

The Dublin *Irishman* cannot understand what induced Mr. Bright to go out of his way to attack Mr. Pope Hennessy.

Can any one comprehend it? The only solution that occurs to us is that Mr. Hennessy, has very imprudently ventured to utter one or two unpleasant truths concerning certain 'Whig' officials under the late regime—has with contemptuous candour avowed that Judge Keogh was not his highest ideal of what a Judge ought to be; nor his elevation to the bench the best panacea for the ills of Ireland. He has lately taken occasion in England to lay the case of the State prisoners before the Social Science Congress and has received their ideas upon the matter—ideas not at all flattering to the two Irish judges who tried them, nor to the officials who conducted the prosecution either. He has not hesitated, either, in his Wexford canvass to comment upon them, in somewhat sarcastic terms. Now could human nature stand this? Surely, it was bad enough to act in this way in England, but to invade Ireland—where so lately 'we' were absolute—and to go on in this alarmingly free and easy way is certainly intolerable. If we could only snap him up and drop him into a coal cell for a while, there would be some comfort in life worth living for—but, alas, the mighty are indeed fallen! However, suppose some ingenious mind suggested that the case could be plausibly set forth for Mr. Bright's consideration? Of course, nothing was said of all these more or less paltry personal things, which, perhaps, that square-minded Quaker might not sympathize with; but the cause could be so stated that it would become quite evident that it was due to the Irish Liberals—who had suffered so much—who had tolerated so long—who had suffered so few rewards—due to them that Mr. Bright would lead the might of his arm to floor Mr. Pope Hennessy, the hardy and audacious invader. Of course, all this is mere supposition, and it is quite possible that no one whispered a word in Mr. Bright's ear, setting forth the special antagonism between Mr. Hennessy and Mr. Bright; but then the words of the latter require some other reason to be shown for them, as decidedly they did not rise out of the occasion.

Mr. Hennessy has replied to the allusion made about him, and replied with great success: he has shown that if he has been great upon the subject of Poland, he has not shirked his duty to his own country. Again and again and again he has pleaded his cause, supported measures intended to benefit her, and divided the House against projects which he felt would prove injurious to her. We are not concerned with his retort upon Mr. Bright; we admit it was justifiable under the circumstances, for it was provoked; but we think it not necessary for us to go into that subject here. It is probably well for Mr. Hennessy that the hostile allusion was made, for it has given him an opening for showing what his labours have been, and many an older member has less to show both as to labour and to success in his work.—*Dundalk Irishman*.

We think it is an outrage on common sense for any man, be his creed or politics what it may, to stand up in the face of the public, and deny the right of the Catholic University to a charter. Nay, we go farther and say that it is dishonest, and an insult to the Catholics of Ireland, to refuse it an ample endowment from the public funds. Why should provision be made at the public expense for educating Protestants and Presbyterians and the same thing denied to the Catholic millions? Are not the Catholics entitled to the same privileges as Protestants? Has not a Catholic a right to enter parliament, to be a judge, a juror, a lawyer? Is he not called upon to pay taxes, and contribute to the revenues of the state? And does the Protestant do anything more? We assert, then, that if the Catholics have duties to discharge they have rights to enjoy; and if the Protestant has a University with a charter to confer honors, and a large endowment to pay all the expenses of education surely the Catholic ought to be put in possession of the same privileges, and it is a monstrous wrong to deny them to him. We have no fear that these rights will not be yielded, for no man can defend the withholding of a charter from the Catholic University. That such an institution is very much needed, is forcibly proved by the letter of Dr. Woodcock. Even Protestants should be amongst its warmest advocates; for if the mixed system be continued, infidelity will certainly spread amongst what are called by some 'the higher classes,' and the little grain of faith the Protestants possess will vanish. It is the separate system that will banish this wicked spirit of infidelity. And the Catholic Church in this country will never sanction any other. It has condemned the mixed system again and again as 'dangerous to faith and morals,' and it will never cease waging war against it till it is utterly destroyed. The Catholic University has done great things already for Ireland, and it is the duty of the Catholics of the country to support it with true liberality, till it is endowed by the state.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

