

Mr. Hewitt—That is a very good sister; that will do. Is there any other ready to testify for Christ? Brother No. 1—I never will be ashamed to testify for Jesus.

Mr. Hewitt—That's right, brother; go on. Brother—I will confess Jesus before men, and will do it to the end of my days. I put off my conversion for a long time. I felt I had not the Grace of God, and that I was walking in ering footsteps.

Mr. Hewitt—That's right, brother; go on. Let us hear. Brother—I will confess Jesus Christ wherever I be, for I feel that He is now in me and I in Him, as He is in the Father and the Father in Him.

Mr. Hewitt—There is a passage in the Old Testament which says, "These are my witnesses." Some people are ashamed to bear witness, but I hope none of you are ashamed. (Sighing and sobbing in different quarters).

Sister No. 2—Glory be to God? I am a changed woman this morning. I am a sinner, but Christ has received me as His own. I thought I was right for awhile, but I found I was in the broad road that leads to ruin. Glory be to God? I feel I am right now, and I trust God will enable me to go in the right path.

Mr. Hewitt—It is the narrow path, but it is efficient. It is marked by the blood of Jesus. Go on my friends, and testify for Christ.

Female No. 3—Oh, God keep me in the narrow path. I wandered off that path for awhile, but Jesus has brought me back. Oh, enable me, Lord, this morning to keep in the faith of Jesus. I will never again go a step out of the path, God is good. He is merciful and kind. I feel I am a changed woman.

Mr. Hewitt—Thanks be to God, sister; go on brethren. Brother No. 2—I thank God I am spared to be a witness for Christ. I am here this day though I didn't expect it. I can now look on his reconciled countenance and believe that I am for Christ.

Mr. Hewitt—That's right; go on. I like to hear witnesses for Christ. This is a fellowship meeting; and I see there are other witnesses ready to come forward. That will do, brother. Here is another sister that wants to say a word.

Sister No. 4—I feel courage to rise up here and declare myself for Jesus. Mr. Hewitt—Thank God!

Sister—I thank God I am justified by faith in the blood of Him who came on earth to save sinners. I feel His love working within me, and I am not ashamed to work with Christ. God be praised!

Mr. Hewitt—That's right, sister. It is a glorious thing to testify thus to Jesus. This proceeding was brought to a close by all within the tent singing the following verse:—

Hark! the Gospel news is sounding, Christ has suffered on the tree; Streams of mercy are abounding, Grace for all is rich and free. I love Jesus, Hallelujah! I love Jesus, yes I do; I love Jesus, He's my Saviour, Jesus smiles and loves me, too.

