

to a sinner or told a sinner he should be saved without baptism. Now when I mention the Lord's law of pardon, and Mr. Davis calls it my "baptismal fallacy," he must abide the consequences. If I pervert that law or alter it in any way it is his business to show it, but if he cannot show that I have done so, he may rest assured that it is not my teachings he denounces, but the teaching of the Holy Spirit.

His next protest is against my "misrepresentations." In looking over the part of his letter which treats of this, I fail to gather what these misrepresentations are. It may be that I have misunderstood him, or I may not be most fortunate in the words I use. Or he may not have understood me. But one thing I know, I did not wish to misrepresent him, and of another I am confident—if Mr. Davis will point out the place of which he complains, fairly quoting his words in the passage, and mine in the review of that passage, and make it appear that I have misrepresented him, I will give him any satisfaction that fairness demands. Will he let us have the passage and my remarks and try if it can be amicably settled?

He says he will not put baptism where I put it—in the scheme of salvation. Does he not see that this has been all settled long ago, and that we are bound to accept the scheme as the Lord gave it, without putting any thing in it, or on it, or to it?

He begins this letter by a protest against "Unworthy" insinuation and ends with the three following sentences. 1st. "And then I am maligned as though I undervalued ordinances and encouraged men to disobey their Lord." 2nd. "Well, if men will thus break the ninth commandment they must do it and abide the consequences." 3rd. "Meanwhile I am well content to await the verdict of heaven, quite certain that the Master will never hold me guilty for refusing in the great concerns of salvation to adulterate with the water of baptism, his own thrice precious and infinitely efficacious blood." Now I ask Mr. Davis if each one of these contains an "insinuation" or does it not? And if it does, is it an "unworthy" or a worthy insinuation? 1st. Who maligns him? 2nd. Who breaks the ninth commandment? 3rd. Who holds him guilty for refusing to adulterate with the waters of baptism the precious blood of the Lord? Now since it was proved that his first protest was aimed at a chimera, how will it do to turn it with all its force against these THREE "unworthy insinuations"? I will attend to other letters next week.

Yours fraternally,
D. CRAWFORD.

New Glasgow, July 23th, 1870.

For the Christian Messenger.

LETTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

CITY OF CORK, IRELAND, July 30th, 1870.

Dear Editor,—

I travelled by river steamer from Queenstown to Cork; eleven miles up the Lee. Some villages on the right bank of the river, beautiful and neat in themselves, and more beautiful in their surroundings, were formerly, according to Father Prout, in a very different condition. They are thus described by that priestly, Irish poet:

"Mud cabins swarm in
This place so charmin',
With sailors' garments
Hung out to dry;
And each abode is
Snug and commodious,
With pigs melodious
In their straw built sty.

"Tis there the turf is,
And lots of murphies,
And oyster shells
Nor any lack, oh!
Of good tobacco,
Tho' what is smuggled
By far excels."

Now, these villages are the resort of invalids who enjoy Turkish Baths, water and land scenery of great variety, and a soft and balmy air. Ascending the river there is no decrease in charm and beauty. Villas and villages on both sides of the Lee are partially or fully seen through groves which adorn the billowy hills that meet the eye in every direction.

A monumental tower looks down upon the river from one of these heights on the north; and it so stands as to crown with good effect the scene of natural and artistic beauty above which it rises. It was placed there by a Mr. Conner in honour of Father Mathew the apostle of teetotalism in Ireland. About three miles below the city, on a tongue of land, jutting out from the south bank of the Lee, stands Black Rock Castle—a modern structure on ancient ruins. Here it is said William Penn embarked for America. Of the two entrance gateways of the Castle, one is opened only for the corporation of the City of Cork when they annually assert their rights of jurisdiction by shooting a silver arrow outside the into harbour.

The Lee parts into two streams above the city, which unite again below it. The centre of Cork is an island. From this flat centre

which was originally a marsh (Irish Corroch) the city gets its name. It extends up the rising grounds from both sides of this sunken, central portion. Ornamental trees which are largely excluded from the low part abound on the elevations.

Among the many calamities which have befallen this old city, was a heavy joke by Oliver Cromwell, who, on being rebuked for melting down the church bells for ordinance, replied that "since gunpowder was invented by a priest, he thought the best use for bells would be to promote them into cannons" (canons).

