

Orange nonsense. Your ideas about liberty and justice, lawyer though you be, are evidently very misty. It does not seem to enter into your fanatical brain that Catholics can have any rights at all. The British Constitution, the elective franchise, the ballot and polling booth, and the public press, you seem to think were meant for the sole and exclusive use and benefit of Protestants and Orangemen. Modest enough, truly. But it won't do, Mr Barton, it won't do. You are behind the age. I am no Irishman myself, and have no Irish Catholic prejudices. Irish Orangemen, I dare say, are mighty fine fellows, loyal to the backbone, and brave as lions; ready to send the Pope and all his belongings to Old Nick. But you must not run away with the idea that your amiable sect monopolise all the loyalty, patriotism, knowledge and common sense in the British dominions; and that we benighted Catholics never read history, nor reflect on the lessons it teaches us. Go to, Sir; go to; and before you next venture to break a lance with Dr. Moran, learn to shew a little more modesty, decency, and good breeding, and respect for truth, or to put it more politely, be more full and exact in your statement of facts. As a New Zealander, and a Catholic, I thank you much for the compliment you pay the Catholics in this colony and elsewhere, when you represent them as possessing so much political power as you impute to them in the course of your letter to Dr. Moran. It will be our own fault if we do not make our power tell, along with our Protestant allies, in defending right against might, and ourselves against such men as Mr Barton and his very temperate Orange fraternity.—LAIR.

MEN AND MANNER IN PARLIAMENT.

(From the 'Gentlemen's Magazine.')

MR DISRAELI'S manner in the House of Commons is one strongly marked, and is, doubtless undesignedly, calculated to increase the personal interest which has for more than a quarter of a century been taken in him by the public. Either because his colleagues do not care to chat with him, or because he discourages private conversations in the House, Mr Disraeli always sits apart in a sort of grim loneliness. Mr Gladstone is, except when he sleeps, rarely quiet for a moment, frequently engaging in conversation with those near him, often laughing heartily himself, and being the cause of laughter in his interlocutors. When Mr Disraeli enters the House and takes his accustomed seat, he crosses one leg over the other, folds his arms, hangs down his head, and so sits for hours at a time in statuesque silence. When he rises to speak he generally rests his hand on the table for a moment, but it is only for a moment, for he invariably endeavors to gain the ear of his audience by making a point at the outset, and the attitude which he finds conducive to the happy delivery of points is to stand balancing himself upon his feet with his hands in his coat-tail pockets. In this position, with his head hung down as if he were mentally debating how best to express a thought that has just occurred to his mind, Mr Disraeli slowly utters the polished and poisoned sentences over which he has spent laborious hours in the closet. Mr Bright is a great phrase-maker, and comes down to the house with the gems ready cut and polished to fit the setting of a speech. But no one could guess from Mr Bright's manner that the phrases he drops in as he goes along are fairly written out on a slip of paper carried in his waistcoat pocket as he crossed the bar of the House. He has the art to hide his art, and his hearers may well fancy they see the process of the formation of the sentences actually going on in the mind of the orator, all aglow as it is with the passion of eloquence. But the merest tyro in the House knows a moment beforehand when Mr Disraeli is approaching what he regards as a convenient place in his speech for dropping in the phrase-gem he pretends to have just found in an odd corner of his mind. They see him leading up to it; they note the disappearance of his hands in the direction of his coat-tail pockets, sometimes in search of the pocket-handkerchief, which is brought out and shaken with a light and careless air, but most often to extend the coat-tails, whilst with body gently rocked to and fro, and an affected hesitancy of speech, the speaker produces his *bon mot*. For the style of repartee in which Mr Disraeli indulges—which may be generally described as a sort of solemn chaffing, varied by strokes of polished sarcasm, this manner is admirable, in proportion as it has been seldom observed.

The 'Universe' says:—"The re-election of Mr G. H. Whalley for the borough of Peterborough appeared to us about the most curious, nay, mysterious fact connected with the general election in England. We know that many constituencies in that country were remarkable for their religious bigotry, but we also thought that those constituencies, if they sought by bigoted representatives, would not at least elect men likely to bring them into ridicule. But, by all accounts, Mr Whalley and his constituents are entirely worthy of each other. In a letter addressed to the 'Weekly Register' by the Very Rev. Canon Seed, of Peterborough, we find the following passage:—"There is in this celebrated city a public cemetery, and Catholics have a portion allotted to themselves for the burial of their dead. The enlightened Peterborough Cemetery Commissioners, into whose hands arbitrary powers are committed, which they seem to know only how to abuse, for years past have refused to allow what every devoted Catholic wishes to see on the tombstone of his departed relative or friend. "Of your charity pray for the soul of," are words forbidden by the wisdom of this Cemetery Board. Lately, the Rev. Father Duff died, and was buried at Peterborough. An unostentatious Catholic inscription was prepared, "*Orate pro anima* Rev. Joannis Duff, &c., but the three first words were struck out by our fanatical commissioners, on the veracious grounds that it was a *Protestant cemetery*." Well, indeed, may the writer ask, in conclusion, if there be known such flagrant intolerance in any other part of the civilised world."

The Polish Princess Czartoryski, recently converted to the Catholic faith, has made over the whole of her immense fortune and estate to a Catholic convent in Posen.

FRIGHTFUL SUFFERINGS AT SEA.

