

swear, he cannot, replied the bloody-minded minister: a thousand blacks are already disposed on the two ways to Mamorro; the gates of Fez are guarded; none but his own servants can have access to his palace. The toils of death are about Gonsalvo. Yet a few moments, great king, and I shall cast his bloody head at your feet."

Trembling at these horrid words, but emboldened by my zeal, I resolved to save my hero.—God himself has undoubtedly guided me through this hardy enterprise. In the few hours that remained I have provided for your flight. As I could not gain access to you, my song in our own dear language has drawn you out to me. The rest is in your hands, my lord. But, I demand, I conjure you, in the name of your country, in the name of your august father, to forget for one day, but for one day, that fearless valor which could here only prove fatal to you. Trust to my fidelity, whatever I may promise to you; no step can be improper by which you may escape these assassins. If you refuse to listen to my entreaties, if your courage urge you to meet certain death, in circumstances in which your fall could not but be useless and injurious to your brethren; begin here with shedding the few drops of blood which creep through my veins. You will thus spare me the cruel punishment those barbarians will otherwise make me suffer, and the still more painful distress of surviving you.

The hero, encouraging him, vowed to follow his advice. The old man then led him into the depth of a retired grove. There he displayed before him a turban, a Moorish dress, and an African scimitar. Pardon, said he, pardon me for offering you this disguise; but, by this only can you deceive the eyes of those demons who guard the gates. Surrounded as we are with enemies, and at the distance of three days' journey from the sea, let us not think of seeking your ship. Your servants, whose persons will be respected, when you shall be found to have made your escape, will return in that vessel to Spain. For yourself craft is necessary; and if your excited mind looks upon craft with disdain; know that I conduct you to Grenada, where you may shew Gonsalvo to both Moors and Castilians.

Even after hearing this promise, the hero hesitated. He was afraid of polluting his brow by covering it with a turban. He could not help thinking that he should be disgraced by disguising himself in the Moorish habit. Yet, being still urged by Pedro, knowing that every passage was barred up, and impatient to return to his country, he at last yielded with blushing reluctance. His long hair was concealed under the turban. He assumed the African robe, which, however, could not hide his martial air. He armed himself with the scimitar, after trying its temper, and relieving the captive of his chains, followed him out of the garden of palm-trees.

They proceeded, unknown and unobserved, to the gates of Fez, and passed through the midst of the guards. Then advancing with quickened steps, through the fields, they soon arrived on the banks of the river Subur. Gonsalvo found there a bark, moored among the reeds. The good Pedro loosened the cable; and he had previously fitted the little vessel with a strong sail, and furnished it with fresh water and provisions. A little money, which he had gathered in twenty years of slavery, had enabled him to make these preparations. The old man made Gonsalvo enter this slender bark: then laid hold himself on the rudder and the oars by turns; and felt his vigor renewed, as he beheld the hero. A gentle breeze arose to aid his efforts. The bark moved swiftly over the waters. Within twelve hours they reached the mouth of the river. They entered on the wide ocean. And as soon as they saw themselves at a distance from land, the captive, kneeling, gave thanks to the Almighty, and then, throwing himself at his master's feet, wept over them with tears of joy.

The firmament was serene, and bestudded with stars. The moon shed her silver light over the waves; Gonsalvo, seated on the prow, first derided the coasts of Spain. At the sight, he sprang up, and could not command his joy. "O, my country! O, Lara," cried he, "I shall see you again! I shall again breathe the same air which refreshes her whom I adore, among my brave companions, near my sovereigns, under the banners of Spain! Love, friendship, virtue, ye are kindled, at once, in my heart, at sight of these shores!"

