

and macaroni, we have tens of thousands in a state of destitution; but we have ships and great factories; the Pope has no one starving; but he has not the ships or factories to show progress. The Pope has no subjects dying of want, though he has none living at the rate of one hundred thousand a year. The Pope has no subjects in mines or poor houses, although he has no great progress, and poor-law inspectors travelling in their carriages. In a word, rev. sir, the few in Italy do not show progress at the expense of the many, they do with us; the resources of the Italian states are divided among the many; it is not so with us; and religion, the next world, is in Italy put forth as the ruling principle of life; not so with us. Now the Italian governments believe that they are right; but we are every day insisting upon giving them our state of felicity in exchange for their own.

'Well, and you think—' 'I think that it is an English sin to think our state safe or Christian, and that with the instinct of iniquity, we want to share our misery. I think the devil is sagacious enough to know that if Mammon reign, Christ will be dethroned, even if he had not England and America as experiences, and hence that he will urge this country to produce in every other the same effects by the money spirit which the money spirit has produced at home.'

'In your opinion?' 'In my opinion, churches without belief, people without principle, a government depending for existence upon cheques and balances, which may become impossible in a year—'

'Beg pardon, said a gentleman, who had just entered the room in mistake.'

'Walk in, sir,' said the parson.

'Pray walk in, sir,' said Frank, 'walk in.'

'I beg your pardon, gentlemen,' said Father Tom—for it was he—advancing a pace or two 'I have had a call to a man who got suddenly ill in this house, and I turned into the coffee-room to await the servant; but I was not aware that it was occupied.'

'You are most welcome,' cried both.

'And,' Frank added, 'you will do us a favor if, when you have performed your function up stairs, you will join us for half an hour. We are Englishmen, and strangers, so that your company will be an hospitality and an advantage.'

Father Tom hesitated, but the kind looks of the travellers prevailed, and he promised to return.

(To be Continued.)

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

The Rev. Dr. Woodlock has addressed a circular to the Catholic clergy, of which the following are the principal passages:—

'Catholic University of Ireland, Dublin, Nov. 7, 1864.'

'Rev. Dear Sir—In obedience to the commands of the Bishops of Ireland, contained in the following resolutions, I beg respectfully to remind you that Sunday, the 20th instant, is the day fixed by their lordships for the Catholic University collection.'

'We unanimously agree to fix the third Sunday of November as the day on which the Catholic University collection shall be annually held in every diocese of Ireland. We also declare our willingness to permit the rector, or other duly appointed authorities, to communicate with the clergy of our dioceses with the view to the proper organisation of the collection.'

'Let us now see the manifold evil results which would follow from state education in a country like ours. First—The rising generation would lose innumerable advantages, moral and intellectual, which could be enjoyed only under the opposite system of perfectly free teaching. For instance, history (especially the history of our own much-injured country), philosophy, religion, &c. could scarcely be learned in an institution under the exclusive care of the state, and especially of a government so alien to the sentiments of our people as is the authority under which we live. Secondly, in government schools and in a government university our Catholic youth could not fail to be imbued with sentiments and opinions directly at variance with the principles of our holy faith, and with those rules of conduct which would be useful to our afflicted country. These evil results increase in proportion as we advance in the scale of education; they are least in the schools for the poor, or primary schools—they are the greater or less according to the position of the intermediate grades. The reason of this gradation is, that the studies of the masses, the teaching found in the primary schools, the subjects there explained to the pupils, are, if I may use the phrase, more material and mechanical, less intellectual; fewer principles of action are expounded, and those which are taught are personal rather than general; whereas, in a university, the youthful mind is invited to launch out into the great sea of human thought, where the least mistake in her reckoning, or a slight error in the compass that guides her, may bring irreparable ruin on herself and many others. For instance, it is, without doubt, a great inconvenience and loss to the pupils of a school when their master neglects to teach them the common rules of arithmetic—but the loss is for a few individuals only; but when a professor of political economy or of ethics does not teach his scholars, that property has its duties as well as its rights or does not explain these duties in accordance with the teachings of the Gospel, his neglect, not confined in its consequences to the students who listen to him, may lead to the extermination of hundreds of God's poor and to the depopulation of extensive districts. Thus in the primary schools, or (as they are called) the ordinary national schools, the evils of government or Protestant interference are much less than those which have brought down upon the 'model schools' the condemnation of the bishops of Ireland. And again, the evils anticipated from a like control over the Queen's Colleges by a Protestant executive and the admixture of Protestant influence in them, have caused the common Father of the faithful, as well as the Irish prelates, to declare them intrinsically dangerous to faith and morals.'

