

The protectionists, and monopoly party, the Peel cabinet, on the Queen's University, suffered an inglorious defeat on Saturday last, the new supplemental charter having been accepted by a majority of two on the Senate, eleven voting for, and nine against the proposition. The anti-Catholic press of the three kingdoms, has been active, since the previous meeting in July last, and private canvass has been in progress to endeavour to defeat the measure. The Irish Times even promised a charter, on the model of that of the University of Laval (Quebec), from the present Government to Irish Catholics, whilst the Mail had the decency to urge that if we, four to five millions of Catholics persist in segregating ourselves in education, from the enlightened Protestant community, let our educational 'ghetto' have a charter, by all means. The majority, who voted for accepting the supplemental charter, were:—Right Hon. M. Brady, ex Lord Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor of the Queen's University, Earl of Dunraven, Lord Talbot de Malahide, Baron Pigott, Mr. Justice O'Hagan; Chief Justice Monahan, Right Hon. W. Monnell, Sir Dominic J. Conigan, Bart., Lord Clermont, Professor Sullivan and James Gibson, Barrister. The votes against were: Lord Chancellor Blackburne, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin, the presidents of Belfast, Cork, and Galway Queen's Colleges, Sir Robert Peel, Bart., the Protestant Bishop of Killaloe, Surgeon Adams, and Mr. Sullington, J.P., in the majority are six Catholics, four Protestants, and a Presbyterian. In the minority are one Catholic (Sir R. Kane), six Protestants, a Presbyterian, and a Unitarian. The absentees from the Senate were the Earl of Orlendon, Chancery, who is said to have paired with Archbishop Trench, the former for the latter against, accepting the new charter, Sir Richard Griffith, who is understood to be against the change, and General Sir Thomas Larcom, Under Secretary for Ireland. So that even had all these parties attended, the casting vote of the Chairman, Vice-Chancellor Brady, would have caused the adoption of the new charter. Two anti-Catholic organs are in a frenzy at the result, and the Mail submits the opinions of two Queen's Counsel that the entire proceeding is illegal, and that application to the Courts would secure an injunction rendering it inoperative. It is not creditable to the Government to see its Lord Chancellor lead the way to render inoperative the miserable fragment of educational reform granted by the late Cabinet, to whom, it is only justice to state, that this is only such portion of their scheme as they were hurriedly able without an act of parliament to effect just before they left office.—Cor of Weekly Register.

The Dublin Evening Post says:—The assembly which met to do honour to Sir Hugh Cairns in Belfast, did not include a single Catholic, a single Liberal Protestant, a single Protestant even who in feeling and in manners was not evidently a mere Orangeman, or Colonel Taylor excepted, one individual of any set not in connection with Ulster Orangism. The rising of Sir Hugh Cairns was greeted with a 'Kentish Fire'; the artificer of his sophistries, although a trifle delicate for lodge appreciation, was enough to strike 'Kentish Fire' again; his denial of political right to the Irish tenant farmers, was equally responded to by 'Kentish Fire'; his championship of the Establishment brought out why—what but 'Kentish Fire'?

The Times remarks hereupon:—Unfortunately the Government seems to have drifted somewhat into a state of antagonism to the Roman Catholic priesthood; and, judging from the tone of the Conservative organs, the spirit of Protestant ascendancy seems to be excited to a higher pitch than it has been for a long time. It is a pity that the supporters of the Government have not adopted the conciliatory spirit of the Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary; and that the first difficulty is increased by the revival of religious animosity on both sides.

