

would tell him they could give him work and clothes and food. The poor fellow would fold his hands and say, "No, I never clothed my child by perjury; I never fattened my wife by apostasy. No matter what you give me to wear, or to eat or to drink, though you gave me wine and that I drank it out of a cup of gold, it never shall touch my lips when the price of it is the betrayal of the Cross of Christ!" (tremendous applause.) These are the men who are fond of their clergy; and I used to go to bed delighted after meeting them, for having them as countrymen. This was the time the Soupers came out, when we were dying of famine and fever. We compare these men to camp-followers, who follow a battle, and when the soldiers are dying and dead they strip them naked to rob them and plunder their pockets as they lie wounded or dead on the field of carnage. This was the time they came to take away our faith, and they expended hundreds of thousands of dollars. They came to give us the Bible, and they said they gave us half a million of Bibles annually, from 1824 to 1860—thirty-six years; that is eighteen millions of Bibles. Every man, woman and child of the Catholics ought to have three Bibles—I defy them to produce me one man who has ever got a Bible from one of them, or who ever saw any other man who got a Bible, or a man who ever heard that any other man got a Bible. We did not want them; we had Bibles of our own. By their own story they had distributed Bibles enough, if the leaves were opened to thatch the roofs of all the cottages in Ireland. After the Soupers came extermination—precipice below precipice—a bottomless hell below a hell. He then gave a graphic picture of the process of extermination. He said, when in Liverpool to see the captain of every emigrant ship to this country, and inviting him to dine with him at the Gresham Hotel enlist his interest and care in behalf of his passengers. And he used to go to the ship and talk with them, and make a speech to them; sometimes making the poor creatures laugh in the midst of their lamentations. He once went to the Dublin Custom House to see a ship off, and among the passengers he saw a poor old man—it was on a cold March day—with a few scattered grey hairs on his head and a little grand-child on his back, who had a hold of the old man's coat with his little blue hands. The old man was caressing an ugly dog. Dr. C. asked why he was doing so. He replied he was from Meath, and the landlord, Mr. So and so, had given him and other tenants five pounds each to throw down their houses, as he did not like to do it himself. They threw them down, and a few of the neighbors brought his luggage to the ship. When the house was thrown down, poor Brandy, the dog, who was born he said, the same day as the child on his back, was left alone. He followed them, and the old man took up stones and pelted him until he turned back, but at the next corner of the road he was after them again. He commenced to stone him again, but the children cried, "Oh, grandfather, don't drive back poor Brandy, and we will divide our victuals with him." And so Brandy was brought along. In the meantime Brandy began to bark, and the Dr. asked what he was barking at. "Doesn't he hear us talking of the landlord?" was the answer. No one could believe, in going through Clare, the extermination he saw the little children without a smile on their faces; there was lamentation in every house; the father or mother dead, and the little ones, instead of playing in the green fields, which it is a beautiful thing to see, sat by the walls moping about without a smile on their faces. Lamentation covered the country like a dark cloud. He narrated the case of a widow whose oldest boy died, and the neighbors came and dug a grave very deep. He died of famine fever. The woman had five children; and the second boy, who was about eight years of age, also died; and she carried him on her back, and with a common shovel lifted the fresh clay and deposited the second son over the first. The third died, and the third she carried on her back and buried. The fourth and fifth died, and the coffin came nearer and nearer the surface; and, then, she died. There was not a man in the neighborhood who would venture to bury her. Two women came. Faithful woman! She will go after her husband over seas; and will go for Christ over sea and land, through fire and water—and when the men quailed and were afraid to inter the poor dead widow, two women came and made thumb-ropes of hay and coiled them all around the surface of the dead body, and passing the shovel under those ropes, and each taking hold of an end, they carried the dead woman to the churchyard.—They met a horse on the way, and when he saw the corpse hanging on the shovel he refused to pass it. The horse is a noble animal, and on the field of battle will not trample upon the dead. And the horse refused to pass the dead woman. At last they brought her to the churchyard and laid her on the coffin of her fifth child, and the boards were six inches over the surface. There is famine fever in Ireland for you! The whole country was exterminated. Two millions and a half perished. Many a man came to this country, and do you wonder at me praising the American nation whenever I have an opportunity? And would you find fault with me if I wish that I could coin my heart into gratitude to the American people for giving a home to my countrymen (loud cheers.) I never will meet an American gentleman as long as I live that I will not express my heartfelt gratitude for the hospitality and friendship they extended to my poor expatriated countrymen. Well might these victims of extermination repeat the words of the poet Campbell—

