

IRISH GRATITUDE TO O'CONNELL. — We are glad to learn that the cap the Liberator received at the great meeting of Mullaghmast, and £3, together with a very complimentary letter, was presented to Mr. Michael O'Connell by Austin G. Edwards, Esq., as a token of his respect for the memory of O'Connell, and to mark his sympathies with the people of Clare and Mr. O'Connell, who has come to London to collect funds to finish the monument in Ennis to the great man's memory. If fanatical influence and religious prejudice can in a few days raise hundreds to aid the cause of murder and revolution in the person of Garibaldi, we trust the Catholics of London will not forget the memory of him who gained liberty without the sacrifice of life or property. The Pontiff and the Holy Catholic Church triumphed over the cruelties of the Neroes and the Pagan Empire of Rome. She withstood the rack, the gibbet of Henry the Eighth, and Elizabeth, we may then laugh at the followers of Garibaldi, who so vainly think that a few pounds got from the blind fanatics of London will upset the Pontiff and the Church; if so, what will become of the infallible promise of Christ, who said that the gates of hell will never prevail against His Church? Although fanatics may rage and foam like the angry waves of the ocean, she will still sail triumphant, as in the war of Superstition in the famine days of Ireland, when the English people were gulled out of their in by the convert Irish. Glory to the martyred sons of St. Patrick, who so nobly died of starvation, with their hands clasped around the Cross, sooner than give up the holy faith of their forefathers. We hope that in a few days the small sum required of £200 will be given to Mr. O'Connell to carry back to Ireland, as a proof that the Catholics of London sympathise with the people of Clare, and value the services of O'Connell. — Cor. of the Weekly Register.

The Dublin Evening Post recommends the erection of a statue to O'Connell in one of our leading streets: — "A statue which would be worthy of the man and of the country, and as much as possible unlike those unhappy and ill-judged attempts recently made that disgrace some of our thoroughfares and caricature those distinguished men whom they were designed to honor. We are deeply anxious that the subscription for the O'Connell statue in Dublin should be, as nearly as circumstances could render possible, simultaneous; that it should resemble those simultaneous meetings devised by the leader of the movement for emancipation at great emergencies, when millions gave expression to their sentiments in a manner the most emphatic. O'Connell had been the guide of those millions in the path to religious liberty — a path safe and sure, under his conduct, even when the first soldier of the age told the British Legislature that he apprehended civil war in Ireland."

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN. — Under the heading "A Shabby Trick," the Dublin Nation has the following: — "A decision has lately been made by 'the proper tribunal' that is much as James, Marquis of Thomond and Earl and Baron of Inchiquin, died without issue (in July, 1855) the Marquis and Baron became extinct, but the title of Baron passes to Sir Lucius O'Brien, Baronet, now Baron of Inchiquin. — The father of Sir Lucius having died during the lifetime of the said James, his younger sons and daughters would by this circumstance be deprived of the style and title which should belong to them as the younger children of a baron, to remedy which occurrence the Queen has now issued an order conferring on them 'that style, place, and precedence, which would have been their had their father lived to become Baron of Inchiquin — but from the enumeration of those younger children in the Royal order the name of William Smith O'Brien is omitted. This is just what we have called it above — a shabby trick. William Smith O'Brien committed an offence against the British crown, but having, after years of penal exile, been accorded a full and free pardon, this violation of him with another penalty is in the last degree mean, contemptible, and unjustifiable. 'Her Majesty,' which we are bound to suppose means her Prime Minister, has done in this a very low and spiteful thing, worthy only of the mental calibre of an old Billingsgate commercial."

