

ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED IRISH GENERAL ABROAD.—Irishmen appear to be at home everywhere, save in their own country. Everywhere they are respected for high offices, and places of honor and distinction; except when they remain literally under the shadow of England's impartial (?) rule. By the latest accounts from Spain, we find that Sir Richard Sarsfield, brother of Sir M. R. Sarsfield, Chief Justice of Bombay, is one of the Generals selected to join our countryman, O'Donnell, in the expedition against Morocco.

PUBLISHING IN IRELAND.—Perhaps to no individual concerned in the publishing trade do the people of Ireland owe a deeper debt of gratitude, than to Mr. James Duffy, of Dublin. To his enterprise was owing many of the most important publications destined either to popularise our national literature, or to render more generally accessible a knowledge of our national faith. Our attention has been called to this point by the nature of the issues in which Mr. Duffy is at present engaged, one of which is a splendid edition of Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, and the other is a series comprising the *Lives and Speeches of the Orators of Ireland*. The first is a work which we need not say, is indispensable to a Catholic library, while to the poor man who can ill afford to buy many books it forms a library in itself. The latter illustrates the proudest phase in the history of our country, and embraces the highest and noblest productions to which the genius of Ireland has given birth. It has been issued in sixpenny numbers, each of which comprises an immense amount of matter, which is thus fully adapted to the means of the great mass. We have praised these numbers for the quantity of matter—we need not speak for its excellence when we say it comprises the lives and speeches of such men as Curran, Grattan, O'Connell, Plunket, and Shiel.—*Cork Examiner*.

In addition, says the *Wexford Independent*, to the announcement in our last publication of the actual commencement of the earth-works of the Wexford and Bagnalstown railway near Ferryarrig, we have further to add that the directors of the Great Southern and Western Railways have, at the instance of the promoters of the Wexford and Bagnalstown Company, turned their attention to the question of the advantages to be derived by a branch line from the Wexford and Bagnalstown line to the town of Enniscorthy. On Wednesday last Sir Edward McDonnell, chairman of the Great Southern and Western Railway; Mr. W. Haughton, deputy chairman, in company with other directors, their engineer-in-chief, J. P. Lefau, Esq., left Dublin by special train for the purpose of inspecting the line of country for the proposed branch. They were accompanied by J. E. Redmond, Esq., M.P., Sir James Donnan, and other members of the Board of Directors of the Wexford and Bagnalstown Railway. We are credibly informed that Sir Edward McDonnell and his brother directors expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with the soundness of the project, the object of their visit, and are determined to give it their most strenuous support.

The government inspectors went over the Cork and Youghal railway line on Friday, and declared it fit for traffic.

Mr. J. C. Ronayne has been declared contractor for the construction of the branch railway to Queens-town, at a sum of about £50,000. He will commence it immediately after the turning of the first sod by the Lord Lieutenant, on the 10th, and his contract binds him to have it completed within nine months. The Mayor has taken £10,000 worth of shares in the undertaking.

At last, says the *Galway Indicator*, we are about to have the breakwater. Already the necessary preliminaries are being made. On Wednesday evening the celebrated engineer, Mr. Abernethy, arrived in Galway, and on the following day proceeded, in company with the Very Rev. Father Daly and S. U. Roberts, Esq., O.B., to view the bay. Mr. Abernethy visited the localities of Mutton Island and of the San Margheretta and Black Rocks, and several times expressed the perfect fitness of Galway as a harbor for transatlantic shipping. He will now report to the Royal Atlantic Company on the necessary requirements for forming a permanent Packet Station, in order that his valuable suggestions may be incorporated in the terms of the bill for the constitution of the breakwater. In twenty-four hours a gale had sent floating through the channel the wrecks of scores of vessels, and imperilled the safety even of the *Great Eastern* in the Holyhead "harbour of refuge," while in our bay, without any breakwater but what nature gave it, stood the huge bulk of the *Indian Empire*, secured by a single anchor. When to these facts are added the testimony of Mr. Abernethy, that "Galway was the place of all others laid out for being the station of western navigation," truly justice must at length arrive and all evil cease as to our superiority.

