[From the London Morning Herald.]

CONVERSATION WITH A ROMANIST PRIEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING HERALD.

[illegible] articles of a morning paper [illegible] curs:—"We shall not stone them (the Roman Catholics) as idolators, though they want but the power to burn us as heretics."

As a practical illustration of the truth of the above, may I be permitted, through your columns, to relate the substance of a conversation which I had on last Friday, the 15th inst., with a Roman Catholic priest in this City.

Our interview was occasioned simply by the following circumstances:—A young gentleman, a member of a Protestant family, was some five years ago induced to become a Roman Catholic. He was much esteemed by the highest authorities in his newly-adopted faith—was for a time in Oscott—at the Oratory in Birmingham; and lately at the Dominican College at Woodchester, near Stroud. In these places he had been preparing for the Romish priesthood; yet during the course of his studies many doubts arose in his mind, all which were further confirmed by the fact that *consecrated* hosts had been administered in a *corrupted* and *mouldy* state! That "the real body and blood of Christ," which God had promised "should see no corruption," that *it* should thus present a *corrupted* condition appeared to him an insuperable difficulty. He consulted his confessor, and was met by mere evasions. He then consulted very high authorities in the Romish Church elsewhere, who might here be named, and whose letters he retains, and received from them in reply worse than evasions.—These only confirmed his doubts, when happily he met with a devoted clergyman in his own neighborhood, whose ministry the young man's family attended. With him he had many interviews, which happily ended in his return to the truth.

Just then I met with him. We have since been very intimate one with the other. Attempts have been, however, not left untried by his Romish friends to win him back to Rome. One friend of his, a Roman Catholic priest, who had once been a Protestant, wrote to my young friend, expressing his anxiety to see him, and stating that "he felt an inward inspiration" in his soul that he would be made the means of restoring him to the Romish Church.

Under these circumstances, my advice to the young man was, that he should accept the interview, provided I should be permitted to accompany him. He wrote to his friend accordingly, and received in reply a letter expressing his delight at the prospect of seeing him. His letter proceeded thus:—"No objection, my dear fellow, to one friend, nor ten, nor fifty—even though they be so many John Cummings. As you allow me the selection of a day, I will come on Friday next, the feast of St. Theresa, *who, I doubt not, will help me* to resolve your doubts. Don't look forward to our meeting as anything dreadful, but just offer up a little bit of a prayer (an Ave Maria?)—Come, you can't object to that."

Hence the interview of which I now write, and I must say that so extraordinary was the conversation of the Roman Catholic priest, or rather, so clear and unmitigated the Popish sentiments by him expressed, I told him in plain words, that although I should not wish to take any undue advantage of a private conversation, yet he should understand that I would take occasion to publish the remarks which he made during our interview: to this he assented.

The Roman Catholic priest of whom I now write is the Rev. John Bonus, late of Greenwich, now of Moorfields; his letters to my young friend can be seen, and whatever is here detailed was expressed in the presence of this young man, who will, if required, certify as to the accuracy of my narration.

The costume of Mr. Bonus on the occasion was strictly Romish; his manner was as though he would make short work of my friend's doubt, and at once restore his confidence in Rome. "You have been scandalised, no doubt," said he, "by the want of piety and zeal evinced by your former Roman Catholic friends." "By no means," said my friend, "quite the contrary; 'tis true, I have witnessed scenes inconsistent with the professions made, yet I have not for these reasons abandoned our church. I do indeed remember one evening at Woodchester, when a Dominican preached, and in his sermon spoke of the B. V. Mary in terms which ought to be applied to Christ alone; and when I left the chapel after the sermon, one of the priests told me, in his own private apartment, that such preaching would do harm to the cause. 'It may do very well for old women,' he said, 'but *we* don't believe such things!' These were unpleasant revelations for Mr. Bonus, and he quickly led away my friend to the awful deed which he had done in leaving the Holy Church. He dwelt specially on the word "holy." Whereupon I, for the first time, addressed him, by asking what he would think of a person who should sanction immorality? He replied, that he would think very badly of him. And what then, I asked, would you think of a body of men—a church—which would sanction immorality? He gave the same answer. I then asked, "Have you ever read the Theology of St. Alphonsus Liguori?" "I have," said he, "what of it?" "Have you read this treatise on the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal'—where he actually defines the sum which may be abstracted from a person, and yet no great sin committed?" Mr. Bonus then turned from me, stating that I knew nothing at all about these things, and requested that I would allow him to speak to his friend without interruption. I remarked that such reply was no answer to my objection. He had spoken of his church being "holy," and I insisted on my objection being answered. He replied that, in order that I should know their dogmatic theology, I should be acquainted with the principles thereof; that I should be quite made up on such points, as *de actibus humanis* and *de conscientia*, and so forth; and that till then I could not *understand* their theology. I said, 'Theology was made and intended for all men; and more than that, God's command is very explicit—'Thou shalt not steal.' Why then, require all this preliminary knowledge, especially if such knowledge should run directly counter to the express command of God?' These and such like remarks presently induced him again to request that I would keep silence. "Well," said I, "now hear my friend's reason for leaving your church; and we shall then hear your answers."