On Sunday last the "Camp" presented a meeting well worthy taken note of, the weather of the week preceding not being of the most favourable kind, and the clay on the shore being naturally soft, those who attended the morning service left it quite broken up; but, as the day improved, it became so slippery that it was almost impossible for a person to keep his footing, and a roll in the mud did anything but improve the appearance of the studiously grave-faced Methodist. Things were in this state when the Derry train arrived, it is said with more than a thousand passengers, the majority of whom were females, and, as they left the railway station for the ground, displayed an array of white petticoats which would make one almost think they had been done up in Derry for the express purpose of getting dirtied in Enniskillen. At the mid-day service the number in attendance could not be less than eight thousand, the principal part of whom were seated on the planks before described, attending to words falling from a rather coarse-featured individual, the chief characteristic of whose sermon was the splendid style in which he "smashed up" the Rules of Murray, and the ease with which he deviated from the leading rules of elocution. At the close of this performance, assisted by some of his brother preachers, he struck up a hymn, which was first recited in a style unparalleled for a pathos not bordering on but partaking fully of the ridiculous, and then all burst forth into a sort of screaming, while at the edge of the platform on the ground a man, apparently unclerical, from the absence of a white "chocker," addressed the meeting, and the essence of his sermon seemed to consist in a monotonous drawing accompanied with distortions of the face, such as "Phiz" in his happiest moment could not make the slightest approach to. This last bit was very successful, for all present attending to him immediately commenced crying, praying, groaning, &c., being well seconded in this by the preachers on the platform, the frenzy became contagious, and from all parts of the wood persons pressed forward to lend their voices to the uproar, and the camp soon became such a scene of confusion that I was very glad to escape from it. During the whole time of preaching, numbers remained in the wood who were too busily occupied flitting and amusing themselves, to take any trouble about sermons or anything of the kind, the only dread being lest the whistle of the returning train should summon them too soon from the scene of enjoyment. Altogether it would remind one much of Burns' Holy Fair. Since its commencement the three quarters of a mile between town and the camp is almost impassable with crowds of gentlemen and ladies, the latter displaying the latest fashions and the widest crinoline; but even this is not as surprising as the crowd of preachers, and it is rumoured by some profane person of course, that Methodist ducks and geese are disappearing in a manner unprecedented by anything except the wholesale ejection of tenants by Bishop Plunket or Mr. Adair. After seeing what I did on Sunday, I thought it would be worth the trouble and expense to visit them on a week-day, and see how they got through business with their every-day congregation. After talking with their every-day congregation, and landing, I thought all was deserted, when I heard at a short distance a whining voice, which I found issued from a very thronged tent, and taking my stand near the mouth of it, for by this time all was quiet, waited for what would "come next." The first I found to move was my spectated acquaintance of the night before, who, with book in hand, addressed his congregation very warmly, and prayed very earnestly the Spirit would come among them and enlighten them. Hardly had he sat down when a shriek, not unlike the "death hymn of a stuck pig" burst from a rather loose looking "character," who immediately began in a very lusty voice, to call on the sinners all round him to repent, leave their sins, and commence a life such as he proposed to lead in future. During this harangue the minister never stopped bawling out "Amen," and the people kept up a sort of music well fitted for preparing listeners to enter a lunatic asylum, while the speaker, during his whole discourse, made such violent gestures, that had he a shillelah in his fist the winking of it would soon have emptied the tent. Could any of your readers believe that the same night this "convert" after taking a little too much, used the same voice in calling for the face of a "Papist!"

THE PROTESTANT BISHOP OF DOWN AND HIS PROTESTANT REVILERS.—If the excellent prelate who presides over the Diocese of Down and Connor had known what awaited him, when he accepted the office which he at present fills, he would have cried, "No episcopate" with some fervour. Surely no episcopal vessel was ever launched upon so stormy a sea? The result must be sea-sickness. The time when bishops were martyrs has again returned; and chief among these martyrs is Dr. Knox. The position of a prelate in New Zealand, or in Natal, or should-missionary zeal direct itself (together, among those anthropophagous tribes of Central Africa, from whose cannibal appetites Mr. Petherick and his friends with difficulty escaped, would be tranquil and free from anxiety compared with that of the Bishop of Down and Connor in "Protestant Ulster." The heathen savages dispose of their victims with one blow; they do not put them to lingering torture; they bear them no malice. They merely seek to gratify an uneducated palate and misdirected and truly carnal appetite. The "Christian" savages of Ulster endeavour to worry their bishop to death—to wear him out by protracted annoyances. They are animated by a petty spirit of personal malignity which is fertile in ways and means of annoyance. The latest expression of the spirit of this zealous people, whose zeal is neither for good works nor according to knowledge, is given in a hand-bill, forwarded to us by a correspondent at Downpatrick of which the following is a reprint:—

