

THE IRISH BRIGADES IN ANCONA.—There are already fifty thousand Irishmen in Ancona! Those who wish to go number thousands! The movement is like that of the early Crusaders—fervent, impetuous, enthusiastic, in the extreme. The Very Rev. Dr. McLaughlin, O.S.F., late of Limerick, is chaplain to the Irish Brigade. It is a curious but creditable fact that the Franciscan Fathers, in all the phases of our history, abroad and at home, have been at all times the foremost bulwarks of Irish nationality; and here we have a most respected member of the order the chaplain to the noblest Irish Brigade that ever yet was formed. Well done, pilgrims of the Rhine! The Holy Father gives the Papal blessing as they land by Monsignore Howard, formerly an officer of the British army, now a priest in Rome.—Limerick Reporter.

LETTERS FROM THE CRUSADERS. Macerata, Papal States, 19th May, 1860. My Dear Sir,—Let me avail myself of the medium of that excellent journal, the *Nation*, which has rendered such signal services to the cause of our Most Holy Father, to place before those who take an interest in its success the train of events which have fortunately placed me, too, in a position in which I can hope to be of service, though of another kind. On my arrival in Ancona, I found, almost as I had expected, that by reason of the disturbed state of the country, railway enterprise and labor was at a discount, and that, in fact, soldiers are just now more in request hereabouts than navvies. Not being disinclined to the profession of arms, I have offered myself, and being accepted, together with a goodly number of my fellow-countrymen, as full privates in the Pope's army. Our engagement is for four years; but should we continue to like the profession, we may renew it indefinitely—so that, should the cause require a continuance of our services, there is but slender chance of our ever laying aside the rifle and bayonet for the pick and shovel,—not, indeed, that the prospects held out to us are very encouraging in a material point of view; on the contrary, our work is hard and our remuneration nothing to boast of, the daily pay of a private not amounting, after all deductions, to more than three bajocchi, or something over three halfpence per day. The heats, too, just now are, and for two or three months will be, very oppressive in the towns and on march and drill, and the commander, General Lamoriciere, shows no disposition to allow his men to grow rusty for want of work, or to allow the army to become inefficient for want of strict discipline, to which, all of whatsoever previous rank or condition, are expected to submit without a murmur. However, a spirit of kindness, animated by religion, pervades the entire system—a great desire is shown to take care of the men, and the Chaplain, Very Rev. Dr. McLaughlin, formerly of Adam and Eve Chapel, in Dublin, is ever on the watch to explain to the commanders anything which, for the present, is peculiar in our habits or necessities. To say that we have the exercises of our Holy Religion free, and in every way encouraged, is quite unnecessary in a country whose rulers found their best claim to their independent temporal authority on its necessity for the interests of religion and the good of souls. What a glorious mission for the strong arms and courageous hearts of Irish Catholics to help in restoring their Holy Father to the full and peaceable possession of his just rights. It will, indeed, be a proud day for those who have contributed to such a result, and the recollection of it will amply repay us for any sacrifices we may have to make in furthering it. I only hope that we may prove worthy of the noble task assigned to us, and without in the least wishing to disparage the heroism or devotion of the thousands of brave fellows, who from all Catholic countries are thronging around the standard of the Holy Father, I trust that we may be as pre-eminent in fighting for our Holy Religion, as, through God's mercy, our forefathers have been in suffering for it.

When I shall have been long enough in the country, and had time to make my observations, you shall hear again from me, dear Sir, yours faithfully, AN EMIGRANT. P.S.—The news is, that many thousands are en route to join us. I hope none will be recommended from Ireland, whose religion, good conduct, and submission to authority, as well as bravery in the field, will not do honor to the old country. If the Irish battalion now here give practical proof that they are what they are reported, and here believed to be, pre-eminently good soldiers and good Christians, I do not think it too much to expect that ere long an Irish Brigade will hold a most prominent and distinguished place in the army of the Church.

I should have mentioned that three of our men who had the good fortune to pass through Rome, had the consolation of being presented to the Holy Father. After they had kissed his foot he gave them his blessing, and presented each with a beautiful medal struck in commemoration of the great support which the Catholics of the whole world have given to the rights and privileges of the Holy Father.