As he spoke, the old man, with visible terror, pointed out to him the indications of an approaching storm. The stars had disappeared, the moon was robbed of her lustre—her rays hardly pierced through the dusky veil which was spread over her. Accumulated masses of clouds, advancing from the south, brought thick darkness in their train. A light and rapid breeze skimmed the surface of the waves; impetuous winds followed; the blackness of night was spread over the deep; flashes of lightning, from time to time, broke through the gloom; while hollowed thunder rumbled at a distance. The noise became louder and louder; the thunder approached nearer; the billows swelled, and were dashed on high: the struggling winds roared; and, in the tumult of the waves, the bark sometimes suspended on a mountain of foam, and sometimes plunged into the abyss, now met the clouds, and now touched the sand in the bottom of the deep.

Gonsalvo, calm amid the storm, is concerned only for the old man. He cheers and encourages him, talks of hopes which he feels not, and presses him to his breast. Pedro thinks only of Gonsalvo, and weeps for him alone. "O my master," said he, "my efforts to save you are vain. All nature has conspired against a hero! Ah! if I might yet see you, I should be able to swim to land. God will restore my former strength. I shall not die, I hope, till I have placed you safe upon the sand. I shall then die happy."

At this moment, the frail bark was dashed, with the velocity of an arrow, from the height of a surge, and after being driven by the impulse, over a wide tract, struck against a ship, which was, like it, buffeted about by the tempest; by the collision it was broken in pieces. Gonsalvo and Pedro drink that salt and brine. But, keeping close together, they rise upon the billows, seize floating cable, and by means of it, climb up, and enter the ship.

What a sight here met their eyes? By the glare of the lightning which continued with incessant flashes, Gonsalvo perceived a woman bound to the mast. Her face was bathed in tears; and her dishevelled hair floated upon the wind. Surrounded by black soldiers who raised against her their drawn swords, she could not lift up her hands which were confined by fetters that ill became them; but she raised her sobbing voice, and, turning her head, and elevating her eyes, implored the Almighty, rather to

finish her days amidst the waters, than to abandon her to the mercy of her ravishers. At this voice, and these accents, which touched the heart of Gonsalvo, at sight of those features, irradiated by another flash of lightning, the hero, with astonishment and transport, recognized the mistress of his heart, whom he had seen at Grenada, and whose image was deeply impressed on his breast. Doubtful as yet of his happiness, he runs, he flies towards her, he is ready to fall at her feet. But his rage restrains his joy. He draws his scimitar, breaks Zulema's chains, supports her, vows to avenge her, and with flashing eyes, menaces the ruffian troop around her.

The barbarians who had been, at first, struck dumb by the sudden apparition, began to recover courage, muttered among themselves, and excited one another to resentment. Their chief, a savage Ethiopian, whose frightful head was covered with a white turban, sprang suddenly upon Gonsalvo, and wounded him with a poniard. The hero laid him dead by a single stroke. Cries were then heard.—Soldiers and sailors joining, with blasphemy in their mouths, and with different weapons in their hands, poured all at once upon Gonsalvo, filling the air with their hideous shouts. So, on mount Caucasus, a flock of ravens move, croaking forward against an eagle, who alone braves their vain fury.

Standing against the mast, and holding in one hand the princess, and in the other his tremendous sword, the Castilian fearlessly awaited their assault. The first who advanced were instantly laid dead at his feet; but the rest crowded in, and supplied their place. Gonsalvo laid his blows thick upon them.—His scimitar scattered around their arms and limbs. The blood streamed over the deck. The groans of the wounded, the cries of Zulema, the shouts of the assailants are intermingled together. Tumult, death, and terror are around the hero; and the lightning, the darkness, the roaring of the winds, and the rising noise of the thunder augment the horrors of this nocturnal carnage.