Where is my cabin door fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire, did you weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
Where is the bosom friend dearer than all?
'Oh, sad is my fate,' said the heart-broken stranger,
'The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me.'

Having exterminated the people they have got up cattle shows. Everybody praises the cattle shows, and says the country is improving. I say to those who talk in this manner why don't you tell the whole truth. We have two ways to talk: a man that suppresses the truth is one kind of man, a man who suggests a falsehood is another kind of man.—They say the country is prosperous. Yes, the prosperity of the bee-hive—when you have murdered the old stock you have something for the young to live upon. They murdered two millions of people, and now have got up cattle shows, where every bull is the representative of a poor man, his wife and four children—the representative of a murdered family. He occupies the place of a poor fishman and his wife and children. I cannot endure those abominable cattle shows. And these animals are not the property of the people, but of the aristocracy. They have been fattened on the property of the poor.—They passed a bill called Gregory's Bill, and that assigned to demolition every claim with less than half an acre of land attached to it. It was, therefore improper to say that these fat cattle betokened the prosperity of the people. They belonged to the aristocracy; you might as well buy the aristocracy themselves and their wives and daughters with their jewelry, their bracelets, ear-rings and gold watches and say, "Behold the prosperity of the people of Ireland," as say, "see the bullocks of Ireland!" [repeated cheering.] You have now the whole case of Ireland before you. Eight centuries of persecution and not a man abandoned us, through all that persecution, armed to overturn our faith. And no nation that ever existed has borne persecution so long and stood the trial with such invincible and indomitable heroism (loud cheers.) Dr. Cahill said he did not mean to flatter his audience, he paid his countrymen a just compliment for their fidelity as he would pay them at home. And yet, after all, who knows, he added, but your expatriation has been the logic of God. Every man comes as a preacher and minister of God; he maintains his faith, and when he comes

to the country under favorable circumstances, he gives his money for the building of a little church. The Irishman has some faults; but, whenever called upon to subscribe for the aid of his religion, his heart and hand respond to the appeal. The Irishman with his penny built all the churches in Liverpool; and the Irishman with his penny built the churches of New York. He is like the flint which requires but a stroke of the steel to bring out the spark; and I, said the Dr., am the steel, and I will strike the flint and get a spark that will explode you. Where ever he went the bishops and priests acknowledged that the main stay of their churches was the Irish girls. They will convert their husbands if their hearts were as hard as steel, and bring them to the practice of their duty. He described the pleasures he felt in his late visit to Albany to see these girls flock to early Mass, beautifully dressed and marked by an air of modesty and devoutness. This expatriation may be part of the logic of God. If we were all at home and prosperous, spinning cotton, with factories in operation, and surrounded by material prosperity, there would not come as much glory as from the present state of affairs. If the secrets of God's designs were known, and we could consult his books and ask the arch-angels around his throne, they would say, remain as you are; a short life of prosperity would exclude you from this place. Look at our Lord; the lessons which he preaches are lessons of adversity. Look at him as he sits by the side of his Father; what was his condition? He walked barefoot upon a path of thorns. You have the same poverty which he endured. God will gather more glory from national adversity than national prosperity. And, recollect, the crown of Christ is not recognised by precious stones, but by thorns. Such is the logic of God. It may not be in our favor now; but we are outcasts now and pointed at, in certain places, with the finger of scorn; the Irish priest and his people are scattered all over the world, in India and the remotest parts of the earth; and wherever they go they are missionaries of the Gospel; and in the evening the little convent bell may be heard calling the good children of the district to worship. Our present position may be the result of the highest legislation of heaven, and may be the best for us if we could only understand it.—Two points he urged upon their attention; first, they had preserved their nationality; and, second, they had never flinched from their religion.

