

THE OBJECTIVE PROTESTANT.

(From the *Castlebar Telegraph*.)

A robe of seeming truth and trust.
 His crafty observation;
 And secret hung, with poisoned crust,
 His dink of Deformation:
 A mask that, like the gorger, show'd
 Dye-varying on the pigeon;
 And for a mantle large and broad,
 He wrapped him in Religion.

Hypocrisy-la-Mode.

It would appear by the public prints, that Claremorris is about, ere long, to become famous among the cities of the West for the introduction of a new qualifier into the family of nouns. We should have no objection to the addition of a sonorous adjective to our vocabulary, could we properly understand its bearing or import; but in our present state of innocence touching these trifles, we are inclined to tax the innovators with disrespect for the public, in putting before it language which, in the absence of note or comment, it cannot understand.

Some months since we noticed in these columns an advertisement inviting "a Protestant Gardener" to accept a situation in the gift of M. M. Blacker, Claremorris; but to-day we have to notice a still more extensive application of the qualifier "Protestant" in an advertisement purporting to be from the same locality, as it desires application to be made "to Murragh Blacker, Claremorris, Claremorris."

Who this "Murragh" is, we of course know not, unless he be another of the alter egos of M. M. Blacker. They seem to occupy the same lodgings, and so far as principle is concerned, it matters little whether the singular or dual number, using the middle voice, puts forth the announcement, Claremorris has the questionable honor of using an adjective which no grammarian in any school we have yet heard of has attempted to define. Here is the great puzzle, as published in the *Furmer's Gazette* of the 15th ult.:

WANTED, for the county Mayo, a PROTESTANT Ploughman, a good workman, and accustomed to handle young horses.—Apply to Murragh Blacker, Claremorris, Claremorris, Mayo.

The Graziers and the landlord-farmers of Mayo, will, no doubt, take measures for their own safety, should this startling phenomenon, conjured up by "Murragh Blacker, Claremorris, Claremorris" rise in their midst. A good, bad, or indifferent ploughman for a farm is a thing of such dimensions as to be easily comprehended; but a "Protestant ploughman" for a county is being too vast for the comprehension of ordinary individuals. Without inquiring minutely as to the huge stride of this gigantic ploughman now "wanted for the county Mayo," or the size in cubic feet of his mighty plough, we may be permitted to ask Murragh Blacker the simple meaning of the word "Protestant" as applied to ploughing?

Four or five years ago there appeared in London the history of what termed itself "A Protestant Fire Insurance Company." The thing moved under the pious emblem of an open Bible, received premiums, and spent them, but never made provision to meet a solitary demand for payment.

The qualifier "Protestant," as applied to the Company, we need hardly say, was not defined. The "White-choker-and-prayer-book" school of swindling did not condescend to the use of intelligible language. Sir John Deau Paul, the leader of modern progressions in the art of making money piously, was too much wrapt in devotional speculations to regard the meaning of words, provided they sounded unctuously.

Since the disclosures here alluded to we have learned that professions of piety are the safest cloak for deception, and are, therefore, prepared to doubt the integrity of any business of a mercantile or agricultural cast that uses the Bible as an emblem or the word "Protestant" as a qualifier.

THE NEW POSTAL SERVICE.—Complaints are made of the imperfect arrangements on the part of the Post-office authorities, by which the public have not yet realized the benefits which were expected to result from the acceleration of the London mails. One of the Dublin papers says:—"In some respects, indeed, the change has operated as a positively disadvantage instead of a boon. For the last two days it has been a subject of complaint that the morning and evening delivery of letters has been retarded, and thus anxious expectants have been obliged to wait for an hour or two beyond the period at which they had been accustomed to receive them. This delay was accounted for yesterday morning by the severity of the gale on Tuesday night. Even the powerful steamer now upon the station was unable to reach Kings-town from Holyhead until nearly two hours after the appointed time, and, to add to the delay and difficulty which this circumstance occasioned, the sorters were so put out of sorts by the roughness of the passage that they were unable to perform their duties, and the bags were handed over to the post-office in Dublin in the same condition in which they had been thrown on board. So far as the railway and steam-jacket companies are concerned, the business which they undertook has been efficiently performed; but the expectations which have been excited will be utterly disappointed, and the great expense which has been incurred will have been thrown away, if measures be not adopted to have the mails not only expeditiously carried, but promptly delivered."