An Irish Town.—Few people have not heard of Donnybrook. Who, in Ireland, or out of it, knows anything of Bessbrook? The reputation of the former spread a shade over the whole country, and because once a year, in a village near Dublin, there was an outbreak of riotous merrymaking, every Irish man was regarded as a riotous merrymaker, by instinct. This is not a proper character for a self-respecting people, who scorn to be treated as a race of Handy Andy's. We are happy to present in this description of Bessbrook, a more characteristic sketch—Bessbrook being a Cavan town which has grown up round a flax factory. In it the rough flax is beetled, scutched, hackled, spun, and woven, thus putting it through every process in the same concern. Fully 2,500 hands are employed in the factory, and these with their families, all live in Bessbrook: it has a population of about 3,000 inhabitants. The town is beautifully situated and well laid out, with a handsome square in the centre, and streets running from it towards the factory. The town has been built by the proprietor of the factory to accommodate his workers, and as he enlarges the factory and increases the number of operatives, he also enlarges the town. Each family has one house—no two families live together. The dwellings have from three to five or six rooms, and two suit small and large families. The streets are lighted with gas from the factory gas works. There are two cooperative stores in the square, owned by the operatives. There is a bakery, a glass and china shop, a draper's shop, a butcher's shop, and a temperance hotel in the square also. The proprietors and managers of all these are the choice of the owner, under surveillance. There is a reading room and a library, large school rooms, and a coffee and dining room to seat 250, where coffee is sold at a half penny per cup. There is also a dispensary belonging to the operatives (not to the union), and a medical attendant, Dr. Lightbourne, whose sole business is to attend to the factory hands and their families. He is also secretary to their temperance or teetotal society. This dispensary is supported by a regular weekly payment from each worker towards a 'sick fund', and when they are ill they receive medical attendance &c., free, and half their usual weekly wages from the fund. When it falls short at any time, the owner sustains it, and the average contribution which he gives to this fund is, I believe, about £150 a year. Each head of a house is obliged to pay 1d. per week, school fees, for each child over four years of age, and so ensures their education. The contributions to the sick fund and school fees are stopped from the operatives' wages, as also the rent of the houses occupied, and thus regularity in all these matters is secured. It has no public house, nor other place of any kind, for the sale of alcoholic liquors it has no drunkards; it has not a single beggar or pauper; it has little or no poor law taxation; it has no constabulary, and yet perfect good order is preserved amongst over 3,000 of the working classes living together; there is next to no theft or crime known in the place. Let no one talk of the Irish people being quarrelsome, of a fighting disposition, &c., when we can point to a town like Bessbrook, with over 3,000 of a population of all creeds—all operatives—living together in peace and good order. The cleanliness of the town and the neatness of the houses are also remarkable. There is not one bit of neatly furnished and tidily kept, and such a thing as a filthy cess-pool is not to be found about the place. Such is a description of one Irish town; and we think it will give a better idea of the Irish people to strangers than what they received from hearing of Donnybrook. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the reputation of the latter place has been unduly exaggerated: people have imagined that the two or three days' jockeying was a thing which extended all the year round, just as they distributed the reputation of this suburban village over the whole of Ireland.—Shanrock.

The Fenian agitation in Ireland still continues. Many arrests of persons and arms have been made

The friends of the candidates for the county of Wexford, Mr. Kavanagh and Mr. Pope Hennessy, have had a conference with the object of bringing about an arrangement to prevent the splitting of the Conservative interest. No satisfactory agreement, however, has as yet been arrived at. It is stated that Mr. Hennessy has obtained the support of the Catholic bishop, Dr. Furlong, whilst his rival is opposed by the priesthood generally.

MURDER.—A man named Smyth, a small farmer, living near Scotstown, county Monaghan, was murdered on his way home from the market of Monaghan, on Monday night last. He had been selling flax, and when about two miles from Monaghan, met his death by violence. Two of his neighbours have been arrested on suspicion.—Dundalk Democrat.

A GOOD JOKE.—An amusing circumstance is said to have taken place last week at a railway station not a hundred miles from Portadown. It appears that his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant was passing through by train and during the time the engines were changing he retired to the refreshment saloon. A number of police under a sub-inspector were drawn up on the platform as a guard of honor. The officer was not aware that his Excellency had retired to the room, and observing an imposing looking gentleman getting out of one of the first-class carriages, and great respect being paid to him by those around, he at once concluded it must be his Excellency, and giving the necessary orders the police presented arms greatly to the astonishment of the individual in question who turned out to be—not the Marquis of Abercorn, but Cardinal Cullen! We give the above as we received it, without touching for its accuracy, but we would not be surprised if there was some foundation for the story.—Portadown News.

GREAT BRITAIN.