After referring to the length of time he had occupied their attention, and the late hour which had arrived, he concluded, amidst reiterated applause, by again repeating Moore's beautiful lines:—

"The gem may be broke
By many a stroke;
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last;—
And thus, Erin, my country, though broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit, which beams through each suffering part;
And now smiles at all pain on St. Patrick's Day."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.—In the Lenten Pastoral of the Archbishop of Tuam is the following passage:—"To the memorial of the mixed system of education, under the direction of the National Board, and earnestly requesting such a participation in educational grants for the separate instruction of the Catholic children, as the numbers, etc., of the Catholic people entitled them to. What was the reply of the Government?—That her Majesty's Government cannot abandon the hope that the spiritual guides of that population will not only abstain from opposing, but will continue actively to support a system so liberal, and so enlightened, and will give to it with their hearts, the weight of their authority and influence." Were we not to vouch for the accuracy of this extract from the letter of the Secretary, you could not easily imagine that any government could give such a reply to any hierarchy. To hope, then, for a free Catholic education for your children, from a government so hostile, without a little constitutional pressure, is a vain expectation. Yet, you cannot continue a system, the growing dangers of which have alarmed, beyond measure, some of its warmest supporters. What, then, is to be done?—Command your servants—your representatives in parliament. Tell them that the faith of your children, and the security of your firesides, are too precious to be abandoned for any consideration of place or patronage, for a few individuals. Intimate to them that the Pope, the faith of your children, and the poor man's cottage, must be protected, and that in the language of the Episcopal pastoral, you will expect all this from your representatives, as the condition of their support of the minister, which is only another word for the old one of independent opposition—the abandonment of which brought such disaster on the country. Let this be done—your firesides will be safe, and a system of separate education secured for your children. If not, we doubt much whether all our efforts will succeed in having the Holy Father restored to his temporal dominions. But of this we may be certain, that if the present opportunity is lost, of vindicating our right to Catholic education against that most abominable of all tyrannies—the Education Board, not certainly mitigated, but aggravated, by the association of a few worthless Catholic members, who, instead of affording protection to us, afforded a screen to our enemies to carry on their onslaught on our religion without alarm; ages may pass over before the terrible legacy we may leave them can be shaken off by future generations, weakened as they must be and gradually corrupted by the fruits of this direful legacy. Alas! the Almighty only knows, how many can say—we are free from any share in the transmission of such an inheritance.

THE TIPPERARY ADDRESS.—REPLY OF THE CARDINAL PREFECT. The following is a letter of the Cardinal Prefect in reply to the address forwarded to Rome by his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel, in the name of the county Tipperary Catholic Meeting:—"Most illustrious and Most Rev. Lord.—In reply to an epistle from your Grace, given on the 14th day of January last, enclosing a letter for our Most Holy Lord the Pope, to be presented in your name to the same Most Holy Father, I have to say, that I did myself most willingly perform this duty in a recent audience of His Holiness. It moreover becomes my agreeable duty to assure you of the special consolation which the Supreme Pontiff experienced from the illustrious proofs of love and devotion towards himself and the Holy See given by your Grace, as well as by the clergy and people committed to you.—Wherefore his Holiness, in token of the paternal love in which he holds you, imparts his benediction to that which you yourself and the whole flock of your diocese. And I pray God that He may long preserve you safe and well. Your Grace's most obedient servant.

"Rome, House of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, the 4th of Feb. 1860.
AL. C. BARNARD, Prefect.
"GABRIEL A. B. TURK, Secretary.
"B. F. L. Patrick Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel, Ireland."

A collection in aid of the Catholic University took place in Dundalk last Sunday, where upwards of £50 was subscribed.