'What sad consequences, therefore, might we not anticipate if the system were complete, if the network were finished, if the remaining links were added to the chain? How soon would the state of our unhappy country become even more deplorable than it is at present, if between the common national schools and the Queen's University there were established throughout Ireland intermediate schools where the children of the middle classes, of the respectable farmers and shopkeepers, who are the bone and sinew of our Catholic country, would be educated without religion, without national spirit, without love of country! How soon would the warm Catholic feelings of the Irish people have disappeared, to make way for coldness and religious indifference, if, throughout the length and breadth of the land schools were to grow up, from which the name of Catholicity and of Ireland were to be studiously excluded? And do not say that in these schools, as in the present national schools, religion would be taught at stated times; for, whatever we

may think of this plan in primary schools, where the teaching is elementary, and, as I have said, almost mechanical, it could not be permitted for a moment amidst the activity engendered in a first-rate classical school, where the young minds of the cleverest of the rising generation are developed to the utmost, more especially, since in such a school there would almost necessarily be that admixture of Protestant and Catholic pupils, which is rarely found in the national schools. And when prelates and priests would find erected in the chief towns and cities, without their concurrence, and in defiance of protests, schools of the highest order, to serve as 'feeders for the government colleges,' how soon might they bid farewell for ever to that holy influence which the clergy has always exercised over the Catholic people of Ireland—an influence which, under God, has been the means of preserving the faith of Patrick in our old land! How soon would the happy union be severed, which has always subsisted between the pastor and his flock, if schools should rise up amongst us in which the priest might not venture to appear without a special invitation, or at stated times. How soon would those holy instincts disappear, which our fathers and mothers taught us to cherish with tenderest care—and with good reason, for they were the only treasures left us by the ruthless spoiler, a treasure, too, with which every good thing, every moral virtue came to us, the faith taught us by St. Patrick. All good things came to us together with her, and innumerable spiritual riches through her hands; for she is an infinite treasure to men, which they thus become the friends of God.' How soon would the sharp edge of simple boyhood's faith and innocence be blunted, and a generation grow up about us who would know not traditions of the past, nor value the glories of that faith. When too late we should have to weep, alas! with bitter, but fruitless tears, over our once glorious Church made desolate. The remnant of our people, which famine, and pestilence and emigration have spared, religious indifference or infidelity would take from the priest, who would be forced to cry out in the mournful language of the prophet of old, lamenting over the utter ruin of God's once chosen race—'That which the palmer-worm hath left, the locust hath eaten; and that which the locust hath left, the bruchus hath eaten; and that which the bruchus hath left, the mildew hath destroyed.'—Joel, i.

'May God preserve our dear country from such a calamity. May the immaculate Virgin, the Patroness of Ireland, and St. Patrick, our Apostle, guard us from such ruin. May they preserve us from that dreadful day when the prelates of our ancient Church would be forced to seek even for aspirants to the holy ministry in classical schools established by government, schools from which the name of Ireland, and every allusion to the Catholic Church, the most noble of God's works, would be carefully excluded.'