The case of the corrupted wafers" was then adduced as one reason. The priest at once lay back in his chair, and proceeded to assure my young friend that before he himself became a Romanist he had been an avowed infidel; that doubts overwhelmed him, &c.; warned the young man of death and judgement, &c., and thus proceeded until I felt myself again obliged to interfere and recall him to the real question. This annoyed him a little, but I thus stated the objection: "You, as a Roman Catholic, say that the wafer, is changed into the body and blood of very Christ, and that Christ is truly and bodily there. Now in the 16th Psalm it is written, 'Thou wilt not suffer thine *Holy One to see corruption.*' The *consecrated* wafers now in question did see corruption, and therefore are not and cannot be Christ—*that* is my friend's objection. It is for you now to answer it."

The priest then commenced his explanation, and after reminding the young man that if they were alone he could tell him many things! he resumed, "You must know," said he, "that in your Church sacraments are *magic spells*." I then remarked, "And magic spells require *magicians*," to which he quickly and pevishly replied, "Well, we are *magicians* in that sense." He then entered on a dissertation relative to "entities," and "quiddities," and "essences," and "substances," and "accidents"—the Monads of Liebnitz and *philosophy* in general, almost to no end, and informed us that he never knew philosophy or metaphysics until by the permission of the cardinal he studied in Louvain University; that there he read all these things, even to *Whately's Logic*. "Why, my friend," said I, "'Whately's Logic' is in the index of prohibited books;" "And so it ought," he replied. He spoke of the changes to which the host is exposed, and said, "I suppose you think if a cat, or a rat, or a mouse should run away with it, or if it should throw it out of the window, that it would be a great indignity to Christ; but I tell you it would not," he said, and endeavoured to prove by *philosophy* that there is no bodily presence at all in the Eucharist, and that if we know philosophy we could understand this. I remarked that the words of the Church of Rome on this subject are express and unmistakeable—"the body and blood, soul and divinity, *bones and sinews*—a whole and perfect Christ"—as the Council of Trent and the Catechism of Trent expressly affirm. All this he, however, endeavoured to explain away—spoke of "realities" and "ideas," &c. I, however, told him that the Church of Rome claims a real true bodily presence, and remarked that a *body* cannot be in more places than one at the same time: to this he replied by saying, "That is just what *an ass* would say!" I asked him then "Could your body—your bones and sinews, be in two places at the same time?" He said that they *could*! "What!" said I, "*do* you mean to say that that body of yours which I now see, may at this time be in *Moorfields* [illegible] most charitable view I could take of the matter was, that his *body* must really be in Moorfields at the time, and that it must be only his *ghost* to which I was then speaking! Each remark of mine drew forth some angry epithet from the priest; so much so that my young friend, in whose house we met, remarked to the priest, "You may call names to Mr. Maguire, but surely you cannot imagine to convince *me* by such answer."

The priest then endeavoured to draw us off to *mesmerism* and *clairvoyance*, and *thence* to support his tottering cause. He invited my friend to come with him to see a newly-invented *machine*, by which *the state of his conscience* would be laid before him, and all the process exposed by which he was led to abandon the Church of Rome—that a friend of his had such to exhibit. All this, of course, was very, very far removed from our subject. The young man's objections was as yet anything but *answered*. The priest changed from threats to exhortations, then to warning, then perchance to *philosophy*, as he called it, but kept very far off from *Scriptural argument*.

At length he stood up and addressed to my friend a rebuke for returning to the Church of England. Whereupon I stood up and asked him what fault he had to find with our Church—what prayer, what form, what one particular could he instance as being objectionable? Your orders,' he replied. "Well," said I, "point out any flaw in *my own* ordination" (I instanced my own as a case whereon to try his objection). His reply was that he had *no objection* to urge in *my* case. "Well now," I replied, "may I in return ask you are *you* a priest at all? Have you *any* certainty that the bishop who ordained you had the *intention* of ordaining you?" He frankly acknowledged that he was not *morally certain* as to whether he was ordained or not, and admitted that if he be not a priest, every priestly function that he discharges is but a *sacrilege*! The expression "*morally certain*" he afterwards corrected for "*mathematically certain*." I reminded him of the awful consequences in which he involved his people—he leads them to believe that he can pardon their sins, and yet he is not *certain* whether he be even a priest, and thus he usurps authority to which he possesses no *certain* title. Again, that after he has, as is thought, consecrated the host—yet if he be not a priest those who worship that host as God, when it is still professedly unchanged, are guilty of idolatry. This he admitted, but limited it to be "*material* idolatry," which, however, I reminded him is the very worst kind of "creature worship." This he denied; whereupon my friend, taking a book of the table, asked the priest "If I worship that book as God, do you mean to say that such worship is not idolatry?" His reply was, *that it would not be so*. Such, sir, is the certainty which on the avowal of a Roman Catholic priest attaches to Rome even in her most solemn sacraments, and such the theology inculcated by her acknowledged teachers.

