

Mr. Daniel McGill has been unanimously elected Mayor of Sligo for the ensuing year. Alderman Crane has been elected Mayor of Wexford for the ensuing year. Mr. Gordon has been elected Mayor of Cork for the ensuing year. A third Cork Militia Regiment is to be formed. PROTESTANT PROSELYTISM.—There are few places in which it is openly announced that the peasantry must deny their faith, in order to obtain, or, perhaps, even to retain, possession of the cottage and land which is their only means of support. But in many instances, where the agent of a non-resident landlord is a zealot in the propagation of Protestantism, the thing is quite as well understood as if it were stated. One tenant after another is ejected, for one reason or another, or for no reason at all. Strangers are brought in where they can be found; or the most worthless characters of the place happen to profess themselves Protestants, and they happen to be put in possession of land and cottages to which they have no claim, except one—not avowed, but well understood by all around—that they are "Soupers." The most unpleasant part of this system is, that the landlord or agent is always liable to have his converts bring scandal upon the whole affair by turning back again with open professions of penitence, and solemn declarations that they had never known an easy conscience since their professed conversion to the dominant religion. The general experience has been, that there are no set of persons against whom more rigor is shown than against these "relapsed Papists," as the penal laws would have called them a few years ago. The spirit of those same penal laws seems to animate those who are concerned in the work of conversion in Ireland, when their converts thus confess and abjure their past hypocrisy; and yet, we all admit this to be the duty of any man who has unhappily been led to deny the faith which he all along invariably held. Instances are well known, more than one, in which, when this confession has been made on a death-bed, the widow and children of the convert have been turned out of doors as soon as he was dead—their crime being that they had allowed the priest to have access to him. Instances are equally notorious, in which the fear of this posthumous vengeance has induced the families or men who had called themselves Protestants, to refuse to send for the priest when they were lying upon their death-beds, earnestly crying out for the last Sacraments of the Catholic Church—knowing that although death might remove the husband and father out of the reach of punishment, they themselves would be left to meet it unprotected. In saying this, we do not wish to impute wanton cruelty to the local agents of the English proselytising societies. We believe that (although there are of course exceptions to the rule) they are generally without fanaticism; and that their activity in making converts, is a matter of business. They must report as many as they can, in order to draw their salaries. They know, and are ready to avow (as is witnessed by all who have had any opportunity of hearing their own account of the matter), that the few adult converts of whom they boast are wholly insincere; but they hope that those who, for secular motives, falsely profess Protestantism, will bring up their children as sincere Protestants. All this would be overturned, if the converts knew that they might return to the Catholic faith without danger of losing the price of their conversion. Hence, even against the will of those who carry on the work, is the necessity of making an example of all who do return, and of the families of those who do so on their death-beds. It is not wanton cruelty; it is as much a part of the system as it is the system of our Turkish allies to behead any Christian who, having once professed himself a Mussulman—even though it was for but an hour, and for some obviously temporary object—returns to the Christian religion. In neither case can this particular piece of intolerance be really abolished. It is but idle to demand the abolition: it is merely fraudulent to pretend to concede it. To abolish it would be to abolish Islamism in the one case and Souperism in the other.—*Cath. Standard.*

We copy—says the *Nation*—a curious prophecy current among the peasantry, and which has seriously retarded the establishment of the County Wexford Militia. A trust-worthy correspondent assures us that, by means of this prophecy, some of the people actually told him, immediately before the fall of Louis Philippe, that a new Bonaparte would soon be at the head of France; and that the same authority, at a period when our friend did not know there was an O'Donnell in Spain, predicted that a General of that name should be leader of the Spanish armies, and carry them across the sea to Ireland. A great war, it declares, is to begin in the East, in which England will lose her strength, and fall a prey to her enemies; who will come to Ireland in immense force, and, after many bloody battles, old Erin will rise again with a sceptre in her right hand. We can assure our readers this conviction is universal through Wexford; and there is scarcely an incident of any importance in the war which the people do not contend was precisely foretold. Alas! we wish Columbkille had prophesied that there was no deliverance for Ireland till her sons learned to trust in themselves alone. "Help yourselves and God will help you," is a sentence worth all Pastorini. The following is the prophecy alluded to; and which is popularly attributed to St. Columbkille:—

