

accounted for. The gigantic power of monopoly must not shield from punishment the perpetrators; whoever they be, of this gratuitous and heartless cruelty. The coroner's jury have pronounced that, though these persons died from disease, that disease was accelerated or aggravated by the conduct of the Railroad Company. I call upon the Editor of every newspaper in Canada to copy this statement, and to unite and demand a thorough investigation. In England, I feel sure such a case would speedily be brought before Parliament.

One more fact, and I shall make no comment upon it. The village of Windsor is as yet a small place, recently incorporated, and its resources have been heavily taxed. The burthen of providing for these emigrants, furnishing them with bedding, food, wine, medical attendance, and of burying the dead, was one which they felt should not come on the inhabitants; and the Board of Health applied for aid to the Railroad Company who had brought them, among us. The Directors throw the whole expense and responsibility upon the Corporation of Windsor.

I enclose my name and address which you are welcome to show to any person who wishes to know the authority upon which this statement is made.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
A CANADIAN.

SPEED ON RAILWAYS.—Dr. Lardner adopts some ingenious arguments or rather illustrations, to render familiar the extraordinary velocity with which our express trains move. The Great Western Express to Exeter travels at the rate of forty three miles an hour, including stoppages, or fifty one miles an hour, without including stoppages. To attain this rate, a speed of sixty miles an hour is adopted midway between some of the stations; and in certain experimental trips seventy miles an hour has been reached. A speed of seventy miles an hour is about equivalent to thirty-five yards a second, thirty-five yards between two beats of a common clock; all objects near the eye of a passenger travelling at this rate will pass by the eye in the thirty-fifth part of a second; and if thirty-five stakes were erected at the side of the road, a yard assunder, they would not be distinguished from one another; if painted red they would appear collectively as a continuous flash of red color. If two trains pass each other, the relative velocity would be seventy yards per second; and if one of the trains was seventy yards long it would flash by in a single second. Supposing the locomotive which draws the train to have driving wheels seven inches in diameter, these wheels will revolve five times a second; the piston moves along the cylinder ten times in a second; the valve moves and the steam escapes ten times in a second—but as there are two cylinders which act alternately there are really twenty puffs or escapes of steam in a second. The locomotives can be heard to "cough" when moving slowly, the cough being occasioned by the abrupt emission of waste steam up the chimney; but twenty coughs per second cannot be separated by the ear, their individuality becoming lost. Such a locomotive speed is equal to nearly one-fourth of a cannon ball; and the momentum of a whole train, moving at such a speed is equal to the aggregate force of a number of cannon balls, equal to one fourth the weight of the train.—That "smash" should follow a "collision" is no object for marvel, if a train moving at such speed—should meet with any obstacle to its progress.—*Dodd's Curiosities of Industry.*

The last issue of his paper demonstrated that John Mitchell can lay no claim on the sincerity of an Irishman, or to the honor and good breeding of a gentleman. The billingsgate that he belches forth against the Priests of God's Church, testifies that he has graduated or is about to graduate in the University, that has conferred its honored degrees on our Maria Monks, our Sparrys, our Achillis, our Padre Gavazzis, and Leatheys. We would search in vain in the filthy pages of Maria Monk to surpass the opprobrious epithets, he spews forth on our holy and our venerable Priesthood—on men distinguished for their varied virtues and accomplishments; men whose moral worth and scientific attainments place them among the brightest stars, that grace and enlighten the firmament of American literature. We do not want to discuss the truth or falsity of the principles Mitchell thinks proper to defend; we do not seek to rebut the calumnious statements made against the Church with which his ribald sheet teems, but we say that the "sans culottes" nomenclature, bestowed on Catholic Priests in the last *Citizen* has never emanated from the pen of an honorable well-bred man, and must sink the writer for ever far below the notice of every respectable Irishman. The low, vile language he resorts to smells strong of Exeter Hall, the Tabernacle, and the gin-shop. The spirit that have vented its spleen in such a frightful array of imprecations may be traced to a still lower source, the fountain-head from whose prolific waters Exeter Hall and the Tabernacle, and the Angel Gabriel with his unpaid immaculate compeers have been generated into existence and life and untrusting activity.

Reader, go back in spirit but a few months—visit the silent, deserted streets of New Orleans—recall to your mind the universal panic that nearly emptied that large city of all, save the dying and the dead—look into that suffocating hospital, at that meek figure bending, in gentleness, over the body of the prostrate sufferer to whisper of hope and happiness, and heaven—behold him inhale the poisoned breath and atmosphere of the plague-stricken—watch his quivering limbs, tremulous from exhaustion and the disease that has marked him for his victim—and then say with Mitchell, or the apostate, that the heroic Priest because duty may call him to the editor's chair, "is not personally worth shooting," that his social conduct is an infectious ulcer, to be touched only by the physician. Go back a little further, only a few years—bring up from your memory the wide-spread devastation of New York—the superhuman efforts of the Catholic Priesthood to arrest the fearful progress of the plague—read the muster-roll of the anointed martyrs that offered up on the altar of charity, their health, their property, and their very life, for the spiritual and corporal alleviation of suffering humanity, and then about with the unshriven Catholic or the paid bigot, that the Priesthood of the United States are "catiffs," rogues, scamps, "nefarious old water dogs," "rascals," "a spurious spawn," whose resurrection "will be the resurrection of the damned." Pardon us, dear reader, for soiling our page with such foul-mouthed scurrility. A necessity that may perhaps exist, is our apology. There may be yet a few Irishmen, who