Gonsalvo, encompassed with enemies, could not ward off every blow. More concerned for Zulema than for himself, he exposed his own breast in defending her. He received some deep wounds, and was still heedless of his own defence, when the faithful Pedro, fighting near his master, was directed by the princess, to release some prisoners who groined in the lower parts of the vessel. The old man, unnoted, ran down, and broke their chains. The captives then took arms, and hastened to aid Gonsalvo. Pedro returning, pressed close to his master, and placed himself before Zulema. The Castilian, now at liberty, sprang forward, like a lion just released from his chain. His strokes fell so thick, and proved so mortal, that he soon hewed down and dispersed the base herd of assassins, pursued them to the stern, and left them no choice between his sword and the billows. The captives seconded him, and the few survivors of the ruffian band were urged headlong into the waters. The hero, victorious, but almost dying, ran again over the ship, and finding no more enemies, returned to the princess, and attempted to speak, but fell at her feet, faint through loss of blood, and exhausted by his efforts in the combat.

The sea was now calm. The winds no longer agitated the billows, and the clouds had unveiled the bright azure of the skies. Night, with the stars, fled away, and the impurpled east was inflamed with the irradiations of the rising day. The ship, though dismantled, still floated on the waters; but her sails and rudder having been carried away, could not be moved forward before the winds.

Zulema, the good old man, and the captives who had been set at liberty, pressed round Gonsalvo, to recall him to life. Alas! their cares were unavailing. Gonsalvo still lay motionless among the victims who had fallen by his arm. A ghastly pallor had overspread his countenance. His head hung down on his bosom; and his eyes seemed to be closed in the sleep of death. Pedro, weeping, raised him up; and the captives knelt to support him. The princess kneeling with them, clasped the hero's hands in hers. She tore off her linen veil, and with it bound his wounds, gazing, at the same time, with looks of tenderness, upon the features of her unknown deliverer.

At length, after much pains taken about him, Gonsalvo again opened his eyes, but instantly closed them. He uttered a sigh. Pedro and Zulema transported, began to indulge faint hopes. A bed was prepared in haste, and the dying hero laid upon it. Every attention was assiduously paid him, which anxious concern, gratitude, or friendship could suggest. Gonsalvo by degrees revived. He saw the princess near him, and attempted to speak to her, but could not. It is you—it is you—were the only words he could utter. Zulema administered to him a reviving cordial, and spoke to him tenderly. Then, as she greatly needed the refreshment of sleep, she retired with the old man.

The captives who had been set at liberty, and whom Pedro discovered to be Berberes, now took upon them the care of the ship. Of the ruder they found only some broken pieces remaining; the masts were without sails; and the waves were entering the vessel. But Pedro, from the highest part of the deck, perceived land at a small distance, and pointing it out to Zulema, informed her that they might go on shore.

"Make haste," said the princess; "if my eyes deceive me not, we are near to Malaga. Enter the road without fear. Here all is subject to me. I am sister to the king of Grenada, and daughter of Muley Hassen. That palace, in the midst of the forest, is mine. There do I wish to entertain the hero to whom I owe my life, and to discharge the pleasing debt of gratitude. But satisfy my impatience. Who is this generous warrior? Is he a prince, or king of Africa? Ah! if I may trust the suggestions of my heart, he is the greatest of men."

The prudent old man, hearing these words, was alarmed at the idea of the danger to which he thought his master about to be exposed. He would have fled the hostile shore, where nothing but chains could await a Castilian, where the famous name of Gonsalvo would naturally provoke the vengeance of a people whom he had so often conquered. But the hero's necessity for immediate relief, the shattered condition of the ship, and the presence of the Berberes, whom he had set at liberty, were so many circumstances which rendered it necessary for him to comply with Zulema's request. After some hesitation, and reflections concerning the reply which he should make to the princess, he answered, not without blushing at the imposition.

"You are not mistaken. The hero comes from Africa. The most honorable birth is but the least of his advantages. Jealous of the exploits of that crowd of warriors who distinguish themselves at the siege of Grenada, he hastes thither to conquer or outdo them. His own vessel was dashed in pieces by the storm, when he saved himself by entering yours. You know the rest; and the sensibility of your own heart will undoubtedly tell you better than I can, what good offices you owe him."