It is our painful duty to announce the death, at the age of 85 years, of the Right Rev. Dr. Blake, Bishop of Down, a Prelate of extraordinary powers, and one to whom Ireland is indebted for the part he took in effecting the restoration of the property of the Irish College at Rome, after its confiscation by the First Napoleon. The deceased Bishop is admitted by the *Times* to have been "a man of no common stamp."—*R.I.P.*—*Weekly Register.*

MR. MAGUIRE, M.P., AND HIS VOTE.—The hon. member for Dungarvan, in a letter to the *Cork Examiner*, says:—"I have to say something with respect to the votes which I, together with a small number of the Independent Party, including Mr. Blake, Dr. Brady, and Mr. Lanigan, have given during this eventful week. This is the more necessary, as the other members of that party, in whose honor and integrity I place deserved reliance, have adopted a different course, and voted in an opposite lobby. They voted as they thought best under the circumstances of the case, and so did I. They voted for the obstructive motion—I voted against it; they voted for Mr. Duane's motion—I voted for the financial scheme of the Government. My reason for voting against the motion of Mr. Disraeli was two-fold. In the first place, I considered any attempt to postpone the full consideration and discussion of the general scheme of the Government to be prejudicial to the interests of trade and commerce, and hurtful to various branches of industry comprehended in its proposition; and, in the second, I looked upon a vote for the motion as one against the general policy of the budget—and that I was not prepared to give. My vote of this morning was given on broader grounds, and with a still more decided conviction of its propriety. The budget is a free-trade budget; and I have consistently voted for free-trade, and against protection. In the second session of 1852, when the newly elected Parliament met for the first time, the triumph of free-trade over protection was obtained, to a considerable extent, by the votes of the popular representatives of Ireland, of whom I was one. I gave the vote as much from gratitude as from conviction—gratitude for the thousands, the hundreds of thousands, of human lives—the lives of my countrymen and women—preserved by free-trade and open ports. The conviction of the moment was, I admit, not overconfident; for the experience of the operation of free trade was necessarily limited and imperfect, as the results were partial, and, to some, even problematical. Since then the operation of free trade has been literally marvellous in England, extending her commerce, increasing her markets, developing her manufacturing energies, and employing her people. Yes, it will be said, it is quite true, England has reaped immense advantages from free trade; but England is not Ireland—and what has Ireland gained? My answer is, ask the Irish merchant of Cork, Dublin, Belfast, or Limerick—inquire of the breeders of Irish stock, the makers of Irish butter, the producers of beef, mutton, pork, bacon, eggs—demand it of those who supply anything and everything for which the human stomach craves.—Put the question to the landlord, the agent, and the tenant, and they, if they are candid, will say in what manner rents are paid, and why they can be paid.—In the remunerated industry of England the produce of Ireland finds its best and surest market; and, in my poor judgment, the more that is done by relieving the springs of industry in England, the more is also done for maintaining the value of its market for Irish produce, and the present remunerative prices of the Irish producer. This, rudely stated, is my opinion; this is, according to my conviction, a full justification of my vote. Those who are the best judges of the natural operation of the proposed scheme assert that it will, of necessity, extend trade and commerce, and while stimulating manufacturing energy, secure new vents for its products. Golden and bright are no mean guarantees on that head; and when others assert that it is not a free-trade budget, I think I may prefer deferring to the judgment of those who are the public champions and high priests of that great policy, and believing with them that it is a movement in the same successful path."

A despatch dated Ennis, the 29th ult., says, "In the case of the prosecution of the Queen against Edmond Goone Bell, the resident magistrate of Limerick, who was charged with unnecessarily directing the police to fire, at the last Limerick city election, on the people, the jury, without requiring any defence, acquitted the traverser."

The following resolution, which has emanated from the North Dublin Union, has been unanimously adopted by most of the Boards of Guardians throughout the county:—"Resolved—That inasmuch as 95 per cent of the paupers in the Irish Workhouses are Roman Catholics, we are of opinion that at least one of the Poor Law Commissioners for Ireland, ought to be of the same religious persuasion as the enormous majority of the paupers and ratepayers are Roman Catholics."