Rome, 20th May, 1860.—I arrived in Rome on Wednesday, after a delay of three days, though being detained 24 hours in the Thames. Monsignore Talbot presented us to His Holiness on Thursday. We kissed his foot and received his blessing. He presented us with a medal, with his likeness on one side; and on the other is the following inscription:—“The Roman Citizens dedicate this Medal to the Irishmen.”

Who came to Rome for the Purpose of defending the Rights of the Roman Pontiff, The Common Father of All. And there was only one heart and one soul of all the multitudes of the believers.” Plus IX. We three are the first of the Irish Brigade, or Pope's Own, as our regiment is to be called, that have had the distinguished honor of being presented to His Holiness. The sign upon our hats is to be the Papal arms, with the lup of Erin underneath. The uniform is to be green. We are to be a national regiment, and commanded by Irish officers only, of whom several in Ireland have volunteered to join us. We had an interview with the Minister of War this morning. He showed us a telegraphic despatch, saying that 1000 Irishmen would be in Ancona, in two vessels, on Tuesday next. Monsignore Talbot told us that His Holiness would rather have one regiment of Irishmen than five of any other nation, because they would give their lives and their hearts freely in defence of the rights of the Vicar of Christ and successor of St. Peter. We went next to the English College, and had a very warm reception from his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. The students of both the Irish and this college are as enthusiastic in this holy cause as we are; some saying they would like to be chaplain to our regiment, and others even private soldiers. The Italians are overjoyed at finding our nation coming forward to stand by the Pope, and the revolutionists dread one regiment of Irish more than twenty others; they think we are irresistible. A great many of the Sardinian officers are against the annexation of the Pope's dominions to the King of Sardinia, and declare that if they are brought into the Romagna they will not fight against His Holiness. Since our arrival in Rome we have been well treated by the parties we had business with, and our hotel expense is paid by the Minister of War. We could stay another week in Rome if we wished, but we preferred not putting the Government to any more expense. The three of us leave for Ancona by diligence in the morning, six days' journey, to join our regiment. As soon as our regiment is organized, we are to remain in Rome. I think that our regiment should be named the “Knights of St. Patrick,” or “The Pope's Own.”

A correspondent of the *Month People*, writing from Castelili, says:—“One of the young men of this town, who recently enlisted in the 1st Regiment of Militia, now in training for a month, having received permission to visit his friends here on a Saturday evening after parade, on the condition of his being back in time for parade, on the following Monday morning, was asked by one of them why he had not enlisted? He in reply stated that they had done so for the purpose of obtaining some knowledge of military tactics ere they started to join the Irish Brigade—now being raised in Rome to defend His Holiness against his enemies, under General Lamoriciere.”

The Papal Treasury.—In Tipperary, on Sunday, the princely sum of £300 was subscribed for the Papal tribute; in Kilkenny, £100; in Gortnahoe, about £120; in Ballingarry, £160, &c.—Tipperary Free Press.

HONORIFICATION, June 5.—The inhabitants of Borris-oleigh and its adjoining parish, ever faithful to the Holy Father, have come forward in their usual spirit of generosity—giving exceeding gratification to their worthy pastors by contributing the sum of £120 which for its extent does great credit to the inhabitants.—Correspondent.

The Parishioners of the Rev. John Butler, P.P., in Gortnahoe and New Birrington, diocese of Oshiel, on Sunday last made the very spirited subscription of £120 to the Papal Tribute.

Sunday, the 24th of June, has been selected as the day for the collection in aid of the Pope in the diocese of Kilkenny. The Most Rev. Dr. M'Nally, Bishop of Ogher has received from Cardinal Alexander Barnabo, Prefect of the Propaganda, a most kind letter, in which he speaks of the Ogher diocesan address to the Holy Father, and of the contribution which accompanied it, in the most laudatory and complimentary terms. The diocesan remittance for the Pope exceeded £1,300.

