

to vacillate; then it awoke a fierce and almost blood-fury in her heart, coupled with a cunning to accomplish her will that was entirely foreign to her nature.

At last, in this strange and unnatural mood, she assumed a calmness that she was far from realizing, and sought her father. She began by adroitly representing his own loss in the absence of the page, picturing in fine colours the cruelty that had deprived a master of his slave, and showed the murderous conduct of the captain of the Mahomet in the most odious light.

"None, Esmah; he was sent but to recover our property," replied the sultan.

"But in his better judgment and wisdom, he saw fit to destroy it?"

"Thus it seems," replied her father, who began to look at the matter in the light that Esmah desired, and to show some signs of dissatisfaction.

"One would think that a frigate so large as the Mahomet might have taken a pleasure-yacht without so much bloodshed, and the loss of so many lives and so much property on her own part," continued the princess, cunningly, adding fuel to the fire of her father's anger, while she saw was now momentarily increasing.

"It was bravely done, however, for you captain of the frigate," added Esmah.

"The sultan looked troubled, but did not reply to the remark.

"Do you not think it was well done by captain Hafiz?" asked Esmah.

"By this light, it was not," replied the sultan, much ruffled.

Esmah saw that her task was done, and she turned and left him.

The sultan was sore on the loss of Alick; he was naturally impetuous, and his child's remarks had goaded him to a state of excitement and anger, and in the heat of his passion he sent for his chief executioner!

"Arissim!" "Highness," "Draw near to us."

"Your highness' slave," said the officer, making a profound salam.

"You know the captain, Hafiz, of the Mahomet frigate?" asked the sultan.

"Highness, yes," replied the officer, bending in the Oriental style.

"He has displeased us!" "Highness, your enemies are only fit to feed the dogs," said the submissive official. "What are your commands?"

The sultan pointed significantly to his neck, and nodded to his executioner.

"Highness, I am your slave!" replied the man, again bending low before the sultan.

"Prepare me an order, and affix the seal," said the sultan.

The executioner, who was often and suddenly summoned, drew from the folds of his dress, the desired articles, and, bending low, said:

"It is ready for your seal, highness."

This was at once affixed, and the official retired.

Arissim, supplied with the usual authority, turned his steps toward the frigate which Captain Hafiz was the commander.

The sultan's authority once displayed, is never doubted, and his coming is a token that all understand. None dare to stay him, none to dispute his orders; he presents himself in silence before his victim, shows the insignia of the royal order, and commands the condemned one to follow him to the place that is appropriated for his punishment.

Thus Arissim summoned the commander of the frigate, who, glancing at the royal seal, bowed low in humble submission, and, without so much as pausing to express a wish, or give an order to his people, with the true stowman of the Turk, submitted to his fate without a murmur.

To ask for an explanation, or to beg for time to explain, he knew would be utterly useless, and so followed the executioner at his will. In passing a mosque, he was permitted to enter for a moment to utter his brief prayer, and bend his body three times towards the tomb of the prophet, and then he followed on to his doom.

That very night the captain, Hafiz, of the frigate Mahomet, died by the bow-string. Such is Turkish justice!

To be continued.

MAXIMILIAN IN MEXICO.

M. d'Auvergne, who was with Maximilian in Mexico, thus speaks of his surroundings:

The people by whom he was surrounded were a most despicable set, and as I hold much to re- count to their disadvantage did I tell all I knew. I will limit myself to a few anecdotes. Thieving is the normal state of every Mexican, from the minister to the hall-porter; the only difference is the value of the object taken. Example—The Emperor had on his table a revolver damasked with gold, the handle of which was ivory, and which had disappeared one day after a series of audiences at which the lowest in rank present was a Mexican general.

The Emperor too, allowed herself to be robbed of a couple of valuable gold watches by her own ladies of honor; and the same Col. Lopez who has just immortalized himself at Queretaro by betraying his client, volunteered one day to the Emperor to steal from his bureau in less than a couple of hours time any object that might be pointed out to him and this without being detected. As for the barman itself, Lopez made a wager to remove it while the Emperor was out for his daily walk, and to convey it to any other apartment that might be indicated.

Lopez was at this time commandant of the Imperial chateau, and Maximilian laughed a good deal at these pleasantries. One knows the extent to which Lopez has since pushed them. At Mexico the Imperial household on a most liberal footing. There was, however, only one honest man among the entire set, this was the Grand Marshal of the palace an Indian known and estimated in Paris, Gen. Almonate.