"It predicts that the present war is to end in an invasion of England by an uncrowned monarch of France; that the militia raised is to be called on to go over to assist in the defence of England, and that refusing, the whole force is to be brought to the Curragh of Kildare, and there finally refusing, are to be massacred in cold blood." This general belief may appear strange, yet is generally received by the peasantry, and now by many others. We have heard more than one Catholic clergyman insist upon motives of credibility which indeed cannot be easily overturned. Various scraps of it are told by persons in different parts of this county, which, though for the most part handed down by tradition, agree pretty well on the whole. These results are now almost universally expected by the peasantry of Wexford:—"That at the end of this war England is to be invaded by Napoleon; that the Irish militia refusing to go to defend England are to be shot down; that the most gallant impression will be resorted to. That England is to be subdued and revolutionised by France. That Ireland, after much bloodshed, will become united, and be relieved by a Spanish army under a Spanish Prince and General O'Donnell; and by a Sardinian army under a Prince of Sardinia."—*Wexford People.*

"No Irish Need Apply."—A few years, nay but a few months ago, this was the language in which poor Paddy was addressed, by his neighbors across the Channel. Times are changed however. Men are now badly wanted; and it does not seem that the recruiting sergeant has received instructions to refuse even the Irishman, should the latter "apply" for the shilling. The *Nation* has some stanzas on this subject, from which we extract:—

"Come, Sergeant, toss your liquor off,
And we will call for more;
Our harvest makes us rich enough
This year to pay your score.
Come, finish friend, and fill again,
We'll have a jolly chat
About the service—lack of men—
Enlistment—and all that—
Your England holds us wondrous dear
When for her cause we die;
'Tis when we seek to live we hear
'No Irish need apply.'

Hark you! I speak below my breath,
But treasure what I say;
Our taste for being stabbed to death
Has, somehow, passed away.
To rush to glorious foreign graves,
Beneath great England's yoke—
Who fights for Freedom with her Slaves,
Looks slightly like a joke.
And sure we mourn the War's demand
Outnumbers the supply;
But, friend, your text has filled the land—
'No Irish need apply.'

Yet, of some lord, of place and purse,
Proclaims to great and small
That England, since the Union's curse,
Gives equal rights to all—
That just John Bull would rather die
Than grasp the lion's share;
That Celto-Saxon amity
Is perfect—to a hair.
The mart is closed—the artisan,
A beggar, hears the cry
From every bloated Saxon man—
'No Irish need apply.'

Yes, few will swear your soldier's vow,
Or cross the wintry foam;
In fact, we need recruits, just now,
A little nearer home,
To guard our church, our hearths, and land,
All helpless as they are.
From Russian hoes you understand—
And the terrific Czar!
When England's weak, they say, we'll find
Our opportunity;
Till then we'll bear her rule in mind—
'No Irish need apply.'

Come, man, dash off one glass the more,
And cheer up, while I tell
What luck upon your English shore
My dearest friends befall;
A brother once was known to range
Your towns with weary tread,
In patient efforts to exchange
His labor for his bread.
And when, in want and wild despair,
He laid him down to die,
The last kind words that soothed him were—
'No Irish need apply.'

And once, in our blank days of woe,
A sister crossed the sea,
To seek for service—as you know,
But all as hopelessly.
For while through London's streets the breath
Of Winter passed in storm;
While famine, death, and worse than death
Prowled near her wailing form—
'Heavens!' cried each British matron then,
'She'd make my house a sty,
'Go, slut, and read the *Times* again—
'No Irish need apply.'

Well, well! those bitter days are passed;
Time still the truth will strip;
And England speaks our worth at last
From your enlisting lip.
Aye, while her armies tempt disgrace,
Her fleets are tempest strown,
And Russian cannon shakes the base
Of her blood-fouling throne,
The tyrant tongue has changed the song,
And lisps—as sweet as pie,
'Oh, balmy serfs, we've cursed so long,
Why will you not apply?'