The Connaught Patriot says:—Last week we had the pleasure of inspecting the New Catholic church, now under process of erection in Crossmolina. We are happy to state that it is progressing favourably towards completion, and possesses, both in dimensions and architectural beauty, all that will tend to its being considered one of the most extensive and beautiful ecclesiastical edifices in the country. Owing to the indefatigable and untiring exertions of the Very Rev. Dr. Costelloe, P.P., the new church will form, when finished, an excellent substitute for the present commodious and unfinished structure. We need not say it will form a lasting monument of the zeal and energy of the exemplary and patriotic pastor.

We regret to have to perform the sad duty of announcing the premature death of the Rev. James M'Namara, the respected and revered pastor of Ballacastle, which occurred on the evening of the 27th ult., after a short illness of only three or four days. The death of this learned and exemplary priest, will cause a pang of heartfelt grief, deep and intense, to all who had the pleasure of knowing him.

With feelings of deep regret we have to announce the death of the venerated and patriotic Parish Priest of Drumcliffe, Sligo, the Rev. Patrick O'Garra. The melancholy event took place at his residence near Sligo, on Monday, the 28th instant. The diocese of Elphin has lost in him one of her most respected priests, and Ireland an enthusiastic lover. He died in the 58th year of his age, and the 36th of his ministry. He had been ill some weeks, but the hopes of his friends struggled strongly to the last against anticipations of this sad result. May God have mercy on the soul of this true Irish priest.—Morning News.

The Sligo Independent says:—We regret to announce the death of Major O'Hara, which took place on Saturday morning, (26th ult.) at his residence, Annaghmore, at the advanced age of 77. The Major was one of the oldest and most respected families in this country, and always acted the part of a kind and indulgent landlord. He was also an upright and impartial magistrate.

DEATH OF WILLIAM FORD, Esq.—We announce with deep regret the death of William Ford, Esq., solicitor, and Town Clerk of the Borough of Dublin, which took place on Monday at his residence, Kilkenny, county Meath. Mr. Ford, who had reached his 69th year, had been for some time in declining health, and latterly his once vigorous constitution having given way, there was little or no hope of his recovery.—Telegraph.

DEATH OF M. DILLON.—We regret to announce the death of Michael Dillon, Esq., late treasurer to the Paving Board. For many years Mr. Dillon was an active citizen, and took an energetic part in forwarding every local movement of public and general interest. Ardently attached to O'Connell, he was a member of every association promoted by that illustrious man, and never allowed self-interest to interfere with him in the practical working out of his political opinions, a remarkable instance of which occurred in his losing a lucrative office for having refused the heads of the department to vote against Grattan as candidate for the City of Dublin.—Telegraph.

DEATH OF DR. O'HAGAN.—Died, on the 2d instant, at Boyne Cottage Navan, Hugh O'Hagan Esq. M.D. of her Majesty's ship *Impregnable*. Dr. O'Hagan was for many years a full surgeon in the navy, having attained his promotion while yet a very young man. His ship (the *Firebrand*) was amongst the first of H.M.'s vessels in action in the Crimean Wars, and it may be remembered that on that occasion Sir William Parker was shot, while in one of 10 ship's boats, by a sortie from a Russian ambuscade. Dr. O'Hagan was at his side at the time, and the fatal ball passed through his cap before hitting his commander. The fatigues and exposure necessarily connected with the duties of that expedition laid the foundation of the illness to which this gallant officer at length had to succumb.

The Irish judges have made the following arrangements relative to the ensuing circuits: Home—The Lord Chief Justice Levey and Chief Justice Monaghan; North-East—The Chief Baron and Baron Greene; North-West—Justices Hayes and Baron Hughes; Leinster—Judge Ball and Justice O'Brien; Munster—Judge Keogh and Justice Fitzgerald; Connaught—Judge Christian and Baron Fitzgerald.

The Dublin Freeman of the 2d of June, says:—“Our readers are aware that the Very Rev. Dr. Forrest has been appointed President of the Catholic College of Sydney, Australia. He will leave Ireland on Monday, and it is the intention of the people of Kings-town, Bray, &c., to present him with an address and a suitable memento of the esteem in which he was held by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance and the advantage of his instructions.”