LORD DERBY'S LAST STATE WORSE THAN HIS FIRST.—The Conservative organs on both sides of the Channel have, during the present week, run so wild in their laudations of Earl Derby, and the rest of that ilk, that were we not living in Christian time, we should look forward to his deification as the next step to be taken by his worshippers. Several commendations of his *clairvoyance* regarding the Doon evictions have appeared, but so far as our frail judgment goes his explanations (as uniformly happens when the case is a bad one) have given to the whole affair a worse aspect than it had before. Our cotemporary, the *Tipperary Free Press*, says with considerable point:—"If Lord Derby be correctly reported, his conduct, in reference to the tenantry at Doon, becomes more inexcusable than we at first imagined. He asserts plainly that the murder of Crove was 'witnessed by several tenants'—a circumstance that certainly was not known in this country before it was announced to the Conservatives of Liverpool. If the noble Earl stated this as a fact, of course it should be that the witnesses of the tragedy could be identified, and, if that were so, for our parts, we would hold it a disgrace to the profession of journalism to say one word on behalf of men guilty of open participation in the crime of homicide. But if this be only a surmise on the part of the noble Earl, and such most reprehensible since, in addition to persecuting his tenantry, he publicly brands them as accessories to murder, and boasts of his visiting all the tenants with that vengeance which, if at all directed, should have simply a particular application." A correspondent of the *Evening Post* insists—and in our opinion with much justice on his side—that a very serious case of action lies with the individuals thus unmistakably pointed out by the Thane of Doon. His lordship appears to imagine because only ten, and not a hundred families, have been threatened with eviction that no injustice has been done. According to this line of argument, if a highwayman were charged with committing two robberies when he had committed no more than one, a jury should acquit him of the one to which he had actually pleaded guilty. Those who know the animus of Irish landlords will have no hesitation in admitting that if such pretexts for ejecting tenants were to be universally acted upon extermination would soon run riot through the land.—*Catholic Telegraph*.

A man named McGibney has been committed to Mullingar jail, charged with the wilful murder of a young man named Bogan, at Castlepollard, a few days ago. It appeared from the evidence at the inquest, at which the accused was present, that the parties met in Castlepollard on the evening of the 24th ult., and drank together in a public-house; that they subsequently met on the road, some short distance from the town, when McGibney inflicted a wound upon Bogan with a knife. The wound was in the abdomen, and inflammation of the bowels succeeded and caused death. Bogan had not reached his twentieth year when thus suddenly cut off. McGibney, whom we understand is a perverser from the Catholic Church, does not deny having inflicted the wound, and appears to take the matter quite easy.

Four poor idiots, named John, Thomas, Catherine, Grimley, Thos. Early, and Eliza Dennehey, arrived at the North Wall, Dublin, on Saturday night by the Prince of Wales, and were conveyed to North Union Workhouse. The poor creatures were forwarded from New York to Liverpool by the American workhouse authorities. They were half starved on their long voyage from the land of "stripes and stars" to England, and were not able to walk on being landed, and had to be taken to the workhouse on a car by the police. Thomas Early is eighty-one, and Eliza Dennehey seventy-five years of age, and spent the greater part of their lives in the United States.

THE BELFAST REVIVALS.—"The Devil quoting Holy Writ!" Why that personage should indulge in such a proceeding seems at first sight strange enough. The Bible, one would think, was not in his line; and even his peculiar Satanic wisdom might suggest to him the advisability of letting that volume alone.—But he does quote Holy Writ, nevertheless, for his own diabolical ends—Divine authority has said so; and he is quoting it to-day, with frightful effect, in Ireland's model capital, Ulster.