And shall we now, while England bleeds
In retribution slow,
Yield hands and hearts that Ireland needs,
As carrion to the foe—
Fill fuller yet the trenches dammed
With Celtic blood this hour—
Leave hearth, home, love, life, Native Land,
To buttress Britain's power!—
Put up the shilling; we in sooth,
Though slaves, good Sergeant Sly,
This time retort the rigid truth—
No English need apply.
No English need apply.
We swear to Heaven on high,
By Russia's Czar, and Ireland's Star,
No English need apply."

THE IRISH SOLDIERS.—Most of the private soldiers who have signally distinguished themselves in the present war are Irishmen.—Private Flaherty, who made himself master of the Turkish language in so short a time at Varna, and was appointed interpreter by Sir George Brown; Corporal Sullivan (95th) the first to plant the British standard on the Heights of Alma, in the act of doing which he fell, pierced by Russian bullets; Hannan, of the Rifles, who engaged a gigantic Russian in single combat, by whom he was on the point of being poignarded when Hannan's comrade shot him dead; Sergeant Sullivan, specially named in the despatch of Sir De Laoy Evans as having distinguished himself by his bravery in the conflict in which the 2nd division defeated a Russian sortie; and Hoolahan of the 88th, who (as stated by the correspondent of the *Times*) carried Lieutenant Crosse of that regiment in his arms out of the battle, after shooting one, and bayoneting the second of two Russians who were about to murder Mr. Crosse as he lay wounded. Honor to our brave countrymen! To these we must not forget to add private Patrick McGrath (or McGuire) of the 33rd, who received a present of £5

from the commander-in-chief for rescuing himself from two Russians, by whom he had been made prisoner, and who sent the money on the spot to his aged mother.—*Irish Paper.*

AUCTION OF BALLINASLOE WORKHOUSE.—On Tuesday last, by order of the Board of Guardians, Mr. John MacNevin commenced to sell by public auction in the Dining Hall of the workhouse a large collection of clothing materials and bedding which had become useless to the institution, in consequence of the decrease in the number of inmates. Those necessities in the shape of blankets, sheeting, ticks, and furniture, had been procured when the union was obliged to support three thousand paupers, now the number of inmates is little more than four hundred, with no likelihood of a great increase. Intimation of the auction having been widely circulated throughout the district, the peasantry of both sexes flocked in large numbers to the sale. Almost important feature in the improvement of the condition of the lower class was manifested on this occasion. Many of the bidders for blankets had themselves only a couple of years previous, slept beneath them, while recipients of union relief! Now they came forward to purchase for themselves the very blankets which covered them when they were paupers.—*Western Star.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

Sir C. Napier arrived in his flag-ship Duke of Wellington, 131, screw, Spithead, on Sunday night, and on Monday morning landed at Portsmouth from the Fire Queen, steam yacht, which had been sent out to Spithead to bring him on shore. He landed at ten minutes past nine, when he was met by several of his personal friends. Victoria Pier was decorated with a large number of flags and banners, in honor of the occasion, and a number of people assembled to see Sir C. Napier on his return to England. He appeared in very good health and spirits, the only alteration in him since he left this port in the spring being a weakness in his legs. This, in a great measure, however, may be attributed to confinement on board ship and consequent want of exercise.

THE EDINBURGH MILITIA.—The officers of the 1st or Highland Regiment, Edinburgh local Militia, have made an offer to Government of re-embodiment a regiment of Highlanders, as Edinburgh volunteers, or local militia, to take such duty as may be assigned to them in the present emergency. The regiment above referred to, when embodied during the last war, was the first in Scotland to volunteer for extended service, and were called on to serve accordingly.

JEWISH PATRIOTISM.—It is reported that the Jews, to manifest their patriotism and loyalty to the sovereign of these realms, and thus to prove themselves worthy of the honor they seek (to be admitted into the Legislature of the country,) have determined at the present crisis to raise a regiment of their co-religionists, who are to be equipped at their own expense.—The Baron's Rothschild and Sir Moses Montefiore are at the head of this movement.