THE LATE MURDER IN THE COUNTY MONAGHAN.—The adjourned inquiry into the circumstances touching the death of Patrick W. Smyth was resumed this morning before Charles E. Waddell, Esq., District Coroner. The prisoners Patrick Murphy and Peter Connolly were brought in and given in charge. Sub-constable Patrick Kearney was examined and deposed that he arrested the prisoner Connolly; he found his trousers on a vest dirty and found marks of blood on them; Murphy was the first man arrested on coming out of the room; his trousers were wet when he arrested him. Archibald Patrick Furlong having been examined, Mr. Reilly, solicitor, addressed the jury for the prisoners. At the request of several of the jury Dr. Torrey's evidence was read over.—The Coroner then addressed them and returned the following verdict:—'We find that Patrick W. Smyth came to his death on the 29th ultimo by some person or persons at present unknown.' The prisoners were then liberated.

The Foreman said that the jury were unanimous in recommending the authorities to offer a reward for apprehension of the murderer.

The Protestant Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Trench) has got into bad odour with the Irish Evangelicals on Sunday he was to preach at St. Mark's Church, Dublin, but hardly had he given out his text—a very harmless one—were some hundred persons rose in a body and left the church, as a protest against his Grace's supposed Tractarian views. Some of them were arrested outside for 'brawling.'

We are all aware of the hypocrisy of the Whigs, and their treachery and falsehood. They are always promising, but still they do nothing. And as to their slanders on the Catholic clergy and Catholic faith, have they ever been suppressed? No one knows this better than Gray and McKenna. They are aware of Earl Russell's 'Durham Letter,' in which he declared that the sacred ceremonies of the Catholic Church were 'monuments of superstition,' and that 'Catholicity devalued the intellect and enslaved the soul.' They know, too, that O'Connell, in 1851, said, 'he would vote against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, but if a measure were brought in to resist priestly power, he would give it his strenuous support.' This is the spirit that animates the Whigs. They have used every stratagem to make the Irish renounce their faith, and when they could not do that, they resolved to banish them from the country. We pity the intellect of the man who sees all this, and still bewails the absence of the Whigs from power. But the Grays and McKennas do not care for Ireland's welfare.—If they did, they would not support White in Tipperary. They would, in that case, have called on the electors to return a plain tenant farmer, whose heart throbb'd for the welfare of his country.—Their object is to serve themselves, and although the Tories have promised to release every well-founded grievance of which we have reason to com-

plain, they refuse to give them a trial for even one session. They say—'No, away with the Tories.'—Give us back the Whigs, for they will give people a trial. We are shocked at the apathy of our countrymen, who do not denounce such baseness as it deserves. Let them look at Father Tom O'Shea's letter, which we copy from our able contemporary, the *Wexford People*, and they will find how that clergyman speaks of the Whigs as the destroyers of our country. He knows them well. He is acquainted with the manner in which they bribed the Irish Party formed in 1852; in order to break it to pieces, and keep the farmers in misery; and he knows to the assistance of Mr. Pope Hennessy, whom he recognizes as a faithful and chivalrous Catholic Irishman.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

We are amazed at the incredible infatuation which causes the Irish people to disregard the wise warning with which the history of their native country abounds, and to join in illegal conspiracies which they must know always includes a Piece of Nagle. The only thing Fenianism can do is mischief. Should it break out into rebellion, the revolt will be crushed; the villains will again escape enriched with the price of perjury, and the honest and sincere will be shot, hanged, or condemned to the horrors of penal servitude, while the enemies of Ireland, of the Irish tenants, of the Irish race, and of the Catholic Church will regain their ascendancy, and will be armed with still greater power to oppress and persecute.—*Weekly Register*.

The police justices of Cork have sent telegraphic despatches to the authorities asking for more troops to preserve the peace of that city. The enrolment of loyal Irish in Ireland has been ordered by the Government. The Government is determined to crush out the rebellion the moment it breaks out.

