

ly; now that, under the blessings of Almighty Goodness, the sore pressure and the dark blot of the old evils have been lightened or removed, now that the earth renews her harvest and the plough draws fatness from the soil, now that the rewards of industry are daily increasing, that our workhouses are all but emptied, and our gaols greatly thinned of their inhabitants (hear, hear) now I feel that, as we are told by your own poet, Erin has a smile as well as a tear in her eye (cheers), I know that I am not lowering my position (cheers), but acting up to all its requirements, by the fullest sympathy with every pulse of your gladness as well as of your sorrow. (Hear, hear.) And, be the subject matter which calls forth your successful energies what it may—be it the improvement of your agriculture, the extension of your trade, now about, I hope, to receive a greatly accelerated impulse (hear, hear), the spread of your education, the spell of your music, the progress of your architecture, the fame of your literature, or the feats of your heroes—endowing all with your will and nature, I bask myself in the brightness to which I know that I myself can contribute. The only overt crime I find alleged against me is that I opened baths and washhouses. (Laughter.) Well, I confess I am ready to do so any number of times again. (Hear, hear.) I hope it will not be thought a mortal sin that I am engaged in putting up a drinking-fountain; nay, moreover, I shall hail with the utmost pleasure the time—though, of course, I do not breathe a syllable about the most proper means of accomplishing it—for bringing into all the streets, and households, and rooms of Dublin a capacious supply of pure and wholesome water (hear, hear); and, if I should not be thought to be diving too low, I have no scruple in wishing the utmost possible prosperity to the penny banks of the city. (Loud cheers.) But to rise to subjects more imposing, or picturesque, at least. There embarked, within the last week, from the quays of this city a cavalry regiment, entirely raised and equipped in Ireland, the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, which, I am informed by competent authority, will be able to pass muster with the proudest and oldest cavalry regiment in the British service. (Cheers.) With respect to individual Irish enterprise, have we not recently welcomed the return from his voluntary service of enterprise and daring of the valiant young McClinton? (Cheers.) And no later than to-morrow will the venerable University of Ireland, hard by, assign her proudest honors to the illustrious Sir John Lawrence. (Cheers.)

LOUGH CORRIE TRAFFIC.—We are gratified to learn the traffic upon Lough Corrie is rapidly increasing. On Tuesday, the lake steamer Father Daly brought down a full and very valuable cargo, consisting of fourteen head of fat cattle, twenty-five fat sheep, fifty-five large pigs, for the Dublin market. All were, on arrival, transmitted to the city per railway. Mr. James Burke, of Cong, had also a large quantity of very superior oats on board, and in the stores at Cong a quantity of merchandise remains, which the Father Daly could not ship upon this trip. It is gratifying to find that at this season the average traffic has been kept up.—Galway Vindicator.

LANDED ESTATES COURT.—A Parliamentary return just issued states that 416 petitions in all have been presented for sale in the Landed Estates Court, Ireland, from the date of its institution to the present time. Thirty-four petitions (including one comprising a rental of about £10,000 a year, which has been dismissed by order of the court) have been presented for the sale of property above the value of £10,000, the approximate capital value being £1,177,950.—Three hundred and eighty-two petitions were for the sale of property not exceeding the value of £10,000, the approximate capital value being £894,316. The number of petitions for confirmation of the title was six.

A case of an extraordinary nature is likely soon to occupy the attention of our law courts. A lady (the wife of an ex-M.P.), who brought an immense fortune to her husband, has left her home, owing, it is said, to family disputes; she is at present, with her suite, staying at a fashionable hotel in Dublin. The case is considered a great gossend in the hall of the Four Courts, as the leading men of the bar are all retained. The greatest efforts have been ineffectually made by friends to hush the matter up. We understand that an eminent Dublin firm are engaged for the gentleman, and that a solicitor connected with this city conducts the case for the "lady fair."—Kilkenny Moderator.

