrected their errors." The Bishop says in his reply:—"You well know that I have a jealous dread of every Romanizing tendency, and that I have not the slightest sympathy with those who wish to restore among us such a ritual as Mr. Passey describes,—for that, in my opinion, such attempts both breed, on the one side, in some weak minds a longing, first for the gorgeous ritual, and then for the corrupt doctrines of Rome, and on the other, tend far more widely to alienate our people from sound Church of England principles, and give occasion to such calumnies as those which you have condemned. . . . The diocese is, I rejoice to believe, indeed the 'centre of a great movement.' But that movement is not Romanism. It is really a movement towards that which Romanists have always found to be the strongest guard against the introduction of their manifold corruptions—a movement towards a heartier, more self-denying, more laborious, and more devout maintenance of true Church of England faith, and carrying out of true Church of England practice both among our clergy and our laity."

**THE LIQUID FIRE GUY.**—At Chatham a series of experiments has been tried with a gun made on the new principle, and with the terrific form of missile invented by Captain Norton, and charged with his "liquid fire." The result left but one impression on the minds of the spectators, and that was that naval warfare as hitherto conducted must be deemed at an end. What, indeed, is the state of things brought about by the ingenious application of science to increase the destroying power of instruments of war? At the trials a short time ago, on Shoeburyness flat, it was found that the Spid gun, consisting of the Trusty (floating battery) affixed at 400 yards no protection to the steel-pointed Armstrong bolt fired from a 32-pounder of the new kind, and with the small charge of Gils of powder. We make use advisedly of the term "bolt," for these missiles, from their shape, resemble much more a rocket than any other description of bullet hitherto used for heavy guns. So much at variance with professional opinion as to the impregnability of these massive batteries was the result described, that Captain Halsted, of the *Cressy*, who had fearlessly stationed himself on board the Trusty, in the first instance, confident in the impregnability of the casing around him, was glad to retire to safer quarters when he found not only plate-bolts, decks and knees starting in all directions, but the five-inch metal plates themselves being driven in, the Armstrong bolts passing completely through, and subsequently tearing away decks and beams of the most ponderous character. Wood-work, indeed, of any kind, seems incapable of arresting the flight of these missiles, for at a range of 800 yards they

are found capable of traversing a solid mass composed of heart of oak, bolted together, even to the thickness of nine feet. So much for an elongated and steel-pointed variety of the missile already in use. Let us next consider what Captain Norton's leaden-shell, charged with "liquid fire," can accomplish. It has been demonstrated that a single ride-man, by the help of this extraordinary projectile, can at any distance up to 1,800 or even 2,000 yards, infallibly set fire, if not to the hull at least to the sails and spars of any vessel. If then, we imagine in case of actual hostilities, one of Warry's guns, pouring from an embrasure in comparative security, at the rate of 20 per minute, shells of a few inches diameter, with an absolute certainty, too, that each shall hit its mark, what other conclusion can we adopt than that war, upon the principles by which it has hitherto been regulated, will become nearly, if not wholly, impracticable? The country will learn with satisfaction that a committee of experienced officers has already been appointed to consider what effect the late improvements in artillery will have upon the modern system of fortifications.

Among the notable incidents arising out of the presentation of petitions in the House of Commons on Monday evening, we may notice the cheers that greeted Mr. Bazley, the new member for Manchester, as he presented a petition signed by 53,000 inhabitants of Manchester, neatly tied up in the form of a cotton bale, and which the hon. gentleman shouldered in the most haughty and pouter-like manner when called to bring it up to the table; the ironical cheers from the Opposition that greeted Mr. Garnett, when he presented the first petition in favor of the Government scheme; and the applause with which Mr. Bright was received when he presented a petition with 40,000 signatures from Birmingham against the bill.

In a letter to the *Bradford Advertiser*, General Thompson, M.P., says he has given his assent to a suggestion that, "in the event of any change of government, the friends of the ballot should persist in occupying their present sittings, by way of demonstration that they will not march through Coventry with any government which does not show signs of establishing the ballot."

At a marriage in Leeds, after the ceremony, the bride burst into tears, of course. Whereupon the bridegroom, a stout six foot fellow, following the example, blubbered like a calf, and an accompanying crowd of well-to-do, roared out, "Let me alone! I feel as bad about it as she does, in course."