THE LATE THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

Through the kindness of an esteemed correspondent in Helena, Montana, we have received a copy of the Helena Herald containing the announcement of the death of Gen. Meagher, and the proclamation of Governor Smith. Our correspondent accompanies the paper with the following brief and well-timed remarks:

"Enclosed you will find the sad news of the departure from life of the foster-father of the new church at Montana. This great orator and general, ever mindful of his religion, was a great help in building up the Catholic Church in this new Territory. He lectured for that purpose several times for the church in Helena and Nirgin."

We commend the above, as well as Governor Smith's proclamation, to the attention of those of our contemporaries who have been so ready to throw dirt on the grave of the illustrious deceased; one of them, a Catholic journal, we grieve to say, in its eagerness, going so far as to ventilate a slander which, even if true, should have received the poor boon of charitable silence.

DEATH OF GENERAL MEAGHER.

After our forms were closed for the press this morning, (July 3), the passengers by the stage at Fort Benton brought the thrilling and very sad news of the untimely death of Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher. He having went on board of the steamer G. A. Thompson lying at the levee, to spend the evening with the teamsters down for it to have it forwarded at once

to get up from his couch during the night, and go out of his stateroom on to the guards. Upon hearing a splashing sound in the water, the passengers rushed out to find that one who had stood foremost among the few truly brilliant men of our country, and he who had taken so prominent a part in the administrative affairs of our young Territory—winning all hearts by his nobleness of nature and purpose—had been swept down the terrible torrent, perhaps never again to be recovered, even in death. He made no cries for help, nor was he seen after the fall; and all efforts to recover his body had, up to the leaving of the coach, proved fruitless. This is a bereavement in which not only those near and dear to the deceased will be bowed down with irrepressible grief, but many, very many, of his fellow-citizens and fellow-countrymen throughout the land, will most sincerely mourn. We regret that circumstances prevent our dwelling upon this most lamentable calamity in words which we feel to be due on the occasion—but we must leave this to another time. Our profound and heartfelt sympathies go forth in condolence to the most sorrowful lady, who, more than all the rest, must suffer the shock of this most sad and unwelcome intelligence. We have received several letters on the subject of the death of Gen. Meagher from prominent citizens at Benton, but our space and time have already been tasked to an extent which makes it necessary to omit many important editorials and advertisements, and although the correspondence referred to is in type, we are reluctantly compelled to leave it out.

PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR.

HELENA, M. T., July 3d, 1867.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to take from us by accident our esteemed friend, Secretary (late acting Governor) Thomas Francis Meagher, who was drowned at Fort Benton on the night of the 1st instant by falling from the hurricane-deck of the steamer G. A. Thompson.

Now, therefore, I, Green Clay Smith, Governor of the Territory of Montana, do direct that the headquarters of the military which were established under his direction and authority in the various districts of the Territory, be draped in mourning for thirty days.

I further request that the offices of the Federal officers of the Territory be likewise draped in mourning for the same length of time.

It is but due to the memory of our deceased friend and fellow-officer, that we should hold him in fond remembrance. He was a man of high social qualities, great urbanity, a high order of intellect, a brave soldier, a true gentleman, and an honor to his Territory and Government. This sad bereavement will be felt by every one who had the pleasure of his acquaintance throughout the Territory and the nation.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and signature, and the great seal of the Territory, the day and year above written, and of the independence of America the ninety-first.

GREEN CLAY SMITH, Governor of Montana Territory.

INTERESTING PARTICULARS ABOUT THE POPE.