He ceased speaking. Zulema sighed. She understood the stranger to be come to the aid of her country. She was pleased to find new reasons to prompt her gratitude to him. Her imagination carried her even farther; she believed that so brave a warrior might prove the saviour of Grenada, and might defend herself against all her foes. The exploits which he had performed for her, the few words he had said, the pressure of his hand upon her's, during that dreadful combat, were all renewed on her memory, and awakened in her heart a secret joy. She felt a soft and pleasing emotion, the nature of which she could not yet well explain; and, without presuming to form any wish, conceived some fond hopes.

In the mean time, the shattered ship drew near, and anchored in the road. The people coming out to the harbor, knew the young princess, and saluted her with joyful exclamations, while the wounded hero went on shore. Zulema never left him; and she

* A people of Africa, in the vicinity of Mount Atlas.

soon instantly for two old men who were famous for their skill in the art of healing wounds. To them she intrusted the care of her deliverer, placed around him, the prisoners who had been delivered by his courage, and making him be borne by slaves, guided them, herself, to her solitary palace.
(To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION TURNED SOUPERS AT LEEDS.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

How melancholy to reflect and to feel that misrepresentation of the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church at home and abroad are introduced into all British public bodies, institutions, and transactions where a certain class of Protestants are permitted to take a part. And considering the notorious fact that these statements have been refuted over and over, ten thousand times over again, how painful to be compelled to believe that the writers or the speakers, who, in the teeth of these repeated contradictions still reiterate the same nauseating malevolence, must be guilty before all men of principle and just feeling, of violating the known truth. From the Prince Consort, at the public dinner given for the benefit of the sons of the poor deceased clergy, down to the street Souper: from the parliament to the village open-air preaching, it is pitiable to see Protestantism degrade itself by seeking the aid of falsehood for its existence and support; and it is the very definition of incurable sectarian depravity, to behold men in the elevated walks of life descend into the mire of lying ribaldry to throw filth on the church which has spread Christianity amongst mankind, which has converted the world, which has published the Scriptures in thirty-six languages and dialects, which has edited these translations in upwards of five hundred editions (forty-eight of which are found in the Italian Peninsula alone, and upwards of one hundred in France), which commands kingdoms, and tongues, and thrones, and which for eighteen centuries has been the universal teacher from the rising to the setting of the sun. How mean it is in Protestantism to malign this Catholic Church how base to deceive its followers by falsehood! how cowardly to flinch behind fraud and deceit in the presence of the honest argument, and the manly eloquence of Catholic divinity! Charges made without truth would disgrace the street informer, would be punished by the adjudication of the lowest of our civil courts; and can the conduct which would be infamous in men and criminal in social law, be edification in religion, be merit before Christ, and piety to God?

Of all classes and conditions of society, the true science scholar is the very last man living from whom one expects either the feeling or the language of base sectarian rancor: his temper, tendencies, course of studies, independence, and enlarged knowledge of physical law present in the aggregate a mind too generous to harbour malignity, too honorable to utter a lie, too powerful to shift under a fraudulent shelter, and too devout before the great ruler of the skies, to take upon one creed for political interest, or to ridicule another faith for the sake of the ruling public fashion. The system, or rather the combination of publishing the grossest lies against the Catholic Church was more fashionable about ten years ago than at present: the biblical agents have been since expelled from all the southern kingdoms of Europe; and Souper delect stands at this moment at a very low figure indeed, even in the London market. The scandal of nuns and priests, the black prisons of the Pope, the concealment of the Bible in Italy, the immorality of the court of Spain, the tyranny of Naples, the grinding oppression of Austria, are stories which are now listened to like old tunes on a street-barrel organ. They weary the public ear, chafe the public taste, and no one stands in the street to hear the poor organ-grinder, except the undressed Souper audience of the lanes. In fact, Souperism is nearly extinct everywhere. Even in Ireland the male and female agents, dressed in shabby black, and hired by the day to preach, are scarcely ever seen where two years ago the roads were crowded with this noxious race, and all the thoroughfares strewn with tens of thousands of tracts and fly-sheets filled with lies of plausible and ingenious infamy, of which there has been no parallel in all former records of the persecuting malignity of the Church and people of Ireland.