"Readings," being the order of the day—for Mr. Dickens "reads," and so does Mr. Thackeray, and some other mundane celebrities—these Satanic "readings" of the sacred volume (backwards) have become very popular in the northern Irish provinces, under the grotesque title of "Revivals." And, assuredly, if we may believe the more intelligent Protestant local newspapers, their consequences are in some regards all that the Devil could wish. Ulster is a very "Protestant" province—for Ireland.—That is to say, nearly a third of the population is composed of Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Wesleyans, Unitarians, and members of a hundred other discordant sects. And with the instinct of their kind—as a "Liberal" rabble, in the bewilderment and paralysis of the majority of the population, "represents" Italy in modern continental agitation—so this noisy, self-sufficient "third part" or a third part of it again, represents Ulster in the whirl and fury of these miserable "Revivals." Belfast is the capital and stronghold—the last stronghold—of "Protestant Ulster," for Popery has seized on Londonderry, Enniskillen, and the other historic fortresses of Orangeism long since, and established its own native "garrison" there. It is no matter of wonder, then, that Belfast should become the centre of the Revival movement. It possesses many advantages. Commercial wealth is gathered there; and strolling preachers have long ago discovered that the commercial classes are far more ready with their money than any portion of the rural population, from the rich squire down to the small farmer. Again, it holds within its bounds a loose unsettled population of the very lowest and most ignorant class: splendid material these for operating upon! And, best of all, its numerous spinning-mills are crowded with young girls, uneducated, uncared-for, with minds ill-regulated and excitable, and physical powers weakened by their unhealthy avocations; the very subjects for the most wonderful "spiritual manifestations," of prostrations, visions, convulsions, and all the wild mental frenzy and physical disease which have delighted the preachers of this new Gospel in the great success of the "awakening." Strange pictures the press gives us of this modern diabolism. Here is one sample of the thing. A gas-tight meeting-house, crammed to overflowing with these miserable people, young and old, of both sexes; a thick sprinkling of well-dressed gapers, who are drawn thither by the same hungering for morbid excitement which would draw them to see an execution at Newgate; a band of white-choked preachers, ready with smiling eagerness for the work; and one clerical leader, whose "gifts" are notoriously effective, standing in front with confident and triumphant gesture. This crowd of young girls has come thither specially, full of nervous excitement—like loaded cannons ready, at first touch, to "go off." The chief preacher begins his work. With brazen lungs he deals forth his sentence of wrath against the sinners. With fat, warning finger, that seems to each of these wretched girls, in turn, to point specially at herself, he thunders out damnation. The excitement thickens; there is hard breathing, indistinct moans, hysterical sobs. The pious "mesmerist" is rapidly bringing his operation to a climax. A sterner look; a grimmer shake of the warning finger, which yonder poor girl, fascinated and overpowered, believes to be shaken in terrible reproof at her; the harsh brazen voice, raised to a louder key—"Your case is as bad as Hell can make it!"—a wild, unnatural scream now, and that girl rolls on the floor in frantic convulsions—another, and another, and another; there are six more kicking, howling, raging "cases of conviction" dragged out; and the triumphant preacher pauses and looks round in the glowing consciousness of victory. What a sad and demoralising spectacle these miserable young victims of fanaticism and charlatanism present outside, we need not say—lying panting, with dishevelled hair and dress, exposed to the stare of the laughing, leering, young "neer-do-well" who find such fun in all this. If you would understand it well, read the pictures given by Archdeacon Stopford, a Protestant clergyman of high character (a *resumé* of which has appeared in these columns) of the scenes he saw with his own eyes. We might guess beforehand what effect this awful combination of folly and wickedness would have on such a class as the lower Protestant population of a town like Belfast is composed of. A crowded manufacturing town, every Englishman knows, is not the place where pure morals are best promoted; and it is no surprise to us to learn from such statistics as the newspapers furnish that the increase of immorality in the capital of Ulster, amongst the very classes most liable to be affected by these revolting revivals is such as to form a painful contrast with the rest of Ireland. Such revival of folly and sin, the Evil One may, in his fashion, be proud of. The increase of insanity is one of the smallest evils resulting from this fanatical plague.—Yet the things told of the effects produced in this way are such as to fill the Christian mind with pain and horror. The Belfast Lunatic Asylum, a vast establishment, is so full, on the declaration of the resident physician, that lunatics are sent to the county prison—a fact revealed at an inquest held on the body of a poor madman who died the other day in the gaol. Again: we read of one wretched victim of these "Revivals" being so terribly smitten with insanity that she endeavored to pluck out her own eye, and actually tore and bit her right hand till lockjaw and death supervened. In another case, a widow living near Carrickfergus carried her "conviction" to such a height of violent madness, that it needed the force of strong men to remove her to the prison; and her family, previously dependent on her exertions for their support, have become a burden on the union. Lascivious in their character, but not less sad and shameful, are cases like that of the stout young weaver who applied for admission to a local union poor-house, feeble and imbecile, announcing that the conviction of sin and "improving of grace" had deprived him of all power to earn his bread like an honest man. Minor evils are these. More terrible are the announcements in so respectable a Protestant authority as the *Northern Whig* that in Belfast drunkenness and immorality have greatly increased, and the labors of the petty sessions' magistrates multiplied. More terrible still—more awfully indicative of the lowest moral degradation and most alarming vice—is the statement that at the last quarter sessions in this moral town of Belfast, the centre of "revivalism," the very home of those evangelical missionaries who are now piously libelling the character of Catholic Ireland in America, to procure more money for the "conversion of Popery"—that in this Belfast, the stronghold of "evangelical Protestantism," there were at those sessions the other day twenty-six prosecutions for seduction—cases so gross in their character that the presiding barrister, for the sake of public decency, ruled that they should be heard in private.—*Weekly Register*.