'And yet we are threatened with this ruin. Men who profess love for the cause of education in Ireland would fain inflict it on us. It has been said that intermediate or classical schools are wanted throughout the country to act as 'feeders to the Queen's Colleges'—to those institutions, intrinsically dangerous to faith and morals; and it has been suggested that the large endowments of the royal schools, the charter schools, and many others—some £80,000 a year or more—should be applied to the maintenance of such schools. We can easily conceive the spirit with which such intermediate schools would be conceived, the principles on which they would be founded and conducted, and especially we know that their fundamental principle would be that fundamental principle of the whole system of mixed education so often condemned by the Catholic Church—viz, the exclusion of all religions equally dangerous to concord, and good feeling, and progress (as it is called) among the professors and students; or the admixture, as equally good, of all religions. It is to make head against such dangers that the prelates have founded this University. A University is the natural completion of a system of Catholic education, which they deem it their duty to maintain as a protest against the attempt to hand over to government the education of the country. It is true this institution has not—it could not have—yet received its full development. A university must be the work of time. Half a century after its foundation Trinity College was still struggling, and it is not to be wondered that our university should still have its shortcomings to regret, and many difficulties to contend with. But if the Catholic University be not supported, the cause of Catholic education, such as it exists, and such as I have endeavored to describe, will gradually overspread our land; its evils will be brought home to your own doors. Do not say that your parish will not suffer—that no bad school will be established in it. If not in your parish, a government institution, with all its attendant evils, may spring up in the parish next to yours; or surely your neighborhood, or your diocese or your county, will not be left without a bait to lure youth from the paths of faith, and high-mindedness, and love for Ireland.'

'It remains for us, then, reverend dear sir, to warn our faithful people of the insidious attempts of the enemies of our holy faith, to declare to them the dangers by which they are surrounded, and to band them together in the cause of Catholic education. This is to be done by rallying round the Catholic University of Ireland, and protesting that we shall have no other but a system of education guided by the dictates of religion, and that Catholics must be given the right to educate their children in accordance with the principles we have received from our fathers.'

'I have the honor to remain, reverend dear sir, your faithful servant in Christ,

'BARTH. WOODLOCK, Rector.'

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Lord Bishop of Kerry, accompanied by the Right Hon. Viscount Castlereagh, proceeded to Fries, lately, to select a site for a Catholic church, which is much wanted in that parish. They have pitched upon a very suitable situation, not far from where the present chapel stands. We learn that Mr. McDonnell has gone to open the foundation for the building, which will be about 120 feet long and 60 feet broad. It will be tripartite in plan, and will have a semi-circular apse. There are to be three altars, of which the middle one will be raised; the porches are to be lateral, and the tower and spire, at the western end, will be over 100 feet in height. It is to be very solidly built, and the contractor is Mr. George McDonnell, who has so successfully completed the justly admired church of the Holy Cross, Kenmare.—Tralee Chronicle.

A New Association.—A meeting of the friends and patrons of St. Brigid's Orphanage, presided over by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Connell, held on Wednesday last in St. Kevin's Chapel, Marlborough-street, was remarkable chiefly for the spirit of determined hostility to the Church Establishment which characterized the addresses delivered on the occasion. The principal speaker was Mr. Alderman J. B. Dillon, whose vehement denunciation of the Church Establishment, enormity, was warmly and unanimously applauded by an assembly which embraced many dignitaries of the Catholic Church, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and a number of gentlemen, lay and clerical, whose patriotism hitherto has been remarkable chiefly for the mildness of its utterances. A resolution submitted by Mr. Dillon, and enforced by a speech of unusual power, to the effect that 'all the proselyting institutions in this country are fostered and almost entirely carried on by Protestant ministers,' was recommended the abolition of the Church Establishment in Ireland as a sovereign remedy for the evils of pro-

lytism, was carried with acclamation. We must say that we are rejoiced that the sentiment of the country regarding this monstrous grievance has, at last found bold expression, and we are still more rejoiced to learn that an effort will soon be made to bring the force of the people of Ireland to bear on this question.'