The priest endeavoured to leave the subject and my friend's objection by entering on "the rule of faith." Before he had gone far, however (still it was all *philosophy*), I laid down the Holy Scriptures beside him as *my* "rule of faith," and demanded of him to lay down *his*, side by side with *mine*. He of course could not; but said that his "rule" is "the authority of his Church." "That is just what I want," I said, and in quired "*How* or *where* can I consult such a "rule?" He then replied, "I am the rule of faith!" "Do you mean *yourself?*" said I. "Yes," he replied, "Well," said I, "that you should be a proper 'rule of faith' you ought to be *infallible*." "And so I am!" he said. "Whatever I teach," he remarked, "is the infallible doctrine of the Church, but this—only in the *archdiocese of Westminister*; here I have jurisdiction; but in Southwark my teaching would be only the expression of *an opinion*!" Thereupon asked the priest "Is not truth invariable? How, then, can that which is sterling truth on this side of London Bridge, become merely *an opinion* beyond it?"

The discovery, however, of the rule of faith in the Roman Catholic Church reminds me of an offer which still is repeated in Ireland, of 40,000*l.* for the Roman Catholic rule of faith! Now that I have actually found it, I may myself lay claim to the reward!

I am, however, by this incident more and more confirmed in my belief, that no Roman Catholic possesses any rule of faith beyond the *dictum* of his priest.

I asked this priest of Moorfields why he did not in his letter rather seek the aid of *the Holy Spirit* than that of *St. Theresa*. To this he ironically replied, "That is *Evangelical*." "Well," said I, "to ask for the guidance of God's Holy Spirit is 'Evangelical,' but then, I presume, to ask the aid of St. Theresa is Romanism!" If so, give me rather that which is 'Evangelical' that that which is Romish! The one seeks help from *God*—the other *human* aid!"

But the last of all is *the worst of all!* This priest who has thus studied *philosophy*, gave us a little more of unmitigated Popery. He told me, in presence of my friend, that if he should find me among his Roman Catholic people he would advise them, not *just now* to kill me, but to roll me well *in pitch and tar*, and, *if* they had *the power*, then *to burn me!*—that nothing but the punishment of *death* would ever do for heretics. "I assure you," said he, "I would not burn you *now*, because it would be just now *inexpedient* to do so, and would do much harm to our cause; but if we had the power"—and he gloated over the possibility—"I wish that I had the power—I would kill every Protestant! This worked well while the *Inquisition* worked." These sanguinary expressions he again and again used before we parted. What a fearful, awful, and persecuting Church is this, which now seeks "*to govern* England!"

I asked this priest how he could explain the fact of the cardinal having denied that he subscribed the persecuting clause in the Roman Catholic bishop's oath? The priest said that the cardinal had never denied any such thing. We assured him that the matter was as patent as could be, and that the cardinal had purposely *erased* the clause from the oath, leaving the same oath, however, *unbowsed* in another part of the "Pontificale." "Well," said this priest, "the cardinal assuredly *did* swear to that clause, *for every bishop must take it!*" "Then, why did he erase it?" I asked. I forbear to say how he accounted for this; his remark might injure him at head-quarters, and this I seek not. I ask not to injure his worldly prospects. May God change his heart, and enable him by His grace to forsake this "refuge of lies."

Many may say, on reading this, that I have been dealing with either a madman or one who is far too honest for Rome. I accept neither alternative. The priest of whom I have been writing has been formally appointed to his work by the cardinal himself; has had, as he himself says, some success in his labours; and since the above interview, I have seen (in the *Tablet* newspaper of last Saturday, Oct. 16) that the Roman Catholics of Greenwich have within the last few days presented this very priest with a golden chalice, as a mark of their esteem, on his departure from amongst them.

Your readers must bear in mind the object of our interview—namely, the restoration of a lapsed member to the Romish Church. On such an occasion, undoubtedly, he would put forward his *best* arguments, and such as would best tend—at least in his own opinion—to re-establish his friend.

I intend to forward to the Rev. Mr. Bonus a copy of your paper in which this letter is inserted, and both my young friend and myself challenge contradiction.

This accredited priest of Rome, then—this acknowledged servant of the cardinal—this Louvain-taught man—this man, the honoured of Greenwich—*he* has openly avowed himself a *persecutor*—has acknowledged that which is in deed and in truth the very genius of Popery; but which, with all our warnings and with all the telling pages of history, Englishmen treat as but an idle tale. Yet the dread *reality* may one day come upon them! I have told this tale in all simplicity and truth, and use it as a warning to our great and noble nation to MAGUIRE or ROME!—and,

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
ROBERT MAGUIRE, B.A.,
Clerical Secretary to the Islington Protestant Institute.

12, Lonsdale-square, Islington, Oct. 19, 1852.