The Newry Telegraph says:—“From official returns before us, we notice with much pleasure that our industrious and deservedly prosperous fellow-townsmen, Mr. Patrick Dempsey, is declared contractor for commissariat supplies of bread for her Majesty's troops in so many as seven companies—Down, Armagh, Louth, Monaghan, Tyrone, Fermanagh, and Londonderry.”

The Belfast News Letter says of the state of the Linen Trade:—“The demand for linen goods is quiet, and there is not much activity in the trade. The production is very limited at present of household goods, but power-looms are fully employed. Stocks are very moderate, and prices well maintained. Yarns are in good request, and prices continue to show an improved tendency. Stocks small.”

The Cork Examiner says that practical steps will be taken to restore to that locality a branch of manufacture at one time possessed, by establishing a sugar refinery on the joint stock and limited liability principle.

The Rev. Mr. Malone, parish priest of Belmont, in a letter to the Editor of the *Connaught Patriot*, says: “What a melancholy reflection it is that, despite one's innate love of decency and good taste, he is forced to appeal to the world for the preservation of life, whilst those whose interest it should be to maintain a population in life, strength and prosperity, look on with a coldness and indifference such as are not often found in a Pagan country, or in the Pagan government. A few days ago, the members of the British House of Commons contributed £200 to reward a pugilist for prowess in his savage and brutal profession, whilst they permit thousands of honest Christian people to sink under the pressure of famine without reaching a shilling to their relief! Not many days ago, an appeal was made to the Castle for their relief, but His Excellency, too, refused.”

The appointment of Mr. W. B. Cooper to the Post-mastership of Clonmel, has been received. A post office has been established at the village of Oloosen, near Feilard.

A railway from Waterford to Fermoy is projected. The Board of Guardians of the Naas union resolved at their last meeting, to levy poor rates off the convent of the Sisters of Mercy.

The following placard was lately posted through different parts of Longford:—“Irishmen do not intend to be put down or bullied over by the placards of English cut-throat Saxons, for we will join the Pope's army, despite all their infernal doggings!—Let that Saxon look out, for John Bull will shortly get harder bones to pick than ever he had to pick before. The man that wrote this will be in Italy before a week, and back in arms on the heights of Ballinacree before fifty-two weeks. (Signed) NAPOLEON III.” It is needless to say that the government organs pronounce the foregoing “extremely seditious.”

A return just issued, to an order of the House of Commons, shows that there are seventy-two stipendiary magistrates in Ireland, at an aggregate cost of upwards of forty thousand pounds sterling annually. Of these, the eldest is Mr. Breton, aged seventy-three years; the youngest, Mr. O'Donnell, aged twenty-seven years, appointed in May, 1857, at an annual salary of £300, and “allowances” of about £160 a year—the qualification set out in the return being that he “held a company in the militia.”—There are thirty-eight above the age of fifty. One gentleman is in his sixty-eight year, but he has had only fourteen years' service, and the qualification set out for him is that he held “the commission of the peace for seventeen years.” Another, with a similar qualification, has been sixty-seven summers; while another, born in the same year, and appointed three years later, qualifies as captain in the militia. Four others are sixty-six years of age. On the whole, there are nineteen above sixty, one in his sixtieth, eighteen between fifty and sixty, and one has outlived the trials of half a century. The return sets out the qualifications in each case, and public services previous to appointment. Thirty were in the commission of the peace; eight were in the army; four in the militia; one spent nearly two years as an ensign in the Royal Guard of Yeomen of the Guard; and one was clerk in the Commander of the Forces' office, as well as Chief Constable under the peace preservation Act, in October, 1821. Twelve served in the constabulary for various periods; four were barristers; four gentlemen were respectively one of the Commissioners of Public Instruction, a member of the Relief Committee in 1847, an agent to her Majesty's crown lands, and Superintendent of the Training School under the Kildare Place Society.

The Munster News of the 26th ult. says:—“Not less than 150 emigrants, of both sexes, left Kilkish on one day last week, all for America with the exception of about a score of spirited young men who will bear their company part of the way only, as they are en route to join the Pope's army. An unusually large number of persons congregated on the quay to see them take their departure.”