"Protestants of Down!—Beware! On the 12th August next, a Confirmation will take place in your Cathedral. Bishop Knox, the Inhibitor of Honest Miller and Brave Potter, will be the officiating Prelate. On no account permit him to Confirm the children of Loyal Fathers and warm-hearted Protestant Mothers. Keep your Children at home on that day! Send the Renegade Bishop home to Holywood—there to concoct another speech in behalf of Sabbath Desecration. Men of Down! let him know that the Spirits of your Fathers live in you. Down with every Ecclesiastical Tyrant, whether Pope or Bishop! Let him together with his coadjutors, understand that the Men of Down know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain them. You scouted Lenten Lectures, and caused Popish Picture-windows to be screened for ever. Then show your hatred of Bishop Knox's conduct by keeping your children at home. No surrender! God save the Queen!—July 12, 1861. This brutal document, we say deliberately, could not be published and circulated in any other community by professing Christians within these islands. Even in Ulster, the printer has been ashamed to append his name to it. Its contents sufficiently indicate the class whence it came, and show that it does not represent educated public opinion. Its style proves that it proceeds from men entirely illiterate and uneducated; its outrages upon public decency, from persons unacquainted with the social usages which, in all but the lowest circles, restrain the expression, when they cannot suppress the reality, of evil passions; its tone and temper, from those who have never felt the slightest touch of that religion "which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated," but from those whose emotions, "earthly sensual, devilish," are the source whence spring "confusion and every evil work." Even "Honest Miller and Brave Potter" must be ashamed of their eulogists. The honest Miller, will, we hope, disavow his men; the brave Potter will disclaim having moulded into the form in which it is now exhibited the clay which pretends to have taken its shape from him. The "Protestants of Down" are warned from their Bishop whom in the manner in which at this time of the year, the people is warned against mad dogs. The melo-dramatic solemnity of the intonation "Beware!" irresistibly recalls the Victoria Theatre and the lamented Hicks. One would think that there was a contagion in the Bishop's touch from the emphasis with which "Loyal Fathers and warm-hearted Protestant Mothers" are exhorted to keep their children from the contamination of his hand even in the sacred rite of Confirmation. What the course of conduct advised in the recommendation to send the Renegade Bishop home to Holywood, there to concoct another speech in behalf of Sabbath Desecration" is, may, perhaps, be conjectured from last year's scenes in the Music-Hall at Belfast. Accompanied with the exhortation, "Down with every Ecclesiastical Tyrant, whether Pope or Bishop," it looks like a suggestion to represent the name of the Bishop and of his See in an acted charade upon his person; to give "Knox Down" in another sense than that in which Lord John Russell did so. If, as the hand-bill implies, "The Spirits of their Fathers" live in the "men of Down," whom it appeals to, and is likely to influence, those spirits must have been distinctly evil spirits. The case is one, apparently, of demonic possession. An exorcist is needed. It is impossible that any man should be altogether indifferent to attacks such as those to which the Bishop of Down has lately been subjected unprovoked as they are, and contemptible as is the quarter whence they come. To be pelted by scavengers with mud, to be railed at by a drunken mob in the streets is not agreeable—though both scavengers and mob are beneath notice. In the meantime the Bishop of Down will, we trust, "bate no jot of heart or hope," but "still steer bravely on" in the course he has adopted. His courage and forbearance, his enlarged and truly Christian liberality and tolerance, have earned, and are earning, for him the admiration of all candid and fair-minded men in every communion. They cannot be without their silent effect for good even on the fanatics who denounce him and them. No man is doing more than he to strengthen both Protestantism and his own church in this island. It would be a misfortune to Ireland, as well as a thing most lamentable in itself if Dr. Knox should suffer his own benignant and comprehensive tolerance to be narrowed, and his kindly spirit of humanity to be embittered, by the sour bigotry of the wretched fanatics whose aim is even more to pain him than to display the bad passions which they dignify by the name of principles. —Northern Whig.

REVIVAL BLOQUERS.—The Belfast Whig in a notice of an address delivered by Richard Weaver, the "converted prize-fighter and great revivalist," says:—"A few minutes before seven o'clock, when he was speaking of the gospel, he said, 'Yes; and I could convert any person here that I choose before seven o'clock.' As other instances, we may give the following. 'The fellows with the white neck cloths and black coats are the best agents of the devil.' 'There is no use knocking at the door.' 'The devil's meal is all bran.' 'What do they care about poor souls roasting in damnation?' &c. After the close of one of his singularly ungrammatical periods the speaker turned round to get a drink of water from the hands of the chairman, and said: 'I'm a teetotaler, boys! I love whiskey-selling as I love the devil. No damnation for me, for you; no damnation whiskey for anybody!'"