"England does not produce eggs enough—Ireland has her own use for hers." These words we copy from a recent number of the Times. They convey a cruel and brutal sneer, and we have read them with equal pain and shame. Is there never to be an end in the columns of the journal which professes to be (and is, unfortunately, accepted by Europe as) the special organ of English opinion—an end, we say, of these gross and ribald jests at the sufferings of our Irish brethren—the sufferings of that intelligent nation whose very miseries (produced, alas! by our British rule) have made it all the more morbidly sensitive? The occasion of our contemporary's joke was a harmless one enough. The writer of the article from which we have copied this sentence was complimenting Mr. Gladstone on his proposed legislation as regards newspapers; he went on to advocate (as we understand him) an arrangement with Keogh for the abolition of restrictions on export and import of linen and cotton rags; and he could not suffer even the occasion offered by so indifferent a subject of insulting a sensitive (because so long-suffering) people to pass without venting his bile upon them. All this is very bad, very wicked, and very mischievous; for even unjust legislation itself does not tend more to exasperate a people like the Irish than does this galling sore which the literary gad-flies of the Times love to keep ever stung and bleeding. We are not at all astonished to find foolish brutalities of this kind angrily and passionately resented by our Irish contemporaries.—It is not a class or a party merely that is insulted by these stupid and unchristian jests; it is a whole nation; and even the most un-English of the Irish newspapers respond to the insult with angry retort. Accordingly, it does not surprise us in the least that even the Dublin Evening Mail, the organ of the extreme Tory and Protestant party in Ireland, replies to the silly and unmanly sneer of the Times in the following terms:—"Now this is, as we said, ill-natured, especially when it is recollected that the rags which poor Ireland must wear out, as here intimated, to gossamer, are imported for the most part from Manchester; and the linen rags which we could once supply in abundance—the very best of all materials for paper—were taken from us by a partial and iniquitous British legislature. It becomes the pampered minions of English exclusiveness to sneer at the raggedness of a people who, if justly treated, ought to be as wealthy and well-clad as their more favored neighbors. It is neither decent nor wise to cause these sarcasms, especially when it is notorious that the same injustice which keeps Ireland in rags, taxes these rags to the very uttermost farthing which it is possible to extract from them." Who can quarrel with the Irish press for language like the foregoing, when insults so foolish and mischievous are flung at our Irish fellow-subjects. Heaven knows, if rags are abundant in Ireland, and if the unfortunate Irish peasantry and artisans have "their own uses for them," the fault is with our legislators who have not given that ill-treated nation a fair scope for the development of its fine resources. If, as our Roman correspondent said the other day, we, by the legislation which afflicts her with a detestable Church Establishment and most oppressive land laws, have helped to create, and, therefore, as Englishmen, anxious for the reconciliation of the two countries, and the softening of the sufferings of the Irish people, do we most sternly protest against these unmanly and brutal

sneers in which the writers in the Times so often criminally indulge at the expense of a people whose past wrongs, and present injustices, give them a title to be more than ordinarily sensitive of insult.—Weekly Register.

THE TOURNAI NUMBER.—A man of the name of Smyth, a "Convert" in Lord Plunket's employment, has been arrested for this murder, on information sworn before the magistrates of Ballinasloe. but has been discharged owing to insufficient evidence.

ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY, LIMERICK BY THE FOUNDER, THE VERY REV. DR. O'BRIEN.—I am sorry to be obliged to allude to the occasion of this disastrous injustice—I will not say the cause: I mean Napoleon III. I had admired him long and defended him ardently. As a writer, I had gone out of my way to illustrate the beauty of his policy, and as a speaker, I have more than once publicly proclaimed my confidence in his integrity. Nay, when my dearest friends saw in him the masked enemy of Rome, I saw only the embarrassed friend of France that waited his opportunity. I believe I have been the last priest in Ireland, among those who hoped in him, to surrender the Emperor of the French; and I wish to do so publicly. I called on my country to give him time; I now declare that the Catholic conscience of Ireland can no longer tolerate him. He has earned our repudiation, and our prayer that God may convert him from a course which leads to his doom, through the tears and miseries of multitudes; and that the Holy Father may be defended from a friendship that seems to threaten Rome with more evil than befel her from the Vaudois or the Goth (cheers). The Times newspaper, a few weeks ago waxed pleasant upon the change in popular sentiment in Ireland. This singular organ taught the English people that we cheered the Emperor because he was to be the "liberator of Ireland." It could not understand why we cared for him as the promised protector of Rome. His character has changed, or his policy is too selfish; and the road which it travels is too filled with woes to humanity before it comes to recognize justice and right. Therefore it was that Ireland changed in his regard, and is not likely again to trust him (loud cries of hear and applause). Even still I am quite convinced that Rome is not the enemy at which Napoleon aims. Let us not discuss his objects. It was the occasion of the Pope's embarrassment—and he now lays down principles to perpetuate the evils which he, of course foresaw. He has suppressed every effort to direct the public mind in France according to the principles of right and justice; and he has given unlimited license to those who assail the Holy See. He has struck the Universities—even while pronouncing the name Pope Pius, and the shadow of extinction is on *L'Ami de la Religion*. He has warned the Correspondent, and done his utmost to paralyze the exertions of the prelates themselves. He is destroying the public conscience of his country, and awakening a spirit which thinks that he will never be able to restrain. The strength of revolution stayed his progress, and mastered his myriads at Solferino—and the revolution may do the same thing again. He may only wish to possess Savoy and Nice as a preparation for pushing forward to the Rhine. He may only seek treaties of commerce which will obtain him coal and iron easily, while he becomes perfect in every department of defence and assault (hear, hear). He may be only amusing or enjoying English stationery, while they imagine he will allow them to make a kingdom in Italy too strong for himself. He may be looking forward to Eastern complications or solving some of them in his own favor while Lord John Russell's eyes are fixed on the Pope. He may, when he has the work which the Church's suffering, are intended to subvert accomplished, then give his respect, and restore the chief of the church; but God will never permit him to drag Pope Pius through that Gethsemane of woe. When he imagines he has triumphed he is near his fall. It will be Barbarossa—Phillip, Napoleon the First repudiated to test the immortality of the Holy See. When the feelings which I express shall have seized two hundred and fifty millions—when Catholics proclaim him a persecutor and Protestants will not trust him—when those who now favour him shall find they may condemn him, he will practically remember the advice in the "Secret Memoirs," alluded to by the Holy Father, the advice of the founder of his dynasty—"Let my descendants beware of how they touch the Catholic Church." Dr. O'Brien resumed his seat amid loud and long-continued cheering.

The noble generosity of the Irish people, remarkable as it has ever been, has never been displayed in a more righteous cause than in that which has evoked such a demonstration of devotion to the Holy See, expressed unmistakably by the collection of no less than Fifteen Thousand Pounds on Sunday last, in the Diocese of Dublin alone. In England, there is a strongly expressed desire to follow such a glorious example. We should mention that an address from the Diocese of Liverpool, bearing the signatures of 52,360 Catholics of that diocese, has been forwarded to the Holy Father. We hope soon to record the commencement of a vigorous movement for raising an English tribute to His Holiness, which shall be worthy of the Catholics of this country.—Weekly Register.

THE JUDGES OF IRELAND.—The Common Law Bench now shows seven Catholics to five Protestants. Catholics—Chief Justice Monaghan, Judges Ball and Keogh in the Common Pleas; Chief Baron Pigot and Baron Hughes in the Exchequer; Judges O'Brien and J. D. Fitzgerald in the Queen's Bench. Protestants—Chief Justice Lefroy and Judge Hayes in the Queen's Bench, Barons Green and F. Fitzgerald in the Exchequer, and Judge Christian in the Common Pleas.