The Pope always rises at five o'clock. He at once goes to his prayers. At six, a valet de chambre is in attendance to shave him, after which he is visited by his doctor. At seven he says Mass. He rarely breaks fast before 11, on account of the offices of the Sistene Chapel, and also because he receives his Ministers in the morning. Pius IX. very seldom presided at the Council of Ministers; that duty is left to Cardinal Antonelli, who gives an account to the Pope the same day of the resolutions that may be adopted, and who submits for his decision matters of importance. The temperate habits of the Pope are well known in Rome. A friend of mine attached to the Embassy was present last winter at his dinner—a fast day—having an urgent despatch to communicate. The Pope dines alone at a little table—this is strict etiquette. His Holiness has just partaken of a soup of herbs, and he had before him two garnets—the garnets of Italy resemble sardines—a plate of French beans, and three little apples. This excessive sobriety keeps him in gentle gaiety. He converses very willingly during his walk and after his dinner, at which his intimates are present, particularly M. de Merode, whom he has been obliged to sacrifice, but whom he always sees with great pleasure. M. de Merode is of a sprightly mind, but somewhat caustic, and the Pope is often obliged to stop him in the name of charity, which is due to our fellow-creatures. M. de Merode told the Pope a day or two ago that Monsiegnor B—, Bishop of—, in France, when conducting his clergy to the Coliseum, pointed out to his Vicar-General the spot where Nero used to view the dying gladiators. His Holiness burst out laughing. Everyone knows that the Coliseum was built on the site of Nero's gardens, that Vespasian laid the first stone of it, and that it was finished under Titus and Domitian. At 10 the Pope retires to his little apartment, the monastic simplicity of which is known to all the world.

There are two distinct characters in the Pope—the man and the Supreme Pontiff. The man is simple, kind-hearted, familiar, accessible, and playful; the Pontiff is dignified, austere, and sometimes even terrible. He has two distinct Physiognomies—the one full of meekness when he blesses the crowd prostrated before him; the other his habitual, terrible, inspired, which all may have remarked when, borne on his gestatoria, on the eve of St. Peter's, with arms raised, and eyes lighted up, he solemnly protested against the spoliation of the Holy See. The lines of the mouth on these occasions assume a strange appearance; the lips become thin and compressed, lose that expression of goodness which all have remarked in his portraits.

His Holiness occupies himself very much with the Government. Cardinal Antonelli does nothing without consulting him, but the Pope always approves. His memory is extraordinary, and he recognizes at his audience persons whom he had seen only a few minutes two or three years before.

On his accession to the Pontifical Throne he sent for his heirs, and said to them, "Here are 500,000 francs, it is all that you shall ever get from me," and he has kept his word.

The Pope has a civil list of about \$3,500,000—£140,000. It is out of this moderate sum that he keeps Papal Nuncios in foreign courts, pays 22,000 francs (£890) a year to each of the Cardinals who reside in Rome. Out of this, too, he keeps up the Vatican that immense palace which contains not less than 4,000 rooms, and which requires a large staff of domestics. The Pope always pays the Palatine Guard and Noble Guard; keeps the Pontifical Chapel, pays the camerieres, his household, &c. All this is administered with astonishing regularity and economy. In Rome the Pope is universally beloved. "The Pope is good, but his Government is bad," is the ritornello of the Romans, persuaded as they are that it is a humiliation for them to be governed by priests. There is some cleverness in making this distinction between the Pope and his government. The French Revolution had its starting point in the following words, which were incessantly repeated at Versailles, as in Paris, in 1790—"The King is good—ah! if the King knew all!"

Roman Correspondent of Paris Liberte.

A SINGULAR CASE.

A remarkable instance of the force of imagination was presented yesterday in connection with our friend of the Eastern Express Company. It is no unusual thing for the Company to carry the remains of deceased persons among other innumerable articles which they forward. Such packages are usually enclosed in several boxes one inside the other, and "head" and "feet" marked on the outer one. One of these boxes was brought to the boat in Boston on Monday, addressed to Halifax, and put on board, the clerk charging the usual freight in such case, a passenger's fare. The hands in putting the box on board detected an unpleasant smell issuing from it, which was nothing unusual in such cases. The smell increased to be so offensive during the passage, that everybody shunned the box, and it was got rid of as soon as the boat reached here yesterday. So offensive was the odor that it would not be allowed in the warehouse, and lay upon the wharf until the Express Company's business clerk sent one of the teamsters down for it to have it forwarded at once

by the Express to Halifax. So strong had the stench become that the teamster would not put it in his wagon. The Company, however, was determined to carry out its contract, more especially as the police were urging the immediate removal of an article which was endangering the health of the people in the city. A second teamster was sent down, and this man was so affected by the smell that he became sick and giddy, discharged freely from the stomach, and would have staggered over the wharf he not been caught by those standing close by. Finally the box was got into the wagon, and hurried to the office on Prince William street, where it was re-labeled for Halifax, and the boy in doing so thought he felt an offensive odor, but not nearly so bad as what had been represented. Mr. Stone, also, on shaking the box, as directed by the teamster, detected a strong smell. Determined, however, to examine the contents, a hatchet was procured, one of the boards lifted, and a very handsomely carved Indian figure in wood was disclosed to the gaze of the crew-fallen steamer, every thing about as sweet and clean as new planed board. It was intended as a sign for some enterprising tobaccoist. We have rarely heard of a case which so strongly exhibits the power of the imagination on the human mind and body.—St. John Globe.