I feel much pleasure in bearing my testimony to the accuracy of the above statement of our interview with Mr. Bonus; an interview which tended greatly to establish me in the Scriptural truth of our *protesting* Church.

(Signed) HENRY BRAMAH.

1, Guildford-street, Russel-square, Oct. 20, 1852.

THE MANCHESTER WALPURGIS.—COBDEN THE EVIL WITCH OF THE WEST RIDING. Four Thousand pies, 4,800 meat sandwiches, 3,000 fruit sandwiches, 2,000 raspberry and strawberry tarts, 1,000 black currant tarts! Holy Moses! how appropriate a "banquet,"—yes that is the term—[illegible] at Manchester! If English cholera did not ensue, it was because there was nothing English in the stomachs of that cotton spinning corporation and assembly. The wines only, we should imagine, were English, and this is what these persons call Free-trade; *i. e.*, to keep out all we cannot raise here, because the soil has denied it, and to withdraw all protection from home industry for the benefit of foreigners—just as the British proprietors of Jamaica and Guiana have been sacrificed to the cant of the dishonest grocer in the shape of the shuffling Abolitionist, who is the base receiver of the goods he encourages foreigners to steal, to the detriment of his own countrymen. In the whole annals of the world, never was such lie as this acted, save also in the *religious* conduct of the gentlemen assembled in this same hall at Manchester. There is no expression sufficiently strong in our vocabulary to condemn these men—no verbal collocation can describe them. It is not a single great crime they commit. That might be dealt with, provided against, or punished. This serious as it is in its consequences, beyond all the *Newgate Calendar* can furnish, is amenable to no law, and can be met by no indictment, simply because it is the result of universal moral deterioration. It is strange that it is permitted to a man to lie in this conventional manner in the teeth of fact, and in the face of society, and yet to gain credit.

There is one national disgrace more we await, before shaking the dust off our feet and quitting England as a country doomed irremediable destruction. It is to see Cobden taking the wages of her prostitution from the nation whose interests he has betrayed, and thus living on the proceeds of her dishonour. He once took the subscriptions of the League—he would now stretch forth his clumsy but grasping hand for the salary of Downing-street. We think, however, there is still sufficient sense of shame left in the country to avoid *this*.

For what is this man, who dares to shriek forth his voluble bastard Radicalism in that packed assembly of tart-devourers, that fatulent *soiree*-mongering herd of degenerate mill-owners, shopkeepers, and Rump members of a Parliament, whose sordid *clique* the imprecation we shall shortly quote can alone fittingly dispose of? A selfish agitator devoured by a repulsive vanity, a man whom foreign nations regard as the mountebank destroyer of England. It is a strange feature in the case, that you cannot *explain* Cobden to a foreigner. They cannot comprehend his drift or his views—his, who pretended to be the friend to Hungary and liberty, his the political Stiggins who preaches temperance, but has no hidden inclination for pine-apple rum; his, who would emancipate the negro, on whose toil he sets a double premium while grinding down the bones of the white slave; his, the Pope's friend, the Czar's friend, the friend of the devil himself, if he would stand by him on the platform and hide his forked tail during the utterance of forked counsels, in the shape of, 'unadorned eloquence'—*eloquence!* to advise the suicide of England, and to deck reasons, thick as blackberries, in the moral habiliments of a Moses, to *cry* 'cheap, cheap, cheap,' to the gaping idiots who believe in such an idol.

Talk not to us of general opinion and popular belief in this man. Have not whole nations before now fallen on their knees before the onion, the ape and the serpent? Is this the first time that a people has "eaten dirt?" Have not thousands followed Joe Smith, and been the victims of a trading fanaticism? Let us regard one great lying fact of the Free-trade meeting on Tuesday. There were upwards of seventy Members of the House of Commons present.

Thrones and Princedoms atmospheric,
Powers that fire the barn and haystack,
Shatter spires and steeples tumble,
Making folks at church-rates grumble,
Of your crushing thunderbolt,
Have you none for knaves and dolts?

Pour in March an icy blast,
Keep in June the windows fast;
Let the wretches freeze and fry,
Let them swelter, rot and die—
Pile upon them flint and shard
From St. Margaret's churchyard;
Bury 'em dirty in a grave,
If you would the nation save.

Till from purgatorial pain
Oliver shall rise again,
Clear the House, as he of yore,
Cleans'd it and make fast the door,
And the key, that none unlock it,
Button in his ghostly pocket.