GAVAZZI.—To The Editor of the Cork Examiner.—Sir.—In Thursday's number of your influential journal, a letter was published signed "Ovis," in which the question is asked—"Who brought Gavazzi to Cork?" Allow me to inform your correspondent, that neither the respectable or enlightened Protestants of Cork countenance, or approve of this vagabond's (I use the word in its literal sense) being brought down to offend five-sixths of their fellow-citizens. His appearance here, at this time, is merely an effort to raise the wind, in order to try and meet some of the expense incurred for the building of the "Protestant Hall." If the liberal Roman Catholics who assisted by their presence, at the opening of this liberal Institution, had any doubts as to the purposes for which it was built, I trust they are now completely removed. May I, in conclusion, hope, that no Roman Catholic, who respects either himself or his religion, will never enter a building, built for the sole purpose of insulting their faith, and the faith of five-sixths of their fellow-citizens.

A PROTESTANT.—Something of "Dead-Letters."—In looking over the list of articles remaining in these two letter-offices, one cannot help being struck with the manner in which they illustrate the feelings and habits of the two peoples. The Scotch dead letters rarely contain coin; and of articles of jewellery, such as from presents sent as tokens of affection, there is a lamentable deficiency whilst the Irish ones are full of little cadenas and small sums of money, illustrating at once

the careless yet affectionate nature of the people. One item constantly meets the eye in Irish dead-letters—"A free passage to New York." Relations who have gone to America and done well purchase an emigration ticket, and forward it to some relative in the "old country," whom they wish to come over to join them in their prosperity. Badly written and worse spelled, many of them have little chance of ever reaching their destination, and a little of being returned to those who sent them; they lie silent in the office for a time, and are then destroyed, whilst hearts endeared to each other by absence enforced by the sundering ocean, mourn in sorrow an imaginary neglect.—Dr. Wymter's Our Social Bees.

THE IRISH BATTALION.—ANAGNI, JULY 5, 1861.—It will be gratifying to many of our readers to know that those of the Battalion of St. Patrick who have been recommended for decorations, and are at present in Anagni, have already received them. This joyous and imposing ceremony took place after the military Mass on Sunday last. Lieutenant Kirby, commanding our depot, accompanied by the other officers, paraded the men on the square at St. Mary's gate, and having addressed them in an able and eloquent speech, invited our Very Rev. Chaplain to perform the ceremony of decoration, which he did, after having also addressed the men at some length. Private William O'Brien, who was one of the foremost in the desperate affair near the burning house at Castelfidardo, and was severely wounded in the leg, was rewarded with the decoration of Pius IX.—Sergeant-Major Davis and Private Peter Dimond, who distinguished themselves at Perugia, were awarded the Cross of St. Sylvester; the same decoration was given to Sergeant John Buckley, who, together with that brave fellow, Byrne of Dublin, worked a spare gun during the entire siege of Ancona, with admirable effect. Our excellent fourier, Mr. Patrick Leahy—"honest Mick Stack" (one of our "clear-away boys")—and Private William Walsh, were also honoured with the Cross of St. Sylvester. The bravery of these three young fellows at Spoleto was witnessed and applauded by the gallant O'Reilly himself. The ceremony was witnessed by many of our brothers in arms, the noble Zouaves, and by a concourse of the townspeople, and concluded with three hearty cheers for Pio Nono. But you will be still more pleased to learn that all the authorities here including Monsignor de Merode himself, are greatly displeased at the mistakes committed in the transmission of the medals to Ireland. It was, of course, supposed that, having been forwarded by a Catholic M.P., professing a great interest in St. Patrick's Battalion, that these medals would have been delivered to the proper authority, and consequently distributed with becoming discrimination. However, an order has been issued that a thousand medals be coined, and an equal number of brevets made out, which will be sent to our brave commander, Major O'Reilly, to be by him distributed. This circumstance of the medals, being accompanied by brevets, will render null the former injudicious and unauthorized distribution. I cannot explain to you how much satisfaction this late order of Monsignor de Merode has given, both to our officers and the men. As regards arms, clothing, food and lodging, we have every reason to be fully satisfied since our return from Marselles. Most of our complaints, when the battalion first came out, were attributed to the fact of the administration being in the hands of foreigners, and this disagreeable arrangement was rendered indispensable, on account of the Irish being unacquainted with the language and the routine of administration. These difficulties are already overcome, and the administration is now entirely in our own hands. The Zouaves and ourselves were inspected the other day, by General Kanzier, who, as he speaks the English language fluently, has had, consequently, better opportunities of knowing and appreciating the Irish. He expressed great satisfaction at their efficiency and soldier-like bearing. After the inspection, he dined at the Zouave mess; and I was informed by a person present, that he spoke frequently, and in the highest terms, of what he had himself witnessed of the Irish during the siege of Ancona, and gave expression to the hope that the Battalion of St. Patrick would soon be reorganized, as the state of efficiency and discipline in which he found the depot would entirely obviate the difficulties that occurred in its first formation. This announcement of the General's was most enthusiastically received by the Zouave officers, who are no less anxious for the augmentation of the Irish corps than for that of their own.—Cor. of Morning News.