GREAT BRITAIN. THE CHURCH AND THE EMPEROR.—We (Weekly Register) have been honored by receiving the following important letter from the Lord Bishop of Birmingham:—"Birmingham, Feb. 22, 1860. "Dear Sir—I have just the circular of the Minister of Public Instruction, addressed to the Prelates of France. This is the fifth document which the Emperor of France has launched through his ministers, against the Church, in the space of a few days. "It may be as well at once to note the extreme subtlety of method with which that autocrat is striving to silence the faithful voice of the Church, and to justify his conduct in the same breath, that subtlety strives in vain to conceal the violence which it endeavors to smooth over. "First, the Emperor silences the Catholic press by the strong hand, so that neither Pope, Bishop, Priest, or Layman can be heard through that channel. Next, he commands his prefects to stop the circulation of pamphlets, and to silence the pulpit, 'moderately, but firmly.' Now, through the Minister of Public Instruction, he exhorts the Bishops to be silent, and to silence all beneath their jurisdiction. Meanwhile the Emperor proceeds in his controversy with the Pope, through the very documents which impose this silence on all sides through his Foreign Minister, through his organs in the press, and through the licence given to the infidel press. "The document I have just read resumes whatever has been put forward, most hostile to the liberties of the Church, and most insulting to the Pope and the religious sense of Catholics. "As to the Sovereign Pontiff himself, the Emperor has, to suit his convenience, divided into two distinct persons; one of these persons is Pius, the Italian King, the other, Pius, the Pontiff. In the pamphlet 'The Pope and the Congress,' the Emperor was not so clear-sighted. There he maintained that the temporal power of the Pope is, in the eyes of religion, 'essential for the exercise of his spiritual power'; but since then, the Emperor has made progress—he says, that the Church has nothing to say to Pius, the temporal Sovereign—that to defend the

Pope's temporal Sovereignty, is to interfere with what belongs not to the Church, but is for himself and diplomacy exclusively to handle.—I remain, dear Sir, your faithful servant, "W. B. ULLATBORNE."

MR. POOLE AND THE CONGRESSIONAL ST. SARANAH.—After some considerable silence, we bear again of this case. The Union is "pleased to find that notwithstanding the discouragements and impediments which they have met with from the bankruptcy of his solicitor, and allies, he succeeded in bringing his appeal before the Privy Council." The preliminary questions, as to the right of appeal, under the 1st and 2d Vict., c. 108, will, we are told, be first brought to a hearing. Should that be decided in the affirmative, the main question may come on in June.

THE LIBERAL CATHOLIC.—In very few of them, indeed, is the backbone of the moral character so perfectly straight. The same names recur, generation after generation, in the same attitude, on the Pope's Temporal Power, on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, on the Veto, as Government Spies on the Bishops, or on O'Connell or on Keogh, as Seceders from the Committee when its vigor in their mean eyes resembled violence; and, if one could only go back a generation or two before, as occasional apostates, going to the Protestant Church once or twice a year, to keep some small morsels of estate tacked to their titles. The present generation has seen Mr. Montagu Bell, a Lord of the Treasury, 'slinking' from the Lobby, and turning his back on his Church and on his country; nay, may see him today boasting publicly among his colleagues that he is not bound by any absurd pledge to the cause of the Whigs, who have requested Lord Palmerston to interfere in the affairs of His Holiness. The last generation saw Mr. William Bell, a satisfied spy on the Catholic Bishops and the Catholic Committee.—But the great ancestor of this now noble family was that John Bell of Bermeath, Esquire, to whom, in the year 1690, was granted by William and Mary "a Pardon of the Outlawry, which had been pronounced against him at his own request, in order that he might more effectually serve their Majesties in enemies' quarters." Surely this is the very model and ideal of the genealogy of a Catholic Whig. But the most hideous hypocrisy in the world is the air of sanctity with which this party, generation after generation, is played. No doubt, when Jonathan Swift moralized over that noble unfortunate Earl, who carried coals at a penny a bag on the quays of Dublin for his honest livelihood, there were many miserable Catholics, who persuaded themselves that they were serving the Church in the most effectual manner, by speaking, acting, and living, so that not the keenest Commission of Discovery could ascertain whether they were recusants or not. When a Catholic Minister continued to hold his office under the Durham Letter, he pleaded, not that he loved his salary, and wasn't particular, but that he did it by the advice as a Bishop and for the good of the Church. To-morrow, no doubt, if a Catholic Whig were offered a special mission to assist the Marchese Peppi in the partition of the Legations, he would not merely take it, but expect to be considered a better Catholic for taking it.—Tribune.