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster remains for the present at Folkestone. The health of His Eminence is daily improving.—*Weekly Register*.

THE REVENUE.—The accounts for a quarter ending this day show a decrease on the whole, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, of about £600,000; on customs there is a decrease of about £100,000, and on excise of about £460,000; against this, however, are placed net increases on stamps, taxes, income tax, post-office, and crown lands. The accounts for the year ending this day exhibit an increase as compared with the previous year of upwards of £4,800,000. On excise there is an increase of nearly £280,000; on stamps about £280,000; on taxes about £67,000; on income tax £4,620,000; on post-office £115,000; on crown lands nearly £8,000; on the other hand, there is a falling off in customs of more than £1,400,000, and on miscellaneous of £245,000. The decrease in customs, both for the quarter and the year, may be attributable principally to the remitted duties. The decrease on excise for the quarter is only apparent, and arises from the altered period of collecting the malt duties consequent on the shortened term of credit. The increase on excise for the year is derived from the shortening of the malt credit, which has realized £7,000,000, and improved the receipts generally.

The Social Science Association has held its meeting at Glasgow, Lord Brougham taking the lead as usual with all his youthful energy. The important subject of secret diplomacy was discussed, with no immediate but we hope with some ultimate result.—Some important remarks which we give elsewhere, made by one of the Professors of the Catholic University on the impolicy, with a view to the public interests, of excluding Catholics from all the situations which afford the opportunity of following out the higher pursuits of science, were very cordially received by the Association. Men of science care more for their own pursuit than for the "immortal memory."—*Weekly Register*.

It is worthy of remark that the English Press has no word of condemnation for some of the most monstrous decrees that ever issued from any despotic Government, but which have been issued by the Garibaldians at present assuming to govern Naples.—These not only are most cruel towards all who have entertained any degree of loyalty towards their lawful Monarch, but include also bounties and annuities to the family of the would-be-regicide, Milano,

whose attempt on the life of the late King is thus rewarded, and a formal sanction deliberately given to assassination. Nothing could more distinctly mark the real identity of this Neapolitan movement with the worst form of Red Republicanism.—*Weekly Register*.

LAMORICIERE AND THE IRISH BANGADE.—The revolutionary journals with their usual honesty concocted some short time ago various orders of the day, purporting to be issued by General Lamoriciera, and threatening to give up to pillage any town which should revolt against the Papal Government. These publications have been proved to be forgeries. But a more infamous outrage on humanity and civilization was never attributed, however falsely, to the Papal General, than that of which General Cialdini has been guilty, if we may trust the reports of the Turin journals themselves, which give the words of Cialdini's address to his army in the following terms: "Soldiers—I am lending you against a band of foreign adventurers, whom the thirst for gold and desire of pillage have brought into our country. Attack and disperse these miserable assassins without mercy; let your hand smite them with the anger of a people which wishes its nationality and independence. Soldiers! Perugia cries aloud for vengeance. Though late, we shall have it." Among the soldiers of the Papal army who are thus libelled by this murderous ruffian are many of our own countrymen, some of whom too are now prisoners in his hands.—If the laws of war are not respected in their persons, the English Minister will deserve impeachment who fails to exact full redress for the outrage with all the forces of England.—*John Bull*.