Among the public walks is especially noticeable that below the city on the right bank of the river. It follows the margin of the river, for upwards of two miles, and together with the Park beside it, has been formed from the dredgings of the Lee. The corporation has spared no pains to beautify this broad and delightful breathing place for the citizens. Another, called the Mardyke, at the upper part of the city, is scarcely less beautiful, though not so spacious. It is about thirty feet wide and a mile in length.

Each side is fringed with a row of fine elms whose abundant foliage, interwoven, forms a charming Gothic archway. Lighted by gas lamps pendant along the centre of this archway, the effect is very striking in the evening.

The city is clean and pleasing in its general aspect. The buildings are varied and irregularly thrown together. The streets are generally narrow, but some are wide, one of which is St. Patrick's, the Granville Street of Cork. Where this street terminates on the north bank of the river, and at a bridge of the same name, is a colossal statue of Father Mathew, from two sides of the pedestal of which, are jets of water, convenient for the burning throats in the whisky shops about the neighborhood. There are a number of public buildings of note, among which are the Court House, Queen's College, and the Insane Asylum. In the latter there are 630 pauper patients, one hundred more than the building is licensed to accommodate.

The county of Cork—Agricultural show was held in this city during the week. There was a good exhibition of implements. Most of the farming utensils were too large and heavy judged by Nova Scotian standard. The cattle were very fine and large. The same might be said of the sheep, one was estimated to weigh 60 lb. per quarter. One hundred and fifty horses were exhibited, many of them were hunters. The ability of these horses was tried by riding them in a circle, and making them jump as they went a stone wall four feet high, a hedge of the same height, and a ditch nine feet wide, filled with water. This show was attended by the higher and middle classes, both men and women. The latter displayed a great deal of fearlessness; when the show broke up, and cattle, horses and carts were pouring out through a common gateway, there was no timidity manifested by the ladies, who passed out in the general stream as if danger was not to be thought of.

The fish markets and police court furnish a good turn out of the lowest class in the City. Although the city is clean, these people are dirty. Many women of this class cannot provide themselves with shoes and stockings. They lined the steps of the police court and the aisles of the fish markets, holding their plump babies in their arms. The freshness seen in the faces of all classes, is in striking contrast with the sallow complexion of Americans. It is visible through all the squalor of the lowest places in the city. Take the dirtiest urchin from the street, wash and clothe him, and he would be an ornament for any parlour.

The Irish southern Celt, at least in the lower classes is essentially a creature of animal spirits and temperament. His intellect is the last thing to be reached, and when reached, is seldom able to assert itself for a moment, apart from the crowd of turbulent impulses which leap into full life on the slightest occasion. Dull of comprehension, without anything approaching careful and accurate analysis, literal to absurdity, and innocently blundering out his stupidity at every turn, these men of Munster call into requisition the patience of the man of Uz, in him who undertakes to drill a clear round idea through their sensuous tissues into the brain.

There is little pure wit about them, but in their inexhaustible humor which flows in their animal spirits, lays like oil on your vexed soul, and wins the heart in spite of you. Butter, blarney, and brogue are staples here, and the absurdity of the colloquial is fairly representative of the incongruous elements which enter into the character of the people referred to. Respectful, deceitful, and covetous, they are the faithful servants of their impulses. They know little of conduct and life whose source is a thoughtful and intelligent perception of principles. Hence the readiness with which they rush into brawls and street rows, and, in part, the unreasoning opposition to the British Government, and their migration to an unnecessary degree from their own country. Hence, also, the power over them of Romish superstition, and sensuous worship.

And what about Blarney, some of your readers will say? I had a delightful excursion thither. I could not think of leaving Cork without visiting the "Groves of Blarney," and the castle built in 1449 by the powerful chieftain of Munster, Cormac MacCarthy. Accompanied by a friend, I walked to the village, distant about five miles from Cork. The Irish, as our school boys know, give good measure of distance, putting about one quarter more into a mile than other people. The Castle and estate on which it is situated are owned by Sir George Colthurst, M. P. We had no difficulty in gaining access to the grounds and castle. The old ruin stands strong even in decay. Its walls are of hugely thick limestone, strong enough to resist any thing short of gunpowder. Cromwell's soldiers made a breach in its wall with heavy shot. The chief feature of the castle as it now stands, is a mas-

sive square tower, about 120 feet high. Ascending the tower we found an American gentleman and lady on the walls. The view from the top was excellent. A clear sky enabled us to take in the scene all around. On the west the vale reached away to the horizon, on the east it was cut off by distant hills, while on the north and south undulating hills bounded the vision. Below were the village, shaven fields, new mown hay, pasture lands, and the leafy groves. But few houses were to be seen, though the land, as far as the eye could reach, was under tillage.—Our Yankee tourist soon spied the "Blarney Stone," of world-wide fame, and grew exceedingly restless to kiss the stone,

"That whoever kisses,
O, he never misses,
To grow eloquent."