WRECK OF THE CERES—LOSS OF 35 LIVES.—The Ceres screw steamer trading between London and Dublin was totally lost in a gale of Carnarvon Point on the coast of Wexford, on Saturday evening at 5 p.m. The Ceres, it is stated, left London on Wednesday, and must have encountered foul weather through the passage. Carnarvon Point is one of the wildest and least protected points on the eastern coast of Ireland. The Ceres belonged to the British and Irish Steam Packet Company, and was a considerable time in the service. The exact particulars of the wreck are not yet known, and cannot be discovered until some investigation is held.

WEXFORD, Monday. The wreck of the Ceres was a sad occurrence, and its results surpass any similar accident that had happened on this treacherous coast for many years. Up to the hour of my writing no less than thirty-five bodies have been driven ashore. Of these no fewer than ten are those of females, twenty one those of men, and four those of children. Some of them presented the most shocking appearance, being grossly mutilated, and torn and disfigured in a dreadful manner as to be almost unrecognisable. I believe the entire of the bodies found up to the present, are those of passengers, and the men engaged 'below.' It appears that the disabling of the vessel was most sudden and complete to the work of destruction it was a sudden. A few moments after it struck it was a perfect wreck, the water rolling through its every compartment; and it is conjectured that in the engineer's room the scene must have been terrific and appalling; for from what I have heard it seems that the tide rushing in there at once burst the boiler, the explosion of which must have inflicted fearful sufferings on the occupants of the engine room. Having stated much of the more prominent features of this melancholy occurrence, I may inform you more in detail. The Ceres, Captain Henson, plied between London and Dublin calling at Portsmouth, Southampton, Plymouth, and Falmouth, and touched at the last named port at eleven o'clock on Friday night, on her passage to London. Having cleared out, she passed the Lizard Light, all well, having had on board a general cargo, and about thirty passengers. At about twelve o'clock on Saturday a strong gale commenced to blow from the S.W., which continued during the day, accompanied as night closed with heavy rain. The vessel was steering in a high course seaward, to sight the Tuskar Light, but, having missed this light, she ran, at about seven o'clock on Saturday evening, upon what is known as the 'Lane of Stones,' at Carnarvon Point. A few minutes after striking her boiler burst, scalding the chief engineer and two stokers. Her stern then gave away from the engine room, allowing the sea to rush into her every compartment, unopposed, and bringing instant death to all below. An effort was then made to launch the boat, but the ship's boat was stove in self as it had well lashed the water, and the other boats were so fast on the vessel's deck that they were then left in the hope of attracting the attention of the passing ships without success, and so the unhappy people had to cling to the ships gear on the forepart until the tide receded when another, and happily a successful, effort was made to save the lives of those who remained. The Captain knew not whether the vessel had struck on the mainland or merely on a shoal, and in order to ascertain the nature of his position, a sailor was lowered down the vessel's side by means of a rope, and he fortunately succeeded in reaching the beach. The others on board were then lowered down in a similar manner and conveyed safely to shore.

The captain, his wife and child, the chief officer, second officer, boatswain, and all hands attached to the steamer have been saved, including the ship's steward and cabin boy, numbering in all about 15. A doctor, his wife and child, and three soldiers were also saved, the doctor's wife being the only woman on board who escaped. Among those drowned are ten women and four children who were in the after saloon, the captain and two seamen, of the screw steam yacht *Louisa*, who were returning to G. Rowish, by Dublin, from Portsmouth, where their yacht was laid up. The following are amongst those drowned so far as can be ascertained from passengers saved, who state that the ship's books are lost: Miss Rudledge, Monkstown; Miss Bessie Gogarty, Mrs. Clark, stewards; also the second class stewardess, name unknown; a number of soldiers on furlough, and all the vessel's stokers except one.

GREAT BRITAIN.

