

His letter after the battle of Waterloo to Lord Aberdeen on the death of Sir Alexander Gordon, and to the Duke of Beaufort on Lord Fitzroy Somerset being his son, show how much he was attached to those about him. Lord Fitzroy landed with him in Mandago Bay, and was with him in all his great actions. It was during the long fight at Talavera that the Duke, turning to him, said, "Well, Fitzroy, how do you feel?" To which the other quietly answered, "Better than I expected."

GUANO.—Having anchored between the north and middle islands, at the latter of which we were to load, we will borrow the boat and have a closer look at the huge muck heap. Pulling half round the island to the landing place, we step ashore on a narrow slip of sandy beach, which appeared to be cleared from the surrounding reefs for our special convenience. Our appearance disturbs thousands of the web-footed natives; these thousands count with the old hands as nothing, for they tell us that the shipping has driven all the birds away. Sailing above us is a flock of pelicans, hovering over the clear water like hawks, which they resemble in their mode of darting down or stooping on their prey. One of these over instant drops from the flock as though a ball had whistled through his brain, but after a plunge, he is soon seen rising to the surface, with a fish struggling in his capacious pouch. Nearer to us, whirling round our heads, are gannets, mews, mutton birds, and a host of others whose names are unknown to the vulgar. On the detached rocks and the lower edges of the island—member of a pretty numerous convocation—stands the Penguin, the parson-bird of the sailor, whose good name is fairly earned by his cut-away black coat, white tie, and solemn demeanor; his short legs planted far back, and his long body, do not fit him for a walk ashore; but he will sit for hours on a little rock just washed by the waves, apparently in such deep absence of mind, that passers-by are tempted to approach in hope of catching him. Just as the boat nears him, and a hand is already stretched out to grasp his neck, away he goes head over heels in a most irreverent and ridiculous manner, dives under the boat and shows his head again about a quarter of a mile out at sea, where the sailor may catch him who can, for he is the fastest swimmer and the best diver that ever dipped.

Stepping over the mortal remains of several sea-lions, in a few strides we are on the guano, and at the next step in it up to our knees. The guano is regularly stratified; the lower strata are solidified by the weight of the upper, and have acquired a dark red color, which becomes gradually lighter towards the surface. On the surface, it has a whitey-brown light crust, very well baked by the sun; it is a crust containing eggs, being completely honey-combed by the birds, which scratch, deep, oblique holes in it, to serve as nests, wherein eggs, seldom more than two to each nest, are deposited. These holes, often running into each other, form long galleries with several entrances, and this mining system is very elaborately carried out, that you can scarcely put your foot on any part of the island without sinking to the knee and being tickled with the sense of a hard beak digging into your unprotected ankles. The egg shells and the bones and remains of the fish brought by the old birds for their young, must form a considerable part of the substance of the guano, which is thus in a great measure deposited beneath the surface, and then thrown out by the birds.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S APPEARANCE.—We find in the *Courier des Etats Unis*, a fragment of a journal of M. De Broglie, written in 1782, in which the personal appearance and manners of Washington are described as they appeared to a Frenchman:

"The General is about forty-nine years of age: he is large, finely made, very well proportioned. His figure is much more pleasing than the portraits represent it. He was fine looking until within about three years, and although those who have been constantly with him since that time, say that he seems to them to have grown old fast, it is undeniable that the General is still fresh and active as a young man. His physiognomy is pleasant and open; his address is cold, though polite, his pensive eye is more attentive than sparkling; but his aspect is kind, noble and composed. He maintains, in his private deportment, that polite and attentive decency which satisfies all, and that reserved dignity which does not offend. He is the enemy of ostentation and vain glory. His character is always equal: he over manifests the best humor; modest to humility, he seems not to estimate himself duly; he receives with good grace the deference paid to him, but rather shrinks than courts it. His society is agreeable and pleasing. Always serious, never constrained; always simple—

always free and affable, without being familiar, the respect which he inspires never becomes painful. He talks in general, and in a very low tone of voice; but he is so attentive to what is said to him, that you are satisfied that he understands you, and are almost, willing to dispense with a reply. This conduct has often been of advantage to him in various circumstances; no one has more occasion than he to use circumspection, and to weigh his words."

A NEW STRUGGLE IN IRELAND.—The long promised gathering in conference of "The Friends of Religious Equality" after the Roman Catholic model, took place in Dublin on the 28th ult. The session was continued several hours, and resolutions passed pledging themselves to untiring diligence and perseverance in the work of securing a withdrawal of its temporalities from the Protestant Church in Ireland.

We are glad to see some sparks of liberality beaming forth on the occasion, as the following extract from the speech of Mr. Sergeant Shee, M. P., will show:

"It was stated that a petty Italian Prince had been guilty of an act of an atrociously wicked character, if the facts stated were true, which he very much doubted. If, however, it was true that this Prince had caused a man and a woman to be imprisoned for two years, for reading the Bible in private, he would say, as a Roman Catholic, that none of his co-religionists could justify such a proceeding. As a Catholic by birth and education, he would declare that the allegation by the English press that the conduct of this contemptible despot was consonant with the sentiments of the Catholics of Ireland was a foul calumny. If, after the efforts of illustrious Protestants in the course of civil and religious liberty, no man stood up in that conference of the Catholics of Ireland to denounce the conduct of the Duke of Tuscany, they would be deeply disgraced."

MADIAIS AT HOME.—To the Earl of Roden and the Members of the Deputation to the Duke of Tuscany.—My Lords and Gentlemen.—The public papers have announced your purposed departure for Florence to intercede with its sovereign in behalf of a husband and wife, who have been tried and condemned, and doomed to chains and the galleys for the sole crime of reading and believing the Holy Bible.