HOME MANUFACTURE. — The Belfast Poor Law Guardians have adopted the use of Irish linen to the exclusion of calico for shirting for the male paupers and under garments for the females. This, in addition to being a saving, is a step in the right direction towards re-establishing a branch of our Irish manufacture, which has been sinking to decay. Neagh, Binn, and other Poor Law Unions have followed the example of Belfast. We have no doubt but that the movement will become very general throughout all Ireland, and thereby give an impetus to our linen trade, which is much needed and open a field of extensive employment for those engaged in this interesting branch of our Irish manufacture. The difficulty of obtaining cotton from America has, in a great measure, paralysed the calico trade in England, and the consequence will be a rise in the market on that texture. However we may regret the sufferings of thousands thrown out of employment in Lancashire and elsewhere by the scarcity of cotton, still we cannot but hail such as a favourable event for the Irish linen trade, if it be the means of stirring up the people of this country to the general use and consumption of the textures of their own loom in preference to those of England. We cannot forget the deadly blow given to Irish trade by the English during our struggles for independence towards the close of the last century. England then, in many instances suspended, and in others prohibited, the exportation of Irish manufactures, while she glutted our markets with every species of her own; this was done with a view to effectually destroy all competition in Ireland; for the great capitalists of England were determined at any loss to undersell the Irish in their own markets. Thus did they destroy the lace flourishing manufactures of Ireland; for how could the limited capital of the Irish trader bear up against such a pressure? He had to give way before the combination of Law and wealth which was leagued against him. While our markets were crowded with English fabrics, our tradesmen were left in a state of idleness and its consequent privations. The people of Ireland at the time, feeling keenly the injury and injustice wrought them, with a spirit worthy the imitation of the present day, held meetings, and where available adopted non-importation and non-importation agreements, throughout the Kingdom; they refused to consume any British manufacture. An eminent writer, referring to this period, says: — "No sooner was this measure publicly proposed than it was universally adopted; it flew quicker than the wind throughout the whole nation; the manufacturing bodies, the corporate towns, the small retailers, the general merchants, at once universally adopted this vigorous determination, and the great body of the people, by general resolution, and universal acclamation, avowed their determination to support the measure till they should acquire a restoration of their political rights." The people succeeded, but the accused Union brought a deadly blight to our country, and our manufactures were again crushed. What was done in 1778-9 can be done now to a certain extent, if the people would be true to themselves. We may adopt the use of linen among ourselves and families to the utter exclusion of calico, in addition to its introduction to our public institutions, even if it cost a little more instead of being on the entire a saving. The full recognition of the principle of the Belfast Union would be the means of necessitating a great increase in the culture of flax throughout every part of Ireland, for which the soil is agricultural prosperity, would so far go hand in hand. A good crop of flax is worth more than either potatoes or oats; it is calculated that by acre from £16 to £18 per acre could be raised in flax, besides such an increase of farm labour would be given, as would have the effect of keeping many of our labouring population at home, for whom, otherwise, there would be no prospect of

manent employment. There are tempting facilities for the establishment of linen manufactories in different parts of Ireland. The trade may be extended from north to south, from east to west. The general principle of consumption will be sufficient guarantee for the success of such a speculation. Besides, cotton will never again be the formidable rival it had been; the war in America has put an end to the possibility of cotton being ever so cheap as it once was. No matter which side wins, taxation will be so heavy that produce must be mulcted to meet the demand, and consequently in the South cotton will have to pay a heavy duty. We also anticipate that the present war in America will be the death-blow of slavery in the South; that after the lapse of the existing generation of slaves, hired coloured labour will work the plantations, and, therefore, cotton can never again be sold at the very low figure at which it could be obtained two or three years ago. If the people of Ireland but study their own interest, they will use no foreign fabric as long as they can procure textures of home-make; and no class of Irish manufacture would cause such a wide development of agricultural and skilled labour as that of linen. If, as we expect, this subject will meet the favourable consideration of the people of Ireland, and the result be as successful as we anticipate, the Poor Law Guardians of the Belfast Union will be entitled to the thanks of the nation. — Tipperary Advocate.

A GOOD LANDLORD. — John Leahy, Esq., Q.C., having accompanied his good and considerate agent, W. Hilliard, Esq., in the receiving of his rents down here this week, and having learned and seen the state of the country, not only allowed the poor rates in full, but intimated that if, on the payment of next gale, they can show and prove they have, by their labour and exertions, laid out on their farms, for their own and the landlord's interest, the full amount of their gale's rent, he will give a receipt for it as cash. A tenant on the property, named Jeremiah Kelly, and who, it seems (and justly), is in the confidence of Mr. Leahy, took time by the forelock. — From his outlay and improvement, instead of £17 10s, his gale's rent, he had to pay but £7 4s. — Cahirciveen Correspondent of the Tralee Chronicle.