All the Whigs and Liberals throughout Europe rejoice in the successes of Garibaldi, who is neither more nor less than a pirate on the high seas, and a brigand on dry land. In every country in the world such a man would have been condemned most justly to the gallows; for there is no Government that could tolerate the man for a moment. Nevertheless, the Liberals applaud him, send him men and money; his ships are loaded in English ports without any pretence at secrecy, and are allowed to sail forth to be used in piratical expeditions against our allies; and the English Liberal Government offers no shadow of opposition. The Ministers of the Queen connive at piracy, and in the course of a year or two English commerce may be destroyed by the pirates who have fitted out their ships with English money, in English ports, with the approbation of the English Government. Our Liberal writers and speakers have been frequently most eloquent in their attacks on the Spanish Government, because it was supposed to connive at the fitting out of piratical expeditions against the African population; but those very men are now, not silent about these piratical expeditions, but earnestly approving of them. What the Spaniards did in Cuba was highly wicked; but what the pirates of Garibaldi do in English harbours is perfectly correct, and the English public is stupid enough to applaud what is so loudly condemned when itself had no inclination for the doing of it. The American Walker is a miserable filibuster, for he threatens to damage British interests; but the Italian Garibaldi is a hero, for he threatens to damage nothing but established rule, and the principle of authority, and the only security for a quiet life. In better times, and in the middle ages, it was customary to declare war before making it. It was thought dishonourable to take one's neighbour by surprise. Public opinion, both among Heathens and Christians, never approved of unjust wars. But now all this is changed. A king nicknamed, perhaps in derision, "the honest man," sends a pirate into his neighbour's dominions, and then enters himself, without notice, into the dominions of another. No declaration of war preceded the hostile incursion of these modern barbarians, who had exculpated themselves from the obligations imposed upon every Government by the law of nations; and yet Europe is unmoved—so strong is the Liberal reign of terror, and so universal are the principles of anarchy. The King of Naples was denounced as a cruel tyrant, because it was thought possible some of his officers might prove faithful and bombard Palermo; but there is no outcry against the Sardinian King, who bombarded Ancona, a town not in revolt, and not within his dominions, and not liable to be bombarded by the law of nations, because there was no declaration of war. The King of Sardinia has bombarded cities within the States of the Church, and no man raises his voice against the illegal deed; while the whole Liberal gale throughout the world denounces beforehand any attempt of the King of the Two Sicilies to recover his own by force of arms. It is permitted to the King of Sardinia to make war upon whom he pleases, but it is not considered fair to resist him. He, the chief of brigands, has an immunity granted to none other except his ally and master, the Emperor of the French. Those Governments, if any there be, who hope for peace, while these enormities are inflicted upon Italy, will find themselves disappointed. The lawless spirit has been let loose, and will not be satisfied with Venice and Hungary. The enriching of Sardinia at the expense of the Pope, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of the Two Sicilies, is not the end in view; these are but means, and perhaps not all the means, for the Emperor of the French has decreed to himself a mission, and is bent on accomplishing it. Whether he or the revolutionists he employs will be the essential gainer, time will show; but the odds are against him, and against every man who is with him. He has hitherto succeeded, but the day may be near—for the days of Judas were numbered when he had sold his master. The deliberate treachery with which he has betrayed the Pope, the disgraceful dishonesty of his policy, is ten thousand times darker in hue than the stupid villainies of the Sardinian Government. The "honest man," Victor Emmanuel, has gone out into the high road to waylay and rob—and certainly is so far more respectable than the man who offered his protection to the travellers only to lure them within the haunts of the highwayman. The high-handed robber is not so despicable a person as the swindler. Burglars, we are told, look down upon pickpockets; and nobody respects the steward who deliberately ruins his employers. Well, the Church is everlasting; she can afford to wait, and justice is sure, though slow: the Papal dynasty depends on the will of God, but the agents of the revolution depend on the will of a lawless mob.—*London Tablet*.

The Turin correspondent of the *Monitor* announces that the Chaplains of the Royal Sardinian Chapel in London have "discontinued saying the usual prayers for the King." We are happy to confirm this fact.—The disgraced name of Victor Emmanuel is not now heard within the walls of a building which owes so much to the piety of his Catholic ancestors. St. Anselm's, we are glad to say, is no longer the "Royal Sardinian" Chapel.—*Weekly Register*.

MR. EDWIN JAMES "WANTED."—When are these sessions to be held? asked Mr. Bigge, the stipendiary magistrate, of Mr. Chief Officer White, at the Brighton borough bench, on Thursday last. Chief Officer—I do not know sir (a laugh). Mr. Bigge—Where is the Recorder? Chief Officer—He is in Naples, sir, and there is no telling when he will be here. Mr. Lamb he said might be Prime Minister (a laugh). Mr. Bigge (smilingly)—We had better send Sir John the detective, after him. Chief Officer—The present for the Recorder fill up the date he will hold the session has been sent up, but no answer has been received. It is over the three months, and we have got 20 prisoners for trial. So whilst the hon. member for Marleybone (Mr. Edwin James) is "sympathizing" with liberty in Italy, the poor prisoners in England are left untried in prison.—*Kentish Observer*.