On Sunday last the Archbishop of Westminster attended by Bishops Grant, of Southwark; Anherst, of Northampton; Brown, of Shrewsbury; Cornthwaite, of Beverley, and Ullathorne, of Birmingham assembled at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, Durham, when Canon Chadwick, one of the professors of the college, was consecrated Bishop of Exeter and Newcastle, in succession to Dr. Hogarth, lately deceased. The ceremonies were carried out with great splendour in the collegiate chapel, in presence of a large concourse, both clerical and lay. The sermon was preached by Bishop Amherst, and the choral service was performed by over two hundred voices. The collegiate chapel and the buildings generally have been erected at various periods within the last twenty-five years, at a cost of over £200,000, principally from the designs of the two Pugin's. Ushaw is the largest educational establishment possessed by the Catholics in England, and receives upwards of 350 students; half of whom are being educated as ecclesiastics.—Universal Express, 3d inst.

It is announced that ex-Governor Eyre, of Jamaica, would be arraigned at the Central Court of London, in about 10 days, for the Jamaica murders.

It is asserted that the great aim of those who head the ritualistic movement in the church of England is to get prosecuted and persecuted so as to try the question.

The choirs in Edinburgh and the vicinity were severe last week, but, by the late accounts, the number of attacks have greatly diminished.

According to evidence given in a report of the Liverpool health committee, 'quite a young woman' in that city has been imprisoned one hundred and fourteen times for drunkenness, and another had been taken up one hundred and twenty times. The evidence goes to show that drunkenness is on the increase there, especially amongst the wives and children of the laboring population.

The Protestant Dissenters of this country would not submit for five years to the political wrongs that Irish Roman Catholics have endured for centuries. Even to the present day the monstrous wrong of the State Church has not been attacked in Ireland with one-tenth of the energy, bitterness, vigor, and unrelenting animosity with which our own Dissenters assail the comparatively trumpety grievance of church rates. This, in fact, has been the difficulty in dealing with Irish questions; instead of being too discontented, the people have never been discontented enough: they have never been sturdy or persevering enough in fighting the political battle against their foes. Forty members firmly united against an English Minister that did not abolish the State Church would bring down the fabric in at most ten years; but though there are more than forty who would vote against it, there are not that number who irrespective of party, would make its destruction the object of their political life. This want of resolution in Celtic agitation is doubtless due to the long depression of the whole race; the present is the first generation of free-born Roman Catholics; for emanipation is only thirty-seven years old. The social strength of Protestantism in Ireland is still so strong that a Roman Catholic Chancery lawyer would consider himself audacious if he claimed the Lord Chancellorship, which is denied to him by law; and we never heard of an Irish journalist or orator who objected to the circumstance that the Viceroy of a country more than three-fourths Roman Catholics are invariably Protestants and almost invariably Englishmen. We may depend upon it that sooner or later it will force itself to the front.

That Ireland, after being ruled by us for centuries, should still present a 'question', is the result either of Irish defects or English faults—possibly of both. But when the German bureaucrats of Vienna said that Hungarian and Italian discontent was due, not to misgovernment, but to the restless character of the peoples, we refused to hear the plea; we replied that no matter how he managed it, the Emperor was bound to win the loyalty of his subjects. Ten years ago the Austrian authorities were as contemptuous of Italian complaints as English journalists are today of Irish grumbling; and yet the passionate and feminine scream of weak and outraged Italy, by bringing French and Prussian rescuers to her aid, has wrought the downfall of her foe. There is no chance of a similar English catastrophe. Ireland is not likely to gain a Continental ally, and she has not the genius for revenge that kept alive the memory of the wrongs of Italy. We might also say that England is too strong at sea to fear any foe, where a bad war is not possible to the strongest Power.—Three weeks before that great battle it would have seemed as rash to prophesy Austria overthrown in one great military fight as to picture England utterly defeated at sea in a new and disastrous Trafalgar. But without reverting to the possibility of any such tragic denouement of the tangled knot of Irish history, we may safely say that whenever England is at war with a Power commanding a navy, Ireland will be a great source of weakness. Two thousand disciplined men once landed as foes on Irish soil would with impunity evade and keep busy at least thirty thousand English troops. Yet Englishmen will hardly listen to the political teaching which aims at healing this terrible and open wound in our body politic.—Daily Telegraph.