DR. PUSEY ON CONFESSION.—The following letter from Dr. Pusey, on confession, appears in the *Times* of Wednesday:

Sir—The candour which you have shown me on former occasions encourages me to ask you to insert some words from me upon the subject of the teaching of the 'High Church party' upon the two subjects which you dwell upon—Abolition and the Holy Eucharist. I am not going to enter upon a theological discussion, nor do I wish to appear as any defender of the Bishop of Salisbury (whose letters I therefore mention that I have not seen). He has burdens enough of his own, without that of being defended by one whose name has been made a byword.

But I wish to state two facts. First, as to the confession, no High Churchman, as far as I know, teaches or thinks that we have 'any right to enforce confession,' to demand confession and penance. Now you, sir, I suppose, would be one of the last to deny members of the Church of England the same liberty of conscience which is allowed to others.

If we, clergy or people, think that it is good for our souls to confess our sins specifically, not only to God, but also to his minister, whatever you may think of our wisdom in so doing, you will not deny us the liberty of so doing. It is not a restriction of the liberty of the people not to confess at all, or of the liberty of clergy and the people to confess their sins, if they wish it. It is no abridgement of a century since confession so much increased. It sprang not from the teaching of the clergy but from our consciences, whether clergy or people. (For I suppose that a larger proportion of the clergy have used confession than of the laity; and that no

clergyman would receive confession of others' sins, who did not also confess his own.) What was taught thirty years ago more strongly than before was the great offensiveness and ingratitude of heavy sin, and a somewhat stern doctrine of repentance. The Prayer-book, not we, taught confession, while not a word was said about absolution. The teaching followed this practice; and as it began, so it continued. The use of confession among us all—priests and people—is very large. It pervades every rank, from the peer to the artisan or the peasant. I have seen of the quarter of a century (to instance) the experience, which I must know, I have been applied to receive confessions from persons in every rank, of every age, old as well as young, in every profession, even those which you would think inaccessible to it—army, navy, medicine, law. But I must every case (I mean except some very few) which I suggested it from my knowledge of the individual) the desire came from the persons themselves. And what has been my own experience has been, as far as I have gathered it, the experience of other clergy. You may think it unwise; but you, I am sure, would not restrict our liberty of conscience, and I may say that, in the case of distressing, habitual, and very real sins of young men, they have found confession of the greatest benefit in conquering them. They have been made better members of society through it.

On the other points, however widely I differ from you, I fear, in belief, not I only, but I should think all the more thoughtful High Church clergy, would agree with you that in our common public devotions no changes should be made without the good will of the congregations. Of course mistakes have been made from time to time, for we are all fallible men together. But we are, of course, as men, too deeply interested in those whom God has, we believe, committed to our charge. It is a special interest to us not to alienate them, and if some of us have been unwise, you will, I think, bear witness that these have been the exceptions. You yourself advert to the fact that the ritualistic churches are chiefly churches in great towns, built by individual benevolence and filled by sympathetic congregations. Moreover, I trust that the experience which time brings and the very discussion of the subject will make our clergy more alive to the evil of alienating any portion of our congregations. Then, too, we are warned at our ordination that we have a special account to give at the Judgment-seat of Christ for any evil which may befall them through any fault of ours. Being, moreover, bound to the use of a fixed Liturgy, we are, in one essential respect, less free to introduce anything of our own than ministers of the Kirk of Scotland or of the different Dissenting congregations around us, where extempore prayer forms the chief part of the devotions. However, we cannot be called too often, in any way whatever, to a sense of our responsibilities, and (without having any dread myself that the Church would be weakened by being disestablished) I trust that we shall be even more careful than heretofore to win our people, for the sake of the love with which our Master loves them.

Your obedient servant,
Christ Church, Nov. 13 E. B. PUSEY.