THE COMMERCIAL TREATY.—Talk as we may, there are few of us yet who have got over our uneasiness about this curious commercial treaty. In the weaker days of the greater Roman empire, when diabolical rulers grasped the helm of the State with feeble hand, and Rome's conquering legions, utterly disorganized, were no longer accustomed to conquer, it was the custom to buy off the hostility of the Northern invaders with large sums of money. Is it not a startling fact, suggestive of public distrust and unconfidence, that so many people believe that we (or our rulers) have consented to this commercial treaty as a bribe to buy off the hostility of France? For our relations with our great Continental neighbors present some extraordinary features. It is stated again and again that France is the only nation in the world whose enmity we have any cause to fear; and certainly the only power from whom we may, in any contingency, dread an attempt at invasion. At the same time it is announced that with France we are on the closest terms of alliance and intimacy.—On that alliance and intimacy, our statesmen must assuredly place the highest value; for to secure it, they give France their coal and iron duty-free to complete as rapidly as possible all her military and naval works, offensive and defensive, and fill all her arsenals with all the munitions of war, whilst they get in return only some cheap wines which people won't drink, and a prohibitive duty on the manufactures of Great Britain. Yet look at this grim and startling fact; whilst we learn of this wretched French alliance, we enormously increase our wretched public expenditure, and spend Thirty Millions sterling to defend our shores from the apprehended hostile invasion of the friendly Gaul. So marvellous an anomaly as this the world has never seen before.—Weekly Register.

JAMMOO.—We throw up our caps and shout for the general prosperity, and read our own City Articles, and swell with pride and glory that "we" are so rich; but we should be puzzled, if we had not this paper before us, to know where this swarm of golden sovereigns are hid. These columns, however, tell the tale. There are two classes of citizens in this country who have taken tremendous slices out of the great sum total from which the others have only drawn modest shares. The ironmasters have got no less than thirteen millions of this foreign trade, but the cotton-spinners have, after utilizing all the many millions of these islands, succeeded in pocketing from the foreign trade all the profits upon no less a sum than £48,208,441! Here is a pleasant sum to revel and roll in and to take toll from? We have found then the hive to which all those golden bees have flown. There, far away in the north—there, in those flats over which in ancient days old Ocean rose and fell, sometimes carrying his tray up to the foot of the Cheviot peaks, prostrating the primordial forest and creating by the waste he made those coal beds which are now more precious than gold—there, where the tall chimneys would dwarf the old Saxon giants, where the sound of the piston stroke never ceases, and where the frequent square factories gleam from their many windows all night long and give appearances of a general illumination—there it is that all this gold has gone. It is gathered by an industrious race with sharp instincts for their special mission, which is to make calico and to amass gold; frugal in their habits, and not too delicate in their tastes; capable of great efforts of ostentatious magnificence, but well remembering that habitual thrift is the great secret of growing rich. Here men reckon each other by what they save, and not by what they spend; by what they have, and not by what they have given away. Here is a community powerful by their riches and powerful by their industry of purpose. Their interests are always represented as the great interests of the nation, and well paid and well patronized apostles go forth from them fiercely compelling all men to cry with them, "There is but one commercial faith, and Manchester is its prophet."—London Times.

THE ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.—The Times says the House of Commons has been roused from a slumber, which neither a Commercial nor Parliamentary Reform can wholly dispel, by a passage of arms on the annexation of Savoy. Both Lord J. Russell and Lord Palmerston were called on last night to say something on the state of Italian affairs, and the former spoke as a man who suffered from a governmental struggle between what was due to his own convictions and respect for a great ally. He could only protest against the language of his Birmingham friend and the acts of our French ally. By the time the deed is consummated, the House will probably go more deeply into the question, whether, or not, it should have been done.

The Herald repeats that the Emperor's speech is a deliberate defiance. The Emperor knows well that Savoy will never become a French Province willingly, and that Europe will never sanction the fatal ascendancy over Italy which he now aims at. Everything depends on the decision England will give.—We trust that Lord Palmerston will recollect that he is an English minister, and that he will take the course which our honor and our interests alike point out.

The Daily News in an article on the correspondence about Savoy, says despatches published supply abundant food for thought; and we can only hope that, reflecting on the impression they cannot fail to make in Europe, the Emperor will give one proof of his sagacity, and renounce a project which, whatever its immediate result, must exercise a prejudicial influence over the remainder of his reign.