This wretched imposture has failed in every country where it has been introduced; and after having expended millions and millions of pounds sterling in this work of discord and infidelity, society in this country is at present partially relieved from this disastrous infidelity. But who could imagine that the old scum could be collected and worked up into an evening refreshment of the British Association; and that the scientific treat should be manufactured by no other person than Professor Owen, the President of the Association, for the current year at Leeds!—Professor Owen, the present President of this learned Association, could not take the chair on the very first evening of its session without a cowardly attack on Popery: he could not discuss the topics of isecology without a mean falsehood on the Catholic Church: he could not utter ten sentences in his opening lecture without stating as a fact, a thing which is notoriously false. The President went even far out of his way to perform this ill-gained ribald trick: but I fancy I can foretell that he has gone much further than he thinks to disgrace the Association, and to reduce it from the lofty prestige of being a body of learned men, into an assembly of Exeter Hall bigots. I shall here introduce the extract from the scientific dissertation of Professor Owen, President of the British Association:—

"The nation that gathers together thousands of corals, shells, insects, fishes, birds, and beasts, and votes the requisite funds for preparing, preserving, housing, and arranging them, derives the smallest possible return for the outlay by merely gazing and wondering at the manifold variety and strangeness of such specimens of natural history. The simplest coral and the meanest insect may have something in its history worth knowing, and in some way profitable. Every organism is a character in which divine wisdom is written, and which ought to be expounded. Our present system of opening the book of nature to the masses, as in the galleries of the British Museum, without any provision for expounding her language, is akin to that which keeps the book of God sealed to the multitude in a dead tongue."

This President of the British Association miscalculates very much the character of his readers, if he thinks that this language will escape the public reprobation which it merits. The Association should not be guilty of the cruel outrage of inviting the Catholics of England to attend their meetings, and then permit their President to inflict such an unexpected insult on their feelings and their faith: and the Catholics of Leeds are very different, indeed, from what I have once known them to be, if they endure an outrage of such flagrant atrocity, aggravated by the additional grievance of being inflicted under the invitation of courtesy, and in the moment of a generous unsuspecting confidence. If the word "assassin-lecture" could be ever applied to a scientific discussion, this phrase is here applicable, where the audience is taken by surprise, wounded by an old worn-out lie, and publicly insulted without the shadow of a pretext either from the practices of their Church, or from their personal public behaviour towards the members of the Association. If the language of the President contained even an offensive truth, it would still be unpardonable under the circumstances; but when it is understood that the cowardly observation is notoriously found in the lowest malice of exploded misrepresentation, the conduct of this Professor of the British Association assumes the character of public indecency. These and similar remarks of his being palpably false, it might be argued that they should not be noticed; perhaps so; but being put forward, as the stern off-

cial truth, before audiences either ignorant or unacquainted with the case referred to, it becomes a duty to expose the rude bigotry of the speaker, and to publish the indecent falsehood of the statement.

Alas! this is the result and termination of all English institutions where religious rancor is permitted to raise its baneful voice. They all begin in plausible liberality, and they all end in bitter discord and ignominious failure. Who can forget the history of the Crimean charitable fund? The Catholic soldiers amounted to nearly one-half of the British troops; for the sake of argument let us say the one-third; and with these premises who can explain the justice of the Commissioners, who have not only founded but refused to found, even one purely Catholic institution for the orphan children of the fallen Catholic soldier, the brave defender of the honor of the throne and the security of the Empire.