CHRISTIAN ENGLAND.—An English Protestant clergyman gives the following interesting statistics: 'There are five millions of our fellow country people who are living in open neglect of the means of grace. If all the people in what is called Christian England, who neglected the means of grace, were to be formed into a line standing shoulder to shoulder, they would stretch over 1,450 miles, or it would make nearly four rows reaching from London to Edinburgh; and it would take eighteen weeks for them to pass a given spot, at sixty a minute, six days a week, of twelve hours each. Thus millions of this country are, to all practical purposes, heathens. In Manchester there are 150,000 who habitually absent themselves from any place of worship. In Birmingham there are 100,000 persons who never darken the door of God's house. Look also at Liverpool. There we find a public-house to every 260 of the inhabitants; and the apprehensions for crime are as one to every fifteen of the population. In Manchester there is a public-house for every 150 of the population, old and young, while there is but one sanctuary (including all sects, large and small old and new) for every 2,500 of the people. No fewer than thirty-four public houses have sacred music on the Sabbath, and thus souls are lured to perdition to the strains of the 'Hallelujah Chorus' and 'The Heavens are Telling.' In that town 150,000 of the inhabitants never enter God's house, and Sabbath after Sabbath are living in the desecration of the Lord's day. There in 'Christian England' we have a vast amount of atheism, and, what is worse, practical atheism.

MARTINS.—The most marvellous fact in the history and inquiry is the actual harmlessness of these portentous appearances, and the extremely little palpable result of any kind. A few collections in a few small rooms contain all the harvest of the heavens. Aerolites are so few that temples were merely built for their reception, and religions founded on them. Industry has collected the authenticated instances, and in no case does it appear that the least damage has been done to life or property. In the old saying, the thrones of the mountains and in one of the smallest of living things; but here Heaven shows itself in its sublimest mood, armed with its most terrible weapons, and the only results ever known have been here and there a stone or lump of metal buried in the ground. But science, which dispels so many terrors, and proves so many appearances illusory and nothing more, does not do so in this instance. Once in a human generation, and thrice in a century for in this matter man and the material universe seem strangely in accord—this earth has to encounter an immense cloud of stones revolving round the sun, in an orbit of the same size as its own, but in a contrary direction. This cloud of stones is believed to constitute a sort of ring, diffused over the whole orbit, like a gr at highway of rolling or flying stones, though not in uniform density. However, there is no escaping them, what we are, for the breadth of this highway or stream is compared to the moon's orbit, and it takes two or three consecutive years, or we should say, successive November, for the earth to enter and clear it. These stones enter our atmosphere with a velocity of forty miles a second and destroy themselves, as it were, by their own violence, for, when once arrested by our grosser air they are instantly melted and dissipated in the air. That process, however, is only possible with very small stones, as is testified by grinding for an aerolite of only a few pounds could only have its surface affected by such a momentary operation. It is quite impossible that some day the earth may have to encounter more bulky missiles, more numerous than have been; and there evidently is no limit to their size either in history or in science, for the laws which govern the movement of every body in our solar system apply equally to all sizes and all substances, from this earth to a grain of dust, from a mass of metal to a vapour. Here is a shower of missiles, of unknown weight, and inconceivable velocity, always in motion from some unknown battery, and every human generation has to run the gauntlet. Will this atmosphere of ours always prove an absolute protection, and turn off these bolts, as merit is said to do the shafts of envy and detraction? This is a question at least to be thought of.—*Times*.

BRIGHT'S NORTHMEN FOR IRELAND.—Dealing with Mr. Bright's proposal on the Irish land question, the *London Globe* pertinently asks, 'Why should we supply his scheme of State interference on behalf of the great masses of the manufacturing population in England, instead of confining it to the rural population in Ireland? Why should he not try his penance hand in this great problem, in a field with which he is well acquainted, where he himself has an

interest at stake, and where he can lead to precept the strong aid of example. Why should not the Government, with a view to regenerate the masses, compel Mr. Bright and sundry other large manufacturers to sell to it their mills and factories, and thereafter to re-sell these establishments to the workmen employed thereon, to be conducted on the excellent system of co-operative associations? We remember, exactly, five years ago, a paragraph going the round of the newspapers, of which the following are the precise words: 'The walls of Rotherham were on Tuesday extensively placarded with bills, from which the following is an extract: "We, the power-loom carpet-weavers, late in the employ of Messrs. Bright, Orouke, Shaw, are now on a strike in consequence of our employers wanting to reduce our wages one-third, or to 6d in the pound." This we consider is an injustice, inasmuch as Messrs. Bright were not giving any more for weaving carpets than any other carpet manufacturers in England and Scotland.' This shows that there are grievances among 'the people' here as well as in the sister Isle, and that it might be as well to try Mr. Bright's great project of State interference among the factories of Lancashire before experimenting with it on the land of Ireland.'