THE IRISH UNION ESTABLISHMENT. — It is true, as the Tablet remarks, that though, at the press and on the platform, the most vehement denunciations conceivable are day and night hurled against the monster Establishment, yet not a petition is presented in Ireland has lost all hope in the disposition of the alien Government to do her justice. She did petition while one shred of hope remained. One of the ablest men the world ever saw, backed by all that was sound in the three kingdoms, not only tried the efficacy of the petition in the English House of Commons, but conducted the tide agitation to the verge of rebellion, and only was answered by threats of brute force, coercion, and martial law. The experiment of the Tablet mentions has been made under far more favourable auspices than the present time furnishes, and failed because there was not enough of physical power behind moral suasion to render the latter efficacious. We know of no class of politicians that would just now be satisfied with any modification of the Church Establishment, save its total abolition. The absolute reduction of the Protestant Clergy to the voluntary system can alone satisfy the nation. This one exception in the absence of some fearful calamity befalling England; and, on the O'Connell principle, that 'England's weakness is Ireland's strength,' it is hoped the Law Church grievance will be swept away by the first cannon that announces war between the guardian of all the multitudinous abuses we have enumerated and some first-rate power. Our contemporaries, the Dublin Review and the Weekly Register, are quite mistaken if they expect such an agitation as they suggest. No mortal save a Catholic Whig of the lowest grade of the corruptionist school, would join in such a sham. The Nationalists would absolutely spit upon it. These really pious, well-intentioned organs write as if the great body of the Irish people were loyal devoted to British rule, while the contrary is the fact. Let them, just for argument sake, write for once as if Ireland were disaffected to the core, and we doubt not their words will get a respectable hearing. — Mayo Telegraph.

Of all the staple grievances of Ireland, since Ireland ceased to be a subject province, one only has yet been redressed. Catholic emancipation has removed the political distinctions between the two Communions. The Protestant Church remains behind, in form a Temple, but in truth a fortress, built from the ruins of an old National Hierarchy, drawing supplies for its ample garrison from the conquered and impoverished country over which it sits, but yielding no succour or protection to its vassals. It has been led by forced contributions, wrung from a people whom it could not, as a Religious Establishment, indemnify for the tax which it exacted. It has flung back the natural teachers of the Catholic community upon the spontaneous bounty of their half-starved flocks for support, thereby imposing upon them a second and no inconsiderable burden. The Church of Ireland is finally one which has for centuries, in every measure of severity, of exaction, of oppression, signalled itself by more than concurrence with the tyrannical spirit of the civil government. It is felt at once to be weight upon the country, and a degradation. Let any honest man, continues the Times, answer us the question, is it possible for a community, where such things exist to be kept — we do not say at peace, for that were extravagant — but in subjection to the British Crown, other than by the constant and irresistible force of arms? Thus the Times, with great power and truth, sketched the character and working of the Protestant Church in Ireland in 1840. — Times, 1840.

SERIOUS AFFAIR AT PORTADOWN. — For several days Portadown has been kept in commotion by certain doings on the railway works, and it is fearful to contemplate what the result may be. There is a street called John-street, which abuts into Woodhouse street, along which the railway company have made a deep cutting, and the navvies have been about proceeding to sink down one end of John-street, so as to correspond with the bottom of the cut in Woodhouse street. The owners and occupiers of John street allege that it is beyond the limits of deviation for which the company obtained their act, and moreover that the act for completing the works had expired on the 1st day of August, and that the company had no right to interfere with any property which would thereby be injuriously affected after that date, either in John-street or any other place. A large crowd assembled daily at John-street, and several meetings were held there, and the navvies, and other men have taken place. On Friday, Mr. Miller, R.M., and it is reported that he stated he would draft as many police to the spot as would effectually put a stop to the resistance offered by the people; but, after some remonstrance, he went away. Yesterday morning it was reported that a new effort would be made by the navvies. They tried to proceed, but were completely baffled by men, women, and children. Mr. Cameron, Chief Constable, ordered out his men with fixed bayonets, and made an attempt to charge the crowd, but it was soon seen that, although lives might be taken, the final effort would be fruitless. One young man named Maginnis, got a bayonet wound in a very dangerous place, and the police then retired. At two o'clock Mr. Miller, R.M., arrived again, and with an additional array of police came from Lurgan. Mr. Miller has been in the 'police barracks' since, and reports that he is determined to put a stop to the resistance by the people of John street. There is at present a thousand people or more collected at the place. There is a strong feeling against the railway company in respect to the way they are treating the owners of property in connection with their works at Portadown. — Northern Whig.