GIKEAT FIRE IN BELFAST.—On Tuesday morning, May 29, at half-past eight o'clock, considerable excitement was produced throughout the town by the alarming news that Messrs. A. W. Craig and Co's, extensive flax spinning mill, Falls-road, was on fire. Immediately on the alarm reaching the police office, the entire strength of the fire department—men, means, appliances, and machinery were started off to the scene of the disaster. Previous to their arrival, which took place exactly fifteen minutes after the fire was discovered, and which, considering the distance, was remarkably expert work, the “turn-cock” of the Water Commissioners had a plentiful supply of water ready for the engines. Indeed, without his assistance, there was found insuperable what, in many cases, would be considered a copious provision of river water in the stream which passes under the mill, and discharges itself into the Lagan at the foot of High street. The thronging people who rushed eagerly to the mill on hearing of the catastrophe, many of whom had children and other relatives employed in the place, had their fears considerably lulled on learning that the destructive element raged only in the flax store which runs parallel with the spinning department of the mill, where the workers were still engaged at their occupation in perfect safety. The accident was first discovered by two or three of the workmen who were passing the yard, and observed some smoke issuing out of a window in the centre of the building. On making further examination, they noticed that smoke was also escaping from several crevices in the roof. At mid-day the fire was all but completely subdued, but it was deemed advisable to keep the water pouring on the smouldering debris till a late hour of the afternoon. The total amount of loss in stock and building belonging to Messrs. Craig & Co, is estimated at £12,000 (\$60,000), which is covered by insurance in the Royal, the Northern, the Globe, the Kent, the Liverpool and London, the Sun, the Provincial, and Welsh Offices. The origin of the fire has not been ascertained; but it is stated that twenty minutes previous to the disaster being discovered, a number of men were engaged weighing flax in the store to supply the workers in the mill. This is the nearest approach we can make to the cause of the destruction, which we suppose will remain a mystery. We are happy to say that no personal injury has been sustained, and that the serious occurrence will not cause the deprivation of employment to any of the workers, as the store in which the prepared flax ready for the machinery was placed has not been injured.—The local police were present, under the direction of Superintendent Lindsay and Green, and the county police, under Inspector Williams.—Northern Whig.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—We have received a sample of well-kept kidney potatoes, grown in the open air by Mr. George, at Garbally. This is the finest sample we have seen in the present season, and we have never seen even this early variety so large at this period. Mr. George has produced the earliest potatoes in the district.—Western Star.

Our reports from all parts of this large county concur in describing the appearance of the crops as most promising. The late showery weather has improved wheat and grass lands considerably, whilst it has been most favorable for the young braids of mangel, carrots and turnips. On the whole, the prevailing opinion is that, notwithstanding the lateness of the spring, the crops generally look better now than they did at the corresponding period of last year.—Down Recorder.

The weather continues favorable, and vegetation progresses rapidly. The rains which have fallen during the last fortnight have wrought a great improvement on pasture lands, as well as stimulated the young corn. Few farmers recollect to have witnessed so much improvement in the month of May. The effects of the unfavorable spring are still to be seen on the thin pastures, which are far inferior to what they were at this period last year.—Western Star.

The weather still continues very unsettled. There was another thunder storm on Sunday that lasted a considerable time, and the rain that accompanied it was unusually heavy. The storm came on about seven o'clock in the evening, and lasted for upwards of an hour.—Belfast Mercury.

The weather still continues all that could be wished for vegetation—hot sunshine and soft showers alternate, and the whole country looks like a blooming garden. The wheat looks splendid, and the meadows give promise of a yield to make last year bluish. Oats look green and flourishing, and our old friend, the potato, is freely putting his head over ground, and in right healthy seeming he appears. All fears from the late fodder dearth have now passed away, and the results will not, we trust, be so appreciable as was at one time apprehended.—Rockcommon Messenger.

A happy change has come over the face of the country during the last eight or ten days. The late refreshing rains have matted the meadows with grass, covered the fields with corn, and spread the richest verdure in every direction. The rapid progress of vegetation is something magical. A blade of barley has been left at our office, the stem of which is two feet high. Potatoes are selling in Drogheda for fourpence half-penny a stone.—Galway Free Press.