PROTESTANTISM VERSUS RITUALISM.—A pleasant place most Bridgewater and its neighborhood be, and nice, gentle Christian people its population. We should like to have them for our neighbors—oh! dear, yes—but at as respectful a distance as possible. The church at Northmoor Green is by this world famous. We have already chronicled one of the scenes which has occurred in that edifice—at the time we thought they were unapproachable in blackguardism. But we were mistaken. As a person of the name of Milton says, in a rare work called 'Paradise Lost' (of which the English public may have heard or read), 'there's in the lowest depth a lower still.' A few weeks ago, when we read of the

ruffianism by which a portion of the congregation of Northmoor Green Church distinguished itself, we thought we had reached 'the lowest depths.' Now we have found something beyond, or rather beneath—'the lowest still.' On last Sunday there was another scene; and, of a truth, the Rev. Mr. Hunt, the incumbent, must have a pleasant life of it. Some shocking acts of sacrilege were committed in the fury of the first revolution; but that was a brief era of madness following upon centuries of slavery.—The atrocities committed in the Northmoor Green Church have no such excuse, they were cold blooded and pre-determined, and indicated an amount of brutality amongst a considerable portion of the English population for which we were not prepared. Last Sunday, as the local paper tells us, Mr. Hunt had 'religious services at eleven o'clock in the morning'—and had a batch of policemen to protect him therein. Whilst service was going on two women and four men (we need not indicate the class to which those wretched females must have belonged) entered the Church, clad in colored paper tawdry, meant to mimic the vestments of an officiating priest. The witless fools had a caricature of the Cross (the sacred emblem of Christianity which Protestant England has still the good taste to retain on the front of its ancient churches) on their backs. One idiot had a paper imitation of a cardinal's hat on his head and another lunatic carried in front a huge placard on which 'Scottish Life Assurance' was printed in large type, with another on his back announcing the attractions of 'Sanger's celebrated Hippodrome.' These wretches were followed by a crowd of others; and the church echoed to their laughter. Here we may remark that the most curious thing about this business is that the police never interfered with those blackguards, male and female, never attempted to remove them, though had they gone up Fleet street similarly attired, they would have been hurried off to prison for committing a nuisance. It would now appear that to be guilty of such ruffianism in a church—a temple dedicated to God's worship—is no nuisance at all.

Shouts of laughter greeted the procession; and then there followed, by way of accompaniment to the service, the shuffling of feet, coughing, and other pleasant noises. Then came the sermon, the preacher appropriately taking as his text the words of Habakkuk, 'But the Lord is in His Holy Temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.' And Mr. Hunt's congregation kept silence in curious fashion. But we shall give the rest in the words of our Bridge water contemporary:—'The Commandments were then read, in the course of which one of the men dressed in the above-mentioned guise rose from his seat near the pulpit and walked down through the aisle. This was the signal for another burst of laughter, which was renewed shortly afterwards when another of the men thus dressed rose from his seat, walked up the aisle, and occupied the seat just vacated. After Mr. Hunt concluded the reading of each prayer, there were loud and prolonged cries of 'Amen,' which caused more outbreaks of laughter. One man, while the Epistle was being read, put on his hat, and kept his head covered with it for some time. Instead of reading, Mr. Hunt chanted the Gospel, at which there were other marks of disapproval manifested. While reading the prayer of consecration, the man Tothill rose from his seat, and walked up and knelt upon the steps of the altar. Although, of course many members of the congregation were shocked to behold this profanity, the great majority of those present laughed loudly. Mr. Hunt, addressing the constable near him, said, 'Will you remove this person?' and a voice called out, 'What for?' 'Constantly, I can't go on with the service unless you remove this man.' The policeman then touched Tothill on the shoulder, and he rose up and returned to his seat, which he shortly afterwards quitted, and walked down the aisle slowly and on tiptoe, which provoked much laughter. Immediately after this the other men above-mentioned rose and left their seats, and this course was then followed by nearly half the congregation, who left the church in a body, many of them putting on their hats when walking down the aisle. Service was by this means interrupted for a long time.' This ruffianism seems almost incredible; but there are the facts as we find them in the local paper. Of course the brutal, ignorant fools who have made this exhibition have not done it of their own unaided thought. No; they have been egged on by well-dressed and respectable people behind them, who, themselves, shrink from the responsibility of the foul work which they get these poor wretches to discharge.