Now the seventy members above spoken of, are pledged to a certain thing *called*, Religious Equality. And this is the lie we would illustrate. It is "Religious Equality," just like Napoleonistic "peace," or French "devotion." It is the "Religious Equality" welcomed below by Satan. Out of these members are nineteen whom we can enumerate, with the brutal Quaker as their fighting Corporal, making just a score, who are pledged, not by their words, for that is nothing, or their principle, for probably they have none; but by their career, as manifested up to this point, their antecedents and their probabilities, their revenge, or interest; to be short, who are certain, to back a Papacy which knows no equality, an aggressive rampant hellish creed, which is now assailing the liberties of England. Include in the professions of these "honourable men," civil liberty, and we find that in backing the Papacy, they are the tools, creatures and propagandists of Austrian despotism, of King Bomba, of Louis Napoleon, of Antonelli, of the incarnate demon of Popery raging throughout Europe, that hath already kindled in their black heart the flames of the Inquisition. To feed this, Mr. Bright—hear it ye Manchester Lunatics—would offer a part of the revenues of the Protestant church in Ireland, and calls himself, Thug as he is in action, and Jack Cade in words, an apostle of "Religious Equality." To feed this is the mission of Mr. Lucas, M. P., with allegiance to the Queen of Great Britain on his lips, and allegiance to Italy in his heart. He, too, is a friend to "Religious Equality," but defends in the dark organ of ultramontane Popery, called the *Tablet*, which acknowledges his sway, the persecution of the harmless Madias, for having in their possession a copy of the Holy Scriptures! Call you not this a Walpurgis truly—this great *soiree* of insanate lies? Why should "An Englishman," if he be one, go out of his way to anathematize Louis Napoleon with idle words, since at home he has a more genuine subject for vituperation? He cannot put his iniquity against England and religious liberty in words. Tis an Irish reciprocity of "Religious Equality" the deceivers mean. We read lately in a daily paper, of a priest called *Bonus* (*Malus* were a more fitting name), who, in spite of Cobden as to a saying reported of him, that he would burn all heretics or Protestants, if he had the power, as he hoped shortly to have it, or to that effect, denied partly the accusation, but said, if he caught any one tampering with his flocks, he would certainly take to tar and feather them. This *Bonus*, then with such *mercy* as the Devil might exhibit if careless of concealing any longer his cloven hoof, signs himself after his classical name, "Missionary Priest in the Archdiocese of Westminister!" This we should imagine, to be the exact style of the "religious equality" of Lucas and the League, Bright and his new-found clients. It wanted but this to make Manchester and her doctrines perfect. She claims to be all England, whom she has no more right and title to represent than Bedlam, London, or the city of Utah, where the followers of Joe Smith blaspheme by the borders of the Salt Lake, has to be the sole mouth-piece of the United States, or interpret the great destinies of the whole North American continent.—*British Army Despatch.*

"Windsor Castle," 140, screw steam-ship, was ordered on Friday, Oct. 1, to have her name changed to Wellington,—a most appropriate tribute to the memory of the late Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington. The noble figure-head of this splendid vessel is a lion, rampant, supporting a shield, on which was carved, in relief, a representation of Windsor Castle. The lion and its position is most appropriate, and all that will be necessary to alter will be to substitute for Windsor Castle on the shield—a medallion bust of the Duke of Wellington, which might be cast from some of the guns he had taken from the enemies of this country.—*Army and Navy Register.*

The Government Prosecution.—The attention of her Majesty's Government has been drawn to the fact, that for some time past numerous hand-bills have been circulated, especially in the rural towns and districts of an "Anti-Militia" character, and tending to prevent the carrying out of the law in respect to voluntary enlistment. Some of the [illegible] city, and were headed "Flogging in the Army." The Government have taken the opinion of the law officers of the Crown on the subject, and have determined to make the offence a matter for Government prosecution. The following letter to Colonel Berne, of the 34th Light Infantry, has led to prosecutions in Suffolk:—

"Whitehall, Oct. 7, 1852.

"Sir,—I am directed by Mr. Secretary Walpole to inform you that he has under his consideration the two placards intended to dissuade men from volunteering for the Militia, which accompanied your letter of the 4th ult., and he is advised that they are libellous and that consequently their publication is an indictable offence. If magistrates should think it their duty to hold a person accused of such publication to bail to answer the charge at the assizes, Mr. Walpole will instruct the Solicitor to the Treasury to conduct the prosecution.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"D. W. JOLLIFFE."

Prosecutions have already been taken in Bucks, Herts, and Suffolk, and parties held to bail.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

"Agamemnon," 90, Captain Sir Thomas Maitland, C. B., went down the river on Friday afternoon. When she arrived opposite the Measured Mile, in Sea Reach, the time was taken, and she accomplished the distance in 6 minutes and 24 seconds; at the rate of 9,375 knots, against the tide, and it being calculated at about 3 knots, gave her an average speed of upwards of 10½ knots an hour. As the "Agamemnon" proceeded onwards, her engines of 600-horse power, Messrs. Penn's patent trunk, worked in the most satisfactory manner, making 60 revolutions per minute, without the slightest heating in any part. The cylinders of this magnificent engines are 78 inches diameter, equal to cylinders of 10¼, when the area of the trunk is deducted. The number of revolutions was from 58 to 60; or, 8 revolutions was above the contract speed; and, notwithstanding the high velocity of the engines with a stroke of 3 feet 6 inches, not the slightest jarring or movement in any of the fixed parts could be perceived, and the boilers supplied ample steam with moderate firing. The speed of the splendid screw steam-ship, drawing 17 feet 7 inches forward, and 20 feet 4 inches aft., propelled by a powerful screw of 18 feet diameter, with a pitch of 20 feet 6 inches, was the astonishement of all the Captains and crews of the numerous sailing vessels coming up the river with the tide, and Mr. Stuart, the pilot of the "Agamemnon," had a most difficult task to steer clear of them when tacking, as they thought they could cross her path in ample time, instead of which they had narrow escape, and it was more owing to the excellent look out of Mr. Benn, Master of the *Fingard*, and the care of the pilot with the admirable manner in which the engines could be stopped and set in motion, and the way which she answered her helm, that her safe progress through so many vessels as were in the reaches below Gravesend was accomplished without least accident.