The Chronicle thinks Lord John Russell put the matter of Savoy in its true light.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—The Board of Trade have just issued a return of the number of railway accidents and of persons killed or injured thereby during the half-year ended the 31st December, 1859. The returns, which comprise all accidents in the United Kingdom, state that, the total number of accidents was 36, the total number of killed, 9 and of injured 236. Out of these 36 accidents three were from collisions between passenger trains; 13 from collisions between passenger trains and other trains or engines two from passenger trains running off their proper line through points being wrong; seven from passenger trains getting off the rails; one from the bursting of the boiler of an engine of a passenger train; two from the breaking of the axles or wheels or machinery of engines breaking or getting out of order; two from trains running into stations at too great speed; three from collisions between goods trains; and two from the bursting of the boilers of engines of goods-trains. Out of the nine persons killed by these accidents, five were servants of the company. The total number, however, who have met their deaths on railroads during the last half-year, including the above 9, is 117, which number are distributed:—16 passengers by their own want of caution, 52 servants of companies or of contractors from their own misconduct or want of caution, 13 killed while crossing at level crossings, and 24 trespassers, of whom three were cases of suicide. It must be borne in mind that these accidents are spread over an area of 10,001 miles of railway—viz., 7,309 miles in England and Wales, 1,265 miles in Scotland, and 1,427 miles in Ireland. The number of persons killed for the corresponding period of 1858 over 9,534 miles of rail was 133, showing a decrease in the half-year just passed of 16 over an increased space of 457 miles.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S PERSECUTION OF THE FRENCH CHURCH.—Louis Napoleon is not disposed to do things by halves—albeit his Italian campaign, 'crowned with a series of brilliant victories, did not, to use a somewhat vulgar saying, "go the whole hog." But when he has noble quarry, such as the Head of the Church, his Prelates and Priests, he is a very Skelton, and exacts his pound of flesh most Hebraically. Whilst his Excellency M. Thouvenin is transmitting verbose and insidious missives to the Eternal City, M. Rouland, 'amuse, entertains himself and the worst enemies of Catholicity with caustic philippics against the French ecclesiastics in general. Mestry manuscripts, obsolete ordinances, and excerpts of the revolutionary era in France are raked and rooted up, to make out a bill of pains and penalties and against the Clergy, and to fulminate *nerflessness* against them, similar to those which have straggled, suffocated, or utterly silenced the voice of truth and warning in the pulpit, the Papal encyclics, and the episcopal addresses. Their Excellencies the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Public Worship, are Lords Paramount, and can do what they choose with the nation's liberties, civil and religious. Riloquence may still exist in gallant France, but it must be the eloquence of silence; the *vox populi* and the *vox Dei* must be measured by the Imperial standard, and should either fall short, or exceed that arbitrarily prescribed extent, it must be hushed for ever. This is all very well as long as it lasts. There is nothing now in the attempt to enforce such a state of things, but if success crown the attempt there will be something new in it. We are beginning to lose faith in the maxim that experience of the past is the best guide for the future. The nephew of the first Napoleon has that experience set more clearly before him than any other ruler, yet he turns his eyes away from it, despises the lessons which it teaches him, and re-creates the very part, commits the very errors, and—we grieve to say it—is proceeding fast to the perpetration of the very crimes that hurled the founder of his dynasty from a throne to a prison—from a glorious Empire to a barren rock, separated from the rest of the world by vast oceans. *Quem Deus perdere vult, deprimit mentis*.—Dublin Telegraph.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF AN OLD CAPEBONNER.—Few persons who have been in the habit of attending the guard mounting on St. James's or of assisting at the reviews in Hyde Park, can have failed to remark the dog "Bub" belonging to the Scots Fusilier Guards, whose portly form and decorated breast have already (since his return from the Crimea) attracted considerable attention. This distinguished character, after serving all the dangers and vicissitudes of the Crimean campaign, met with an untimely end on Thursday last, whilst marching at the head of the regiment, when he was run over by a cart and killed on the spot. A drummer was sent back with his body to the Buckingham Palace guard (near which the accident occurred), and many were the expressions of regret on the part of both officers and men, as "Poor old Bub" was carried past the battalions. He was looked upon as a comrade by all, and in the minds of many he was associated with the most stirring scenes of the Russian war. A short resume of his career and services may possibly not prove uninteresting. Like many others who have earned a name in the glorious annals of the British army, Bob was of humble origin, his ponyhood having been passed under the roof of a butcher in the neighborhood of Windsor. He, however, early gave token of a decided penchant for a soldier's life, and in the spring of 1853, when the Scots Fusilier Guards were quartered at Windsor, he was frequently caught in the barracks and taken home by his master. Bub had, however, made up his mind to "follow the drum and when the Fusiliers marched to Cobham, he accompanied them, a recognized member of the regiment. Here he first gave promise of that excellence which afterwards distinguished him as an "old campaigner." Always set on the field or on parade, not a veteran in the army had a better notion of taking care of number one when the duties of the day were over. No Zouave was his equal at individual entering. On the embarkation of the army for the East, Bub was the first on board the Simoon troopship. Here his brilliant career was nearly put an end to. "Whose dog is that?" asked the first lieutenant, and no particular owner coming forward to claim him, the order was given to throw him overboard; but before this order could be carried into effect, it was explained that he belonged to everybody, when he was kindly allowed to remain, and became as great a pet on board ship as he had been on shore. He disembarked with the Fusiliers in the Crimea, and was present at the Alma, Balaklava and Inkerman, and rarely missed going into the trenches. He would run after the round shot and shells, as they fell, and his escapes were extraordinary. At the conclusion of the war, "Bub" returned to England with his regiment, and was present with the *decorés*, when the Queen, first welcomed them on their return to Aldershot. He marched into London with the Brigade in 1856, and has since that time merely followed a routine of home service, mounting guard with his battalion, and though essentially the soldier's dog, he presided occasionally to accompany the Captain of the Queen's Guard in his rounds.