INDEPENDENT OPPOSITION.—The essence of Independent Opposition is the postponement or sacrifice of personal interest and of party preferences or antipathies for the sake of certain measures to be obtained from the Legislature. The Independent Oppositionist who sacrifices his preferences for the Whigs or the Tories, for the sake of Catholic Rights or Tenant Compensation, does something, but he is only half an Independent Oppositionist unless he can also sacrifice his antipathies to the Whigs or the Tories for the sake of Catholic Rights or Tenant Compensation. To pursue certain public ends *irrespective* of parties and interests, party predilections and aversions, is Independent Opposition. It is not fulfilled by missing a chance of passing a measure out of dislike to a party, any more than it is fulfilled by missing a chance of passing a measure out of affection for a party. To carry out the policy of Independent Opposition for the sake of obtaining important Legislative measures, requires the knowledge and the practice of parliamentary tactics. It implies a perpetual appeal to the hopes and fears the interests and the passions, the reason and the conscience of rival political leaders and parties. The first great step has been secured. We have obtained the presence in Parliament of a small body of Catholic members, who have at any rate proved that they can keep themselves free from corrupt Treasury influences and from dependence upon either Whig or Tory. The next thing is, that they should make a wise and skilful use of their freedom and their opportunities, not for the mere sake of putting Ministries in or out though they may thereby be injuring the chance of passing a measure of relief, but for the sake of furthering great measures of relief, even though at the cost of successive changes of ministries. If it be answered that this may be all right, and true in theory and in logic, but that in fact and in practice it won't do, because the Catholic people of Ireland or the great majority of them, both clergy and laity, are not as his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam says they are, equally hostile to both Whigs and Tories, and distrust both equally; but, on the contrary, have a strong preference for Whig Governments, and an uncontrollable dislike for Tory Governments, and would prefer to see Catholics get many places from the Whigs and few measures for the public good, rather than few places for Catholics and many measures for the public good (and to this view of the case we ourselves confess that our own small experience and observation powerfully incline us), we answer that it only shows that the great majority of the Catholic people of Ireland have not yet fully appreciated or adopted the policy of Independent Opposition. But that is no reason why the policy should be abandoned, or why time, patience, labour, and the proofs of its superiority to be afforded by its fruits, should not be relied on to win over those who now oppose it. It is, at any rate, a fact that the policy of Independent Opposition has found a certain acceptance with a certain portion of the Clergy and People of Ireland sufficient to ensure the return of a certain body of representatives to Parliament bent upon carrying it out. All that is required is, that steady perseverance which can only spring from earnest conviction and a hearty confidence in a good cause.—*Tribune*.