AN EVANGELICAL MISSIONARY.—On Saturday, at the Westminster Police-Court, a respectable-looking man, the landlord of 1. St. James's-terrace, Vauxhall Bridge, complained of the disgraceful conduct on the part of a lodger, named Thomas Long, a London City Missionary, who, besides being addicted to habitual intemperance, irregularly, and disorder of the worst kind in his house, had used serious threats towards the applicant. A summons was granted against Mr. Long, but the landlord having in the course of the day renewed his application for protection, stating that the accused had since his (applicant's) return to his house repeated his threats with greater violence, a warrant was issued against the accused, upon which he was subsequently apprehended. The complaint having been repeated on oath in the defendant's presence, with the addition of the charge of a threat made by the defendant's son, for which he was also captured, both defendants were held to bail, the magistrate animadverting in becoming terms upon their disgraceful conduct. The latter put in the required bail.

The first of a class of steel-plated steam vessels of somewhat gigantic proportions, which the Government has decided on having constructed for the British navy, is to be laid down at Chatham Dockyard as soon as the necessary preparations have been made at that establishment, and completed with all possible dispatch. The vessel which it is intended to be constructed will be rendered as nearly as possible shotproof, and this will be accomplished by covering her above her water line with massive steel armour plates. She will be of a size never yet witnessed in the English navy, the intention being to construct her 400 feet in length, or about double the length of many line-of-battle ships, and about two-thirds the length of the Great Eastern. She is to be furnished with engines of corresponding power, which will drive her through the water at a high rate of speed, and her armament, to be consisted exclusively of Armstrong guns of the heaviest metal and longest range. She will be one of the most formidable vessels of war yet built for the Government. The Assistant-Surveyor of the Navy, Mr. Large, has paid a visit to Chatham Dockyard, in order to ascertain it either of the docks at that establishment are sufficiently large to admit of the proposed vessel being built. The largest of the docks is that known as No. 2, which has been only recently finished, the Admiralty having had that dock built in order to receive the largest vessels belonging to the Navy. Its length is only a very little less than 400 feet, but an addition of several feet will be made by the removal of the caisson at the entrance and erecting in its place a dam, by which means the required length will be obtained for the construction of the vessel. The dock is at present occupied by the steam floating battery Trusty, 14, which is under repair, and as soon as she has been completed it is intended to commence building the new iron vessel.

A SAD CASE.—A poor horse-dealer from Ireland, Michael Connolly, attended the Horse fair at Barnet, and sold his lot of horses, his sole worldly wealth, to a gentleman who gave the name of William Smith; Mr. Smith paid for the horses £77 10s. by cheque upon the Stamford Bank. Connolly returned to Liverpool with his cheque, and had it cashed for him on the recommendation of a gentleman to whom he was known. He went home and on the cheque reaching the Stamford Bank it was dishonoured. Mr. Connolly was not known there. The police followed, and sent for trial on the charge of issuing a forged cheque. Inquiries satisfied the police that the unfortunate man was only a dupe, not a rogue. He was acquitted at the sessions, but he had to refund the money he received for the cheque, and is now a ruined man. He is about 45 years of age, and has a wife and family of nine in Knockra, in the county Galway, in great distress. Mr. Mansfield, who was the committing magistrate, has sent Connolly a written recognition of his innocence, along with a donation of £2. Subscriptions to assist the poor man to begin life again will be thankfully received by J. S. Mansfield, Esq., committing magistrate (late of Liverpool), Worship Street, Police-Court, London.—*Globe*.

Mr. Henry, gunmaker, of Edinburgh, and winner of one of the twenty Whitworth rifles at Wimbledon Common, was out with his son, a lad of twelve, sighting some rifles. Unhappily after having fired several shots the lad started up from a hollow part of the ground in front of the target just as he had again presented, and before the poor father was aware, his son was shot through the head, death being instantaneous.