The following article from the N. Y. Nation shows the opinion entertained by the better class of people in the United States respecting the fate of the Fenian convicts. Arguments so sensible, addressed to us in such good faith, deserve consideration:—

Mr. Seward has written Sir Frederick Bruce a remarkably moderate and sensible letter about the Fenians who are on trial in Canada, asking, in consideration of their American citizenship, for such information regarding the proceedings in each case as may enable our Government to judge of the fairness of the trials. This is, owing to the excited state of the Canadian mind, a perfectly proper and natural request. The request which Mr. Seward also makes, that those Fenians who have been or may be convicted shall be dealt with leniently, is also reasonable, and he has English precedents for offering it. But we doubt the soundness of the plea that the Fenian performances in Canada are purely 'political offences.' A man may have good excuse for being king one of my neighbor's windows, but he cannot possibly have any good excuse for getting into my best bed room in order to throw his stones with greater advantage out of my window, or for using my crockery in default of other missiles, the quarrel being one in which I have no sort of concern. The Fenians have no charge of any kind to make against the Canadians. The presence of British soldiers there affords no excuse for invading their territory, unless it can be shown that the destruction of the British army in Canada would result in the liberation of Ireland. If this cannot be shown—and we believe not even a Fenian orator or writer has had the brass to attempt to show it—acts of hostility committed on Canadian soil are acts of pure brigandage. When a gang of New York ruffians, fresh from the dance houses of the Sixth ward, make their appearance on a Canadian farm, with a green flag and under the command of a grog shop keeper, and eat up the chickens, steal the horses, milk the cows, and insult the women, it is rather cool to tell the farmer that these are 'acts of war' committed by soldiers, and that he must not get angry and want to have the blackguards hanged. In regular warfare, if outrages are committed by troops, there is at hand a government of respectable men to appeal to; or to summon before the bar of civilized opinion; or to order officers with commissions, social position, a country, and a sense of honor, who may be made answerable for the behaviour of their men. But who is answerable for the behaviour of Fenian 'rangers'? Where is the Fenian Government or capital? Who are the Fenian officers but the very men who did all the vile and dirty work of our own politics and make every American who watches their performances on our soil as 'American citizens' sick at heart? What defence has a peaceful community against such a hard but its jails and policemen and, if need be, its hangmen? For our part, we think the role for the treatment of the Canadian prisoners is not to be found in the nature of the offence, but in a calculation of the effects of the sentence. If the hanging of Lynch would deter the more ignorant of the Brotherhood from repeating their attempt, we think it would be well, in their interest, as well as that of the Canadians, to hang him. If it would irritate them into fresh incursions, it were better to imprison him for a short term, and then give him five dollars and send him home; and in our opinion this last course would be altogether the wisest.

THE 'STRIKES' IN THE IRON TRADE.—Reverting to the 'strikes' in the iron trade, the Times points out a consideration which seems to have been almost overlooked by the leaders of 'trades' unions, but which deserves their most careful attention. At this moment orders are being executed for English firms in Belgium and Prussia, and the inevitable result of these repeated strikes will be to drive more and more of the English capital abroad. Whether the rate of wages be ultimately determined by the cost of living, according to the lowest standard of comfort and decency for the time being, or whether it depend on the distribution of a wages fund, limited in amount, no wages at all will or can be paid if there is no one to pay them; and there will be no one to pay them if the policy of strikes be pushed beyond a certain point. Free trade, which has done so much for the workman, has done something for the capitalist, and so many investments have been opened out in our colonies and abroad as to raise very considerably the normal rate of interest. Even if the existing proprietors of ironworks could be coerced into giving higher wages than they can afford in the present state of the market, others will avoid the iron trade and carry their money elsewhere. Taking all trades together there is never so large a surplus of capital seeking employment as there is of labour in excess of the demand for it; but a still more important difference between them is that capital overflows easily into foreign countries, while labour does not. If iron workers can earn higher wages than almost any other class of operatives, it is mainly due to the continual expansion of the iron trade, and the ever increasing demand for labour. Let this expansion be effectually checked and this demand reduced by the socialist tactics of the trades' union, and no degree of the national executive will avail or ward off or remedy the misery that must ensue.