Having so repeatedly made the strange submission to this Church abomination on the part of the influential portion of the Catholic community a matter of reproach and complaint, we deem it to be our duty now promptly to declare that any honest movement for the overthrow of the Establishment shall have our cordial support. Saying this, however, we wish to be distinctly understood that we will recognize no movement as honest, or deserving of support which is not based upon the Voluntary Principle pure and simple. By the Voluntary Principle we mean the cessation of all endowments for religious purposes in Ireland;—the abolition of the Protestant Church Temporalities; abolition of the Regium Donum; abolition of the Maynooth Grant. By the Voluntary Principle in action, we mean the Protestant inhabitants of Ireland educating and supporting the ministers of the Protestant Church in Ireland; the Presbyterian inhabitants educating and supporting the ministers of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland; and the Catholic people of Ireland educating and supporting the Catholic clergy of Ireland. Will Dr. Cullen accept our principle? If not, we tell him, with profound respect, that we cannot recognize in him a practical enemy of the Church Establishment. Will the Lord Mayor, will Alderman Dillon, accept our principle? If not, we tell them that their projected association will prove a failure. This is a question of principle, and if the Church Establishment be not fought upon principle, let it not be fought at all. Heinous as is the atrocity of a Church Establishment, we have no right to lay hand upon it unless we resolve to surrender Maynooth in the event of the Establishment being overthrown.

That there is now in course of formation an Association whose specific objects shall be the overthrow of the Church Establishment, and the reform of the Land Code, is we presume, generally understood. Of the means by which this Association proposes to operate, of the men by whom it will be conducted, we are not as yet distinctly informed—all that we do know with certainty is, that a requisition to the Lord Mayor to convene an aggregate meeting for the purpose of founding such an Association is now in course of signature. We hail the movement as a symptom of awakening life, and shall support such an Association in every righteous effort it may make for the attainment of the above-named objects.—Dublin Irishman.

The Archbishop of Dublin has issued a Pastoral to the clergy of his diocese regarding the annual collection for the Catholic University, which is to take place on next Sunday. He says, 'We cannot conceal from ourselves that in our days the school is the battle-ground on which the fate of religion is to be decided.' The Morning News gives the alarm about an enemy still more to be dreaded than Godless education, and that is cheap literature. It is by this enemy that Ireland is to be at length conquered. The products of the English printing presses, the writer observes, like the products of the English looms, will force themselves everywhere, and sweep away all competition wherever the English is the popular tongue. In this literary and intellectual competition the strong will beat the weak. In this struggle it is as if ten men strove to keep at bay ten hundred.'

'The flood of cheap gutter literature has in many districts almost totally swept away the native press. The number of these publications sold weekly in Ireland quintuples that of all the Irish press, Catholic and Protestant. Of one cheap and nasty London weekly journal one Dublin publisher sells weekly over 5,000. Of the myriad other London publications of like nature probably 38,000 or 40,000 are retailed weekly in this one city alone. In the provinces the same state of things prevails.'

In some of these publications so eagerly read by Catholics their religion is spoken of as idolatry, and the Virgin Mary is called a 'goddess,' &c.

A correspondent of the Nation thus writes on this subject:—

'Listen again, premeditated Irish reader—you will find these fingerboards of Satan on the table of the Catholic landholder or shopkeeper, on the bench of the artisan, and in the cabin of the peasant—you will find Irish youths and maidens familiar with the secrets of the darkest of crimes, familiar with the names of the writers of these periodicals;—while their own history, ballads, music, &c., &c., are as much unknown to them as the Malay or native of Tahiti. 'Dirnie's Land,' and 'The Captain with the Whiskers,' are the melodies of the greater number of Irish people of our times. Alas, that it should be so. Add to these specimens the portraits of brigands, Mormons, poisoners, and you have a faint idea of Reynolds's Miscellany, which glares from every bookseller's window throughout the land. Aye, and I have seen it bought by persons who dine with bishops and priests, and who would feel very much annoyed if you doubted their religion and virtue. Begging their pardon, I take the liberty of doubting both one and the other.'