SHOCKING DEATH OF MURDER OF A WOMAN IN ARDARA. — A most alarming occurrence took place in Ardara on Saturday night last; the particulars of which will be gleaned from the following report of an in-

quest, held by Dr. Callan, one of the coroners for the county, of the body of the deceased, Miss Carroll. Two members of the police force, stationed in Ardara, named William Waters and Hugh Devlin, were taken into custody, and were present at the inquest, as it was supposed the young woman had met with foul play, and was last in their company.

The first witness examined was Sub-Constable Reardon, who deposed that on Friday morning his attention was called (at about six o'clock) to a dead body lying in the yard at the rear of Mr. Carroll's public-house. He found Carroll's back door open, and he went into the house and called him. Carroll came down stairs, and both viewed the body, not knowing it from its revolting appearance. — The entire flesh was burned from both sides, leaving the ribs, &c., exposed. There was a dreadful wound on the head, from which blood had flowed copiously. After some time, Carroll discovered that the remains were those of his sister, and he became much affected, and shed tears. He said that he blamed Devlin, the policeman, for the occurrence. He also remarked that he had gone to bed at five o'clock the same morning, leaving Devlin and Waters (policemen) in the kitchen with his sister. He again said that he let the policemen out by the front door himself. A candlestick used on the night before was found under the counter in his shop, with a portion of Miss Carroll's dress, partially burned, attached to it. An empty purse was found at the deceased's feet, and some small silver pieces near the kitchen grate, under which was, in a pit, a little burning ember of fire. A net which deceased wore on her head was produced. It appears it was found under a form in the kitchen. Witness asked Carroll about the net, and the latter replied that his sister had not the net on when the body was found, and that the last place he had seen it was in Devlin's breast on the previous evening in the kitchen. This witness, in conclusion, stated that from the prevarications of Carroll he could not attach much importance to his statements. He (witness) was of opinion that Carroll retired to bed unconsciously drunk, and did not know what had happened.

The next witness was Mr. Alexander Carroll himself, who deposed that his sister was thirty years of age, of the most reserved, sober habits at all times. On the night previous to the occurrence, the policemen Waters and Devlin had come to his place about ten o'clock, and he and another man commenced to play cards with them for whisky, and continued the game up to three o'clock in the morning. They had all drunk freely of whisky. The other man (John Woods) however, left the house long before that time. His sister sat in the kitchen with them the whole time. The door between the kitchen and the shop was locked, and he was obliged to undo the lock every time he was passing through for drink. The shop front-door and back-door were bolted; and there were no other persons in the house but those he had named. Witness met the police at four o'clock in the morning, and did not see them afterwards. [The witness next detailed the circumstance of finding the body, in corroboration of Reardon's testimony.]

Joseph Walker (another of the Ardara police) was next examined. His evidence was not calculated to throw any credit on the manner in which some of the Ardara police carry out their duties.

Dr. McIver was next examined as to the cause of the death of Miss Carroll, after which the jury found that Miss Anne Carroll came to her death by burning; but added, that no evidence had been given to enable them to arrive at the origin of said burning. Subsequently, the two policemen who were in custody voluntarily stated all about the drinking and card-playing but; declared they had left house between three and four o'clock, a.m., the deceased being then in the kitchen. Thus ended the inquest. Nothing has occurred in Ardara for the last half century that has caused more sensation than this sad tragedy to a young woman who was generally esteemed by all classes of the inhabitants.