THE UTILISATION OF SEWAGE.—The Post remarks that the farmers to this day send to Peru for manure, while to this day their urban neighbors are engaged, at infinite pains and cost, in throwing manure into the sea, or in some other way putting it effectually out of sight and use. At Orpington, after trying all known means and spending unknown money in the endeavor to deal with this troublesome matter out of place, after being restrained by the Court of Chancery, and anatomized by the ratepayers, the authorities have adopted something which appears to be very like the simple Chinese plan. The result of it is that not only is Orpington actually now realizing an annual profit upon town which formerly was a source of untold expense, but that the health of the town is so much improved that the deaths from zymotic diseases have fallen from 31 to 13 per cent. The question now naturally arises, how long is London to be behind Orpington and China?

Mrs LINCOLN IN SCOTLAND.—The Scotsman says:—Along with other distinguished visitors at present residing at the Clyde Hotel, Bothwell, are the widow and daughter of the late Abraham Lincoln.

ANTI-CATHOLIC LECTURING.—This foul-mouthed speaker, who calls himself 'Murphy,' has been entertaining assemblies of dirty-minded persons in the west of England again. Against the fact that some Protestants are ignorant and stupid enough to encourage such a creature, we are glad to be able to set another, viz., that some are right-minded enough to denounce him. The Portsmouth Gazette writes as follows:—

Model Champion of Protestantism.—Disgraceful Scenes at St. George's Hall.—It is an undoubted fact that no educated advocate of any principle does far more harm to the cause that he espouses than his most vigorous opponent. The truth of this axiom has been practically shown within the last fortnight at St. George's Hall, where one W. Murphy has delivered a series of lectures against Roman Catholics and Catholic practices in general. However much we may deprecate the errors of Popery, we, as Englishmen, are at all times ready to hold out the hand of friendship to our Roman Catholic brethren, and we beg to apologise to them, in the name of the respectable inhabitants of this town, for the series of insults which culminated in the disgusting and disgraceful scene of last Monday evening.

THE LATE LORD PLUNKET, PROTESTANT BISHOP OF TUAM.—As buying a Protestant living or episcopacy, is not looked upon as simony, if we are to judge by the number of advertisements which appear in the London journals for the purchase and sale of such in the Established Church, it is reported that Mr. Guinness intended to get the See of Tuam for his son-in-law, Rev. W. C. Plunket. From the defunct Whig Cavendish the purchase might be made as the illustrious dead—the extinguished light of Tuam—the friend of the poor—was a Whig. It cannot be so easily effected with the Derby Cabinet. Yet, as we know that Mr. Guinness is a Low churchman, opposed to the views of High churchmen, he may have a chance of driving a bargain. As succession there will certainly be—no wags we have seen 'the last of the Handbills' in the Tuam Palace. It is never lived such a model of learning and beneficence—a model backwards. He is dead. Not a word more, his life the world heard of. Our neighbouring contemporaries enjoyed the exclusive privilege of giving the pedigree of the son of the Peer who sold Ireland for 'a mess of pottage.'—Connacht Patriot.

UNITED STATES.