THE WOMEN OF IRELAND.—Every true woman is at heart a patriot. Some one has said an irreligious woman is a monster. And making due allowance for the influences by which she may be surrounded, we should almost say the same of an unpatriotic woman. Those who are unpatriotic are so either from ignorance or against the grain. They either know nothing of their country, or do violence to their own womanly natures, who do not love her. The woman who knows nothing of her country needs but to be taught to make her a patriot. The woman who knows her country and despises, or affects to despise her, is sure to be influenced by some unworthy motive—a desire to be thought 'genteel,' or to make a 'conquest' of some creature who pronounces patriotism low. There are others who, from their cradle, have had their minds poisoned by foul libels on the land of their birth. These are incurable; except when extraordinary strength of intellect may enable them to see the truth through the mist of prejudice in which they are enveloped, or a true man's love lifts them above it into the sunlight. These remarks will apply to the women of almost every country; but they are peculiarly applicable to the daughters of an oppressed nation like Ireland. And it is in the hearts of the daughters of an oppressed nation that the virtue of patriotism glows purest and brightest. Woman was made to sympathise with suffering. Her feelings impel her to the side of the wronged. Hence, in the history of every popular struggle, we find female heroism and devotion lending brighter radiance to victory, or shedding luster upon defeat. And of such heroism or devotion Irish history is not barren. The women who rushed into the red tide of battle at Limerick, and those who stood at the gallows' foot in '98 calling to their sons to die like men, were as true heroines as any whom history has embalmed since the blood spilt from the headless trunk of Holofernes.—Irish People.

Mr. Arthur Jeffrey, a superannuated Excise officer, residing in Dublin, shot himself on Tuesday morning. He lingered in great suffering till the next day, when he expired. The coroner's jury agreed that he committed the crime while laboring under temporary insanity. He had been addicted to the excessive drinking of ardent spirits.

The Armagh Guardian says:—Mr. George Hobson, of Ballygannagh, county Armagh, recently sold to Mr. Michael Reilly, in our market, the produce of six bushel of flaxseed, grown on three English acres, 35 stones to each bushel at 10s. 4jd per stone. The produce of the three acres realized above one hundred guineas.

THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER IN NEWRY.—We have not heard that in London or any other English city the 5th of November—the anniversary of what is called the Gunpowder Plot—was celebrated in any form. Perhaps they may have got tired of the bigotry which induced them to charge a vast community of Catholics with an imaginary crime, and that in the presence of the growing power of Catholicity in England, they feel ashamed to personate Guy Fawkes in their public streets. This, however, was not the case in Newry, for a number of queer characters gathered in that lonesome den, called the Orange Hall, on Friday evening last, to eat and drink, and then talk, and utter things which no man of sense would listen to. That queer character, Brother Ellis, Orievue House, District Master, occupied the chair, and after telling the 'brethren' that many of their 'great guns' were absent, he called on the Rev. T. B. Swanzey to give them 'some jaw.' Mr. Swanzey, on obeying the call, was cheered most vociferously by the 'enlightened' audience. He then commenced to spin a 'long yarn' about St. Patrick being a Protestant.—a matter hard to prove, for he was not married, and he said mass—and came from Rome, a place in which Protestantism is not witnessed. But Mr. Swanzey went on from that topic to others, and dwelt on the exploits of the murderer of Gloucester, and his arrival in England to succor the Protestants. There was not much loyalty in Protestantism then, for it invited a foreigner to come over from Holland and banish the lawful King!

'This,' said Mr. Swanzey 'is what is termed the great revolution, which placed upon a noble footing our glorious constitution.' 'Noble footing,' indeed! It was a footing formed of treason to the lawful king, and violence of the worst description. And the Orangemen would act in the same way to-morrow, if they did not hope once more to be put in a position to commit plunder and violence. They are an unruly crew; full of deceit, and treachery, and they will be loyal to no one except the man who will give them license to rob and oppress their neighbors.'