My friend fell to chaffing him about the Yankee hunger for relics, and rallied him about the style in which the people of the Northern States carried off the house of Jefferson Davis, splinter by splinter. The Yankee said that he "teuk a leetle bit of Jeff's mantlepiece" himself, and while acknowledging the foolish extent to which scrap-gatherers go, set about devising some way by which he could obtain a piece of the "real stone." I may remark that the stone is an ordinary limestone forming part of the southern wall of the castle. It is held in place by two iron stakes, and is difficult to get at. I will not say anything about the laughable scene which followed, how two strong men on the top of the wall, held a third by his heels to chip and smack the genuine *oculatorium*, the *petra scandali*.

After a visit to the natural cave under the rock on which the castle is built, a ramble through the ivy-clad enclosure, and a walk along the walls of defence, we visited Blarney Lake; a pretty sheet of water of some 18 acres in extent, and about half-a-mile distant from the castle. On our way we came upon some fine old elms and oaks, one of the latter sending out its branches some 45 feet on every side. Returning to the castle we got admission to the celebrated "Groves of Blarney," planted in order by the sweet "Rock Close." Here was everything to gratify the taste and delight the eye. Clear purring streams, massive rocks, trees of all sorts, the ever-green oak and the African pine on the verdant sward, flowers, gravel walks, the shadiest bowers under the leafiest groves, and the lawns fit for fairies. O, thought I, (shades of the MacCarthy's forgive the thought), that we could hold our next picnic here, what a feast of delights the children, both old and young, would enjoy! How the boys and girls would play hide-and seek through the "Witches Stairs"—some 30 stone steps through the solid rock down to the sylvan glade below!

Returning to the city by another road, we had a pleasant walk in the still evening under a cloudless sky. The bells of Shandon

"That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee."

chimed out their notes from the "pepper-box steeple." On a subsequent day we visited the Shandon Church, constructed of limestone from the old Franciscan Abbey where James II. heard mass, and red sandstone from the ruins of Lord Barry's Castle, once the residence of the lords president of Munster. The architect of Shandon steeple was forced to combine these inharmonious materials by building two sides of the white, and two of the red stone.

"Party colored, like the people,
Red and white stands Shandon steeple."

Yours truly,
EDWARD MANNING.

Dominion and Foreign News

OTTAWA, Aug. 19.—The Privy Council have resumed their sittings.

The alarm has rung for fire. The fire has entered the city at Chaudiere. Business has been ordered to be suspended. Shutters are on everywhere, and all the people have been called out to fight the fire. A panic prevails throughout the city. The wind is blowing hard. A terrific conflagration is feared.

For a month fires have been raging in the woods along the Ottawa valley, both above and below the city. The City is filled with smoke and floating cinders and the fire is so close that the town is actually illuminated.

A special telegram to the St. John Telegraph dated Ottawa, Thursday evening, furnishes the following particulars:—

We have had a repetition of the Saguenay fire in the Ottawa Valley.

Yesterday, at two o'clock, the wind rose and from six till after midnight blew a hurricane, breaking down ornamental trees and tearing off shutters on all sides.

The villages of Bell's Corner, Richmond, Cord, and others, each containing 30 to 40 houses are utterly destroyed.

Hundreds of houses, with barns, crops, some live stock, and at least ten human lives are known to be lost in the thinly settled districts outside of the villages.

Opposite here the Gatineau Valley was swept, Gilmour's mills and fifty million feet of lumber was destroyed. The inhabitants only escaped by getting on rafts and drifting down to the Ottawa river where they arrived this morning.

A village of fifty houses, at Hull Mines, was totally destroyed, the workmen taking refuge in the mines and the river.

All the mills have stopped work. Details coming in from the country shew great suffering, and hundreds of people are beggared.