On reaching the Nore the "Agamemnon's" boilers got clear of the mud in some degree which had passed into them while working in the basin at Woolwich. She left the tugs several miles behind her, and the fast steam jacket "Dryad," belonging to the Woolwich Company, was at that time upwards of a mile astern, being unable to keep up with her. The "City of Canterbury," a fast boat, on her passage to Herne Bay, had a great difficulty to keep up with the "Agamemnon, and although the former had her forsails up; the "Agamemnon," kept ahead in a fine style for upwards of three miles, when the "City of Canterbury," turned eastward for Herne Bay. Between the Nore and Mouse Lights the speed of the "Agamemnon" was tried by Massey's patent log for half an hour, and found to be 10 6-10ths knots, against a strong head-wind, the engines making 58 revolutions, and the result was so satisfactory to Captain Sir Thomas Maitland and Mr. Loyd, that they congratulated Mr. Penn on the success of the trial which exceeded their most sanguine expectations, and Mr. P. P. Smith on the great advantage and success of his endeavours for the introduction of a screw as a propeller, as had been proved in the "Agamemnon." This fine vessel arrived and cast anchor near the "Waterloo," 120, flag-ship, at Sheerness, at half-past 4 o'clock, and all the Officers and crews of the vessels afloat came on deck to witness her great and surprising speed, and the gallant style in which she entered the harbour; Mr. Pope, Second Master-Attendant at Sheerness, having safely navigated her from Woolwich to Sheerness, to be fitted at the latter port. The Admiral's yacht "Lizard came out to meet the "Agamemnon," but was obliged to drop astern although going at her utmost speed, when the "Agamemnon" passed her, and did not get into Sheerness till a considerable time afterwards. It was understood that no further trial of the "Agamemnon," was considered necessary until she is completely equipped and stored for sea. She is to mount a 10-inch gun on a traversing platform at her bows, and her other 90 guns will consist of long 32-pounders of 56 cwt. each, and 32-pounders of 42 cwt., and she has ample room to work them with effect should her services ever be required.

Notwithstanding all the reports of the high performances of the "Napoleon," French screw steam-ship, of the same class, and about the same size as the "Agamemnon," but fitted with engines of 1000-horse power, it is very questionable whether the "Agamemnon" will not in all respects equal her, although fitted with engines of comparative much less nominal power, which do not occupy one half the space, and probably do not weigh one-third of the "Napoleon's. There remains, however, a good deal of work to be performed on the "Agamemnon's," hull, as she has to be masted, rigged, and manned, which occupy at least two months, so that before this noble specimen of a modern man-of-war can be fully tried at sea, and her sailing and other properties ascertained; it may be calculated it will be at least three months from this period when it is presumed the Government will not be slow in ordering similar, or if possible, improved designs to be built from, that the country may no longer lie under the reproach of being inferior to the French in respect to that class of screw ships, which unquestionably will prove to England her surest defence at home, and her most formidable means of resisting aggression in her foreign dependencies. One important result has been proved in respect to the "Agamemnon," namely, her high speed; without this element neither the number of her guns, nor their heavy calibre, would, in modern times, prove of much avail; as the enemy of higher speed, though inferior in force, would ensure her retreat from her more formidable opponent, and in all likelihood, be able to damage the commercial shipping of this country or even inflict injury on Her Majesty's colonial possessions before assistance could be rendered by her slower, though more powerful ships of her Royal Navy.

"St. Jean D'Acre," building at Devonport to carry 90 guns of large calibre, is now in an advanced state, and will soon be ready for launching and when launched she is to be immediately fitted with engines of 600-horse power, of Messrs. Penn and Son's construction, on their patent trunk plan, which gave such satisfaction when tried in the "Agamemnon," 90 now at Sheerness. The engines of the St. Jean D'Acre are already in progress, and all the castings and are to be made and finished from the models used for castings and making the engines of the "Agamemnon," these models having been used for the first time for the engines of that vessel. The diameter of the cylinders of the engines is 78 inches, the trunk 32 3-4, equal to 70 3-4 inches when the trunk is deducted; the length of stroke 3 feet 6 inches, the diameter of the engine shaft 13 1-4 inches, and the screw shaft 12 inches. The diameter of the air-pump is 23 1-2 inches, the diameter of the screw 18 feet, with a pitch of 20 feet 6 inches, the length being 3 feet 4 inches. The boilers are in 4 pieces, and the tubes 1,904 in number, each 2 1-2 inches diameter outside, and 6 feet 6 inches long. The fire-grates are 20 in number, and so arranged that the position for the stokers is well ventilated. There is also ample space for getting to every part of the engines, and the whole of the boilers and engines being considerably under the water line, they are well protected from injury in the event of the vessels in which they are fitted being engaged in actual warfare.