Your benevolent object, my lord, is worthy of the sympathy of every Christian. May our gracious God vouchsafe success, that the voice of entreaty may procure a mitigation of the sufferings of our brethren in bonds for the Gospel's sake.

Alas! my lord, there are many Madiais nearer home. The suffering and afflicted, who are persecuted for the truth's sake in this country, are as worthy of Christian sympathy and protection, though their individual cases do not command such a world wide attention and indignant reclamation. Their sorrows are known and their groans are heard by Him who treasures up their tears, and will surely avenge his people. One sufferer's case I will mention. I will give names and dates, and place of occurrence; and will publish this letter in the local papers, to afford opportunity for contradiction if such be possible. In a wild and mountainous part of Mayo, in the west of Ireland, is a valley called Glonheat, it is bound on the north by the rugged mountains of Erris, and on the south by a beautiful lake. A school for the half naked and scarcely civilised children of that valley was lately commenced and placed under the Irish Society. As usual, the direful curses of the Romish priest were poured out; still the school held on continuing to bless with the dawn of Gospel light the poor benighted children. On the 14th of this month, the priest, the Rev. Patrick McHale, held a station for confession in a house in the valley. A poor woman named Mary Diver attended with others. She was in deep poverty, the mother of a large family, her husband was far away, endeavouring to earn in England a little support for her and her desolate children. When the woman entered the place for confession, the priest demanded of her whether her children went to the school. She replied that three of them did, and she had no other means of getting them instruction but by sending them there. He immediately said to her, "Go yourself to the devil along with them." He then struck her a dreadful blow on the back of the head, which knocked her to the ground almost senseless. Not satisfied with such savage treatment, he kicked and knocked the poor woman down a second time. The wretched victim of Romish brutality has since been confined to her bed, almost unable to stir her head from the cruel treatment received.

This, my lord, is but one of the thousands of daily recurring persecutions inflicted by the priestly agents of Rome in Ireland on its victims. In Tuscany, the public laws of tyrants prohibit even the thought of reli-

gious liberty. In Ireland (still more unhappy) the shadows of spiritual death hunt over millions, and the laws of a country that boasts of its glorious liberty are in operation to protect a defenceless female from the brutal kicks of a Roman Catholic Priest—I am, my lords and gentlemen, your faithful servant.

WILLIAM B. STONEY,
Rector of Castlebar.

EDITORIAL LIFE.—Dr. Johnson had a very correct notion of the delights of editorial life, and has condensed so much truth into such small space, that you cannot refrain from quoting his remarks. Dr. Johnson says:—"I know no class of the community from whom so much disinterested benevolence and thankless labor are expected, as from editors of newspapers. They are expected to feel for every one but themselves—to correct public abuses, and private ones also, without giving offence—to sustain the difficulties of others, without regard to their own, to condemn improper measures of every one and not one at the same time. They are expected to note everything that is important or extraordinary; of men's opinions their notices must be calculated to please every one and at the same of- fend no one."

WAX AND TALLOW.—A controversy is going on between the Roman Catholic journals as to whether tallow candles may be allowed instead of wax, in the Church ritual. A writer in the *Freeman's Journal* holds the poverty of a church may justify it in using tallow candles, provided a few wax ones be used with them, though he doubts whether the tallow ones receive any part of the blessing bestowed on them altogether.

Correspondence.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

No. 8.

O SWEET is the sound that awakes with the morn,
The sound of glad tidings, Messiah is born;
"The only begotten" but, now stooping low,
To save us from sin and defend us from woe.

Though friendless and cradled with beasts of the stall,
Still carol'd by angels the Saviour of all;
The "Desire of Nations" and claimer of thrones,
But scorned by others, denied by His own.

O lowly-born Saviour, Thy presence we greet,
And pour our oblations of praise at Thy feet;
O Son of the Highest, look down from above,
And make us for ever abide in Thy love.

Sweet, sweet is the chorus we hear in the skies,
The Anthem, when Cherub to Seraph replies,
To God in the Highest, all glory be given,
And peace upon earth and good will in Heaven.

W. B.

No. 9.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

The first to close this mortal race,
With lion heart and angel face,
Thy martyr Stephen takes the place,
Confessing Thee, by Thee confess'd.
He slinks to rest.

First, to adore th' ascended Lord,
When kneeling on the gory sword;
He claim'd the promise of Thy word,
"And shall in Thee a refuge high,
Beyond the sky."

While round His head the missiles roll,
Sorely sinking to the goal,
To Jesus he commends His soul;
And with outcry, His foes to keep,
He falls asleep.

In all the storms and straits of life,
When sorrows swell and foes are rife,
Come, Jesus Lord, to still the strife;
And as we yield our fleeting breath,
To bless our death.

W. B.

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

ARICHA, Dec. 10, 1852.

Dear Sir,—I beg leave to transmit, for publication, if you please the following account of the formation of a Branch of the Diocesan Church Society in this Province. Yours, truly,

A. F. FORD, Secy.

A Meeting of the Parishioners of St. John's Church, Arichat, for the purpose of forming a Branch of the Diocesan Church Society, took place on the 6th inst., at which, after the appointment of a Local Committee, were passed certain Resolutions expressive of grateful acknowledgment to the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for its great liberality in supporting the Ministry of the Church of England in that Parish, and the desire, however humbly, of co-operating with the Parent Society in its pious efforts to disseminate the truths of the Gospel. A Subscription List was then opened in aid of the funds of the Society.