ENGLISH KNOW-NOTHINGS.—Many of our readers have heard of the party in the United States which styles itself the "Know-nothing" but as many people do not trouble themselves to inquire into the characteristics of the several genera and species into which United-States politicians are divided, there will doubtless be not a few who are ignorant of the fact that the principle of partisanship among the Know-nothings is a dread lest the Irish immigrants should obtain too much influence in the political organization of the States, and should succeed in imbuing American nationality with a perceptible Celtic and Catholic element. It is no small compliment to the vigor of the Irish character that we should find the calculating yellow-faced Yankee trembling lest he should be elbowed off his own ground by the hot-blooded sons of Tipperary or Galway; and perhaps our Irish brethren may take it as a compliment also that a not dissimilar feeling is making itself perceived among certain sections of English society, especially those which arrogate to themselves the title of "Liberal," on the hypocritical assumption that they are pre-eminently removed from all prejudices of caste, creed, or race. The celebrated Lichfield House compact, by virtue of which the Irish members so long kept a Whig Ministry in office, represented much more than a mere bargain between certain political coteries for the purpose of mutual co-operation in the House of Commons. It meant that all those elements of English opinion which were exercised to urge the country in a democratic direction were ready to make common cause with the "Irishry," and that the speakers and organs of the so-called Liberal party would devote themselves to flatter the susceptibilities and humor the wishes of those who had proved themselves such useful allies. As we turn over the Whig-Radical newspapers of the period, we find ample evidence of the fulsome and assiduity with which this cheap tribute was paid for the sterling services afforded by the auxiliaries whom O'Connell led. It is curious to contrast the obsequious tone of these productions with the bitter antipathy to every Irish which is now fashionable among the very same journals and politicians. Evidently the more congenial product of democratic soil shown in the alarms of the American Know-nothings, and the bigotry which prompted the Toronto mob to insult the Prince of Wales, is developing itself among the corresponding sections of English political opinion, perhaps with all the more vehemence as a recoil from the mock liberality which it was formerly thought prudent to profess. If the Irish party fancy, on the strength of old political associations, that there is yet anything remaining of the ties which bound them to the "Great Liberal Party" in former contests, let them not only look at the politicians whose lead they will have to follow—not only at Lord John Russell, the writer of the Durham letter, and at Lord Palmerston, whose Italian policy is based on the declaration that Rome was never better governed than under the Reign of Terror, when priests and nuns were butchered in the streets in open day with impunity—but let them examine the newspapers and other publications which represent or aim at representing the notions current among the numerical majority of the trading classes of our great towns—a section of the people which is the peculiar stronghold of the Great Party to which we have referred. It will at once be obvious that a curiously snarling against Ireland and Irishmen, their race, religion, and everything belonging to them, is the commodity most in demand just now in these circles. Some of our Irish fellow-subjects, as it is well-known, went out to join the Pope's army under General Lamoriciera. It may reasonably be doubted whether it be justifiable, under any circumstances, to join in a war in which your own country is not concerned; but, without discussing that question, the Irish volunteers for the Pope are at least as much justified in their "excursion" as the heterogeneous followers of Garibaldi; and while they have the defence of their religion as at all events the ostensible motive of their service, it is a more silly insult to stigmatize them as mercenaries. This is the phrase, however, which has been predominant in the torrents of stupid abuse which have been poured upon them by the pseudo-Liberal press of England, and which culminated in the ridiculous attack made in the *Times* on the 600 Irishmen who surrendered at Spoleto to the Sardinian army of 25,000 under General Fanti. The object of this scurrilous balderdash seemed to be that of jeering at this small body of the Irish, because they had not preferred being cut down at their posts like the Spartans at Thermopylae. Fancy a Leonidas, or the receipt for making one, coming out of Printing House Square! This kind of tone, however, does not characterize the *Times* alone. Ireland is the butt of all the small scriblers, who think they can suite the public taste by following in the wake of the *Times*. The cheap literary publications which string together weak platitudes under the guise of information, find their account in observing the same casual state of the market; the very jokers of the comic press find that their poor wares are wholly unsaleable unless they are spiced with a gibe at something which a Roman Catholic regards as sacred. There is no mistake as to what is the popular taste in the Liberal ranks just now. Possibly the consideration of these things may make the Roman Catholic body somewhat dubious as to the wisdom of their part in the Lichfield House compact, and of the services which they have since rendered to the democratic faction in England—services which were insisted upon as due in the letter of Sir John Acton—or rather we suppose of Lord Granville—which was so studiously promulgated during the last general election. Perhaps it may turn out after all that those who are most earnest in defending the bulwarks of the Church of England are most likely to be just and tolerant towards those who are in like manner exerting themselves for the support of their own faith.—*John Bull*.