Again, what a lesson can be learned from reading the report of the Commissioners of Endowed Schools in Ireland, where tens of thousands of pounds sterling have been alienated from their original purpose, misapplied and nearly lost, from the perverse scheme of proselytism and social strife, engendered and fostered, and matured in these fallen dens of religious rancour.

Is not the National Board of Education, too, every day within the late years, raising doubts of its honest intentions in the minds of men once its firmest advocates? The undoubted services which it has heretofore rendered to Ireland in the education of the poor are a practical testimony of the good which it can effect by the administration of its important laws; but petty bigotries in occasional instances, intolerant demeanor in others, a tinge of superciliousness in detached cases, and a dominant dictatorship in all, are said to be daily growing stronger and more developed; and if persevered in, will at no distant day change the aspect of public opinion, thin the schools, turn the living current into honest though less perfect establishments, and ultimately menace and crumble the National structure. Like the dry rot in timber, where the architect has neglected the provision of temperature, light and air, the most valuable material in the most splendid work, executed in the most finished proportion, may be lost and fall to decay, from the oversight of one vital principle.

Is not the Irish poorhouse, also, a daily exponent of the fierce results of the Hibernian sectarian fury? The charges, the struggles, the defences, the angry speeches in these abodes of the wretched victims of poverty and a broken heart, resemble the riots of Belfast on a small scale; and if it were not owing to the strenuous exertions of some few patrons of justice and religion, the poorhouses would be turned into prisons of sectarian torture, in place of being the consoling asylums of pity for the crushed hopes of the abandoned poor.

Is it not this emaciating superciliousness which has levelled our villages, depopulated our fields, banished our people, and converted the old family homestead and the ancestral glen into English sheep walks, or Scotch bullock farms?

I am not denying that this new order of things does not add to the proprietor's revenue, does not cover the soil with a smiling abundance, does not remove from the public view the squalid misery of the poor, friendless, expelled, deceased cottier; but neither can anybody else deny that this agricultural metamorphosis of the soil of Ireland has been brought about by a legal massacre of the people, which massacre has had its origin, its progress and its successful completion in the same feeling of inappreciable and merciless sectarian rancour, which has ever blasted all Irish prospects, and which has rendered the commerce, the trade, the labour, and the prosperity of this country a legal moral impossibility.

Professor Owen is one of the various persons who, in Parliament, in the lordly mansion, on the bench, in all the civil, military and naval departments, have been laboring to ridicule religion and extirpate Catholicity. But the Professor, like all those of the same class who have gone before him, will find that "the system," as he calls the Catholic Church, will flourish through all coming time in spite of the indecency of the Leeds lecturer; and that the British Association will fall into premature decay, even with its present liberal prestige, if it encourages professors to belie the known truth in the creed of the Catholics; and to insult the public honor. I am far from attempting to lessen the learned disquisitions of the various distinguished men in the various departments allotted to them at Leeds; but I have no language sufficiently strong to cover with contempt and scorn the permission or connivance extended to one of their body, to introduce into meetings on science, the vulgar venom of swaddling malevolence. I assume no ostentatious importance when I express my wish and, indeed, utter my commands, to the Catholics of Leeds to require an instant apology from the British Association for this conduct of Professor Owen, or to brand them before England and Europe as unprincipled bigots disguised in the unoffending, attractive and honored garb of peaceful science.

There are two kinds of science, or rather two denominations of science known amongst the large class called learned men. The first may be called practical science, which means "the knowledge of an aggregate of facts which are learned by experiment." The second is called pure science, which means "the knowledge of an aggregate of conclusions or deductions in reference to mathematics and the Planetary System, which deductions are built not on mere experiments, but rest on primary self-evident principles and truths." Geology, chemistry, &c., belong to the first denomination; while mathematics and astronomy belong to the second. The training necessary for the first class of men may be very limited, indeed, since any person who can merely read, and who will attend courses of experimental lectures, can learn and become eminent in the highest departments of these practical sciences. It is like agricultural science, in which a ploughman who can neither read nor write, can become a distinguished agriculturist. The geologist or the chemist need not be men of a classical education; they need not be acquainted with the ordinary literature of the day; they need not rise higher in the scale of scholarly breeding than the artisan or the gas-fitter. An expert hand, a quick eye, and good memory are the natural qualities which might constitute the eminent chemist or geologist.