A PRINCIPLE FOR EVERY HIGH SHERIFF TO FOLLOW.—The present High Sheriff of Louth, Laurence Waldron, Esq., M.P., has at the present assizes acted upon a principle in empanelling the grand jury which is as novel as it is just, and which we hope to see adopted in future by every High Sheriff throughout Ireland. He has framed the present grand jury list according to the rateable property of every gentleman in the county, from £300 a year upwards, the result of which is the removal of those who are not entitled to be on the grand jury, and the placing in their stead of gentlemen who, by the rating of their fee-able property, are entitled to the position allowed them by law. The ratepayers of the county have long had to endure the "old fogey" system which enabled gentlemen with scarcely any property and who had no other qualification than that of belonging to a once dominant faction, to be put on the grand jury panel, and in many instances at the head of it, while those who were qualified by law through their rateable property were entirely excluded. Now Mr. Waldron has most wisely abolished this species of injustice in Louth, and let us hope that the principle which he has put into practice will be carried out in future to the fullest extent.—*Druidical Argus.*

THE ASSIZES.—The Spring Assizes for 1860 did not occupy a great deal of time, and they will not soon be forgotten. They would have been almost "maiden," only for the charges preferred against three parties in the pay of the government—a coast-guard-man, a sub-constable of police, and a pensioner who was not satisfied with the wife he married in Belfast, but came to deceive, and cheat, and render unhappy for life a native of this county. We are not going to dwell on the charges made against the coast guard or the sub-constable, as they were acquitted; but we trust sincerely that the jurors of Louth will never again be put through the painful ordeal of listening to such a story as that told by the intelligent little laughter of Constable Kennedy. Any one who saw the proceedings in both the courts, must have felt that Protestant Ascendancy has come almost to an end, and that this Catholic country is no longer groaning under that monster, which inflicted so many wounds on our forefathers. Both the Judges were Catholics; the High Sheriff and his Deputy, and the Clerk of the Crown are Catholics; and each and all performed their duty in that calm, mild, and impartial manner so becoming in the administration of justice. There were no fits of passion; no bursts of anger; no audacious arrogance; nor anything offensive in any quarter; and the law was administered in that fair spirit which gives so much confidence to the public in its impartiality. We do not mean to say that some of our Protestant judges and functionaries have not done their duty as well and as fairly, because that would be an injustice; as we have some good Protestant judges, and many excellent Protestant officials throughout the country. We must remember, too, that some of the greatest enemies of the ascendancy, under which Ireland groaned for a century, were Protestants; and that Protestants took the lead in the battle to strike the chains of slavery from the Catholic limbs. But what we insist on is, that administering the law in a Catholic spirit humanises it; strips it of the feature of vengeance; and instead of that hideous feature makes it wear the dignified attribute of justice tempered with mercy.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

The souper placards posted for sometime back on Ardee Court-house, have been taken down by the order of the High Sheriff, on the application of Myles Taaffe, Esq., of Smermore Castle.

THE WINDY REFORM BILLS.—On Thursday the Whigs brought in their reform bills for England, Ireland and Scotland. In England the franchise is to be given to all men paying £6 a year rent in boroughs, and ten pound a year rent in the country.—In Ireland the franchise in the country is reduced to a ten pound valuation, and to a six pound in boroughs. There is no promise of vote by ballot, and we shall, therefore, get an increase of slaves.

The Downpatrick Recorder publishes an address from Mr. Kerr, M.P., to the electors of that borough, announcing that it is his intention to retire from its representation at the next general election.