ANTRIM.—The Orangemen have set the advice of Lord Duncannon, their Grand Master, at defiance. They marched in procession on the 12th of July to two places of rendezvous—one was Legacerry, four miles from Lisburn, and the other was the Maze Race-course. At Legacerry there were upwards of 100 stand of colors, and about 7,000 persons were assembled. Tents were erected for the sale of liquors, fires and drums were innumerable, and the "Boys Water" and "The Protestant Boys" were the principal tunes played. Orangemen from Lisburn drove in on cars; one of the cars drove over a child named Connor, two years old, and killed it on the spot. A sister to the child, in attempting to rescue her brother, got her arm and collar-bone broken. A man named Young got his leg broken by another car. In Lisburn there were three Orange arches erected; they remained up all day. Five thousand Orangemen assembled at the Maze, with upwards of fifty flags. No disturbance or opposition was given to any of those Orangemen.

Since the abolition of the office of inspectors of weights and measures, the poor in all cities and towns are completely plundered by the cupidity of a particular class of traders and dealers. It is true the police have been legally authorized to inspect weights but who is to adjust them?—No one. Neither has any one the power to go round amongst traders and compel them to have their weights, measures, and beams adjusted. The police have merely received authority, as we have said, to inspect, but they will not adjust, and as there is no salary attached to the office an active discharge of duties need not be looked for. This is another specimen of Irish legislation.—The part of Hamlet left out—and the wretched poor is to suffer accordingly.—Limerick Chronicle.

GREAT BRITAIN. IRON SHIPS.—From a Parliamentary paper issued on Tuesday it appears that £250,000 will be required in excess of the money already voted, of which £120,000 for iron ships to be built by contract, £97,560 for the plating of five wooden ships, and £32,350 for engines required by wooden ships.—Morning Chronicle.

DIVORCE COURT.—The applications to have the marriage knot untied, or cut, do not much diminish, though the arrears of past years ought by this time to be getting few. The returns just published show that in the year 1860, 212 petitions were filed for the dissolution of marriage; only one less than in 1859; and there were 67 petitions for judicial separations, 18 less than in the previous year. There were 13 applications for restitution of conjugal rights in 1860; 141 cases were tried. The fees received amounted to £2,490.

Speaking of the cruel outrages, and bloody massacres, inflicted upon the loyalists of Naples by the Piedmontese troops, and the revolutionary hordes which are to be found in every community, a writer in the London Tablet pertinently remarks:—"Perhaps these are among the 'blessings' for which the Doxology was lately sung at the Clerical meeting in Chelsea. The divines there assembled, having duly cursed their Catholic fellow-subjects, resolved unanimously that no Catholic paper should receive spiritual aid from his Priest, even on his death-bed, nor his child be brought up in any faith but the Protestant. Then Signor Gavazzi

gave them a word in season, about Gospel prospects in Italy, and the good men's thankfulness found vent in song: 'They praised God from whom all blessings flow,' first and foremost among which blessings were: The power the law gives them to oppress Catholics in England; the heavy blows their Carbonari friends are dealing against Catholicity everywhere; the blood of Priests that has been poured out like water at the bidding of Pinelli; and the golden opportunity afforded to them, by all these horrors, to quote the most dismal parts of the Prophets, and the most unmitigated passage in the Apocalypse. A mere worldly-minded man might be apt to institute an awkward comparison between the ostentatiously paraded bigotry of these sanctimonious gentry in conventicle assembled, and their prayerful aspirations for the spread of 'Gospel truth' in Catholic Italy! Catholics should thank them for having thus published still more widely the disgraceful oppression they endure in England, and I hope the Spanish Government will bear the work-house question in mind, when the next importation of missive, on the subject of intolerance, is addressed to them from Downing-street, by the 'complete letter-writer'."