have not seen through the veil of hypocrisy that shrouds the career of the exiles—there may be some few dupes who, though convinced of the falsity of their position, would still fain believe they are sincere, well-meaning men, true lovers of Erin's welfare. There may be some who have forgotten Mitchell's laudations of the Catholic Priesthood in days gone by—there may be some who do not remember that that Priesthood was a fertile theme for his constant, well-spoken enlogiums—a theme that gave the highest zest—that elicited the loudest applause during many an after-dinner speech in Catholic Ireland. It paid them to eulogise Catholicity, its Priesthood and laity—it pays to defame, to blacken their character, to repeat and improve upon the imported beastly blowings of Exeter Hall.—*Pittsburgh Catholic.*

DANIEL O'CONNELL, AS A SPEAKER.

The following from Hogg's *Instructor* for May, by George Gilfillan, merits place as an extract:—

"The hour for dinner came. It took place in the Canonills Hall. Good speeches were delivered by Dr. Browning, James Aytoun, Dr. James Brown, and others. But, compared to O'Connell, they seemed all schoolboys learning to speak to a juvenile debating society. His speech of course was not like that of the morning. It wanted the accessories. Instead of mountains he was surrounded by decanters, and had wine glasses before him, in place of seas! Yet it showed quite as much mastery. What struck you again about his style and manner was its exquisite combination of ease and energy of passion and self-command. Again the basis was conversation, and yet in that basis, how did he contrive to build energetic, although unlogical thought, fierce invective, sarcasm which scorched like grape-shot, and touches of genuine imagination. We noticed the power with which he used the figure of interrogation. His questions seemed hooks which seized and detained his audience whether they would or no. His first sentence was—"I am going to make you a speech—I am going to ask you a question—what brought you all here?" Altogether it was Titanic talk. Its very coarseness was not vulgar, but resembled rather some mighty Tartar prince like Tamerlane. And then his voice! Again that wondrous instrument, which D'Israeli admits to have been the finest ever heard in Parliament, rolled its rich thunder, its swelling and sinking waves of sound, its quiet and soft cadences of beauty alternated with bass notes of grandeur, its divinely managed brogue over the awed and thrilled multitude who gave him their applause at times, but far more frequently "that silence which is the best applause. We left with this impression—we have often heard more splendid spouters, more fluent and rapid declaimers, men who coined more cheers—men, too, who have thrilled us with deeper thought and loftier imagery; but here, for the first time, is an orator, in the full meaning and amplest verge of that term *totus teres atque rotundus*. This, indeed, we think, was the grand peculiarity of O'Connell. As an orator he was artistically one. He had all those qualities which go to form a great speaker; united into a harmony, strengthened and softened into an essence, subdued into a whole. He had a presence which, from its breadth, height and command, might be called majestic. He had a head of ample compass and an eye of subtlest meaning, with caution, acuteness, cajolery and craft mingled in its ray. He had the richest and best managed of voices. He had wit, humor, sarcasm, invective at will. He had a fine Irish fancy, flashing up at times into imagination.—He had fierce and dark passions. He had a lawyer-like acuteness of understanding. He had a sincere love for his country. He had great readiness, and had also that quality which Demosthenes deemed so essential to an orator—action; not the leaping, and vermicular twisting and contortions, and ventriloquisms, and ape-like gibbering, by which some men delight the groundlings and grieve the judicious, but manly, natural and powerful action. And over all these difficulties he cast a conversational calm; and this rounded off the unity, and made his varied powers not only complete in number, but harmonious in play. Hence he moved altogether, when he moved at all. Hence while others were running, or leaping, or dancing, or flying with broken wing and convulsive effort, O'Connell was content majestically to walk. Hence, while others were screaming, or shouting, or lashing themselves into noisy fury, O'Connell was simply anxious to speak, and to speak with authority. A petitioner is loud and clamorous; a king may be quiet and low in utterance, yet his very whispers may be heard. On this hint O'Connell spoke. For unquestionably, a king he was among a peculiar people.—His very faults and errors had a princely air. His craft was 'king-craft.' His early excesses and sins were royal in their gusto and extravagance. Like many a youthful monarch, he had blood on his hands; murder, or at least manslaughter on his soul. The subtlety in his eye was that of a Northern despot.—And his high stature, his dignified carriage, and his massive brow, all seemed to bear the inscription—'This man is made to reign.'"

A Mohawk Dutchman, the other day, reading an account of a Meeting, came to the words "the meeting then dissolved." He could not define the latter, so he referred to his dictionary, and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when Honny said: "Dey must have werry hot wedder dere in New York. I rot an account of a meeting vere all the beoples hab melted away."

An Irish story, by Burke, is thus: "A squire with hardly any means used to entertain the militia and others in his neighborhood; and when a friend expostulated with him on the extravagance of giving claret to these fellows when whiskey punch would do just as well, he answered, 'You're right, my dear friend; but I have the claret on tick, and where the devil would I get credit for the lemons?'"

CLERGY RESERVES.—It was stated by the Duke of Newcastle in reply to some remarks of Lord Derby in the House of Lords, that both Lord Elgin and Mr. Hinks had assured him that there was not the slightest chance of such a misappropriation of funds specially as they considered set apart for the maintenance of religion; and that both of them would use every means to prevent it should it ever be by any party contemplated.

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