LONDON, Dec. 3.—John Bright was present at the great reform demonstration which took place in London. There were 25,000 people in the procession, in spite of a heavy rain, only a portion of whom could enter the grounds where the meeting was held. Resolutions were passed amid great enthusiasm. At the conclusion the people dispersed peacefully.

ROMANES IN REAL LIFE.—We reprint the following from a contemporary, without vouching for its accuracy.

Many years ago Sir Roger Charles Tichborne Bart., then heir to the estates of his father, the late Sir James Tichborne, of Tichborne Park, Hampshire, suddenly left England, unaccompanied by servants, and news was shortly afterwards received at home that the ship *Bella*, in which he had embarked, was wrecked off the American coast, and young Sir Roger was drowned. Since that period the father has been borne to the tomb, also his younger and last son, Sir Alfred Tichborne, at whose decease a few months ago great sorrow was expressed by all the friends of the family that no son remained to inherit the vast possessions which had descended to the family from a period long prior to the Norman conquest. Shortly after this, however, all anxiety on this subject was removed by the announcement that the widow of Sir Alfred Tichborne had given birth to a posthumous son and heir, and great were the rejoicings that ensued. For several years nothing positive has occurred to disturb the general conviction that Sir Roger was dead, though it has once or twice been rumoured that he was still alive in the colonies. About three weeks ago, however, public curiosity was again kindled by vague rumours that the missing baronet was still alive, and not only alive, but that he might be expected with his wife shortly in England, as he had taken a passage from Australia with the view of returning to claim his inheritance. This rumour has received some confirmation by the recent arrival of Australian mails, from which it would appear that either Sir Roger is really alive, or that somebody has personated him in the colonies. Thus the *Wagga Wagga Express*, of July 22, contains a circumstantial narrative of his career ever since he has left England. It seems that a rumour to which very little credulity was attached has been current in Wagga Wagga for some months past, that a British peer was quietly residing in our midst under an assumed name. It now turns out that, though not quite correct in form, it still approximated very nearly to truth. He has been known to our townsmen as 'Tom Castro,' and occupied a very humble position in life, but recent events have disclosed the fact that he is Roger Charles Tichborne, baronet, of Tichborne, eldest son and heir at law to the late Sir James Tichborne, baronet, of Tichborne Park House. To the title and estates he now succeeds together with an income of between £10,000 and £15,000 a year. A perfect history of the 'new baronet' succeeds—of his roving disposition, his shipwreck, his escape minus his goods, his dislike to American manners, his various callings and travels, till he became connected with a small business in Tumut, which he subsequently gave up, and removed to Wagga Wagga, where, in the early part of the present year, he was married. It is added that 'Sir Roger was acquainted with his father's death; but as he was much attached to his younger brother in his early childhood, and as he felt that his lengthened colonial wanderings had in a measure unfitted him for the life of an English country gentleman, he did not attempt to disturb the succession, and still continued to preserve his incognito. His brother Alfred is now dead—the strongest reason for the voluntary resignation of the patrimony is now removed. Mr. Castro has resumed his real name and taken the title which belongs to him of right, and is now about to proceed to England. Sir Roger we believe, was to have sailed by the *Kakora*, but arrived in Sydney a few hours too late. The *Goulburn Herald*, of the 25th July says:—'The mother-in-law of the new baronet is Mrs. James Pein, a Goulburn resident, and wife of a labouring man. Lady Tichborne is the daughter of Mrs. Pein's first husband, who was a plasterer named Bryan, and met his death some years ago by falling down stairs or off a ladder during the progress of the erection of a house; and the *Tumut Times* of the 27th August, gives further corroborative evidence of 'Thomas de Castro,' who 'left Tumut, and opened a butchering establishment in Wagga Wagga,' with a description of the said 'Thomas Castro,' being no less than Sir Roger Charles Tichborne! It, however, slightly differs from the preceding accounts by stating that 'not having been in communication with his family for some years, he was not aware of his good fortune.' Altogether, the affair appears to be one of the most romantic in the records of the wonderful.