CRIME IN THE UNITED STATES.

We question much if ever a telegram from the States conveyed so many sad tidings, so many reckless deeds of blood, such a vivid photograph of the social status of our neighbors, as that which is to be found to-day in our columns. We speak not of blood shed in open fight between two contending armies, or murderous slaughter of maddened Indians on defenceless men, women and children in search of homes on the distant plains; but of cold, deliberate murders in a country boasting of its civilization and refinement, and the elevating influence of the most perfect freedom in the present age. Early on the morning of the 24th of July, the telegram states a man named Bender, living in Buffalo, horribly mutilated his wife about the head with an axe, and then drowned himself in the Canal. Drink, that curse so brutalizing in its effect, no doubt, was the cause of this monster's delirium. The next paragraph, we read that a riot occurred at Rogersville, in Tennessee, on Tuesday last. A Mr. Etheridge was speaking in the States; he was interrupted, it appears, by one King, who pronounced Etheridge's statements to be a lie. Etheridge retorted, whereupon some scoundrel in the crowd shot Etheridge dead! Other shots followed, resulting in the death of a white man and a negro, seven others mortally wounded, and thirty others slightly! Further on we read that on the same day, a negro shouted for Brownlow, the radical governor in Knoxville, at a public meeting, and was instantly shot dead by some fuffan—a riot, yet to come, only being prevented by the activity of the police. But the frightful list is not finished. A man named Hunter was standing near a saloon in Cincinnati with several companions, all very drunk, the report says; when Hunter's mother came up, imploring her son to accompany her home. Suddenly in his frenzy, he picked up a large stone and throwing it into the crowd, it struck his mother on the temple, and she died in ten minutes! One would think that this carnival of blood was enough for one day; but unhappily, further on we read that a pistol fight took place in Louisville, Kentucky, between two men named Nicholas and Bridgford. Nicholas was killed on the spot, and Bridgford had his leg shot off. An Indian raid thrown in, resulting in the death of a Mr. Brown; and the death of eight persons by the capsizing of a boat near Portland, make up the frightful days record. From the same source we find that Courtney F. Terry Esq., of the 60th Rifles, is taking testimony on the mysterious murder of Capt. Speers by a United States soldier on a boat, when on the Upper Missouri river, some time since.—Quebec Chronicle.

The Herald.

Wednesday, August 17, 1867.

THE HON. T. D. MCGEE

It is about to be opposed in his election for West Montreal by B. Devlin, Esq. More interest will centre in this election than in any other for the Dominion Parliament, and, under the circumstances, it may be acceptable to our readers to know something of Mr. Devlin and the cause of his opposition to Mr. McGee. Mr. Devlin, we learn, is an Irish Catholic lawyer, who emigrated to Canada several years ago, and, by his talents and industry, has attained a leading position in Montreal. As a criminal lawyer he has no equal at the Canadian bar. His forensic eloquence is pronounced to be of the first order. Although serving as Colonel of a Volunteer Regiment upon the border during the Fenian excitement of last summer, ready and willing to do battle for his adopted country, yet so great and well known were his abilities that from among the whole Canadian bar he was selected by the American Government to defend the Fenian prisoners captured in the vicinity of St. Alban's. His purse, his talents, and his influence are ever ready at the calls of Religion and Charity; nor is it to be wondered at that with these attributes, combined with an exemplary life and high public spirit, he should be universally esteemed, or that his influence should be wide-spread. With all his influence and ability, however,—although at any time he would make a stout combat against Mr. McGee, if he felt disposed to enter the lists against him—it is believed he would be defeated provided Mr. McGee had done nothing to forfeit the confidence of his countrymen, who constitute a large element in the District of West Montreal.