A BREVETIER.—A clergyman in the county of Durham lately concluded morning service with the following words:—"Brother, next Friday is my time day, and those who bring the tithes on that day shall be rewarded with a good dinner; but those who do not may depend upon receiving a County Court summons."—*Harrogate Mercury.*

**PARADE FROM THE LURE.**—The following finished portrait of the modern "Ecclesiastical" is from the *St. John's Colonial Presbyterian*. It is really too bad of our contemporary time to expose to a scolding world the hideous features of his brethren of his own flesh and blood:—

"And 'Ecclesiastical'—He is eminently religious, zealous for the sect, may be a pious hypocrite, but for proselytism, he is not a few words. He is fond in money a stock of scripture phrases to be recited in general conversation, or to be used as a single stroke of business, such as 'relating to the last man, or swabbing a customer.' You may know him by a generally subdued looking look, an occasional upturning of the white of the eye, small signs pumped up without apparent reason, from twirling a parsing of lip, and general assumption of sanctimony. Sometimes he affects the clerical, and dons the white choker. He is regular in his pew, grave in deportment, and particular about smaller forms of religion. He would be a saint but for the devil that is in him. Hence he is the edify of a paradox, a tricked-out figure of grace and greed, charity and covetousness. His character is of a saintly cut, the product of ecclesiastical culture, but the body is made of rage and trickings of everything disreputable. Outside finery inside dirt: a christian by conversation, a swindler by trade; with truth on the lip but a lie in the heart. A holy man of God to all who do not know him better, such as those who have intimate dealings with him, and among others his good friend the devil. A wretched spectacle full of dead men's bones."

Sometimes the Pharisee, in his holy, who desires finery, reduces the length of the ribbon, and the width of the cravat by half a finger-length, and is elegant against the pomp and vanity, except in gilt bibles with golden clasps, and illuminated books of psalms, and perhaps costly churches and luxurious pews. Her piety is a choice piece to carry her to church or prayer meeting, her carriage in the house is drawn by a cross monkey, her own lady disposition. She is good at public prayer and private scolding; loves the last concert so much that she has little affection left for her family; and picks a quarrel with her neighbor about the use of a clothes line. The public good she prefers to private usefulness; makes toys for benevolent bazars but hates to turn stockings; attends all class meetings, revival meetings, preachings and penitential benches, while the children squall or go to bed unperceived. She is a mother in Israel, but her children are motherless. In the church a saint; in her family a sloven, the darling of all the devils, but the sorrow of her husband, who somehow, notwithstanding, cannot appreciate the piety that produces a dirty kitchen or leaves his shirt without buttons. Meantime while he soulds, if he does such a thing, Mary consols herself that she has chosen the good part, which shall not be taken from her.—The darling pharisee!

The particular garments of phariseism are woven from the shreds and patches, the odds and pickings of religion, with wicked feelings and bad motives. Out of this are cut the Phylacteries, on which are inscribed in large letters, "Holiness to the Lord," and such like scriptures, which flaunt before the dazzled eyes of the multitude, who admire the glorious robe. Who would not wear it these times when hozaans follow it? You shall have for the public exhibition all the licence of private indulgence. If you are a political tactician, for example, you need not wear the garment of abstinence except on public occasions, and then what power and influence and opportunity for the gratification of all your covetous propensities! If you are an employer the oil of piety will enable you to grind the face of the poor by a sweeter operation. If you are a shopkeeper, a sign and a sanctified demeanor, will lull the suspicion that you lie or cheat and if your evil deeds should be discovered while you lose your reputation for honesty, you are still;—are you not—"a religious man." Hold by that Sir Scoundrel, even law cannot take that from you, and public opinion is so charitable that it will allow you to keep it to cover your nakedness.

We have seen many specimens of this garment both for masculine and feminine wear, of clerical and unclerical cut, some of them for a long time rated by us as real Christian clothing. Alas! in these days of deception, when our coffee is chocky our tea mingled with weeds, and when it is rumored that everything we eat and drink is adulterated, how shall religion escape the general depravity, and how shall we be sure that we have got an honest Christian? It was much to be wished that a new system of Hermetism were invented to distinguish the genuine saint from the pharisee, and determine the true reading of our phylacteries—to determine what is the true value of solemnity, and seriousness, and even in this latter day, of wit and humor, as evidential of religious revivalism. Our critical faculty is at present sadly at fault, and the next person we meet may impress us with the idea that he is or is not a pharisee—contrary in any case to the fact.