THE MODERN BABYLON.—If the City of New York were to be taken down to-day by an earthquake, and only Niblo's Theatre left standing, the survivors of the calamity would flock to see the 'Black Crook' to-morrow night as if nothing had happened. The great metropolis may not deserve the title bestowed upon it, 'The World of New York,' but, at any rate the den-monde inhabits there, and virtue is esteemed an entirely provincial quality. In point of fact, New York has broken loose from every precedent of the social system—just as Boston has cast off from every ordinance of the intellectual system—and moves on in a sphere of her own, and to the music of quite original celestial harmonies. In this sense, the great city is unquestionably a 'world.' Everything in New York is done 'on a margin,' and he (or she) is the most successful metropolitan who can 'operate' most extensively upon the least capital. Thus the daily newspapers are conducted in the sphere of rumor upon the most surprisingly small margin of truth; the preachers traverse the broad realms of society and politics upon the meagrest imaginable plank of gospel; fair women sport the fullest toilette of fashion over scarcely a shift of virtue; and the only undoubted capitalist in the place is the devil, who seems to own stock in its every institution and to have a bill of sale of the community generally.—If worthy John Bunyan could come to life again, and survive the steerage of an emigrant ship and the perils of the rangers who infest Castle Garden, he would assuredly, after having seen New York, tear out one chapter from the narrative of his great pilgrimage, and give us another picture of 'Vanity Fair.' Dante, were he living, would add a Wall street 'corner' to the other exquisite tortures of malebore; and Jonah, sent against such a place, would not seek to hide in a whale's belly, because he would see that his utmost prophecy would never be heeded. That New York patronizes the fine arts is a fixed fact. Upon every corner, you may see the hand-bill of a 'gift concert,' Ristori fails, and Jefferson, but the 'Black Crook' succeeds; Barnum's Museum opens every day at 5 a.m.; Harper's Magazine is sold by the hundred thousand; and Bierstadt's pictures have made his fortune. That New York is a fountain of taste is beyond question. She has a great park without pavement; a Mayor, without authority; pretty women without grace, who wear splendorily, yet without paying for them; handsome men without honesty; and—a Boutwell and Beecher, a Greeley—and a Seventh regiment. (Paris to be sure, has her Quancier Breda and her Rue Notre Dame de Dorettes, but she has also her Faubourg St. Germain and her Rue de Rivoli; London is able to

offset St. Giles with St. James; and even Vienna does not open her court to questionable virtue, but in New York, nous avons change tout cela; they say, Miss Lucretia Borgia is an honored guest at all the hotels, and 'Madame' Biche's palace in Fifth Avenue is next door to Madame Brudo's 'institute for young ladies.' If Madame Biche felt like it, she could run the best pavilion in Plymouth or Grace Church without exciting popular indignation, and Miss Lucretia could visit in 'society,' just as she has her box at the opera and ticket to the 'Sarant's' ball. In other words, society is totally, infamously, beyond conception corrupt in New York, and if this corruption be, as they tell us, the legitimate offspring of sudden riches, may God continue to us our present poverty.—Richmond Examiner.

THE ELECTIONS ARE AT LAST OVER, and the Radical or Republican party has obtained a decided victory.—The Irish vote has, for the first time, largely contributed to swell their majority. It cannot be denied that this result has been brought about by the action of the Radical leaders in reference to the 'Canadian raid' and the repeal of the Neutrality Laws, diligently and incessantly kept before the minds of the Irish citizens by the preachings of Mr. 'President' Roberts, Mr. 'Senator' Meehan and all the 'Senators,' and by the numerous 'Canadian-raid' organizers that have been kept stamping the States for the Radicals these months past under the cloak of Fenianism, abusing Messrs. Johnson and Seward, and promising all good things to the Irish cause from their political organs.—New York Irish People, (Fenian Organ.)