The rare eloquence and high literary attainments of Mr. McGee, his fine natural talents, which constitute him a man of genius of no mean order, have been so often and so splendidly displayed, and are so widely acknowledged, that nothing short of the grossest violation of political and social morality could drive him out of his stronghold. Of Mr. McGee's moral character we will say nothing; but we boldly pronounce his political life to be a series of blunders from its commencement to the present time. His connection with the Young Ireland Party was a criminal blunder which he can never sufficiently atone for; but we excused him for that and other serious mistakes because we believed him to be actuated by sincerity of purpose until his Wexford speech opened our eyes to that delusion. The lawless and insane counsels of Mr. McGee and his compatriots, in opposition to the wise policy of the illustrious O'Connell, thwarted the efforts of that truly great man to obtain a repeal of the hated Union between England and Ireland, and at length sent him broken-hearted to the grave. The cabbage-garden fiasco led to the arrest of many of Mr. McGee's associates, and compelled himself to seek safety in ignominious flight. The proceedings of his party have left Ireland in political servitude from that day to this. After his arrival in the United States, he subsisted by pandering to, or rather by exciting the passions of his countrymen, and leading them into quagmires where their influence and numbers were lost. Of course the Catholic hierarchy could not witness their people thus led astray without raising a warning voice, and hence Mr. McGee came into collision with the late lamented and distinguished Archbishop of New York. It was only after Mr. McGee had "played himself out" in the United States that he ventured into Canada, to trade, as we verily believe, upon his talents. In Montreal, he started a paper and worked himself into popular favor, although he nearly destroyed his influence at the very outset by opposing the Priesthood and by

attempting to bound down the editor of the Montreal True Witness—a convert to the Catholic Church and a man of unblemished character and great erudition. However, Mr. McGee's countrymen felt justly proud of his superior talents, and, overlooking his failings, elected him to parliament and made him a present of a magnificent dwelling-house splendidly furnished—the present Montgomery Terrace. Imagining that he had effectually secured the support of Irishmen, he has, for some years past, been playing a sort of fast and loose game, which, in other words, may be described as a display of excessive liberalism towards the enemies of his creed and race for the purpose of acquiring their good opinion. This blunder threatens to strand him at the forthcoming elections. When Confederation opened to him the prospect of honours and emoluments, he scrupled at nothing to secure the position. The good name of his countrymen and the fair fame of Irishwomen were sacrificed to his selfish ambition. He entered heart and soul into the scheme, the history of which is but a repetition of his own account of the Irish Union. There are few Irishmen, whatever their political creed may be, who have not read with disgust and anger his atrociously slanderous and toadying speech at Wexford, in 1865, previous to his advent in London, where he and some of his Canadian colleagues subsequently met to deceive the Imperial authorities on the subject of Confederation. In that speech, while lauding British rule, he also gave the lie to the life-long labors of O'Connell, by stigmatising the agitation of his later years as a piece of folly which had nothing to justify it but the honesty of its leaders. The folly of the young Ireland movement is readily admitted, but to imply, as he has cunningly done, for the purpose of securing the favor of English statesmen, that there were no grievances to be removed, was an outrage upon the memory of the illustrious dead, as well as upon the convictions of living Irishmen, which stamps its author as a recreant to his natural instincts, who would sacrifice honor, principle and conscience upon the altar of an intensely selfish ambition. There are no people in the world who appreciate talent in their countrymen more highly than Irishmen, and none so prompt to resent treachery. When in their power, they are not slow to reward talent which is honestly employed; but they cannot abide humbug or treachery. To say that Mr. McGee has been recreant to every principle he honestly held and expressed, is but to state the simple truth; and when this gifted but unprincipled man concluded that he could pander to the anti-Irish sentiment of Englishmen and at the same time retain the confidence of his own countrymen, he committed a blunder which alienated the sympathies of his friends throughout British America. We say this in presence of the extraordinary letter of the Archbishop of Halifax, who has stepped beyond the boundaries of his own jurisdiction to interfere, in behalf of Mr. McGee, in the political affairs of Montreal. We are ready to acknowledge Mr. McGee's great talents, and, up to the last moment that we could honestly do so, we have approved his course; but after duly considering his Wexford speech and his recent public actions, we have to acknowledge, more in sorrow than in anger, that he has prostituted the noble and rare gifts with which God has endowed him, to a selfish and ignoble purpose, nor can we allow his claims to the distinctive appellation of "the O'Connell of British America," which the Archbishop, in the heat of his zeal, bestows upon him. We utterly fail to recognize what Mr. McGee has accomplished in America for his countrymen and co-religionists to entitle him to so honorable a distinction. Whilst we can readily comprehend that where the genius and talent of a country are happily in unison with its honest industry, and strong arms and hearts, an educated, wealthy, strong and powerful community or nation may confidently be looked for, and that a combination of talent and industry is required to produce this result, still, from our knowledge of the case, we cannot resist expressing the conviction that we are, after Emancipation, which conferred upon us equal political privileges with all other denominations, more indebted, as Catholics, for the position and influence which we hold, in this Colony at all events, to the exertions of our industrious Catholic farmers, and to our zealous Bishop in diffusing the blessings of a Christian education, than to any one or more politicians in the Provinces. Indeed we go further and say that if our status in the Colonies be not founded upon morality, intelligence, industry and wealth, but is to be dependent upon the chance leadership of talented and erratic politicians, our future prospects are anything but cheerful. We take no such narrow view of our position as that. On the contrary, we believe that if Mr. McGee were to slide over the Falls of Niagara, the Catholic element in the Dominion would still flourish and assert its full influence. The Catholics of Montreal have evidently taken this view of the case since they have called upon Mr. Devlin to oppose Mr. McGee. Mr. Devlin has yielded to the urgent solicitations of his co-religionists, and the Canadian papers show that he is meeting with marked success. We have heard from gentlemen who have recently been in Montreal, that there is very little doubt of Mr. Devlin's success, notwithstanding His Grace's attempt to magnify Mr. McGee into a political Saviour by the easy process of asserting that but for his timely warning, the Irishmen in the Provinces would have blindly rushed into the Fenian pitfall. The dodge was not a bad one on the part of Mr. McGee to direct public attention upon himself; but we venture to assert that no one outside of an asylum believed for a moment that the Irish in the Provinces would be guilty of so suicidal a piece of folly.