During the past week the weather has been very favorable for the growing crops, and a most marked and manifest improvement is observable in every direction. The value of stock of every kind has also been considerably enhanced, as reports of the various fairs show. Farmers, in consequence, are much delighted and benefited by the improved prospects now being opened up before them by the beneficent dispensations of an all-wise Providence.—Tuam Herald.

After an unfavorable and backward spring, it is most gratifying to us to be in a position to make the cheering announcement that in this portion of the kingdom the prospects of the growing crops are all that could be desired. Every day this week we have had intense showers, which were most beneficial, the genial heat of the sun having parched up the ground to “splitting point.” We have it on the authority of intelligent practical farmers that, should the present weather continue for a few weeks longer, the harvest will have been an earlier one by a fortnight than could have been expected by the most sanguine a month since. This report embraces the counties of Sligo, Mayo, Roscommon, Donegal, and Leitrim, and is an accurate statement of the present prospects, with this exception, that in portions of the last-named county there are some complaints of rather too much rain.—Sligo Champion.

Owing to the recent favorable weather, the crops in this neighborhood have made rapid progress of late, and at present there is the promise of an abundant harvest. There were a few nights lately during which there was a frost, but it does not appear to have done any injury. An average quantity of oats has been sown, and the seed is springing up rapidly. Grass has grown rapidly during the last three weeks, causing a fall in the price of hay, for which the demand is now compactively dull. The meadows promise a fair crop this season, and the earlier grasses are expected soon to be ready for mowing. Clover and ryegrass are also making great progress, and some fields are already partially cut. There is a large quantity of blazed in the ground. The season, so far, has been favorable for its growth; and although the severity of the early part of the year has caused farmers to be somewhat tardy in putting in the seed, the sowing being incomplete in most instances, yet a good crop is expected. Potatoes are fast cropping above the clay; and, although there cannot be a decided opinion formed at present as to the success or failure of this crop, it may be said that it promises well. It is expected that there will be less turnip seed planted this year than last season, but to meet this defect there will be a large quantity of mangel wortsel.—But little wheat has been sown in this neighborhood. Considering the late spring of this year, farmers have reason to be well satisfied with the present appearance of the crops. The abundance of rain which has fallen during the past five or six weeks, together with the warmth of the atmosphere, have effected a remarkable change for the better in the state of the country.—Tyrone Constitution.

COLLECTIONS TOWARDS THE PAPAL FUND are now in progress in the Dioceses of Beverly and Hexham, and there can be no doubt that the well-known spirit of devotion to the Pope so characteristic of the Catholics of the north of England, will be exemplified by a generous response to the calls of their Bishops.

The amount collected in the Diocese of Nottingham exceeds £750.

Among the contributions received by the Papal Fund Committee, during the past week, we may mention those of Sir C. R. Tempest, Bart., £200; J. R. Hope Scott, Esq., £100; Miss Unbury, £100; Mr. J. R. Rhodes, £100, &c., &c.

The Horse Guards have decided that the infantry reinforcements under orders for India shall be furnished with a light drab suit of clothing fit for wear in India.

The Colonelcy of the 78th Highland Regiment of Foot has become vacant by the demise of Lieut. Gen. Sir William Chalmers, G.B. and K.C.H. who died on the 2d of June, at his seat near Dundee.

The Government has commissioned the steamship *Building* for the purpose of making a complete survey of the proposed route for the Atlantic Telegraph cable. Sir Leopold M'Ointock has been appointed to the command of the *Building*.

The Reform Bill is no longer a thing to be discussed on its merits. It has cast its broad shadow over the Session, and the birds of the air have made a great chattering in its branches, but its days are numbered. Last night two principal limbs—the Scotch and Irish Bills—fell to the ground, and before the end of the week the huge trunk will be prostrate.