Having commenced in fraud, treason and rebellion it is no wonder that the 'glorious revolution' has produced such crimes. The wickedness it engendered in England in persecution of Catholics, and the infamy it begot in Ireland cannot find a parallel. In this country it offered rewards to the son if he betrayed his father; it caused Parsons and others to preach that no faith should be kept with Catholics; and that the Treaty of Limerick should be broken; and its plunder by means of the Protestant Church and other agencies, proved a terrible curse to Irishmen.

And this is the event that Mr. Swanzey eulogised in Newry on Friday evening! Is it not strange that he would not feel ashamed of his conduct? Is it not surprising that a man claiming the title of a minister of the Gospel, would stand up in Newry Orange Hall, and praise an event that has been a curse to this empire? But instead of having any feelings of this nature he had the effrontery to say that the assemblage was meant as an insult to their 'Roman Catholic brethren.' What else was it but an insult—a gross and palpable insult? If that was not the object of the Orange gathering, what brought it there? Could they not dine in their own homes, and refrain from assembling in the face of their 'Roman Catholic brethren'?

Mr. Harpur stood up when Mr. Swanzey sat down, and began to harp away on his Orange instrument. He regretted the glories of the past, 'when Orangemen could do what they pleased,' but now 'if a Protestant kicked an old tin can in the street he would be put into a goal for beating a drum.' What a splendid harper this is, when he entertains such ideas! It is evident that he would like to play 'Croppies lie down,' and 'We'll kick the Pope before us.' 'Tunes like these are what this harping 'brother' would delight to hear sounding, for he appears to regard no one's feelings but his own. It is time, we think, to muzzle these characters; and if Brother Ellis could only learn a little common sense, he would, at his advanced age, abandon such persons. Orangemen is a bloodstained and disgraceful system and he is a bad Irishman, and a disloyal person, who would defend such an unholy cause.—Dundalk Democrat.

A strange and unexpected commentary on the late riots in Belfast has appeared in an organ which we should have thought the last to publish an imputation on the Presbyterians of Ulster. Most of our readers must have heard of the Banner a journal pledged to the cause of non episcopacy, and rejoicing in the patronage of the heads of the Scotch Church. This paper notwithstanding the antecedents and connections, gave to light, during the past week, a letter that serves to make the origin of the Belfast riots—if, indeed, it was ever intelligible—at once plain and distinct. The public are used to repudiations from the side which pretends to be injured. In the event of a disturbance we are certain to find half a dozen martyrs rushing suddenly upon the scene, and exhibiting their wounds and gashes for the edification and commiseration of those to whom they directly appeal. But, it is a rare sight when the triumphant party sends forward a representative to proclaim its own cowardice, treachery and brutality. Novel as is this spectacle, one can realise it to-day. The Rev. Isaac Nelson is one of the most erudite, consistent and laborious ministers of the Scotch Church in Ireland. No one doubts his unquestionable accomplishments, his merits as a preacher, his integrity as a member of the Communion for which Knox thundered and the Caledonians rose in religious revolt. His lauds are to be seen in Sandy-row, Belfast. They are the worst Orangemen that notorious district, which comprises within its bounds the scum and offscourings of the greatest and most prosperous city in the North of Ireland. That Dr. Nelson stands well with his congregation we have reason to know. To him he represents personally the ulterior light of Presbyterianism—a priest and champion. They must have eined exceedingly when their pastor is obliged to turn round and rebuke them in words for which we can discover no synonyms, and which accordingly, must be left to their own unadorned fidelity. Speaking of the fippancy indulged in the Presbyterian pulpit, Dr. Nelson says:—'If our Presbyterian ministers, like their fathers, espouse the cause of civil liberty and social progress they would deserve respect, but by pandering to the worst passions of the multitude they have earned for themselves in Belfast at least, the disapprobation of all intelligent men. Striving with each other for those few situations which the State has at its disposal, or stooping to the lowest professional servility, they have worshipped mercenary success as a mountain is honored for containing gold in its veins. It has thus become utterly impossible that the great truths which equalise, by placing us all alike at the footstool of heavenly mercy, can be understood and taught by persons fond of flaunting in the face of others, some emblems of religious difference or fancied superiority.' Here in a few words, the position and the ambition of the men who yearly instigate the riots is unpretendingly described. Instead of an independent, priesthood living amongst the people, ministering to their wants and teaching them the charitable obligations of citizenship, we have an army of blatant and abused missionaries caring little for the welfare of their flocks, caring less for the welfare of those outside them, anxious, as any risk, to develop their peculiar opinions in the shape of broken heads and husbandless heartless wives. Dr. Nelson looks upon this as a scandal and a humiliation. He thinks, very honestly and very conscientiously, that if the Catholics are ever to be converted to the State Church, the best example of the benefits of the persuasion ought to be set by those who are the recognised heads and leaders of the Presbyterian Church. Presbyterianism may be blessed with a sort of happiness, to which so-called Romanists are blind or apathetic. Yet before these 'idolaters' abandon one form of belief for another they have a right to ask what advan-