Mr. McGee, it is confidently asserted, will not receive the votes of twenty-five Irishmen in Montreal, so unpopular has he become through the means of his Wexford speech. If the clergy of Montreal saw any necessity for interfering in Mr. McGee's behalf, they possibly would have done so, and we fancy they will not be too well pleased with His Grace of Halifax, whose political manifesto, it is believed, will do more damage to his idol than good. We hope so, as the lesson of defeat seems to be necessary to teach Mr. McGee that "honesty is the best policy," and His Grace, that extravagant puffing of a personal friend at the expense of other deserving men, and, indeed, we might say, at the expense of the whole Irish and Catholic population of British America, is in bad taste, to say the least of it.

The Iron-Old Fanatic has been in this port since our last issue. It is said she will leave to-morrow. She has been detailed to see the Fishing License system carried into effect, and is as vigilant in the discharge of that duty as a cat to steal cream. A visit to this powerful vessel will repay a little time and trouble, and the officers and men are very obliging and attentive in pointing out objects of interest on board.

INCENDIARISM.

INCENDIARIES are again at work among us in this community. On Sunday morning, about half-past five o'clock, a barn belonging to D. Hodgson, Esq., situated on Weymouth street, was totally destroyed by fire—the work of an incendiary. An attempt was also made about five o'clock the same evening to fire a building on Great George Street, known as "Reddin's Red House," but at present belonging to the Hon. J. C. Pope. Fortunately the attempt was discovered in time to defeat it. It is to be regretted that the would-be incendiary was not identified by Mrs. Mahaffy, who caught him at his nefarious work, as we feel satisfied that he would, ere this time, have been made acquainted with Judge Lynch. We also learn that a building in the rear of the Terra Nova House, Sydney Street, was also unsuccessfully attempted to be set on fire. It is to be much deplored that, either through carelessness or design, the community should be so frequently alarmed by the cry of fire. We do not think the police are half so vigilant as they ought to be, and it is quite high time that the City Council should set about organizing an efficient Police Staff for the protection of the City. To do this efficaciously, a qualified detective, to serve as Chief and Instructor of Police, should be brought from London or some other large town. Until this is done, all the money spent upon night watches and policemen is simply wasted. Our present police are as good, we dare say, as can be found in the community, but they are incapable of performing any more important duties