Our readers have not yet quite forgotten that amiable Irish "Hannibal," the "Bishop of Tuam," as by law established. Indeed, they could not well forget him; for this noble and "right reverend" personage takes infinite care to keep himself constantly in the public memory. The saintly Hannibal of Tuam is not content with turning out the Christian Brothers, and seizing their property. His pastoral mercy extends still further. There are certain peasant families in a place called Partry [which our readers have so often heard of before] who are very industrious—who pay their rents punctually, and who discharge faithfully their obligations to all men; but who are utterly incurable papists! These families, the pious "bishop" has decided upon sweeping out of Partry for ever. Their offence is a peculiar one; they owe no rent; they are peaceful and uncomplaining; but they are so unreasonably obstinate that they will not forswear their religion, and they will not send their children to proselytising soup-schools. Accordingly this amiable pastor summarily exercises the "rights" which the law gives him, and proceeds to cast out this class of popish peasants from the estate on which their forefathers lived and rejoiced, and labored and died, long ages before Henry Tudor's Amazon daughter had taken to the task of making and unmaking "bishops" like him of Tuam. The thing is probably done ere this; and it may be that, whilst these lines are being read, the homeless peasants of Partry are wandering beggars by Irish road-sides. For the Dublin papers inform us that a vast array of police and soldiery, horse and foot, have been sent to Partry to help this good landlord and saintly prelate in flinging them out from their homes, and dismantling their roof-trees.—*Weekly Register.*

In committee on representation of the people of Ireland bill, Mr. Blake will move that £4 annual rating instead of £6 as proposed, shall constitute the qualification for cities and boroughs.

ROMANCE IN RURAL LIFE.—Miss H— of Dromard, near Templemore, was the belle of her native village; no rustic maiden had more admirers, and for a long time swain after swain, sighed in vain, for the obdurate beauty smiled on all, but favored none. At length a gay gallant succeeded in bewitching poor Helen's heart, and it was her turn to sigh. The fortunate suitor was her equal; and her parents consented to the match, the wooer having stipulated for a handsome "tocher." Monday was to be the wedding day, covered cars were ordered from the Queens' Arms Hotel, Templemore, and the note of preparation, promised a wedding compared to which that of Ballyporeen would sink into insignificance. But, alas, for the instability of human hopes! and shame on the mercenary truckling of the bridegroom elect. The fellow "staggered" and would not (notwithstanding the truly Tipperary preparations in progress), consent to wed the fair Helen, unless the portion was augmented by a figure far exceeding that originally stipulated for. Outraged at such rascally conduct, the friends of the young lady gave the shabby fellow notice not to come within the stretch of a Clannalpeen of the house unless he had the celebrated skull-mender, Doctor Roughan, in attendance. The cars were countermanded, and his Reverence had notification of the untoward and unexpected event. In the meantime a neighboring young farmer, who is in very comfortable circumstances, and had been previously rejected, renewed his suit: he pointed out the ensuing day would be Shrove Tuesday; how the preparations would be a monotonous waste as Lent was at hand; and, besides it was not her fortune but the fair girl herself he coveted. What could the friends do after such an offer. What did the fair lady do? Indignant at the insult offered her by her betrothed, she placed her hand in that of her enamored suitor and blushed consent. The cars were again ordered, the priest noticed, and on Tuesday the happy couple were united in the holy bonds of matrimony in the Catholic Church of Templemore. The first suitor attended to claim the hand of the village beauty, but she rejected him with scorn. The secret oozed out and the fortune-hunter when homeward wandering was the object of many a scornful laugh and gibing jest. A village rhymist has celebrated the entire affair in Hudibrastical verse, and the discomfited fortune-hunter will be

"Held up to ridicule his whole life long;
As the sad burden of a merry song."
—*Tipperary Advocate.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Rev. William Vaughan Yarworth, M. A., of St. John's College, Oxford, and lately Incumbent of Westbury, near Bristol, has been received into the Church at Rome, by the Right Reverend Monsignor Talbot.—*Weekly Register.*

Dr. Richard Mead of England was the first to introduce the custom of having himself called out of church; but he practised this ruse under more favorable advantages than most could. His father was a clergyman, with a large congregation, and when the Doctor was summoned out, would say, "Dear brethren, let us offer a prayer for the poor sufferer to whose relief my son Richard has been called."—In this way the son gained notoriety.