A FINGER FOUND IN AN OMBUS. — The Belfast News Letter contains the following doubtful story: — Yesterday evening a young lad came to the General Hospital, and there gave information of a somewhat singular fact. He stated that, when going into an omnibus running to the Botanic Garden, he observed the finger of a person fastened about the handle of the bus. He took it from its place, wrapped it in a piece of paper, and gave it to the omnibus conductor. The finger had upon it a ring, set with a stone. No person arrived at the hospital with a wounded finger. The youth, however, gave his name and address in case any inquiries should be made. The same journal since states that this singular affair has been explained. It says: — "A gentleman from Newtownards was a passenger in the bus, and in getting out, he caught hold of a part of the door, which took off his finger above the first joint, and upon it was a gold ring. The gentleman was so weak and faint that he left without informing anyone of the accident, and ran to the establishment of Dr. Smyth, Castle-place, where the wounded finger was dressed. He then proceeded by the first train to his residence at Newtownards, and has not since returned to claim his lost property, finger included, all of which he can have by calling upon Dr. Moore, house-surgeon at the General Hospital."

ARISTOCRATIC BLOWS AND KNOCKS. (KNOX) — Hudibras. — Mrs. Knox of Arbutstown, is no person to put her light under a bushel. She 'does good by stealth,' but does not 'blush to find it fame.' Recently we had painful occasion to let the public know something about her — to-day we have the same unpleasant task. The Morning News of Thursday gives us the facts of her last adventure. About two years ago, there lived at Ballyhack, a poor woman named Mary Fitzpatrick, who had three children. This woman was very badly off, and Mrs. Knox brought her to Dublin — got her a situation as a nurse, and promised to do for her children. The eldest, four years old, was sent to 'the Bird's Nest,' in Kingstown. This 'nest' is an institution, we understand, where Catholic children are reared as Protestants. Well, Mary Fitzpatrick went lately to Ramsgrange, to see her other two children who had been left there with an aunt. An interview with Father Doyle decided her to go back to Dublin, and demand her child. She went to one of the lady birds who preside over the 'nest,' and could not see her — went to the 'nest' and would not be let to see her child. Again she sought the patroness, who informed her that nothing could be done without an order from Mrs. Knox. Father Doyle wrote for the order — but got no reply from the lady. A letter of attorney was next sent to the 'nest' authorities, threatening immediate legal action if the child were not given up. News of this came to Arbutstown Mrs. Knox determined to hurry to the scene of action, and both in packet and railway carriage found Father Doyle a travelling companion, with feelings such as Imogene experienced when she saw the ghost of Alonso at her wedding feast. She wished to use her influence upon Mary Fitzpatrick, and he wished to prevent her from doing so. Thus it was that they travelled together towards the one goal, with different intentions. Both met at Mary Fitzpatrick's. Here Mrs. Knox spoke of her goodness to Mary, and asked her would she swear against her. Mary said she wanted no swearing — she wanted her child. Hereupon, Mrs. Knox, struck with a sudden proxy of generosity, offered to let Mary keep her other children, if she would leave the young 'bird' in the 'nest.' This excited no gratitude in the obligate Mrs. Knox. Mrs. Knox threatened that her husband could afford to lose money, and would enhance the loss of it on a large scale, rather than give up the child. As an ultimatum Mary was asked for a conversation in private, which she refused — insisting that she should get her child. Thus matters ended. Since that conversation, which took place on Monday evening, Mrs. Knox has shown no indication of

restoring the child to its mother. What does this lady mean? Has her brain become crazed by reading some romance in which a gipsy woman performs the interesting and respectable part of child-stealer? Has she discovered some unknown text in the bible which explains that the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal,' has no reference to children? Has the tender-hearted lady ever wept over Mrs. Stowe's pictures of family ties rudely broken by the slave system of America? Is 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' a more sacred edifice than Mary Fitzpatrick's, because its proprietor is a woolly-headed, black-skinned creature of the imagination? We dare say Mrs. Knox has been eloquent on the Montara case — and not very flattering to the Pope for his share therein. The Pope acted according to the law of the land — has Mrs. Knox done so? Her open contempt of law and feeling is totally inexplicable on any reasonable grounds. If she were a lunatic, or one that drew habitual inspiration from a black bottle, we could understand her — but her sanity has never been questioned, and her social position is one which throws discredit on the bottle theory. We feel an interest in this bird-nesting lady, and shall strive to know more about her. — Wexford People.