A HIGHLANDER'S JOKE.—After the gallant affair of the 25th ult., when the Russians came with a flag of truce, they asked Sir Colin Campbell what the people with the petticoats were, meaning the Highland Brigade, and he told them that they were the wives of the men that "told" on the grey horses—the Scots Greys.

MR. BRIGHT IN MANCHESTER.—The meeting requested by 600 Manchester citizens to express the opinion of the city on the recent letter of Mr. Bright on the war, was held on Monday, but it was a scene of confusion from first to last. A resolution was moved condemnatory of Mr. Bright's letter, and an amendment in an opposite sense was proposed. Mr. Bright, as well as the proposers and seconders, spoke but was not heard; and when a vote was called for, the mayor, who presided, could not tell on which side the preponderance of voices lay, so the meeting was dissolved.

DR. CUMMING AND THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.—We lamented the other day that while the war was bringing together France and England, it had not yet succeeded in mitigating the rancor of Protestants against Catholics. We hope we may now modify the statement. Something has been done; for Dr. Cumming has spoken, with what we are sure was genuine feeling, of the merits of a Catholic Sister of Charity. We hope the mood may last; but, as we have our misgivings on this point, we hasten to give the Doctor's language, which our readers will find elsewhere, together with the simple and beautiful letter which called it forth. The *Times*, too, seems disposed to aid the Doctor, and gives his remarks with the heading—"A precedent for Protestants." To this have the serious evils of war brought us—as the Christian Legion in the Roman army is said to have been prized when the army was perishing for thirst. It is a great rule of the providence of God, that no one can serve the Church or honor him worthily except at some personal cost. Our Catholic Religious have sacrificed much; they have left the seclusion which they so dearly loved, and for the sake of which they have incurred the hatred and calumny of their country, which knew them not—they have endured fatigue, danger, the interruption of regular habits, endeared to them by years of retirement—they have incurred the risk, and for all we yet know, perhaps the reality, of death. But even in this world it has not been in vain; for they have already, in a degree, made their country know and feel what they are. The English people would never have hated and reviled them, had they only known them—they know them still very superficially; but they do know them a little, and even that little has told. Only a year ago an attack upon the Nuns was one of the surest roads to popularity in England; and now we see an English Government employing them, and Dr. Cumming and the *Times* setting them up as a model to Protestants! Thus, by that power of truth which in the end will always triumph over misrepresentation, the Catholic religion stands up and shows itself as it is: not by acts which the whole must behold, and which cannot be ignored or misconstrued. Thus the Church heaps coals of fire upon the heads of her enemies, returning them good for evil, but compelling them at the same time to admit the falsehood of their own calumnies, and thus, obeying a "Divine trusting in." Dr. Cumming, the popular traducer of Catholicity, who has, perhaps, made more capital of the No Popery cry than any one else, is obliged, from the very pulpit from which he has fulminated his calumnies, to declare the gentleness and holiness of the Church; and to show, by the example of a "Romish Nun," the beauty of religion in its fullness.

SUNDAY DRINKING IN SCOTLAND.—The number of persons drunk on Sunday is as large as before the passing of the new law. The cause is just the same as elsewhere; people supply themselves on the Saturday night; and if the evil has been checked by shutting the dram shops on Sunday, it has increased a far worse species—viz., fireside drinking.—*Perth Advertiser.*

A Christening party (says the *Gateshead Observer*) marched over, one morning, from a church in Newcastle to a gin-shop, baby and all. A South-Durham correspondent writes us, that in his neighborhood a wedding party not uncommonly quits the church for the alehouse, where the bachelors "pay the shot." In one village, Barnard Castle Market-day is commonly chosen as "the happy day," and away go bride, bridegroom and friends to Barney Cassell, to commence the honeymoon. Furthermore, a rural parish clerk informs our friend that he is not infrequently invited, after a funeral, to go and have a glass at the public-house. He adds—"I have heard of a corpse being left at the door while the mourners went into an inn to have something to drink."