A FEW DESIRABLE REVIVALS.—This is an age of prizes. Competition, everywhere desirable, is everywhere stimulated with offers of reward. Reaping matches, ploughing matches—and, is it not a fact? preaching matches—are got up wherever a purse can be raised for the prize reaper, a medal for the prize ploughman, or a church for the young neophyte, whose sample sermon wins. The system answers.—Turnips, like mountain builders, and Cochinchina fowls, like make you think the Egyptian sphinx must come abroad in feathers, attest its efficacy.—Whatever a district is famous for producing in the highest development, for that it obtains a prize.—Now, why should not Dundee have an exhibition of prize bankrupts? We take a high position in Linens we are foremost in the item of Jute Goods, and why should we not seek a medal for a department in which we are thought to be unapproachable? It is manifestly unfair to the spirited young men who have won for Dundee a pre-eminence not to be rivalled, that they whose audacity and whose genius have done so much to make our system of kite flying the envy and admiration of all the professors of that branch of the fine arts, are like Generals in disguise, permitted to walk about without any medal or badge to distinguish them from the vulgar crowd. In these times, when even a prize turnip sports its decorations of honor, and is, because of its rapid growth and big size, a turnip of distinction, it is too bad that the promising youths, who grow at once from being moneyless clerks to be merchant princes, should now have about them no sign to advertise their merits.—And here we may mention that, however interesting a periodical show of our prize bankrupts would be, that interest would be extraordinarily increased, could those wretched be first subjected to the operations of an army of revivalists, and then presented to the public in a penitent and regenerated condition. Our very useful and zealous friends the revivalists, who preach restitution to mill-girls and fish-catchers, have not preached without effect, as the return of sundry stray coppers to their proper owners proves. But is it not time to extend the area of the revival? Our "fishers of men," are pardonably proud when they net a sinner of the first magnitude, just as the angler is proud when he lands a salmon of rare size and weight. Why, then, should their efforts be confined to the minnows, when huge and rapacious transgressors—who devour a whole shoal of small fry at a gulp—might be "struck"? Would it not be well, then, to leave the Seaboard turn for a while, and try to prostrate some of the upper and uppish classes. We do not disparage what our revivalists have done. A converted weaver going round in a blue shirt and canvas trousers to pay his debts, or a servant girl pricked in conscience to the point of sending back to her mistress abstracted trifles, such as pins and postage stamps, is in a good way, and has a right to proclaim the fact. But we want this pricking of conscience to go further. We anticipate the time when distinct cases of prostitution will occur in the Cowgate, and when merchants will receive among their morning letters, sundry delightful communications, containing heavy remittances from converted debtors who had, for the good of their souls and the comfort of their consciences, thought proper to sell off their carriages and their villas to raise those nineteen-twentieths of the few score thousands of pounds which they had, in the hardness of their hearts, previously found it convenient to forget. It is a good plan, too, whatever the Rev. Mr. Wilson may say to the contrary, to set up the young converts to speak their experience for the encouragement of others. How interesting would be the story of one of these prize penitents. He would tell us how, while yet a clerk on slender wages in so dingy office, the Evil One came to him with a grand plan for becoming all at once a carriage-keeping gentleman. He would narrate how, while perched on his high stool, biting his pen or idly watching a spider that had spread its net in an undusted corner, and seemed to fatten on unwary flies, it struck him that by a similar cobweb arrangement—a commercial net, alike filmy, flimsy, and easily spun—he might be able to dispense with toil and labouriously feast on the substance of others. He would explain how that, being at once ambitious and imaginative, he lauded his lonely condition, and was tempted, as he bent over the leaves of his ledger, to compare his lonely estate with that of the caterpillar, and to think how he might make himself wings of paper, and on them soar up in the golden sunshine of credit as high as the princeliest butterflies of the trading world. He would for his warning describe how he, listening to the counsels of the tempter, vacated his stool, gave up his shabby lodgings, laid aside his somewhat seedy clothes, and, by a few magical passes of his pen, found himself, as if by enchantment, a great merchant. How he, without money, prospered as a merchant; how, as at the wave of a magician's hand, his small beer became champagne, his cracked pottery silver plate, his boots—worn down at the heels—into a carriage and pair, his dingy lodgings a stately villa, his frowzy Molly, the lodging-house maid, a suite of liveried footmen, who taught him etiquette at his own table, and how, instead of his faithful Betty, he, as a gentleman then moving in a widely different scale of society, essayed to ogle the daughters of Tyburnia—would be all set forth to show that by listening to the Tempter a man may suddenly sink from the position of a humble but honest servant to that of an inflated impostor. Then as a changed man, speaking for the benefit of others, he might give us the doleful story of his fall, and the blessed one of the awakening of his conscience, and of his subsequent conversion; might repeat to us how his house of cards failed him; how horses, wines, villas, fannies, all made of paper, turned to paper again; and how, with his fine paper wings that helped him to soar so high, all damp and flabby, he fell to the ground, an ambitious but bruised grub. But the