YOUNG OXFORD.—The last few things at Oxford are quite astounding, even to those who thought they knew that University well. That young men will be young men is an old saying, but it is something quite new to hear that young men will be old women. The present fancy of Oxford is for vestments. Strong young men with whiskers and big arms and fat calves, men who are as fond of taking an oar or a bat in their hands, actually go in with a girlish delight for dressing themselves up in the quaintest, the richest, the most expensive ecclesiastical garments. They do not appear to trouble themselves with the inquiry whether any sect has as yet required that its lay members should habitually wear the most gorgeous and elaborate costume of the highest ecclesiastics. They simply form themselves into a holy brotherhood, and settle that the brethren shall wear something as splendid as fancy can suggest and money can buy. A loudly disregarded of economy, and we may add, of the purposes for which their parents pay for their going to college, is displayed in their arrangements for pontifical costume. The room in which one very precious set of vestments is stored is said, in the dark rumours of undergraduates, to be insured for thousands and thousands of pounds. A sort of celestial beggar goes round on behalf of a celebrated military warehouse touting for orders. A publisher has a secret and sacred corner in his shop where every information on costume can be obtained. And what is the most strange part of all is that this fancy prevails most fiercely, and is gratified most lavishly, in the college which has set itself up to be the most intellectual in Oxford—the college which considers the class-list almost its own, where the tutor are expected to be the best in Oxford, and to see their sons in which has long been thought a privilege by hundreds of anxious parents. But throughout the University there is more or less of this caricature of ritualism. Young men walk about the High-street with garments and head dresses on that give the initiated to understand that their wearers are as much priests as it is possible for

young laymen to be. And, naturally, the appropriate theology prevails also. Undergraduate after undergraduate announces that he is restored to the bosom of the true Church; and as, under the modern system, Roman Catholics are allowed to be members of many colleges, a fervent young man can go over when he pleases and yet pursue his University career. Some, however, will hesitate; and to one of these a pamphlet has lately been addressed by a professed Catholic, which is not intended to convince the vulgar, but which the writer feels sure his friend, who is neither a Protestant nor a Pantheist, will appreciate.

The University, or at least a part, large or small, of the junior members of the University, is in a temporary state of great excitement; and, as always is the case, this excitement takes various forms. Gambling on a scale previously unknown is said to have come in with this queer parody of ritualism, and epigrammatists remark that it is either mass or unlimited loo. Not that we would wish it to be understood that the Ritualists are gamblers, for it would be very unfair to say so, but the undergraduate world is feverish just now, and high play and high dressing are symptoms of the same excitement. There is not much to be feared in all this. We cannot help being very sorry for the parents whose sons are thus bewildering themselves, and wasting time and money. Their sons are getting none of the things at Oxford which they were sent to get. A man whose head is full of violet satin and gold lace cannot care much for classics or mathematics. But otherwise there will be no harm done. In a year's time we may hope undergraduates will once more care for little more than that their shooting coats shall be of an easy fit, and will once more play contentedly for six pence. If any prophecy may be safely hazarded, it is that young Englishmen will not long trouble themselves about millinery, or even about the theory on which millinery is supposed to repose. But it is somewhat disappointing and somewhat instructive to find that, at the present day, such a queer fit of nonsense is possible in some of the best colleges of an English University.—*Saturday Review*.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4th.—A special despatch from London 3rd says: It is estimated that at least 50,000 persons were in the procession which formed so imposing a feature of the reform demonstration which took place to-day. Nearly all the trade societies were out in full force and marched to the place of meeting. Forty-seven of those organized bodies together with various members of the reform league were in the line which was composed of four grand divisions under the guidance of Marshals and led by bands of music. Banners, Society insignia, &c. It was by far the largest and most important affair of the kind which has ever taken place in this country notwithstanding the very unpleasant weather. It is a fact worthy of notice that the Stars and Stripes waved above the procession in many places and was frequently and loudly cheered.—Seven stands were erected for the speakers. The stores in Pall Mall, Piccadilly and the other thoroughfares through which the procession passed were closed, and the trades-people thronged the streets.