The dissatisfaction among various English manufacturers at the consequences of the hasty manner in which the French Treaty has been framed is manifesting itself, not merely in the silk districts, where the immediate consequences to the operatives has been especially disastrous, but also at Huddersfield, Leeds, Manchester, Leicester, and other important towns. The grievance of the silk manufacturers lies in the fact of the protection under which the trade has been suffered to grow up having been cut away from them without a moment's warning, and with all the needless ceremonies of a treaty which, instead of containing a single clause to mitigate the blow, actually gives the French Government power to increase the existing duties by which English silk goods are kept out of France. The consequence is that mills which two months back were working overtime are now being rapidly closed, while the operatives are thrown into destitution.—Times.

THE REVEREND DISSENTERS IN ST. GREGORY'S CHURCH.—On Sunday evening the proceedings at the parish church passed off more tranquilly than has been the case for many months past. The sermon was preached by the Rev. R. A. Bradley, B.A. of Merton College, Oxford, curate of St. Augustine and St. Paul's, Watling-street, a young gentleman who was ordained deacon in 1857, and priest in 1858, by the present Bishop of London. He selected for his text the 16th chapter of St. John's Gospel, verse 9. “Whither goest thou?” This was responded to by a large number of the congregation, who shouted at the top of their voice, “To Rome!” and this was repeated as often as the rev. gentleman read the words of his text in the course of his sermon, the remark being accompanied each time by a peal of laughter.—Star, June 4.

IGNOMINIOUS EXPEDIENT.—The *Inverness Courier* is responsible for the embargoed story—one good enough for a place in Dean Ramsay's volume.—“Some time since one of the Strathpeffer ‘Men,’ or lay preachers, held a meeting in the open air. Crowds of people flocked from all parts of the surrounding districts to hear what they believed was superior to anything coming from a pulpit. The heat of the day was oppressive, and all that the preacher could say was not sufficient to keep the bulk of the hearers awake.—Much chagrined at their impatience, and seeing that neither law nor gospel could rouse them from their lethargy, he at last hit upon the following expedient. Stopping suddenly in his discourse, after a pause, he bawled at the top of his voice, ‘The Rucel's Stone has fallen!’ alluding to a large abrupt rock immediately above. The people, as if by magic, sprang to their feet. On seeing that the bait had taken, the preacher exclaimed, ‘Oh, you children of the Devil! I was all the day preaching the truth to you, and you would not believe me; but the only lie I told you that you believed at once, without a moment's hesitation!’

THE CHINESE DIFFICULTY.—It comes, therefore, to this:—We are going to war with a nation to punish it for defouling its frontiers, and to uphold the act of a man who has put himself grossly in the wrong, who admits enough to destroy his own case, who contradicts himself, who equivocates at every turn, and who, having outraged justice by a wanton attack on a foreign country, deliberately proceeds to bring disgrace and infamy on his own.—Atlas.

DESTRUCTION OF COLLIER VESSELS.—The destruction of collier vessels trading with the north-east ports, during the hurricane on Monday morning, has been frightful; and it is estimated that at least 100 seamen belonging to those ports perished with their vessels on that fearful morning. A most serious loss will also fall on the north country insurance clubs through vessels having been demasted or having parted with their anchors and cables during the storm. Some idea may be formed of the fearful scene of destruction presented in the North Sea, south of Scarborough Head, from a fact mentioned by the master of the Cumberland, of South Shields, in a letter to his owner, that he and his crew saw five vessels perish with all their crews within a quarter of an hour in the neighbourhood. On Thursday intelligence reached North Shields of the total loss of the *Bilgar Atheling*, which left the Tyne on Wednesday for Achen with coals. She had encountered the gale off Lowestoft, lost her masts, and a tremendous sea having broken on board of her, she was thrown on her beam ends and foundered. Her officers and crew were fortunately rescued by fishing smacks. The master's wife and child were on board the vessel, and they were rescued also. The vessel was insured in the Shields Club for £7000, and was a 10 years' ship. From intelligence received in Shields on Thursday several collier vessels have been caught by the gale on the coast of Holland and at the mouth of the Elbe, and are ashore. The *Earl of Talbot*, of North Shields, is a wreck. The *Robert and Mary*, a Sunderland steam tug, drove ashore during the gale, having left that port about two hours before the gale rose, and all her crew are lost. A Sunderland pilot cable has also been missing since Monday morning, and there is every reason to fear that her crew is lost. The storm broke with great suddenness on Monday morning. Sailors who were out at that time state that it came on like a clap of thunder, and as the collier vessels only had their summer outfit up they were ill able to struggle with it. The snow lay three feet deep on the *Glenview* hills on Monday, and it was so deep on the moorlands in the county of Durham that gangs of men had to be employed to remove it before the trains on the Stockton and Darlington Railway, between Waskyrbury and Sinshope could run. Since Monday, though the weather has been cold on the north-east coast, the sea has been calm, and the wind comparatively moderate, so that many of the vessels on shore at Redcar, and Hartlepool, and other places along the coast, may be expected to be got up. Some steamers' vessels have been picked up at sea, and towed into the Tyne and other ports.—Times 4th Inst.