PROTESTANT SERMONS FOR IRELAND.—The following extraordinary advertisement appeared in a recent number of the clerical Journal:—"A Beneficed clergyman, who preaches to a respectable congregation, will lend his sermons to any brother, whose occupations preclude leisure for composition. The discourses are original in the strictest sense, earnest and striking, and will be furnished at the rate of 10s each. An order for £2 will meet with prompt attention, and the utmost confidence."

AWFUL.—A family of emigrants, consisting of father, mother and five children, passed through our city yesterday afternoon. These five children are all idiots—natural born fools. We did not learn the causes that led to this dreadful result, but it was probably caused by the intermarrying of blood relations.—*Drogheda Gazette.*

THE MILLENNIUM.—Dr. Cumming said recently at Leeds that the year 1867 seemed to end 6000 years of the world's history, and hence the millennial rest of 1000 was close at hand. An European war was looming, more dreadful than that which had recently happened. He believed that England would emerge from the midst of these trials of wrath, and his study of prophecy, so far from making him feel gloomy, filled him with hope.

A FINE PALM LEAF FOR PALMERSTON.—Should Pam succeed in introducing the wines of France into England, he will deserve to be known henceforth by the title of the "Judicious French Bottle-Holder."—*Punch.*

A little boy, seeing a drunken man prostrate before the door of a groggery, opened the door, and putting in his head, said to the proprietor, "See here sir, your sign has fallen down."

The French treaty has caused a large amount of merchandise to be kept back until it is accepted by the House of Commons.

ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.—Mr. Superintendent Howie and a body of 250 policemen of the K. Division presided over the services at St. George's Church yesterday, and, to a considerable extent, succeeded in preserving order. Notwithstanding their exertions, however, there were some serious disturbances in the afternoon, the result of which, unfortunately, will be to bring the Rev. Bryan King, the rector, into the police-court during the week as defendant on several summonses for assault, which will this morning be taken out against him. The morning service yesterday was quiet; and Mr. King, who preached, was interrupted. In the afternoon the Rev. Thomas Richardson, the newly-elected lecturer, preached a sermon, which was extremely moderate in tone and conciliatory in manner. As soon as it was over a body of young men took possession of the chorists' seats, with a view to holding them against the clergy and choir at the evening service. They remained in patient possession of them until just upon 6 o'clock, when the rector, accompanied by several members of his choir, entered the church and ordered them to leave, stating that he was legally the freeholder of the church, and that no one had a right to be there without his permission. The persons thus addressed to move upon which Mr. King took one of them by the ear and dragged him off the seat; another person then seized him and dragged him to the vestry room, where he was locked up as a prisoner. A similar operation was performed upon a second man, then upon a boy, while a young man named Littlejohn, the son of a vestryman, was so severely handled by the rector that his clothes were torn. While this fracas was going on several policemen were in the church, but in answer to appeals made to them they stated that they had no authority to interfere, but at the same time intimated that if either of the persons thus assaulted would give Mr. King into custody, they would consider themselves bound to take the charge. Five or six of these persons declined to do this, preferring an application to the magistrates for summonses against the rev. rector. The evening service was peaceable, the tremendous body of police who were present completely overawing the noisy portion of the congregation. The sermon, which was by no means judicious or attractive, was preached by the Rev. C. J. Le Geyt, M.A., incumbent of St. Matthew's, Stoke-Newington. After the rector and his friends had retired the people struck up the doxology, and the organist with capital tact helped them out, and thus prevented any disturbance.