THE IRISH WAY OF DOING THINGS.—A short time since, in Liverpool, at a meeting of the National Association of Social Science, where the Earls of Carlisle and Shaftesbury, and other distinguished noblemen and gentlemen of England were present, Sir James Stephen, the historian, in the course of his speech, spoke of the Irish Emigrants as follows:—"And warm indeed were the hearts of these noble exiles. We know something and have all heard much of Irish eloquence. But neither Burke nor Sheridan, neither Plunkett nor Grattan, nor O'Connell, have left behind them anything so moving as some of the letters laid before Parliament in which the Irish in America invited their kindred at home to join them there. To their grammar and spelling, indeed belongs only the praise of a bare originality; but the tenderness and the pathos, the gracefulness and the gaiety, the quiet humour and the homely wisdom with which they address themselves to their deserted villages, bespeak their genuine members of the land and birthplace of Oliver Goldsmith. Nor was theirs merely lip rhetoric. Their invitations were accompanied and enforced by pecuniary remittances made partly through private hands of whose receipts nothing is known; but chiefly through the commercial firms and banking houses of Ireland, who, on accounts transmitted to the Government, debited themselves with receipts which, in ten years, beginning in 1848, amounts to nearly ten millions sterling. Thus the remittances of Irish emigrants to their families at home from the savings of ten years exceeded the ten millions granted by Parliament for the relief of the people of Ireland. Never was a debt more magnificently repaid, or more nobly cancelled. Our ten millions of pounds ten years old would have been well repaid if it gave us no other return than the knowledge that such hearts are beating in the bosoms of our Irish fellow countrymen. Where, in the annals of mankind, do we find such another proof of the devotedness of a whole people to the sacred charities of home?"

THE DANGERS OF POPERY.—We find in England and Scotland that Government had given to Popish schools, during the year 1857, more than £26,000.—The rapid increase of these grants is surprising and startling. In 1853, the amount paid to Popish schools in Great Britain was about £10,000; in 1854, about £11,000; in 1855, £13,000; in 1856, £19,000; but in 1857, £24,000, besides £12,000 awarded; making together, as we have said, for 1857 alone, £36,000. At first, the schools for which this money is paid were conducted with some degree of caution as to the literature used in them, but now they have a special literature of their own, full of the grossest Popery, prepared by priests of a Jesuit brotherhood; and we are told, without any disguise, that monks and nuns are among their best teachers, brought over from monasteries or convents on the Continent. These schools are established in well-chosen localities. Two have been opened near the Queen's residence at Balmoral, where emissaries of Rome have exerted themselves to get Popish servants introduced into the Castle, and have purposely set up the schools in that particular spot, in order to encourage the gathering together of a settled population of Papists, as a sort of focus of Popish influence around the Royal mansion and its inmates.—The schools that are thus growing up in our large cities and manufacturing districts cannot be viewed without uneasiness and alarm. They are visited by Popish inspectors, who report continually to Government how these schools are going on—we mean as to their numbers—and obtain for them, according to their increase and efficiency under the priests, an additional amount of aid. "By the assistance of liberal grants from the Committee of Council, spacious and commodious school buildings are in course of erection, and will soon be completed at St. Mary's, Sheffield; St. Patrick's, Bradford; St. Patrick's, Edinburgh; and at Gateshead." So writes one of the Government inspectors; and he takes care to add, that "the school-buildings in some places, such as Hartlepool, Doncaster, Falkirk, &c., require enlarging; whilst in some places the erection of new schools is imperative." We cannot in this article introduce more facts respecting these Popish schools, set up and maintained by Government aid, in England and Scotland. But we beg our readers to bear in mind what all this Popish teaching is leading to. The majority attending these schools are girls, and these girls, trained under Sisters of Mercy, are to go into Protestant families as governesses to corrupt the children as domestics, to contaminate their fellow-servants, or, as the wives of indifferent Protestants, to involve them in Romanism. Unthinking Protestants never consider. Easy Protestants do not care for all we say to them. Worldly-minded Protestants are too regardless of religion to lay these things much to heart. But there are intelligent, thinking, serious,

and earnest men, and women too, more than is sometimes supposed, upon whom such painful statements as those that we have laid before them will not be lost.—*National Standard*.

A NEW OUNARD LINER.—The Ounard Company has just contracted with Messrs. Napier, of Glasgow for the construction of an iron-paddle steamer of 4,000 tons, with corresponding horse-power. She is to be named the *Scotia*, and will be in every way larger and more powerful than the *Persia*, which is of 3,500 tons. The new vessel, we understand, is expected to surpass anything afloat, both as regards speed and internal arrangements, and to sustain the reputation of the Ounard line, as well as of the Clyde builders.