A few weeks ago we forgot to chronicle the departure from amongst us of the Rev. George Sutherland, who, finding this Colony either too hot or too small to hold him, started for New Zealand on a religious speculation. Whenever a great man stirs abroad, we like to be posted in his movements; but as no earthquake or violent convulsion of nature marked his departure, not even the shedding of a few crocodile tears from those he served not wisely but too well, we would have altogether overlooked our little great man in his flight to the antipodes, were it not for a letter of his which recently appeared in the *Islander*. This letter is dated Panama, June 2, 1867, and recounts the history of his voyage from New York to Aspinwall, and thence to Panama. The size of the steamer, the number of her passengers, and the "Turks, Jews and Heathens" by whom he was surrounded—and to some of whom he preached Christ—all these particulars are minutely detailed. At Aspinwall he was pressed by some negro vendors to buy Havana cigars and light wines, but as he indulged in neither of these luxuries, he regaled himself on oranges. Whatever other small duties to nature he may have discharged the reader is left to infer. A ride on the rail brought him to Panama City, where he put up at the "Grand Hotel," opposite to which is an old cathedral with two lofty towers, with a clock and a chime of bells, which keep ringing nearly half the day and night. The chimes, we can well fancy, had not near the charms for him that the weather-vane or the top of his little church on Prince Street possessed; but whatever his opinion upon this point may have been, he appears to have been perfectly horrified, and to have given his eyes an extra roll heavenward, at the celebration of *Corpus Christi* in the Cathedral. "I went," says he, "to see the ceremony—and such a scene! It would require a whole sheet to describe it. There were about 300 women present, besides a few men and many children—four priests in golden vestments, with their attendants in various costumes. I will never forget the scene. I prayed for their deliverance from superstition. How gladly would I have mounted their pulpit and preached Christ to them." From this choice extract it will be seen that, although the Rev. gentleman had changed his climate and basked in all the luxuriant beauties of the tropics, his narrow disposition had not in the least changed—realizing the truth of the verse of Old Horace: "Culorum non alicuius mutant, qui trans mare currunt." The Rev. gentleman affects to regard with supreme contempt a congregation of over 300 persons—conveniently forgetting that in his palmist days, even in a community where he could make himself understood, he never was able to assemble one-fifth of that number—including old maids *galore* at that. The most educated portion of his hearers were either excommunicated or forced— notwithstanding the unctuousness of his pulpit oratory—to withdraw from the church by his superciliousness and tyrannical disposition. Considering that Catholicism is the same in Prince Edward Island as elsewhere, we are surprised that his bowels of compassion, which were violently moved (perhaps from an over-indulgence in the oranges referred to) in behalf of the benighted and superstitious Catholics of "Panama City, Coast of the Pacific," did not stir him to preach Christ to the same benighted class in this Colony. We cannot resist smiling in contempt at the cant sympathy of this man for the spiritual blindness of those who, in practical Christianity, he illustrated in charity and meekness, set an example for him to follow, and many.

Christian doctrine, moral philosophy, and the higher ranges of literature and science, could teach him more by far than his limited intellect is capable of receiving. It is all very well for him to express his meek sympathy for the spiritual darkness of Catholics to a few ignoramuses who know no better; but if these lines should ever come under his notice, we would, at this distance, advise him to cease pandering to the prejudices of his co-religionists, by misrepresenting Catholic ceremonies and doctrines, about which he knows comparatively nothing. He succeeded, for a time, in fanning in this community the flames of a sectarian animosity which have not yet been thoroughly extinguished; and what good, let us ask, has resulted from his labors? He may himself have received a few crumbs of comfort from the friends whom he helped to place in power; but even these were not sufficient to prevent him from seizing upon church property for his support, nor to save him from at length flying from the country to a distant and more congenial field of labor, and one where he is less known, than in the British American Provinces. The experience of his residence in this Colony should teach him the folly of raising the religious bowl, which may succeed for a time, but is certain to end in disaster and disgrace. The people of New Zealand, whither he is bound, ought to be acquainted with his history in Prince Edward Island, so that any attempts he may make to trade upon the religious convictions and to disturb the good feelings of the community in which he may locate himself, will be ignominiously defeated. "Teaching Christ," we imagine, does not consist in ridiculing or defaming the religious convictions of others, but rather in teaching charity among all classes, who, even though at different altars, acknowledge their dependence upon God, and in inculcating the practice of every virtue with the view of attaining Heaven—a doctrine which never yet seems to have dawned upon the clouded intellect of "G. S."

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