CHILD MURDER IN ENGLAND.—The analysis of the return, "Coroners' Inquests (Metropolis)," shows in the five years an average of 243; 1857, 177; 1858, 190; 1859, 242; 1860, 278: total, 1,130; infants under two years of age murdered in this metropolis (London) alone, or an average of 226 yearly, and yet this excites little or no attention. The "cry of anguish" from these helpless victims must surely soon make itself heard, if the press is faithful to its duty, painful and repulsive though the subject be.—A return has been also presented to parliament at the instance of Mr. Kendall, the member for East Cornwall, from which we find 157,485 summonses issued (from the years 1845 to 1859 both inclusive) against putative fathers; only 123,218 applications came on for hearing, and of these 107,770 orders were made, 15,981 being rejected. This latter item gives an average of 1,141 children yearly thrown back on the limited resources of their unhappy mothers. Have we not in this fact a clue to the fearful increase of infanticide.—Letter in Daily News.

The evidence on the inquest proves that the Northumberland-street tragedy adds one more to the sanguinary fruits of licentious passion. Major Murray's almost incredible statement is fully confirmed. The unhappy man, Roberts, who has sunk under his wounds, was wholly unknown to him by name and by sight, but invited him at midday on the pretext of business into his offices, in the midst of a crowded street, and there, without previous quarrel or known motive, shot him from behind as he sat, unsuspecting mischief. The real motive of a crime so certain to be detected, turns out to have been an almost frantic jealousy with regard to a worthless woman who bears Major Murray's name. Such is the character of crime in the midst of our vaunted civilization.

REMEDY FOR THE POTATO DISEASE.—The Times publishes a list of remedies for the potato disease.—The most efficacious is one discovered by "C. of Hoursey," which consists in pressing down the haulm thus: "He sets his potatoes in a double row instead of single, the two rows occupying a foot in width, with a foot of vacant space outside each row. They were planted on the level and hood up at the usual time. Now comes the important step; when the haulm had reached its full growth, about the first of July, he turned it over right and left towards the vacant spaces, by adding earth between the rows and pressing down the haulm, so as to drive it from the erect position, and allow the rain, instead of descending to the roots, to run off upon the vacant space." Not one in a hundred perished.

THE POPULATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.—The figures of the unreviewed census returns for Scotland having just been ascertained, a correspondent of the Times presents the following summary of the result of the numbering of the people for the United Kingdom:—"The unreviewed numbers of the population enumerated at the late census have already been published in your columns for England and Ireland, and those for Scotland having just been ascertained, the result for the entire country may now be stated. The total number of inhabitants of the United Kingdom, including the islands in the British seas, may be set down as not less than 29,031,164. Of these 20,061,725 were numbered in England and Wales, 3,061,117 in Scotland, 5,764,543 in Ireland, and 143,779 in the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man. The army serving abroad and in Ireland and the navy and merchant seamen absent at sea are not included. In Ireland an unparalleled emigration, continued from the period of the failure of the potato crop in that country, has diminished the population by 787,842 persons, or 12 per cent., exactly the decennial rate of increase in England since the census of 1851. According to the returns, 1,230,986 Irish and 823,837 natives of Great Britain emigrated in the decade. Notwithstanding this exodus and other circumstances calculated to retard the rate of increase, such as the Russian war, an epidemic of cholera, the Sepoy mutiny, commercial crises and the strikes, we have a solid addition of more than a million and a half to the population of the United Kingdom—a fact sufficiently significant of the perennial vigor and progress of the country." The following table presents a statement of the population, according to the census:—

Population Enumerated—for 1861—England and Wales, 20,061,725; 1851—17,927,609. Scotland, 1861—3,061,117; 1851—2,898,742. Ireland, 1861—5,764,543; 1851—6,552,385. Islands in the British Seas, 1861—143,779; 1851—143,126. Total of the United Kingdom—1861—29,031,164. 1851—27,511,862.