The *Great Eastern* had left Holyhead for Southampton, and Mr. Campbell, the chairman of the directors, had addressed a letter to the newspapers, foreshadowing the future career of that great experiment in ocean navigation. It is not true, he states, that £40,000 are to be placed at the command of Mr. Thomas Bold for the completion of the great ship.—Mr. Bold's position as acting manager, in place of Mr. Wm. Jackson, has yet to be confirmed by a general meeting. The points in dispute between the company and those who profess to have completed the ship have been referred to arbitration, and the umpire is Mr. Hawkshaw. An early opportunity is to be taken to test the sea qualities of the *Great Eastern* by a voyage during the present winter to the Mediterranean, so as to ensure confidence in her powers, after which, at the proper season, she will be dispatched to the United States. Mr. Campbell adds—"The determination of a final and fixed port of departure will entirely depend upon the respective merits of the ports in this country."

SUPPOSED LOSS OF AN EMIGRANT SHIP.—The wreck of a North American built ship, about 1,000 tons, and apparently a passenger ship from Liverpool, has been discovered off Abernethy on the Welsh coast. She is described as a mass of wreck, her bottom being completely upwards. The only marks obtained were "Charles" and a fiddle figure-head, beautifully gilded; on the boat's rudder, which was washed ashore, "W. B. & Co.," stern of boat in chalk, "24 A pair of drawers," "Syme," A Stocking, "George Pearson," A towel, "W. P. P." Handkerchief, "G. J. Syme with '4-39' underneath." A cask having contained wine was also picked up; on the bung "G and D," with "O. F." underneath—on the end "Gonzalez and Dubose." Until the wreck is more closely examined, and the various articles identified no further information of a satisfactory character can be given.

It is painful to read the records of the wreck of the *Royal Charter* which continues to come to hand. The waters are discharging relics of all kinds, and the distracted relatives of those who perished are wandering about the shore, unwilling to abandon all hope. All the recompense they receive, is accumulated evidence that their friends are no more. Expert and experienced divers at work, whose main purpose is to discover what part of the lost treasure can be restored. Their labours will have to be prolonged. It is gratifying to see that the village people of the neighbourhood are acting very well, and are ready to restore whatever valuables they may find. Arrangements have been fully made for the most careful inquisition into the calamity. The scene at the *Royal Charter* inquest, held in the church was as unusual as it was distressing. The Coroner occupied one end of the communion table, and the reporters of the two Manchester daily papers the opposite end, while in a pew behind them sat the jury. Strong men stood among the corpses, weeping and sobbing like women and children. Nearly all present had lost a relative or near friend. A jury was sworn were all Welshmen. This was found to be very inconvenient, but the coroner said it would be difficult to get twelve Englishmen in the neighbourhood; and although the jurors might look plain and simple (as in truth they did), yet they would be found to have a fair share of intelligence, more than was possibly supposed. Only six of the thirty were identified before the coroner. The inquiry was then adjourned to Wednesday, and there will be six Englishmen added to the jury, so that six Welshmen may not be needed. Stephens, the chief mate of the *Royal Charter*, was a very fine manly fellow, and a thorough seaman. It is stated that his body was nearly severed in two, probably in cutting away the masts. His fate is the more melancholy, as on the following morning his sister was married in Liverpool, and the dreadful tidings were communicated during the wedding breakfast. Mrs. Stephens and her child were awaiting his arrival.

SACRED TRAGEDY.—The Rev. Mr. Waddell, of Givern, read from his own pulpit a poetical tragedy, of which he is the author, entitled "King Saul," illustrating the power of madness, superstition, and jealousy combined. It is a five-act tragedy, adhering throughout to the narrative as it appears in Holy Writ, and containing on every page delineations of character, and fine dramatic taste, which would not disgrace the pen of the greatest dramatist.—*Ayrshire Express*.