GLASGOW BRITAIN.

We read in the Glasgow Free Press: — "A consecration of the Very Rev. John Gray, P.C. — It will be seen by our advertisement that this joyful event, so anxiously looked forward to by the Catholics of the Western district, has been at last definitely fixed for Sunday, the 12th Oct. Preparations are being made which promise to render the ceremony probably the most imposing which has been witnessed in this country since the Reformation. One of the most illustrious members of the Irish hierarchy has, we believe, been engaged as consecrating prelate, and the sermon will be preached by one of our foremost members of our local clergy."

Unless Ireland is to be the single exception to the loyal peacefulness which does so much credit to all other parts of her Majesty's dominions, something must be done to stop the rapid demonstrations which ultra-Protestants are continually making against the religious belief of their fellow-citizens. We are by no means advocates of Romanism, as our readers know, nor of anything that leads to Romanism; but we must strenuously maintain that, as long as the law of the land allows free toleration to every form of religion it must be as impolitic as it is unchristian for one religious body to be conspicuously out of its way to annoy another. This is what the ultra-Protestants of Belfast have been doing within the last few days. They have collected the extreme opponents of Popery they have persecuted the city, committed riots, smashed windows, and otherwise, in fifty ways, done to their neighbour precisely what they would on no account have their neighbors do to them. Such conduct amounts to persecution, and is a flagrant violation of Christian morals, and a scandal to the Protestant community. If Ireland is to be Protestant, it must be by something very different from any efforts made by Orange lodges. By peaceful, Christian, charitable exertions that the cause of truth may gradually be brought to prevail. There is a charm in peace and goodness which even an Irish Catholic may yield to. But the rabid fury of ultra-Protestant fanaticism will win no souls. Protestants have three legitimate ways of labouring for the ascendency of their principles in Ireland — they may work through the pastoral exertions of their clergy, by promoting the education of the young, and by the dissemination of a sound literature. Other means than these, we insist, are not open to them. It is idle to talk of meeting Popery with its own weapons. Popery fights when it suits her, with fire and sword — Protestants do to the like? Yet there is no difference in principle between such a course and that of meeting a movement in Dublin by a counter movement in Belfast — one procession by another — one declaration by another, and, of course, one row by another. Two blacks do not make a white. Wrong should not be met by wrong. If the Irish Protestants would work in their parishes for the good of the poor with half the enthusiasm with which they will harangue a mob or get up a demonstration, they would do infinitely more good and avoid mischief altogether. — Morning Post (Protestant).

Strengthening ships with armour-plates or shields would seem to be no modern invention. It was practised in the age of Elizabeth, and with considerable success. This appears from a manuscript preserved in the State Paper Office. It was penned in the year 1596, by 'poor Capt. John Yong, of St. L.,' — a circumstance Powlinskae, in London, near to the world Swanne, a veteran of forty years' experience in naval affairs. In that paper, Captain Yong suggests the revival of the 'oude fashion,' in the time of King Henry VIII., of having 'a chain nettings of iron' suspended to the sides of the largest men-of-war, the adjusting of which he describes at length. He strongly urges its re-adoption in the Royal navy as a perfect safeguard both against the fireworks of the enemy and their attempts at boarding.

The unfortunate William Roupell pleaded guilty at the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday to the charges of forging his father's will and also a deed conveying property. When asked in the usual form what he had to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, he addressed the court in one of the most remarkable speeches ever delivered by a convict from the dock. It was modest, penitential, lucid, and admirably arranged. He was so far from deprecating the severity of the law, or appealing to mercy, that he literally anticipated the judge in pronouncing his own doom which is penal servitude for life. But as his case after all, is not so bad as that of Sir John Dean Paul, the pious hypocrite who made religion a mask for an impostor, and the means of swindling his clients, and as that cheating Pharisee has been deemed a worthy object of the clemency of the Crown, we do not suppose that William Roupell will spin out his days in penal servitude. — Weekly Register.