HORRORS OF THE DRY TORTUGAS.—A STAIN ON THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.—On the Dry Tortugas, the most desolate and barren almost known, there languish in illegal imprisonment several hundred State prisoners. Sent thither by military commissions—tribunals that have been denounced by the United States Supreme Court as unknown to and unwarranted by law, and from whose commitments that Court has released all political prisoners confined in Northern penitentiaries—these men are now undergoing, and have undergone, torture at the hands of brutal officials (disgraces to the uniform of a soldier) that make life intolerable, and which would, if exposed, rouse the horror and indignation of the civilized world. Confined on this desolate spot, with no means of communication with their friends, many of them entirely innocent of charges for which those military courts, so-called, have condemned them, they are exposed to cruelties and punishments at the hands of brutal sergeants and commissioned officers, administered at their caprice and whim for comparisons of which we would have to go back to the Dark Ages, or search the records of the Inquisition. A short time since we saw a letter from an intelligent State prisoner, confined upon the Dry Tortugas, a man of veracity and character, giving an account of the inhuman and barbarous punishments inflicted, not only on the poor Confederate prisoners confined there, but on the Federal soldiers of the garrison. The recital the writer gave of the facts, of which he had been an eye-witness, was sickening, and made one blush for humanity.—It was a tale of woe that would have melted a heart of stone—the atrocities committed there by United States officers and under the United States flag, flaunting in idle mockery as the guardian of liberty, the protector of human rights. He gave the names of the sufferers, the dates when the tortures were inflicted, and the names of the brutes in human shape who ordered and executed them. It seems that the devilish tyranny of the jailors wreaked itself alike on United States and Confederate prisoners. In August last, while a party of prisoners were unloading a vessel, some of the crew gave them liquor, and one of the poor unfortunates became helplessly drunk. In this condition he was tied up by the thumbs by order of the officer of the day, and kept suspended for hours, the cords cutting the flesh to the bones, and until the poor wretch, to all appearance, was evidently dying. Then the commandant, a Brig General, accidentally passing, and observed the man's condition, ordered him to be taken down; and he was conveyed to the hospital with one of his hands disabled for life. He had been suspended this way for hours. Could the Russian punishment of the knout be worse than this? Was the thumbcrew applied to Dr. Mudd to extort from him the names of his accomplices in his attempt to escape, severer.—But another case which the writer of the letter saw, and we have done with this shocking recital; for though we could quote other instances of barbarity that would startle the demons in hell, we shrink from the melancholy record. It was that of a U.S. States soldier, who, for some trivial offence, some petty neglect of his equipments, was tied up by the thumbs for hours. Maimed, with the tendons of his arms stretched and displaced, his hands useless and incapacitated, he was ordered to pick up a forty-pound ball and carry it for several hours in the broiling sun. His hands refused their duty—they could clasp nothing, much less lift a forty pound shot, and the poor fellow said he could not. He was then ordered to be tied, tacked to the end of the garrison wharf, and there, bound hand and foot, with a rope around his neck, he was thrown into the water, to be ducked until he promised to carry the ball. The severest punishment known in the British navy, when Britannia's marine was noted for its barbarous punishments, was 'keel-hauling,' to which the terrible 'cat' was mercy, and 'keel-hauling'—dragging a man under the vessel—was identically the same punishment this poor wretch of a soldier was subjected to by his officers at Tortugas. He was allowed to sink several moments, and then, being drawn up, he was asked if he would carry the ball. His mouth and throat being filled with water he could not at once reply, and was again allowed to sink. A second time he was drawn up, and, making some gesture of assent to the interrogatory of his brutal torturer, he was taken out. These things, and many similar ones, are perpetrated daily in this enlightened nineteenth century on the poor unfortunates at the Dry Tortugas. While Exeter Hall is mourning over the sufferings of the negro slave—while Plymouth Church and other political radical associations are weeping over the outrages on the freedmen by unrepentant 'Rebels'—these horrors are being perpetrated on white men, by United States officers, under the United States flag, on that barren island off the coast of Florida.

A METHODIST CONVERT.—There has been quite a sensation at the Methodist Church on Penn street, occasioned by what is called the conversion of a Rev. Flannery, who is said to have been a Professor of St. Vincent's College, Westmoreland Co., Pa. We are familiar with nearly every one connected with the institution in question, but we have never known any one there by the name of Flannery, from Professor to Scullion; yet we cannot say that such an individual has never been harbored by the hospitable Benedictines. The Methodists, however, have acted with commendable caution in placing the gentleman on probation; their experience with converts of that class has been of a nature to render such a course imperative. Father Olinquay of Kanakoe, became a Presbyterian convert, and actually preached by special invitation in the church with stone front, on Wood street in this city. He soon proved, however, rather a troublesome customer, and has 'long' since been denounced by the very men who employed him to preach against Popery. We don't say that this will be the case with the so-called Father Flannery; indeed the Methodists seemed disposed to guard against the possibility of such a catastrophe. We hope, however, he will have a good time among them and that the Rev. Parson who has the matter in charge, will let us know through the Christian Advocate his experience as a 'trainer' of refractory priests. If he succeeds in this new profession, his celebrity will be little less than that acquired by the famous horse tamer, and the name of Snyder, hailed by future generations as equally illustrious with that of the immortal Bary.—Pittsburg Catholic.