tages shall remain from the change. On this head Dr. Nelson is anything but sanguine. He tells us that amongst the prominent vices of the body to which he belongs are intolerance, hatred of Catholics, hatred of Ireland, and an overbearing desire on the part of the clergy to increase their 'degrading stipend.' Catholics, at last may feel assured that whatever virtues Presbyterianism lacks it can boast of the quality of combativeness. Ministers hard up for popularity, and accordingly 'pushed' to extremes by limited incomes sport with the worst passions of their miserable followers. Whosoever is lucky enough to set Catholics and Protestants at each other's throats, provided the latter have the best of the encounter, is certain to become a thriving and progressive man. Old hands, whose lives have been spent in encouraging this demonic rivalry of classes, abuse peace in their last days, and thirst for the excitement—murders and bullets—which sustained and animated the gay days of youth. Dr. Nelson, no prejudiced spectator of the contest, always liable to be forced on Ulster by the bigotry and ignorance of its Presbyterian bodies, relates his own experience of those Satanic workings in these words:—'Immediately after a time of professed revival, I have seen Roman Catholics driven from their homes to fields and hedges, chased for their lives by neighbors armed with hatchets, bayonets, spears, and guns. I have watched the highway for three days kept possession of by an armed mob of Presbyterians, some of whom had been visited by the Revival of 1856, and every Roman Catholic passer-by would not insult himself by cursing his own religion left bloody and wounded. Every one with whom I conversed, and of whom I was an ashamed, called himself a Presbyterian. The only thing for which I thank them was the exquisite luxury they afforded me and my only brother of guarding during a long, long night of August last, the startled and affrighted slumber of twelve Roman Catholics, over whom we watched, to save their lives from Presbyterian violence.' In the presence of these disinterested admissions the holding of a commission to inquire into the origin of the late disturbances is simply unnecessary. We now know, to the full extent of all human certainty, that the Orangemen look upon the riots as a yearly saturnalia of which they will not consent to be deprived so long as their religious leaders hold murder in esteem and the Government winks at its perpetration.—London Universal News, Nov. 19.