In the nature of things there is no reason why there should be an Archbishop of Canterbury. Putting confirmations and ordinations aside, all the business attached to his office might be done by an attorney and a couple of clerks. But, since there is an establishment, there must be an Archbishop. There always has been one, and we should hardly recognise England without one; out it results from what we have said that he must be carefully selected. The contrast between the potential grandeur and the actual insignificance of his functions is so great that none but a shrewdly clever man can comprehend it, and the irritation likely to spring from the contrast is so intensely annoying that none but the coolest, most sedate, and most cautious soul within the pale of holy orders could possibly endure it. The State says to the Archbishop, Look you, Must Rev Sir, I have here a magnificent house, devoted to spiritual uses; I built it, I endowed it, and am the master of it; and I propose to make you steward of a handsome salary; but I do so on one condition. You must make no disturbance even in quelling disturbances. You will find in it a rickish crew, high, low, orthodox, latitudinarian, broad, narrow, loose, and incompressible. It is my desire that you let them all eat their dinners with all possible comfort, provided they do not threaten to tear the house down, in which case you will just send for me. You have no doubt your own likings and dislikes, though, to do you justice I never heard you express any; but in these matters you will 'Keep yourself to yourself.' On these terms I hand over to you the rent-roll of your estates, which will make you comfortable for life; you shall have titles and palaces, and adulation, and when you die you shall be interred with all possible respect within the sacred pile which the memory of your virtues will have rendered more illustrious. Such are the conditions of the Archbishop's capote. The Bishops, on the whole, are tame enough to warrant the most manageable hopes as to the ability of any one of their number to accept and keep them; but it seems to be a

mitted that there is one in whom the requisite qualifications meet in a transcendent degree, and, congratulating the Bishop of London on his probable elevation to the vacant throne of Canterbury, we can sincerely wish a career as calm and genial as fell to the lot of his predecessor. — Manchester Examiner.

We live in strange times, when, among the applauders of high treason, and the partisans of a sedition-loving revolutionist, are the Ministers of a constitutional Sovereign, in a State that boasts of its conservative character. In the list of subscribers to what is called the Garibaldi Medical Fund, we find more than one of Her Majesty's constitutional advisers figuring. Lord Palmerston, we are told — for we did not read the lists in the newspapers with regularity, and missed the Premier's name among the English sympathisers with the Nizzard buccaner — has subscribed ten guineas; Mr. Gilpin, an Under-Secretary of State has invited the hero of Aspromonte to become his guest, though he is actually a prisoner on a charge of high treason against his Sovereign; and we see that Mr. Gladstone has come down with his three guineas. The delicacy and the propriety of this conduct we will submit to a test which Mr. O'Brien's case has suggested. Let us suppose that in 1848 when Smith O'Brien was a prisoner in Clonmel Gaol on a charge of high treason, the Ministers of the French Republic had subscribed to a fund got up by the partisans of revolution, for his support, and that one of them had actually invited him to Paris to become his guest, while a State prisoner awaiting his trial on the gravest charge known to our laws, what would have been said of an indecent proceeding in this country? Or, if at that period the Ministers of the King of Naples had declared their sympathy with Mr. Meagher, and had had the impudence to intimate to the British Government that they feared the prisoner was not properly provided with medical advice, and that a Neapolitan surgeon was on his way to Tipperary to prescribe for him, how would such a proceeding have been relished and commented upon in England? Now, Garibaldi is as much a traitor as either of the two gentlemen we have named were ever supposed to be, and yet Ministers of the Queen are not afraid or ashamed to take a course with respect to him which all England, hounded on by these very Ministers, would have reprobated as an insult demanding instant reparation, if pursued by the Ministers of France or Naples with regard to Messrs. Smith O'Brien and T. F. Meagher. France and Naples were guilty of no such flagrant impropriety, and we should like to be informed what special right or title England has to do things which she would not endure at the hands of others herself. A clearer evidence of the guilty complicity of the King of Sardinia in Garibaldi's late filibustering expedition, which ended so ignominiously at Aspromonte, cannot and need not be adduced than the simple fact that this insolent and unwarrantable interference of the British Government with the treatment of the rebel Garibaldi in a Piedmontese prison, pending his trial for high treason, has not led to the instant dismissal of the British Minister from Turin. In no other circumstances can it be considered possible that the Government of an independent kingdom would have tamely submitted to an outrage which in the feudal times no monarch could have perpetrated with impunity, or at all events without energetic remonstrance, upon the meanness of his vassals. — Weekly Register.