EXTRAORDINARY BRUTALITY.—There is now in custody, at Wednesbury, a man named Joseph Hill, who has been guilty of the most revolting brutality upon an Irishman named John Malony. Hill and Malony, with some others, had been drinking together in Mr. Woodward's public-house, in High Street, before they proceeded together to the house of one of the party, in a court at the rear of Mr. Woodward's. Here a previously commenced dispute was resumed, and Hill, seizing Malony, struck him, and then held down his head before the fire with one hand, whilst with the other he took from the grate a Kettle of boiling water. He first tried to pour the water down Malony's throat, but was unable, and the scalding water ran over Malony's face. Hill then poured the water into the victim's ears, and over the other portions of his head and face! Despite his screams and his struggles, Hill continued to hold him in front of the fire, and thus greatly increased the otherwise intense torture that he was suffering. Here he held him till the poor fellow became burnt as well as scalded.—When at length Malony was released, he seemed to have little vitality remaining in his system; the hair came off his head, and his countenance was shockingly disfigured. A surgeon was sent for and was soon in attendance, but expressed great doubts of the man's recovery. On Saturday last a local paper reported that the case had had a fatal termination, but from enquiries on the spot we learn that the announcement is premature; that though still in a dangerous state and suffering great agony, yet the injuries have not so alarming an appearance as at first they had.—*Manchester Examiner*.

A serious mutiny had prevailed on board a ship of the line the *Princess Royal*, at Portsmouth.

FASHIONABLE ANTHYM.

(From Punch.)
Long live our gracious Queen
Who won't wear crinoline,
Long live the Queen!
May her example spread,
Broad skirts be narrowed,
Long trains be shortened;
Long live the Queen!
O storm of scorn arise,
Scatter French futilities,
And make them pall.
Confound those hoops and things,
Frustrate those horrid springs,
And India rubber rings,
Duce take them all!
May dresses flouting wild,
Fine figures cease to hide;
Let feet be seen;
Girls to gaud taste return,
Paris flash modes unlearn.
No more catch fire and burn.
Thanks to the Queen!

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVIVAL.—The *Glasgow Herald* says:—"A trustworthy correspondent informs us that on a recent occasion a lady on the south side of the river reproved her servant girl, when she returned, for the third time, between one and two o'clock in the morning, reputedly from a revival meeting. 'Don't speak to me, mem,' said the girl, 'I'm one of the Lord's anointed!'"

THE LORD MAYOR CANCELED.—Englishmen are apt to laugh irreverently when they read of the *fete* St. Napoleon, which the Emperor of the French observes annually in honor of the presiding genius of his race, but it is a long step in absurdity from St. Napoleon to St. Wire. Did ever any one hear of the apotheosis of a Lord Mayor, and in his own life-time too? Whittington himself was not canonized, and Sir Robert Carden is only a "saint" in Exeter Hall. If it were possible to fish out of the old City records the name of the illustrious civic king who first commended the love of the turtle to his brethren, doubtless the hero would be raised to the seventh heaven of beatitude by his applauding and grateful brethren of these last times. But it is David Wire who has been actually canonized by his religious friends. As all the world knows, he is one of the "straits sect" and when these good folks get hold of a Lord Mayor among the elect, their enthusiasm knows no bounds. So throughout the civic year has this much-enduring potentate been trotted out for the benefit of the "unco good"—at pious "ten-tights"—at revival meetings—at spiritual breakfasts—at temperance soires; in the City and in the country—in chapels and in the open air—in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion-house and in Mahershal-hashash Chapel. "The Right Hon. David Williams Wire, Lord Mayor of the City of London, presided, and when grace after tea had been said, and a hymn sung, his lordship who was loudly cheered, rose, etc., etc." This has been the order of the day and night in the mayorality of 1858-9, and by this time David Wire, who is a sensible little attorney enough, must be as heartily bored of these demonstrations as it is possible to be. The licensed-victuallers' solicitor president of a temperance ten-party! the successor of Sir William Curtis holding forth at a pious meeting! But there are rewards for the faithful even in this world, and though Alderman Wire is of a sort likely better to appreciate more substantial honors, it is something to be made a "St." of—especially for an attorney. So we are informed in the pages of the *Morning Advertiser*, which is devotedly attached to his lordship, in its two-fold capacity as organ of the spiritual and of the spiritual world, that his lordship has been laying the first stone of a chapel somewhere down Lewisham way, where he has a "country seat," and that the Lord Mayor has liberally provided funds towards its erection. Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Pauson—the "burning" and the "shining light" of Nonconformity—spoke on the occasion as much in honor of "his lordship" as *apropos* of the religious ceremony, and from internal evidence, we should judge that the reporter of the affair was no other than the editor of the *Advertiser* himself. Now, the Danbyns and the Wattes would have called the future temple "Little Beth-el" or "Rehoboth" or "Ebenzer" Chapel; but the occasion was taken by our friends at Lewisham to pay a compliment to the Lord Mayor, and so the "Congregation Church" is to be called "St. David's" after David Wire! Henceforth according to the parallel case in apostolic times there will be a St. David the Great and a St. David the Less in our calendar, and the hero of the leak must be content to share the honors of apotheosis with the Wallbrook lawyer.—*Weekly Mail*.