most touching part of the experience would relate to the time when, under the ministrations of the good revivalists, he woke to a sense of his condition, and, conscious of the wide-spread misery he had caused, began to be also so keenly alive to his deserts as to get neither rest nor peace because of the burden of self-accusation that was upon him. The throes of this dark period, the horrible dreams he had of ruined families that rose around him in ever widening circles, and laid their ruin to his charge, he would vividly describe, and would avow that, however much the sepias may disbelieve the doctrine of divine wrath, he felt, as he contemplated the havoc he had wrought, appalled at the measure of punishment due to enormities like his. He would show that it was from inward conviction, not from outward passion, that he was troubled. True in his fall he had ruined a multitude of people; true he had been clothed in purple and fine linen, and had assumed a lordly style of living at other people's expense; but, then, when the whole secret of his importance was exposed, society did not ban him, policemen did not dog his steps, and in Church and on 'Change he might have lifted up his head as unabashed as if no moral stigma had been written on his brow, and as if his reputation for piety was undimmed. It was not at all because of the usages of society, or the laws of this world, but because of other and higher mandates that he began, like Bunyan's pilgrim, to moan and cry out for mercy. Surely these are the most desirable converts. The man who has, under the mask of trade, contrived to appropriate more of other people's money than a whole prisonful of lightfingered gentry, would be no ordinary acquisition to the penitent form. The flinty-faced respectabilities, who take a pew as a matter of patronage to religion; who make believe of worship as a matter of compliment to the Deity; and who return to their offices satisfied that they have done the proper thing, should be made to hear a few plain Saxon words descriptive of the use of a place not commonly supposed to be so respectful and comfortable a region as this, for well-to-do people like them, and by, we may hope for such a revival as we have depicted—a revival where the subjects will not be half-witted weavers and hysterical girls, but the wild wazels of the world of trade. A revival of the old-fashioned morality would be secure against all doubt as to its origin, and why should we not have such a revival? Why should not mill-owners, as well as mill-girls, sleek bankers, whose drawers are full of accommodation pumper of dubious origin, as well as timid servant maids addicted to the vanities of hair-oil and henns, be touched at heart? When ever this happens, and some eloquent street preacher is enabled to point to those who once paid their tithes or so in the pound on some scores of thousands of debt, and have since struggled hard to make up the odd nineteen and two-pence, then will their hearts be known and blessed of all men, and the millennium not far off. In most places the man who, without capital of his own, acts in trade and in society as if he were a capitalist, and who, after a brief period of heavy trading and luxurious living, comes down, and in his fall pulls down those who have trusted him, has no chance of repeating his pranks. It is the usage elsewhere to be shy of such men, and to teach them by cold looks and manifestable repulses that they are considered to have committed a great offence. But here we are not so lenient. Here the man who goes up like a rocket and comes down like its stick, is not avoided. Here the adventurer, who begins one year with nothing, loses like a prince, and falls for £100,000, may, though he does not pay a shilling in the pound, soon get on again as brisk as ever, and fall and fall anew.—*Dundee Directory*.