PROTESTANT OBSESSION.—The following horridly picture of life in the great metropolis of Protestantism, we find in a London Protestant paper, the Atlas:—"Visit the lower parts of Westminster, or Seven Dials (such that it is bad still exists there, though Kensington has of late years received some of the evil), or Shoreditch, or Whitechapel, and make use of eyes, ears, and nose, and what result can be arrived at other than that it depicts a civilization lives in its midst, 'rears its monstrous head,' and, unseen except by few, shakes its threatening hand? Look at the people as they crawl lazily in and out of the gin shops, or stand at the doors and cellars of the houses in which they vegetate. The rags, half disclosing what we dread to think is human flesh; the dirt, clothing what otherwise would be unclothed; the emaciation and evident physical misery—terrible as all this may be, it carries little warning with it compared with that glaring out from the faces of this dreadful mass of humanity.—These faces are absolutely awful. They are ugly beyond all known forms of living ugliness. They are ferocious, sensual, daring, yet cunning; not a ray of mental light shines in their features. But that the women are more heinous than the men, it would be difficult to distinguish, for in the sexes even in dress (if rotten rags deserve such a term) the difference is slight. As we look at them and shrink, instinctively away, it is impossible to help wondering how any creature of their own kind, however degraded, however miserable, could by any means sufficiently accustom themselves to the sight of each other as to exist and herd together as they do.

A CHANGE.—Sir Andrew Agnew (the son of the once famous "Sir Andrew Agnew," as he was termed) has given notice that he will, on the motion for going into committee on the Roman Catholic Charities Bill, move, that this house will, upon this day six months, resolve itself into the said committee.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company had adopted the report of the Board of Directors, and agreed to raise £20,000 to make an attempt to reascend the cable, or recover as much of it as possible.

On Sunday the disturbances at St. George's East seem to have undergone a milder form. There was inside and outside the church some 300 policemen.—There were several fits of coughing during the evening service, but they did not come to that description of it which called for the interference of the police. The Rev. T. Richardson, has been elected lecturer of St. George's-in-the-East, in succession to Mr. H. Allen. He is incumbent of a district church in the neighborhood, and although a Low Churchman disposed to work amicably with Mr. Ryan King.

Last week the Rev. Henry Garrat, Curate of the Parish Church, Chesterfield, was committed to take his trial on a charge that he being a trustee of certain monies (£18 3s. 9d.) belonging to the Church Missionary Society, did appropriate the same to his own purposes.