A Protestant Bishop, some little while past, got into conversation with a little Irish boy who was cleaning his windows. Finding he was a Roman Catholic, the following colloquy took place: Dr. T. — You believe, then, that I shall be lost? Boy: No, sir, Dr. T. — How so? You believe that those who die out of your Church are lost? Boy: Yes, sir, Dr. T. — Well, if I were to die now, should die out of your Church. Boy: But you might be saved because of your inconsistent ignorance. — London Paper.

BRITISH STARVATION. — There is rottenness at the core of the society which lets any of its members starve. Disparity of fortune there must ever be, with resulting gradations of comfort, from the fulness of voluptuous ease down to a bare supply of the absolute necessities of life. All the world cannot live in luxurious mansions, or feast plentifully every day on dainty fare. Different degrees of ability and of energy will always command different rates of remuneration. The son of the prudent enjoys the advantage of inheriting accumulated wealth, which does not fall to the lot of the spendthrift's child. Some men seem fated to succeed in everything, although their capacity is of the meanest; others fail in all that they undertake, in spite of their large gifts of industry and skill. Fortune has her special favorites, and it is by no means on the worthless that she invariably showers her richest gifts. We may regret this, but we cannot help it. No doubt it is impossible, philosophically, to prove a man's right to the enjoyment of any thing which he has not earned. When humanity was doomed to eat bread in the sweat of his brow, no reservation was made in favor of the offspring of peers and millionaires. It is hard to believe that when God made the earth He meant that the duke should enjoy a thousand times as much of its fruits as the peasant. But there are some features in the existing state of things which we must be content to take as we find them. We cannot hope entirely to remodel the organization of society, even though it should be obvious that the new basis upon which we should construct it is the only one that reason can approve. Still, sacred as we may hold the rights of property, there is another right more sacred still — it is the right of every human being to live. When the accumulation of property in certain hands has been carried so far that a man or woman perishes from sheer want of food, it is obvious that there has been perpetrated a grave social crime. The richest country in the world has recently witnessed several instances of this appalling climax of destitution. — Star.

WANTED A PRIMAR. — There is a gentle flatter in the hearts of the British clergy. The intelligence that there is a vacancy on the Episcopal Bench always renews their 'thankfulness' that they have been permitted to escape from the dangerous seductions of worldly grandeur; but submission to the will of Providence is also a portion of a Christian's duty, and a proper professional pride prohibits them from declining 'an extended sphere of usefulness.' The demeanor of a dean or a preacher who stands well with Lord Shaftesbury is, at such a moment, much that of a well-bred net out when the servant lays the cloth for dinner. She does not jump on a table; but the observer may infer a subdued and not unpleasant expectancy from a certain nervous irritability which just betrays itself in the extreme points of the tail. — As the meal proceeds, Fussy never begs, but she quietly keeps herself in sight, and if any tit-bit should be offered her — well! she will not refuse. Of course the persons whose names have been mentioned in the Guardian, or the Record cannot call on the Premier; but there are, nevertheless means of letting oneself be heard. For instance, you can preach a funeral service on the departed dignitary. — One of our deans, whose theological writings display more originality than is in clerical circles considered 'safe,' has already pointed out with how potent an influence the intire depresses these controversial movements of the mind —

"Himomus acimorum atque hae certamina torquentur." "Not," said he, speaking of the late Archbishop, "not that it must be supposed that he was at all deficient in the gifts of intellect." It was, indeed, far otherwise; but there is something in that great place which reduces all minds to the same level, and leaves 'nothing visible' but the radiance of their Christian virtues. This delicious view of the episcopal dignity is of a nature to relieve the lay mind of its anxieties. Palmerston may do his worst. Dr. Pusey may do his best. It is all one to us. The Social Science Convention at Belgium have framed an address to President Lincoln in favour of a preliminary negotiation for peace.