Information is wanted of Peter Cusack, who left Edinburgh upon the 19th of May, 1853, for America. When last heard of was in Pictou, Canada West. Any information will be thankfully received by his desolate wife and children, Teresa Cusack, Mount-Close, High Street, Edinburgh, Scotland.

A NEW AMERICAN SWINDLE EXPOSED.—Some months back a peculiar system of swindling, invented in America and practised in that country on persons in England, was detected and stopped. This plan was to send letters to the address of individuals whose deaths appeared in the obituary of the London papers, purporting to come from some youthful prodigy who had fallen into misconduct and been sentenced to prison, and who, in terms of the deepest repentance, solicited his old and "kind benefactor" to transmit him £10 to the United States Post-office. Many executors upon opening these communications were led to comply with the appeal under a desire to act in accordance with any possible wish of the deceased person and there is reason to believe that had proved very lucrative. It was completely brought to an end, however, by the publicity given to it. The parties have, therefore, been driven to new expedients, and their plan now is to transmit letters to the address of deceased persons, purporting to come from a woman whom they had deserted, and who claims aid for a dying child. This has probably brought more success even than the former plan, since it has awakened the fears of families and a desire to avert scandal. About a fortnight back two of these communications reached the hands of mutual friends, and the imposition being thus apparent a copy of the production was inserted in the *Morning Advertiser*. Each subsequent mail, however, has brought a fresh supply, all worded in the same manner, and it is therefore desirable to remove by a further exposure the pain they may have occasioned.—*Times* Nov. 5.

FOXHUNTING AND THE PROTESTANT CLERGY.—A few days ago the Earl of Portsmouth inaugurated his fox-hunting season at Eggesford, North Devon, with a generous hospitality. The house was open to all comers, whether attired in fustian or scarlet, and a sumptuous repast was provided for about 300 guests. The occasion was considered appropriate for the presentation of a testimonial to the Rev. John Russell, incumbent of Symmbridge, who for many years had most creditably discharged the duties of a master of the fox-hounds of the district. In presenting the testimonial the Earl of Portsmouth said that Mr. Russell had shown an attachment to the noble sport of fox-hunting; but he (the noble Earl) had never heard that he had in a single instance neglected his duties as a clergyman for the exciting and health-giving sports of the field. He was one of those who thought that a clergyman was quite as much in his place in following field sports as he was in guiding about to balls and parties.—*Times*.

The *London Times*, in an editorial on the relations between England and France, entertains no doubt that a feeling of hostility to England, more bitter than has existed in France since 1815, now prevails, and charges the French Government with directly encouraging the feeling.

The English Government has promulgated its plan for creating the proposed reserve force of naval volunteers. The enrolment of the 30,000 men, authorized by Parliament, commences on the 1st January. Attractive inducements are offered to volunteers.

The *London Daily News* city article, under the date of Tuesday 15th ult., says:—"Funds opened this morning heavy, under the influence of unfavourable forebodings respecting the relations between England and France."

The *Morning Star* says that a plot is on foot which contemplates a crime of no smaller magnitude than the plunging of England and France into war.

The *Post* denounces the article in the *Times* as a wicked and wanton alarm. It is specially designed to put the blood of the nation up. The *Post* adds:—"We may some day find ourselves at war with France, but not in consequence of a sudden and unexpected invasion."

The *London Times* criticises the great *Eastern*, and throws grave doubts on her being able to fulfil all that has been promised for her. This vessel is pronounced defective in her propelling power.