Public attention has been ostentatiously drawn to a movement (inaugurated by several well known Dissenting ministers, and some few syncretists belonging to the Establishment) in which a prominent feature is the singular spectacle of midnight meetings in a locality of questionable character. The subject is one which we cannot discuss in these columns. It is sufficient for us to state that an every-day experience proves that the Catholic Church alone has received a Divine mission to reach the fallen, and that without the consolations which the Catholic religion has ever ready for the repenting sinner, all the persuasive eloquence of the most unaged platform orators will be unavailing, even although it be accompanied, as in the present case, by the seductive influence of "tea and toast," or, as in the case of many of the temptations of our own poorer brethren, of snuff and blankets. The most encouraging writers on the present movement, while resolutely the motives of its promoters, admit that their energies are misapplied and their zeal misdirected.—Weekly Register.

COST OF CHINA EXPEDITION.—The vote which will be required in the year ending 31st March, 1860, to defray the expenses which will be incurred for naval and military operations in China, beyond the ordinary grants for army and navy services for the year 1859-60 amounts to £599,000.

We are authorized to state that Mr. Hope Scott and Mr. Sergeant Bellamy, on behalf of the infant son of the Duke of Norfolk, do not intend any longer to contest the title of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot to the Shrewsbury estates, and that all former litigation is now abandoned.—Weekly Register.

LORD BROUGHAM AND MR. GLADSTONE.—A very significant compliment to Mr. Gladstone's oratory, and a very striking incident in itself, appears not to have been noticed by our London contemporaries. We mean the presence of Lord Brougham within the walls of the House of Commons for the first time during very nearly thirty years—that is, since he left it, in 1830, to become Lord Chancellor. It is pretty well known that Lord Brougham left the House of Commons to reside over the House of Lords, with the utmost pain and reluctance—that his own most earnest desire was not to accept any office which necessitated the abdication of his position nominally and titularly higher only at the most urgent entreaty and virtual command of his party. Since his removal he has never once been known to enter his auditor within those walls which had so often echoed with his eloquence. On Friday night, for the first time, he overcame this remarkable reluctance; and then, too, for the first time, it is understood, he heard the man who now occupies the position he himself so long held, untrivalled and undisturbed—the greatest orator in the British House of Commons.—Lord Brougham was seen to listen intently during the whole four hours during which Mr. Gladstone spoke; and is known to have expressed the highest admiration of the speech, as a masterpiece of clear and skillful statement and persuasive rhetoric.—Scotsman.

The actual mitre of Thomas A'Beckett is in the possession of Cardinal Wiseman, and is to be seen in perfect preservation at his house in York-place. It is low and angular, and composed of white silk, embroidered with gold flowers and scroll-work, with a broad band of red silk down the centre and round the margin. It is remarkable that the ties or lappets are worked in different patterns. The mitre had been preserved amongst other relics in the cathedral of Bang, and was presented by the archbishop of that see to Cardinal Wiseman in 1842.—There is still, we believe, at Seas another mitre, of a somewhat more elaborate pattern, which, also, is reported to have belonged to Thomas A'Beckett.—Morning Chronicle.

A Correspondent writes to the Union:—"Are you aware that several of the B. George's rioters, finding their designs last Sunday foiled by the presence of the police at the parish church, turned their attention to a Wesleyan chapel in the vicinity, where they created considerable disturbance? So much for Sir G. Lewis's opinion that the 'peculiar practices' at St. George's are responsible for all that has occurred there."

ANOTHER OBNOVIUM IN TROUBLE.—The Rev. East Frederick Thomas Ribbons, master of the grammar school, and chaplain of the union workhouse at Leek, Robert Moore Stowler, and Bliza de Berriere, were on Saturday committed by the magistrates at Leek for maliciously conspiring to obtain possession of the illegitimate child of Hannah Mellor, by the reversal of a verdict, and to cause such child by unlawful means, namely, by clandestinely and fraudulently leaving it at the Leek union workhouse, to become chargeable to the common fund of the union. The evidence disclosed the most awful immorality.

There had been an explosion at the Barradon colliery, causing the death of 80 men and boys.