A curious story is told by the Glasgow Herald of a girl of sixteen, the daughter of respectable parents who has just been "found out" serving as a smart grocer's assistant in Glasgow. "She has, in addition, been personifying the part of a young stranger in some 'revival meetings,' holding forth most eloquently, and gaining the confidence of some of our ministers, as well as of our merchant princes, at whose table she has occasionally dined. After being dismissed from the shop she passed herself off again as a young man, and got a situation in another shop, where she probably might have been yet but for an intimation announcing her real sex."

UNITED STATES. The New York Freeman has some excellent remarks upon the war now raging; we make some extracts:—"It is just as well to be plain-spoken, and a great deal better. The sentiment has undergone a prodigious change since the flag-epidemic that raged some few months ago. We have had to face realities instead of silk or bunting. The gallant Sixty-Ninth was deepest in the fight at Bull-Run, and first to rally in the entrenchments that protect Washington. When in acknowledgment of that fact President Lincoln and Secretary Seward visited their encampment, and asked if they would re-enlist, those high officials remember the reply they received—not the pretended reply that was telegraphed to the papers, but the scorching words addressed to them by the officer who was requested by others to reply for the Regiment. 'What can we do?' Direct the Generals in the field to propose an armistice of six months. Next propose and call a National Convention of all the States to see what in this great crisis, we as a people ought to do. It is an utter usurpation of power for President or for Congress to attempt to deal with such vital questions as have now arisen. Neither President nor Congress is constitutionally qualified, nor was either elected in view of any such condition of affairs. War continued, can do but one thing—cut the Union by the sword, and blow it to

fragments by gunpowder. It was a Union of consent, made by freemen, with arms in their hands. It can be continued only by consent. If after protracted consultation and endeavours, it be found that the descendants of those who, by the Constitution made by the Union, have so degenerated that they cannot live together, then the Union is, for the time being, an impossibility. That the North can dictate terms to the South, or the South to the North, or that, in any such manner, a Union worthy the name, or true to American traditions, can be formed, is an absurdity that could find lodgment only in the narrow head of a bigot and an incapace. We must plunge along, deeper and deeper in the mire, till those accidentally in control learn that peace is the first necessity in order to any project of re-construction of the Union.

The Northern journals contain accounts of the suffering families of the volunteers, the relief of which is likely to be a severe tax. The Boston Journal says:—"It is quite clear that something is wrong about the neglect of the families of the soldiers. Many of the men leave their household in utter destitution, and what the Relief Committee and the Common Council do give is not given at all. It is really a sight to move the stones of the street to see the great number of women, mothers, wives, young children and babes, huddled in crowds in and under the place where relief is expected—families turned out of their homes for the non-payment of rent—families with no food, families in rags and crying from want. Men are enlisting under the promise that their families shall be taken care of, and all wants supplied. Some of these men have as pay and rations more money than they have ever been accustomed to earn in their lives. But under the fancied idea that the nation will support the families of the soldiers, these men spend all the money on themselves. They add to their rations, they dine at hotels, they support restaurants, they consume bad rum and worse whiskey and send not one dollar to their homes. The whole system needs to be looked after and corrected at once. It will beggar whole households and demoralize the men."

EXASPERATING HOSTILITIES.—The infamous press, represented by the New York Tribune has been busy, ever since its blunder of Bull-Run, in publishing stories of atrocities committed by the Southerners on wounded soldiers of the Union army, on the field. Many of the stories related have been proved to have been wholesale lies, notwithstanding the circumstantial nature of the stories, and the names of the witnesses having been given. Such was the story of a certain Meeting-house, used as a hospital, having been burned with the Union soldiers inside of it. Letters have since been received from wounded inmates of that very Meeting-house, speaking of the tender care taken of them by their generous foes. The Tribune, foiled and contradicted in some of its bug-a-boo lies, comes out on Sunday with the attestations of some members of a Massachusetts Regiment, who say that a number of them crouched in a ditch hidden by bushes, and looked on while a handful of hostile soldiers cut the throat of a wounded comrade of their own. When asked why they being not wounded, did not join their comrade and defend him, the sneaking fellows said they "were scared!" Such fellows would be too much scared to know which way the ruffians and which the victim, belonged to. Such cowardly miscreants as those cited by the Tribune in that instance, are unworthy of belief under oath.—N. Y. Freeman.