JAMAICA.—From a special telegram in the *Daily News* we learn that the Jamaica committee have finally resolved to prosecute Mr. Eyre for the murder of Mr. Gordon, and that they have instructed their solicitor to that end.

UNITED STATES.

THE LATEST AND MOST FRANK.—An officer of the U. S. Government informs the *Petersburg Index* that the contractors employed to inter the dead bodies of soldiers in the vicinity are in the habit of dividing the bodies into four parts, so as to get quadruple pay for their work. The Government allows \$3 for each body buried, but by the unique system of the contractors they get \$32 each.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher devoted a recent sermon to the growing untruthfulness of the American people, in which after demonstrating the truth of his position by numerous evidences drawn from every day life, he expressed the belief that his countrymen were in danger of becoming 'a nation of liars.'

TRUE BILL AGAINST CONOVER.—Philadelphia, Nov. 28th.—A special despatch from Washington to the *Telegraph* says:—

'The grand jury of the criminal court have found a true bill of indictment against Sanford Conover, alias Charles O. Dumas, for perjury, in swearing before the judicial committee of the House of Representatives that certain depositions made by one Joseph A. Hoare, under the name of Wm. Campbell, and W. H. Roberts under the name of Jos. Shevill, were true. The affidavits, it will be recollected, were made before the Judge advocate, and tended to show that the assassination of the late President Lincoln was incited and procured by Jeff Davis. Subsequently, the parties making them appeared before the judicial committee, and acknowledged that the affidavits were false, and were given at the instance and procurement of Conover. The accused is still in jail, having been unsuccessful in procuring bail. He has retained Mr. H. O. Gooding, a brother of Marshal Gooding, as his counsel.

EXTRADITION CASE.—One Henry Greatrix has been arrested in New York and is undergoing examination before the U.S. Commissioner Newton, on a charge of having forged two thousand one pound notes on the Union Bank of Glasgow. Greatrix was a photographer, and has been an actor and a street preacher, having in the latter capacity created some excitement at the hanging of Dr. Pritchard the wife poisoner, by haranguing the crowd on the evil of attending executions.

It is supposed in New York that several privateers are already being fitted out to prey on British commerce the moment the anticipated troubles in Ireland begin.

A Fenian battalion 200 strong drilled at Uniontown, near Buffalo, on Sunday. The same despatch states that the arms captured from the Fenians all along the line were to be delivered on Monday.

The *New York Times* says:—Who can doubt that the greatest evils we experience in the Northern States—our corruption and public debasement, and the election of officers of trust of men of notoriously evil characters and bad morals—come from an ignorant constituency, played upon by acute and unprincipled demagogues? Universal ignorance suffrage has fairly broken down in New York city.

The following article does not speak well of the 'model state' of Massachusetts:—People who are in the habit of imagining that there is no such thing as poverty or ignorance in the 'model commonwealth' of Massachusetts, will be rather surprised to read the report which has lately been made by Mr. J. B. Ward, a Commissioner appointed by the U. S. Government to examine into the conditions of the operatives of Massachusetts. He states in the report that he had been kindly received at the different mills by the proprietors; but was sorry to state that he found a dreadful state of things existing, the condition of some of the operatives 'being quite as bad, if not worse, than formerly existed among the slaves of the South.' He speaks of the fearful immorality which pervades the community, and which, from his account, must be of the most terrible description. The bad ventilation of the mills, the long hours, and the early age at which the children are placed at the mills, their deplorable ignorance, and insufficient wages, are also alluded to in terms of the warmest censure. The report intimates that nowhere in the crowded manufacturing districts of England can be found such a picture of wretched destitution and ignorance as prevails in the manufacturing districts of Massachusetts.