THE ship *Arracan* was burnt at sea in lat. 3.26 N. and long. 65.30 E., about the middle of February last, when the captain and crew had to take to their boats. One of the boats, with the chief officer and four men, arrived at Coochin on the 17th March, and subsequently the captain and eight men managed to make their way in the long-boat to Aden. The third boat, the pinnace, with the second officer and four men has now arrived at Calcutta, having been picked up at sea by the City of Manchester. A passenger by the latter vessel furnishes the 'Friend of India' with the following particulars, which were obtained from the second officer:—"On the 20th March, we picked up, in the Arabian Sea, lat. 7.56 N. long. 63.5 E., a small boat containing the second mate and four men of the barque *Arracan*, all dreadfully emaciated and sunburnt. Two of them were so weak that they had to be lifted on board. The poor fellows had been tossing about in that open on a tropical sea for 32 days. Their 10 days' stock of provisions and water was utterly exhausted on the 9th March. During the 11 days which followed, they had eaten only two birds, four flying fish, and a few barnacles from the boat's bottom, drinking only sea water. Every kindness was shown to them, and in a few days the doctor and volunteer nurses brought them all round, though it was feared that one or two might not rally." The details are supplied by Mr Webster, the second officer, whose steadiness and decision of character, under most trying circumstances, cannot be sufficiently admired:—"The three boats kept together until Friday night, the 26th February, when they lost the captain's boat. The following Monday night the pinnace was stove by a heavy sea, so that they were obliged to throw over many things to lighten her. After this she would not go to windward, and they soon lost sight of the mate's boat. They mended the boats, side as well as they could, but she continued to leak so badly that they had to keep one man constantly baling. Had it not been for this necessity for constant work, Mr Webster thinks he could never have kept the men from killing each other. One of the men accidentally broke the compass. They had no chart, only a sextant. Mr Webster kept the boat by the wind, and hoped, how vainly he did not know, to make the Maldives Islands. March 9th he wrote: 'Divided the last morsel of bread between us. All in good health except the boy, and thankful to God for His mercies.' Two days after one of the older sailors, Davis, proposed casting lots. The mate refused to have anything to do with it, and told them as always afterwards, that there should be no man-eating in that boat while he lived. The same day, in the afternoon, while Mr Webster was asleep, the four cast lots, and the short lot fell to the younger boy, Billy Horner. He went apart to say his prayers, but as Davis was preparing his knife to kill him the mate awoke and prevented him. After that he threw over-board all the knives but two, one for himself and one for the older boy, and made Billy stay by him in the stern of the boat all the time. The two elder sailors, Davis and Layford, were much displeased and plotted to kill the mate, and tried to do so more than once, but the older boy, Francis Stobie, warned him. After that the mate and boy kept alternate watches, so that the men could do nothing unobserved. The heat was so intense that they spent much of the day-time in the water, regardless of sharks, which they saw occasionally. They chewed lead to moisten their throats a little. They tried to eat their boots but these were too salt; also their oilskins, and some jelly fish which they caught by diving, and dried, but they were too bitter, and devoid of nourishment. Mr Webster read to them from the Bible and Spurgeon's 'Morning by Morning,' and prayed with them every day. This seemed to quiet the men for a time, but they would grow discontented and mutinous again, with spells of delirium. One day Davis swore he would either kill the boy or sink the boat in 12 hours. He had already tried to do both, beside refusing to work repeatedly. The mate felt that he ought to shoot him. He raised his gun and snapped it at him, but it did not explode. Two minutes after, just as he had put a fresh cap on, a bird flew over the boat, and he shot it dead. The men rushed for it. It was quickly picked up, divided, and devoured, inwards, bones, and all but feathers. Davis then returned to his duty. The day before they were rescued was the worst. Layford knocked off work, and told Davis that he wished he would kill him when he was asleep. 'Very well' said Davis. A few minutes after, Davis struck him with a marlinspike. The blood gushed out, and Davis drank it eagerly, giving Stobie a little. A struggle ensued for the marlinspike; Layford got it at last and threw it overboard. Then they tried to kill each other, bruising and biting each other like wild beasts. Both were too weak to succeed. When exhausted, they would ask forgiveness, shake hands, and kiss each other. Soon the delirium would return, and they would begin again. The next day would have decided the fate of one or two probably had they not been picked up. The boat was some five miles south of the steamer's course, and was only recognised by its lug sail. The above statements are substantiated by all in the boat."

The New York correspondent of the 'Standard' says:—"In days when the future of Ireland is a subject especially interesting to many people, a description of a *Vision of Ireland*, as given on the first page of an Irish National paper published in New York, ought to be read with some avidity. The *Vision*, or rather the picture of it, occupies two-thirds of the large page. The central figure in it is a young woman, dressed in a classical *negligee*, standing in a fog near some ruins. She leans on the traditional harp, and holds in her hand a light cross. Behind her a gigantic sun is either rising or setting behind some mountains. Beneath her feet flies an ugly angel with trailing skirts, and holding a drawn sword in her hand, pointing the way to St. Paul's Cathedral and apparently directing the movements of a miscellaneous body of troops, cavalry, artillery, and infantry which, headed by the banners of Ireland and America, is on the point of immersing itself in the waters of the Thames. Meanwhile a flash of lightning breaking from the clouds over St. Paul's Cathedral makes as straight as a thunderbolt can for a flag-staff from which the Union Jack is flying. The flag-staff is shattered, and the symbol of the United Kingdom is falling.