THE BELFAST COMMISSION.—For the last few days a Commission has been sitting in Belfast—very limited, indeed, in its scope, and without power to compel the attendance of desirable witnesses. Yet, defective as it is, it has already been productive of some good. Any one who noticed the alarm of the Orange organs, when its speeding was first mooted, might have surmised it. The Mail and the News-Letter joined together in a feeble whine of protest, but protested in vain. Not, indeed, that the Whigs were at all anxious to drag to day and punish the originators, promoters, and accessories of the murderous outrages which disonoured Belfast, but more deeply disgraced the government. The Whigs had no anxiety of the kind. Their Commission was carefully restricted from finding out truths so disagreeable. But a General Election is not far off, and the Whigs would all like to be re-elected, and, if possible, with a few additions to their number. Moreover, the civic authorities in Belfast are chiefly Tories, of the most wretched and bigot-minded type; and so, a Commission which will only take cognizance of their shameful incapacity (if not complicity) during the riots cannot but be useful in many ways to the ministerial faction, both by injuring their opponents, and by shielding themselves from serious reforms by a delusive show of action. The Commission will not take any cognizance of the cause of the riots, though that cause exists and will exist, so long as the Orange Society survives—because, perhaps, if the Commission took note of the Orange Society, it should also have to inquire how it was that this illegal society has been and is allowed to march, counter-march, beat drums, and fire shots, in presence of police and magistrates in more than one Ulster town. They should have to ask why, in the beginning of this very month, it was allowed to disturb Portadown with a demonstration, which their organs openly boast of, and to repress which government has done nothing? They should have to ask how it is that, while all this happens, and gentry and clergy boisterously stimulate Orangemen, the Ribbon Society, which sprung into existence in self-defence against Orangemen, should never appear in public, and be strongly disapproved of by Catholic priests and men of influence? Who are lovers of peace and who of riot would then be made visible, and blame could hardly avoid the Rulers who not merely connive at the existence of Orangemen, but have given it arms and ammunition. In the meantime, we have to congratulate the Catholics of Belfast on the part they have acted all through. The last tribute to the justice of their cause and their unstained character is the flight of their opponents from the public court, fearing the exposure of their iniquity.—Dublin Irishman.

DUBLIN, Nov. 15.—The Belfast Commission is denounced as a farce and a sham by the organs of what is called 'the Protestant party,' and it is stated that this party has declined to take any part in the proceedings. It was not represented by any professional man at the adjourned meeting yesterday. On the other hand, the Roman Catholic party have powerful advocacy, for in addition to Mr. Hamill, a barrister, and two or three solicitors, they have brought down Serjeant Armstrong. At the opening of the Court yesterday the learned gentleman stated that he appeared on behalf of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dorrnan Roman Catholic Bishop, as well as a large body of the Roman Catholics of Belfast. He agreed with the Commissioners in the arrangements they had made and he would offer evidence on the first branch of the inquiry, which would involve an explanation of the number of magistrates in the borough, and the available force at their disposal for the preservation of the peace.

Mr. Barry (Commissioner) further explained the course of proceedings, and said they desired to make the inquiry as large, as open, as complete, and as satisfactory as possible. The Mayor of Belfast then handed to the Commissioners a document signed by all the magistrates of Belfast except one, who was not present, and couched in the following terms:—'We, the undersigned magistrates, who took part in the suppression of the riots, beg to express our willingness to appear and give evidence before the Commission.'

Serjeant Armstrong then asked Mr. Orme, stipendiary magistrate, to come into the box and give evidence. He stated that he had been resident magistrate at Belfast for the last two years; that there were about a dozen borough magistrates, and all for the county as well. The petty sessions were held every week in a common court, for the whole town. There were about 160 men in the local police. There were also 60 constabulary; and these constituted the whole force for the preservation of the peace, in a population which by the last Census was 120,000, but which Mr. Orme thinks has increased to 140,000. There was however, a military barracks containing 500 men and a troop of cavalry. The witness then described the part he took in the proceedings: He was knocked up after the first week, having been assaulted while endeavoring to take some prisoners in Sandy-row, and he found on the 10th of August. The Mayor sailed for Fleetwood next evening, having made arrangements to go to Harrogate, when witness considered it necessary to be on the alert, and he had 500 constabulary under arms and ready for any emergency. He expressed his belief, from his knowledge of the party spirit that existed in Belfast at present, that an outbreak was likely to take place at any moment. The ordinary police force in Belfast was not fairly available for the pre-

vention of another they have a right to ask what advan-