But to compare the training of such a class of men, with the essential requirements of the scholar in Mathematics and Astronomy is to compare two extremes. This second class of men must, at least, be finished in Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Mechanics, the Conic Sections, the Logarithmic Calculations, Central Forces, Optics, and an extensive experimental course, in what is technically called Natural Philosophy. This wide and varied course, which is employed in mental research, not in mere experiments, generates, as it were, a new mind, and raises the student into an exalted sphere of conception, and as far (on general principles) above the mere Experimentalist as the spheres he views are larger than our mountain ranges; and the orbits he traces are wider and more accurately curved than the outline of our coal formations. Such a man, too, is (from the elevated scene of his mental labors, or rather pleasures) a creature of exalted feeling; meets the Ruler, the Architect of the skies, as it were, more face to face; generally speaking is more deeply impressed with Natural Religion than the man who spends his days amidst the bones, the teeth of the tiger, the shells of snails, the feet of the spider, and the petrified stumps of the fern. The scholar in pure science is, beyond doubt, a higher stamp of a man than the mere laborer at the forge, the furnace, the hammer, and the blow pipe. His mind is perfected in a more finished laboratory; and his heart, in the counterpart of his being, should be more refined in feeling.

I am very far from any attempt to undervalue either chemistry or the chemist. But I wish to say, that while geology and chemistry are, if I may so

appear in practical science in their way, the man who is a chemist need not be great; he need not have a mind better stored than a working carpenter, nor an education more extended than a colliery miner; whereas the science of astronomy is not only great in its truths, its range, its plan, its territories; but the man is great who can master its preparatory studies, comprehend its machinery, calculate its working, see its provisions, and mark its applications to the existence, the wants, and the pleasures of the human family. I presume to admire chemistry too much not know what the perfection of the mechanical arts, the extension of medical science, the usefulness of gas, the power of steam, the wonders of magnetism, the ubiquity of the telegraph, owe their marvellous development to practical science; but there is more wonder and prodigy in the magnetism of one sun (out of tens of millions); in the revolution of one planet; in the equilibrium of one system (out of millions) of worlds, than in all the developments of all the practical knowledge that can ever be discovered till the end of time on this our terrestrial globe.

I have been led into the discussion of the latter part of this article from the nauseating assumption of a certain class of geologists, who never lose an opportunity of hinting ridicule of all religion, but particularly against the Catholic faith. And I have never learned that this petty superficial presumption has been remarked of the scholars in mathematics as a body. Whenever, therefore, this nuisance will have been exhibited in future, in the presence of my Catholic friends and co-religionists, I beg that they will remember the source from which these attacks proceed; and recollect that ignorance and imperfect training may be assumed as principal ingredients in the character of the rancorous geologist. It would be a curious inquiry to learn which of these claims the paternity of Professor Owen, President of the British Association. It will strengthen my theory if he be the mere geologist, and zoologist, and botanist referred to; and if he belong to the school of astronomy, he will be set down as the exception to the general rule, and will be a phenomenon swung out of the ordinary orbit of his scientific kindred, and gone astray at one of the seances of the British Association at Leeds, in England, during the month of September, in the year 1858.