THE OLD BATTERY HERO.—In the *Times* of Saturday there appears a characteristic letter from Mr. Edwin James on the reverse at Capua. After stating that General Desha had "exposed you to troops to a murderous fire for hours," that "a faithful panic spread through the troops at the sight of the Neapolitan Hussars," and that "the wild fire was led by officers," which would fling Mr. Edwin James accompanied with the wisest alacrity, he found the alarm had spread and the soldiers refused to follow (then officers). The learned and valiant witness thus proceeds:—"I followed these mischievous and cowardly fellows to Caserta, asked for the colonel of a regiment who spoke French, gave him my name and address, pointed out the fellows as they entered into the square in front of the palace, and, although I did not request it as a personal favour, I certainly suggested that they should be searched out and shot. They were at once taken to the guard-house, and were not more seen by me." Whereupon a correspondent of the *Herald* asks—"Is this possible? A British M.P. hires a carriage to witness a scene of carnage at his ease, as an amateur? The motley crew of *carabinieri* he patronises are signally defeated by the Royal troops; nor is it stated that a single Neapolitan soldier loses his *carabinieri*, and revenges himself by decapitating a colonel who spoke French? A more unfortunate fellow whom he had seen hurried away by a panic, which no one seems to have shared in more heartily than himself. Sir, I appeal to you and to every man of honour, whether the whole reign of Domitian can furnish an example of a 'detention' more wicked or so mean?"

THE ENFERNO OF THE FRENCH AND THE CARBONARI.—Of all the secret societies which are ramified throughout Europe, none equals in resolution so desperate, in organization so compact, as that of the Roman Carbonari. Some portions of their history will bear comparison in torture and cruelty with the *Vehm-gesellschaft* of the Middle Ages, or the dark annals of the Spanish Inquisition. Members of the present day take the oath of allegiance with drawn daggers at their breasts, swearing upon the steel "the avenging instrument of the prepared" to keep scrupulously and inviolably the secrets of their order; to defend with their blood, if necessary, the cause of liberty and equality against despotism of every grade; and concluding their oath with the following declaration, "and I consent, if I perceive myself to have my body cut in pieces, then burst and the ashes scattered to the wind, that my name may remain in execration with all the Good Citizens Carbonari spread over the face of the earth. So help me God." The penal code of these conspirators is as severe as the execution of their sentence is rapid and certain. The name of a traitor is written on a piece of paper, and amidst the curses of the members, burnt in their presence, his memory solemnly devoted to execration, and deep oaths of revenge sworn against his person. The Emperor Napoleon has gone through this ordeal, and the sentence of death passed upon him was to have been inflicted by the bombs of Orsini and his deluded companions. One of the Carbonari having divulged the secrets of the order to an emissary of Ferdinand King of Naples, who was determined if possible to suppress this dangerous society, his body was found 24 hours afterwards, pierced with numerous wounds, and a slip of paper lying on his breast, warning the Neapolitan official to abstain from further inquiries unless he wished to share the fate of the perjurer and traitor. Before this society, Louis Napoleon when an exile has sworn the oath of allegiance, at a time when he was secretly nursing the ambition of the Imperial purple, and laying the mine which eventually exploded in the celebrated *coup d'etat*. The Carbonari still claim him as their own; the mystic chain of the brotherhood can only be broken by death; he is pledged to the regeneration of Italy by the most solemn vows made under the daggers of the Roman Carbonari. Mazzini at present embodies the active principle of this society, as did Barbes and Blanqui represent French Socialism in the revolution of 1830; and if Italy is to be saved from the anarchy of these brigands, we must have more cordiality between Count Orovsky and General Garibaldi, for where union is there may be found the elements of success.—*Rockdale Pilot*.