THE MILITARY HOSPITALS.—We learn from a Southern gentleman of the utmost reliability, that in the military hospitals at Richmond and elsewhere, under the Southern Confederacy, the Sisters of Charity have full sweep for the performance of their heroic offices of mercy in the hospitals. We published a few weeks ago, an account of a visit to one of these hospitals, taken from the Mobile News. A correspondent in "Dixie's land" writes to ask whether the army around Washington, whom he irreverently, and also unfairly, because incorrectly, calls "Old Abe's minions," have any such care taken of them. We had already inquired into this matter, and find that the Sisters of Charity have been virtually excluded from the hospitals of the United States army. The Sisters are trained and professed nurses. They have the same advantages as nurses that regularly educated military men have as officers and soldiers. They have also, from their religious profession, a rule of conduct and of life that renders it impossible for them to join in the remaining school of nurses of the would-be Florence Nightingales. The consequence of all this is that, unless the Sisters can have the management of a hospital, they have no sufficient guaranty that the proprieties of their state of life, as religious women, can be maintained in the midst of a camp, and, as these conditions have not been offered them by the managers of Mr. Abraham Lincoln's war, they are not able, as they would wish, to tender their services to the sick and wounded soldiers. A letter, written in the strict confidence of personal friendship has reached us from Richmond, speaking of the edifying spectacles presented in the hospitals, there, under the next and charitable management of the Sisters. As we read it we were horrified at the contrast as presented by letter-writers from Washington, and as detailed by returned soldiers. The hospitals of the Federal army near Washington are charnel houses full of horror. No neatness, no civility there. There are plenty of wounded and dying Catholic soldiers, but no Sisters of Charity. Of course not. A parson-made and parson-ridden Administration could not be expected to consider the wants of the Catholic soldiers whom their policy dooms to death. The pulpit parishes who urged the Administration "on to Richmond," with prophecies that God's hand would be with them, display their religion by explaining that the reason of the disaster was the uncharities of the day. Had it been on Monday, not on the "Sabbath," that battle was given, the Federal army, by special help of the preachers' prophecies, would now have been in Richmond. But while they preach and prophecy, the soldiers are dying of neglect for want of the Sisters' hospital care.—N. Y. Freeman.

THE FEDERAL PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.—A Richmond paper says, that the Federal prisoners, now in the hands of the Confederate Army, will be put to work upon the entrenchments at Richmond. It further says, that inasmuch as Gen. Butler compels the runaway slaves to work on the fort, they will keep the prisoners in like employment until the Federal Government return their negroes in exchange.

SLAVES IN AMERICA.—The Southern planters love their slave, and are kind to them as long as they are quiet, on the same principle that an English farmer loves his cattle, or a country gentleman his horses and hounds. The North, neither loves nor hates them; would neither keep them in bondage nor give them their liberty; and, on the whole, inclines to consider them and their cause a nuisance rather than anything better. The South, as all the world knows, goes to war to maintain and perpetuate slavery. The North, as is equally well known, takes up arms to maintain and perpetuate the Union and not by any means to give freedom to the African race.—Under such circumstances the slaves, "chattel" in the South, and "contraband of war" in the North, cannot be expected to feel much love for either party, and less for the North than for the South. The success of the North, especially if easily accomplished, would do nothing for them. The South re-admitted to the Union from which it had seceded, would stipulate for the return of its escaped chattels, for the continued existence of its domestic institutions, and for the re-enactment of those fugitive slave laws, which rendered the whole of the United States, free as well as slave, responsible for the restoration of the human property, or contraband goods, that escaped, from captivity, and the struggle would be carried on and concluded without a particle of benefit to their oppressed race.—London Review.