D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

On Sunday last the new Church of the Immaculate Conception at Wexford was solemnly dedicated by the Lord Bishop of Ferns. A few years since the people of the town of Wexford had no parochial church. Through the kindness of the brotherhood of the Franciscan Order, the small chapel attached to the convent was placed at the services of the pastor of the parish. This was the only place in which the large congregation could assemble to assist at the solemn mysteries of their holy religion. But this state of things was not allowed to continue, and through the untiring zeal of the Rev. James Roche, the venerated parish priest, aided by the faithful flock confided to his charge, the church, which was dedicated this day, and another net 200 yards distant from it, similar in everything save in a few minor details, were erected at a cost of £20,000. The stranger approaching Wexford from the Dublin side, is struck by its ancient appearance and its narrow streets, which make it resemble one of the old Continental cities. This illusion is strengthened by the lofty towers and spires of the two noble churches above referred to, and the solid mass presented by the buildings constituting St. Peter's College, which, along with the two sacred edifices, occupy elevated positions overlooking the town. Of the £20,000 required for the erection of the two churches, £9,000 were forwarded to Father Roche by the people of Wexford in every quarter of the globe, and £8,000 more was subscribed by the Catholics residing in the parish.

The appeal made on Sunday, Sept. 26, in the chapel of Rosecommon, on behalf of the funds of the Sisters of Mercy, was most successful, upwards of £80 having been contributed on the occasion.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The following is the reply of Mr. Blake, M.P., to the letter from the Archbishop of Armagh. We have no doubt it will be read with satisfaction by the Catholics of the country, and we trust will have the effect of securing the active co-operation of other Members of Parliament to obtain the advantage sought for:—

Waterford, September 20th.
"My Lord Primate.—In reply to the communication which I had the honor of receiving from your Grace, relative to the desire felt by you and others of the hierarchy that the Catholic members should co-operate in an effort to obtain a charter for the Catholic University, I beg to say that any movement of the kind shall receive from me the most active and zealous support, as I believe there are few objects more desirable, both in a religious and educational point of view to this country, than adding to the importance and usefulness of our University; and I am happy to say that in advancing such an undertaking as your Grace has alluded to, I would have the gratification of being engaged in a task not only most congenial to my own feelings, but also satisfactory to the entire of the truly Catholic people whom I have the honor to represent; and I am almost confident that the Government would not—as they certainly ought not—refuse so moderate a request, put forward, as I expect it would be, by the entire of the Catholic representatives, as well as many members of other persuasions, sufficiently liberal to assist in carrying out the legitimate wishes of the great body of their countrymen. Previous to returning from Parliament this year, I gave notice for the appointment of a special committee early next session, to inquire into the working of the Queen's Colleges, as well as to report on the best mode of making them available to a greater number of students without infringing on their religious feelings, and also to report on the best mode of disbursing the revenues of the endowed schools, with a view of making their funds available for the education of youths of all persuasions; and I trust that a successful effort may be made to enable us to obtain our fair share of the large sums now devoted to purposes of exclusive education, so as to place within the reach of the middle class Catholics of Ireland an opportunity (which generally speaking, they do not possess at present) of fairly educating their children at a cost commensurate with their means—as I regret to say, so far as my experience enables me to judge, that, except in very few instances, there do not exist throughout the country Catholic educational establishments where as good a system of general instruction is pursued for boys in comparatively good circumstances, as that afforded gratuitously to the children of the working classes by the Christian Brothers. Indeed, I can pronounce, from personal examination, that in almost every instance where I have had an opportunity of judging, that poor lads who had obtained their education from the latter estimable community would far outstrip, in a competitive examination, the sons of much richer men, on whose education, at various schools, large sums had been spent. A strenuous effort ought to be made to remedy this deplorable state of things, or before long the Catholic youths of the more opulent classes will not only be below the Protestants of the same rank, in point of education, but they will also run a great risk wherever the schools of the Christian Brothers are established, of being inferior in information to their own domestic servants and workmen. Trusting that the importance of the subject, and the sincere desire which I really feel to have the great abilities which I know my co-religionists possess developed by educational culture, will excuse my having trespassed at such length on your Grace.—I have the honor to remain, my Lord Primate, your Grace's most obedient servant,
JOHN A. BLAKE.

"His Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Primate, Lord Archbishop of Armagh."