A number of bridges on the Gatineau River, a portion of the Canada Central Railway track, one station, a telegraph office and some cars have been destroyed.

Aug. 20.—A strong east wind, which set in last night, and the flooding of the city from the canal, have saved Ottawa, which was in great danger.

MONTREAL, Aug. 18.—A very destructive fire broke out this morning in Cote street, a French village at the west end of the city.

Fifty houses were burnt, and over 100 families rendered homeless and destitute.

Loss sixty thousand dollars.

The Firemen's annual picnic and games today had a melancholy termination. A spectator dropped dead while looking at the games.

Fire reported at Vandreuil to-day. Three horses and stables burnt, and fire spreading rapidly and strong wind blowing.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By Atlantic Telegraph.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

LONDON, Aug. 15.—Disturbances of a serious character have occurred at Marseilles and Lyons. Crowds collected in the streets shouting "A Bas l'Empereur." Three persons were killed. A strong rebellious feeling is manifested, and serious fears are entertained of trouble to-day, being the Emperor's fete day.

Aug. 15.—Revolutionary movements of a formidable character have recently occurred in Italy as well as Spain.

Proclamations establishing Republicanism in both countries are hourly expected.

Aug. 16.—The Telegraph believes that two great battles were fought on Sunday, one at Pagny, east of Metz, and the other at Longueville.

Aug. 17.—The Emperor is believed to be the actual commander of the army.

The Exhibition of 1871, in this city, will not be postponed on account of the war.

Aug. 18.—On Monday the French army engaged the Prussians before Metz. The latter suffered heavy losses. The French retired on Verdun.

On Monday the Emperor was at Gravelott with 60,000 men.

Subsequent engagements occurred at Longueville and other places.

The French are constantly fighting and retreating, contesting every step.

The London "Times" says, all day Monday and a good part of Tuesday, the French were fighting their way to get a position against the enemy on his rear and flank, and their progress was consequently slow. On Tuesday night they reached no further than Etain, 16 miles from Metz.

The Prussians continue to claim victory.

We have it on high authority fresh from Paris that it is the universal conviction there that the Napoleonic dynasty is ended. The Emperor having packed up and despatched all her valuables including pictures of inestimable price, has left for England by the way of Belgium. It is believed that the Emperor is also on his way to this country by the same track. He does not dare to return to Paris.

Berlin telegrams contain reports that on Tuesday last another great and sanguinary battle occurred at Pont-a-Mussions, six miles south of Metz. It is positively stated that the forces engaged numbered upwards of 200,000 men.

The battle was terrific and the losses frightful on both sides. The engagement was prolonged for twelve hours.

The French armies were driven into Metz after having suffered terribly.

King William congratulated the Prussian soldiers in person on the field in the evening after the battle.

The French are endeavoring to hinder the advance of the Prussians, so as to concentrate their forces and organize the army at Chalons.

London telegrams predict that a decisive battle will be fought soon on the plains of Chalons between the combined armies of both nations.

It is thought that seven hundred thousand men and two thousand guns will be engaged.

Aug. 19.—Late despatches from Berlin and Paris state that the fighting on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday was very sanguinary, and almost continuous. Three times were the French armies defeated, and only saved from irretrievable ruin by the guns of Metz.

The French were once victorious, but they gained nothing. Every attempt of theirs to retreat and concentrate on a new line has been frustrated.

The London "Times" says that avenues of supply to Metz will be scarce indeed, unless Marshal Bazaine succeeds in cutting through two Prussian armies, and unless this is done, which is next to impossible, Metz must capitulate to the Prussians.

The London "News" has a despatch from Brussels, stating that the Emperor Napoleon is in a fearful state of mind, and exclaims that he has been betrayed.

Aug. 20.—A great battle was fought on Thursday. The Prussian forces, commanded by King William in person, encountered the French army a little west of Metz, and after an obstinate struggle, which lasted nearly ten hours, succeeded in driving the French from their chosen position.

The position of the French was exceedingly strong, and they fought with a desperate courage throughout, but were at length compelled to retire before the victorious Prussians.

The defeat of the French was most complete, and it is known that their army at the present moment is frightfully demoralized.

Paris this morning is fearfully excited over the news received from the army.

The flight of M. Ollivier is now fully confirmed. The family of Prince Napoleon, with all their valuables, have left for Switzerland.