After an interval of exactly two centuries the country is presented with a new Act of Uniformity. Mr. Henry Seymour and Lord Fernoy have prepared a bill "to enforce uniformity in the use of ecclesiastical vestments by priests and deacons of the United Church of England and Ireland," and the provisions of the measure, brief as it is, may perhaps appear at first sight well calculated for the purpose in view.—It is first stipulated that the word "vestment" shall be construed to comprehend "all ecclesiastical habits and ornaments to be used or worn by priests or deacons during their public ministrations of the services of the Church." It is next prescribed that from and after the operation of the act all statutes, canons, and customs repugnant to the provisions of the same, shall be absolutely annulled; after which, without further preliminary, we are introduced to the essence of the bill. Priests and deacons at all their services and offices other than sermons are to wear "a plain white surplice with sleeves, as now ordinarily used, and white bands; while at sermons they are to wear a black gown and white bands." A little indulgence, however, is conceded by a clause which permits any such priest or deacon to wear or use at his discretion, in addition to the foregoing, "any or all of the following vestments,—that is to say, a cassock, a plain black scarf, a square cap, and, if he be a graduate of a university, the hood proper to his degree." The superior clergy, archbishops and bishops, are exempted from the operation of the act, as are also the ministers of cathedrals and collegiate churches and chapels; but, otherwise, the measure embraces the whole clerical body throughout England and Ireland. If we add that the penalties attached to a breach of the statute are very severe, and the machinery provided for enforcing them uncommonly simple, we shall seem to have described a tolerably effective measure. Henceforth, it will perhaps be thought, there can be no more antiquarian vagaries or ecclesiastical excoquetry. Clergymen will be confined to the use of the ordinary robes, and congregations will no longer be offended by the conceits or fopperies of foolish incumbents. We have a few words, however, to offer on this matter. It may possibly surprise some people to learn that the "ecclesiastical vestments" in ordinary use among the clergy are no ecclesiastical vestments at all.—They are simply academic costumes. Even if a priest were attired to the utmost extent permitted by the act he would be wearing no more than is commonly worn by all the resident members, lay as well as clerical, of the universities at Oxford and Cambridge. Surplices are worn not only by graduates but by undergraduates when they attend chapel, square caps and black gowns form the ordinary costume of the place, and bands have only been dropped into disuse within the last fifty years. As it is, indeed, they are worn by barristers as well as clergy; and, as surplices are worn by chorists as well as priests. The scurf, if it really represents the stole or yoke, has certainly a more ecclesiastical character, but, as it happens, it is not a habit common to the ecclesiastical body, being confined by usage to graduates in divinity, or the more dignified orders in the Church. As a matter of fact, there is no difference of costume whatever in College chapels between the priest who officiates and the layman who sits beside him; and in any place of worship—such, for instance, as the Temple Church—which graduates of the universities are in the habit of frequenting, half the congregation might be entitled to wear precisely the same dress as the parson. It would therefore simplify the provisions of the bill if it were enacted that no priest or deacon should appear in any costume except that derived from the universities.—*Times.*

REVIVALISM.—A few days ago Sarah Atterson, a servant girl, was taken away to the York Lunatic Asylum. It appears that the girl had gone pretty regularly to church with her mistress, but was on Sunday night week to the Primitive Methodist Chapel at Middlesborough. Her mistress consented. A revival service was held that night, and the girl came home from the meeting in a fearful state of mind. Her very features were affected. She said she had been converted. Her companions and she had been so frightened by the influence of the service that they had to be accompanied home. The preacher said something about the girl taking care of herself or the devil would get her. The whole thing had so affected her that she became delirious, and was sent home. Her friends had no control over her. She had escaped from them during the night, and was found next morning in the cow-hy, holding two of the cows by the tail, singing hymns and songs, and shouting and praying. They tried all means to restore her rationality, but failed. She was in a most desperate condition, and has been sent to York lunatic mad. We fear that the noble plea of an apostle of Christianity, "God hath not given unto us the spirit of fear, but of power, an love and of a sound mind," can scarcely be set up for these services.—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

The House of Commons has lost a member distinguished (if we may use the word in such a sense) for his extraordinary eccentricities. We mean Mr. Henry Drummond, M.P. for West Surry, who died on Sunday. He was an Irvingite, and was styled by that sect an "Archangel." Mr. Drummond ranked as a Conservative; but his conservatism, like his religion, was tinged with eccentricity, and he was opposed to the unequal operation of some of the privileges attached to the Protestant establishment.