BAGS OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS.—Just received per *Malabar*, an further supply
Sept. 3 FELLOWS & CO.

The Courier.

Saint John, December 4, 1852.

In our last number we published a brief synopsis of Her Majesty's Speech at the opening of Parliament [illegible] Room. We now subjoin the Speech in full, to enable our readers fully to appreciate this unusually lengthy and comprehensive, but very able and straightforward document. The subjects embraced in it are numerous and important; and for the most part, its statements and suggestions must be satisfactory to the empire at large. There is an explicit candour and manliness in its phraseology, which is highly creditable to the Ministry from whom it must have originated; and we cordially agree with the sentiments of the *Liverpool Journal*, that "the terseness of its diction, the frankness of its tone, and the comprehensiveness of its naturally compressed details, shew it to be the production of one mind, which has no antagonisms to conceal, no convictions to gratify, and no provocations to feat or defend." The vital question of "*free-trade*" is fairly put before Parliament, as a matter for candid and dispassionate enquiry, as to its effects hitherto, and the expediency of modifying or further extending its principles. If, upon investigation, it shall appear that while benefitting some interests, free-trade has injured others, then the deliberative wisdom of the nation is required to devise fitting remedies for those injuries; but if, on the other hand, unmitigated good has been its effect, then it is evidently hinted that the principle should be still further developed, to an extent probably that its selfish commercial originators never contemplated. But the topic in this Royal Speech most important and interesting to us as colonists, is that of the *Fisheries*, and on this subject we confess that this comprehensive state paper is not sufficiently explicit to satisfy our minds, or to assure the people of New Brunswick that their inherent rights and privileges will be preserved to them intact. Her Majesty informs the Parliament, that in consequence of well-founded complaints from these Colonies, she has, during the current year, taken efficient measures for the protection of our fisheries from foreign encroachment; that friendly negociations with the United States on the subject are being carried on; and that it is hoped, "*that the ultimate result may be a mutually beneficial extension and improvement of commercial intercourse with the great Republic.*" But we are left entirely in the dark, as to how this mutually beneficial commercial intercourse is to be effected, upon what terms it is to be arranged, or at what price it is to be purchased; and our latest advices only bring the intelligence, that when questioned on the subject in the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated, that he was not yet prepared to lay the official correspondence before the House, but expressed his conviction that the result would tend to "*the commercial advantage*" of the empire. Now, it is this very principle of *commercial advantage* that, we are afraid of. Hitherto, every negociation between Great Britain and the United States has ended in giving all the commercial and every other advantage to our grasping and acute republican neighbours. The mercantile interests of the mother country are ever ready to sacrifice colonial rights, property, territory, and privileges, to the astute foreigner, if by so doing they can secure some increase of "commercial advantage" to themselves. We doubt not, that the present ministry are sincerely desirous to preserve and benefit the colonies; but their own position is so greatly subject to the influence of the vast mercantile body of Great Britain, that there is much reason to fear their being cajoled or bullied into a sacrifice of colonial interests, for the sake of the support which that powerful body can lend or withhold; and we are too well aware, from past experience, that the free-traders of the present day will allow no sympathy for colonists to stand in the way of their own selfish projects. The scheming statesmen of the United States have, in every recent instance, outwitted and taken advantage of the British Government; and in the present case, no doubt, they will eagerly endeavour to do so again. The fisheries of these colonies are the natural and inherent right and property of their inhabitants; they are a source of industry and wealth as inseparably belonging to us as our forests, our minerals, and every product of our soil; and no government whatever has any right to deprive us of that exclusive right and property, or to barter it away to any other nation upon earth, for the sake of any "commercial advantage" of any description, without the consent of the rightful owners. We have no doubt that our American neighbours will use every effort to induce the British ministry to yield them the privilege of robbing us of our property; and will make all sorts of specious pretensions of reciprocity and mutual concession. But we are utterly at a loss to know, what sort of reciprocity or mutual concession will be of equivalent value to us colonists, with the "invaluable fisheries" of which our neighbours are seeking to despoil us, and which they have heretofore so grossly and extensively plundered. Their restrictive tariff, combined with the free-trade policy of Great Britain, have hitherto secured to themselves all the advantages of commercial intercourse, and utterly denied the smallest approach to reciprocity in our favour. The only reciprocity which can benefit us—the only mutual advantage which we can accept, or which the parent government can in justice require us to accept, is *perfect equality in all commercial intercourse*; dollar for dollar, cent for cent; entire equalization of duties, imports, and restrictions; thoroughly indistinctive privilege of commercial intercourse and interchange between this Province and the United States. Less than this would be useless—less would be gross injustice to colonial interests. But the admission of the Americans to our provincial fishing grounds, for the sake of any "commercial advantage," to the free-traders of the mother country, would be so gross a spoliation, as can never be listened to, or submitted to by the people of New Brunswick. Our natural rights in this respect were defined and secured to us by the convention of 1818. For a long course of years they were grievously infringed by the marauding trespassers of the United States. Our just and incessant complaints have at length aroused the British Government into an efficient protection of those rights. The Americans have been driven from their poaching grounds; they now feel and acknowledge that the right is ours, and that they are in our power; they long for a legal participation in the treasures abounding on our shores, and to obtain that participation they must be compelled to pay the full price; they must give us a perfect equivalent, before they can be allowed to appropriate one iota of our property. To this the colonies are justly entitled. This they will insist in demanding. No ministry can venture to despoil us of our property, or hand it over against our will to foreigners. If England desires to retain her colonies, she must protect their rights, and foster their interests. If she betray those interests, and unjustly barter away those natural rights, she must prepare herself to lose the colonies themselves. In the very nature of things, colonists cannot submit to be gratuitously plundered and ill-used; if their rights and interests are transferred to the foreigner, they will inevitably transfer themselves also; inasmuch as without the enjoyment of these natural privileges, their prosperity as a people cannot exist. We earnestly hope, therefore, that the patriotic ministry now controlling the destinies of Great Britain, will wisely determine to uphold in all their integrity the interests of these important loyal inhabitants, by continuing to them the full enjoyment of what is exclusively their own.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"I cannot meet you for the first time after the dissolution of Parliament without expressing my deep sorrow, in which I am sure you will participate, that your deliberations can no longer be aided by the counsels of that illustrious man whose great achievements have exalted the name of England, and in whose loyalty and patriotism the interests of my Throne, and of my people, ever found an unfeeling support. I rely with confidence on your desire to join me in taking such steps as may mark your sense of the irreparable loss which the country has sustained by the death of Arthur Duke of Wellington.