Why Europe is not “Reassured.”—Why is it that people never feel so sure of some impending calamity as when Napoleon III. wears an aspect of serene benignity? Why is it that people never feel themselves so much in need of being “reassured” as the moment after they have been reassured by a French Minister? Why is it that the moment the Emperor declares solemnly he is not going to do anything every body looks meaningly at his neighbor, shrugs his shoulders, and assumes that the thing is sure to be done? Is it simple perversity? Is it a diseased imagination, which always distorts everything to its own frenzied fancy, and catches at every straw to keep up the floating delusion? Or is it the sorrowful dictate of caution and experience, taught by lessons too stern to be mistaken, warned by events too significant to be overlooked? It must, indeed, be a remarkable frenzy that could have induced England to desert the system of economy to which she was ten years ago so firmly wedded, to load herself with oppressive taxes, to turn out her middle classes as soldiers ready to resist the enemy, and to stand with glass in hand carefully inspecting the whole ocean of politics to see whether any hostile sail is looming in the offing. This attitude of watchfulness and expectancy is neither natural to our character, nor in accordance with our pursuits. As merchants, as a “nation of shopkeepers,” we like to have our forenoon just large enough to keep up our dignity, and to devote all our strength to the pursuits of commerce.—Peace is our bread. We detest war both for selfish and for humane reasons. Our only desire with respect to France is to see her produce coming into our markets, and our produce going into hers, to feel that we are too closely united in interests to allow of hostilities, that war between us would be like a fight between the Siamese Twins, every blow inflicted by one upon his brother falling with equal force upon himself. Against our interests, against our inclinations and genius, we are standing in a kind of sentinel attitude, peering out suspiciously into the darkness, scanning with careful attention every bush to see that it is not harboring a secret foe, listening with anxious ear to every rustling in the grass to learn whether it is caused by the tread of a hostile foot. Two years ago, if any evidence was not perfect, it was not the broken columns whose ruins we now mournfully survey only as a relic of the past. This great revolution of feeling in Europe was caused by the marvellous unfolding of the Savoy and Nicoidea Napoleon III. may, if it is any gratification to his vanity, have the satisfaction of knowing that he has inspired fear and distrust in every breast, that every body dreads a place in the list of enemies jotted down in his political pocket-book, that he is the “cynosure of neighboring eyes,” not, indeed, as Milton's young churler of the frightened bird, which from mere terror flutters, hovers near, and at length drops into the mouth of its destroyer. In Piedmont the fear is that of the weak towards the strong. In England the fear is that of a nation halting war, but feeling that there is a point beyond which its forbearance cannot extend, and that it may be forced into hostilities in spite of itself. If England seeks alliance with Prussia, if suspicion marks all our policy towards our neighbor, if Napoleon finds himself without friends in the hour of need, sees his plans opposed and thwarted in every quarter, and learns that his allies are unwilling to co-operate with him even in schemes manifestly for their common advantage, he has only himself to thank—the work completed at Turin has shattered all faith in his word, all belief in his disinterestedness, all confidence in his peaceful intentions—he is a marked man, dreaded and shunned by every neighbor, always suspected of harboring secret and selfish designs, never to be trusted further than he can be seen, and continually to be thwarted where he can be successfully met.—So much has the Emperor gained by his grand piece of political treachery.—Leeds Mercury.