ELOQUENCE.—The following is extracted from a bill of sale of furniture, by an auctioneer of Keighley:—"Kitchen and scullery utensils, colinary apparatus, to which may be added all the essential articles of kitchen drudgery and every subordinate accompaniment of physical civilization. To parties waiting for a desirable investment of capital, to others whose domestic requirements are incomplete, to the young whose matrimonial appointments have been conducted in haste, and to those whose betrothals are about to receive ecclesiastical consummation, the above event will prove a dispensation rarely witnessed in ancient or modern times."

THE YOUNG BRITISH OFFICERS.—Previous to the war, luxury and indulgence appeared to have reached a point the most extravagant. Young men and elderly men seemed to vie with one another in providing means of inordinate self-gratification. The club houses of the metropolis became joint-stock palaces or refined and elaborate luxuriansness. It, on the Derby-day, or Oak's day of 1853, one had walked into St. James St., about 11 o'clock in the morning, there were to be seen the young men of fashion with their admirably appointed carriages, preparing for the sports of the day, and most of them with blue veils tied around their hats, intended to be used as guards for their complexion, when encountering the sun and dust of the road. If one walked on to the Army and Navy Club-house, in Pall-Mall, the most preposterously luxurious of all the palaces in that neighborhood, there were other similar groups. Among all these young men, though in the dress of civilians, were officers of the regiments which have been performing astonishing feats of valor! These young men, are the same who have lain in their tents upon the heights above Sebastopol, scarcely sheltered from the cold-damps of a November night, and have started with alacrity at the first sound of the trumpet and drum, to lead their men into the most terrible conflicts that ever soldiers were engaged in.—*London paper.*

FATHER GAVAZZI COMING AGAIN.—It is announced, on what seems to be good authority, that this gentleman, who has been very improperly styled, by his professed admirers, "the second Luther," is about again to make a lecturing tour through this country. We incline to think that Mr. Gavazzi will not make quite so successful a tour as on his former visit, although it is true the country is large and there are many sections which he did not then visit. The wider the field occupied however, the greater the expenditures for travel and the heavier the loss of time, and as the reverend gentleman lectures for a living, and depends upon the dollars and cents netted by his course, and not upon the magnitude and excitement of his auditory, he will find a most unwelcome difference between being stationary in a large city, most of the time hospitably entertained, and searching through the country for audiences. The public excitement which his lectures first produced in England was cooled down during his temporary absence in this country, and he appears, judging from the English papers, to have excited but little attention since his return. It is possible that this may have something to do with his second visit to the United States. Be that as it may, we do not hesitate to express our regret at seeing this announcement. Mr. Gavazzi's mission is no message of brotherhood and love, but the reverse. The truth on this point was spoken in these columns during the height of his popularity, when crowded audiences hung upon his lips, and the more ultra of his admirers held that to suspect the speaker's motive, denounced the vindictive violence of his harangues, or to deny that men gained any real knowledge from his discourses, was anti-Protestant and heretical, if not indeed unpatriotic and unphilanthropic. Our views were again expressed a short time before his departure, when the people were becoming wearied of the excitement, and his addresses were delivered in a hall that echoed from its emptiness of a numerically respectable auditory. It is scarcely necessary to repeat them now, for on his arrival we expect he will find that in this city the spasm of that passing humor is over, and that ranting, raving, riot-provoking harangues of that sort are now quite out of the fashion. But though we believe Father Gavazzi's present reception in New York and other cities will be very different from that given to him on his first visit, because the "sober second thought" has had time to exert its influence, we suppose there are many who will openly and secretly aid his purpose of stirring deeply the waters of religious contention. We ask these to consider just two or three observations. The man who has for the best part of his life been a willing participator in transactions which he now bitterly assails, is not the most reliable guide after truth; nor is he rightly entitled to confidence, under this sudden change of conduct, unless he brings forward indubitable evidence of his sincerity by charity, meekness, temperance of language, distrust of himself because of his having been so long deceived, and general modesty of demeanor. He would be still more worthy of confidence, if he could show that from the first doubt, to his final conviction of duty, he had been submissive to the authority which he recognized, that his "soul had been engrossed by the religious bearings of his circumstances," and that in illustration of the sincerity of his devotion to his new faith, he had patiently endured affliction, persecution and wrong for conscience sake.