"I am happy to acknowledge the readiness with which my subjects in general have come forward, in pursuance of the act of last session, to join the ranks of the Militia; and I confidently trust that the force thus raised by voluntary enlistment, will be calculated to give effective aid to my regular army for the protection and security of the country.

"I continue to receive from all Foreign Powers assurances of their anxious desire to maintain the friendly relations now happily subsisting with my Government.

"Frequent and well-founded complaints on the part of my North American Colonies, of intrusions by citizens of the United States, of the Fishery Convention of 1818, induced me to despatch for the protection of their interests, a class of vessels better adapted to the service than those which have been previously employed. This step has led to discussions with the Government of the United States; and, while the rights of my subjects have been firmly maintained, the friendly spirit in which the question has been treated induces me to hope that the ultimate result may be a mutually beneficial extension and improvement of our commercial intercourse with that great Republic.

"The Special Mission, which in concert with the Prince President of the French Republic, I deemed it right to send to the Argentine Confederation, has been received with the utmost cordiality, and the wise and enlightened policy of the Provisional Director has already opened to the commerce of the world the great rivers hitherto close d, which afford an access to the interior of the vast continent of South America.

"I have the satisfaction of announcing to you that the sincere and zealous efforts of the Government of Brazil for the suppression of the Slave trade, now nearly extinguished on that coast, have enabled me to suspend the stringent measures which I had been compelled reluctantly to adopt, a recurrence to which I anxiously hope may be proved to be unnecessary.

"The Government of her Most Faithful Majesty have fully recognised the justice of the claim which my Government have long urged for the abolition of the discriminating duties on the export of wine, and have passed a decree for giving complete effect to the stipulations of the treaty on this subject.

"You will probably deem it advisable to resume the inquiries which were commenced by the late Parliament, with a view to legislate on the subject of the future government of my East Indian possessions.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons.*

"The estimates for the ensuing year will in due time be laid before you.

"The advancement of the Fine Arts and of Practical Science will be readily recognised by you as worthy of the attention of a great and enlightened nation; I have directed that a comprehensive scheme shall be laid before you, having in view the promotion of these objects, towards which I invite your aid and co-operation.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen*

"It gives me pleasure to be enabled by the blessing of Providence to congratulate you on the generally improved condition of the country, and especially of the industrious classes. If you should be of opinion that recent legislation, in contributing, with other causes, to this happy result, has at the same time inflicted unavoidable injury on certain important interests, I recommend you dispassionately to consider how far it may be practicable equitably to mitigate that injury, and to enable the industry of the country to meet successfully that unrestricted competition to which Parliament, in its wisdom, has decided that it should be subjected.

"I trust that the general improvement, notwithstanding many obstac