

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Oh, autumn leaves!
Summer's bright roses one by one have passed;
Gone is the beauty of the golden sheaves;
Ye come at last.
Prophets of winter hours approaching fast!

DR. PUSEY IN DUBLIN.

The following letter from Dr. Pusey has been received by a clergyman of this diocese, who, on seeing the passage in Dr. Miley's sermon, as published in the Morning Register of the 31st of August, deemed it his duty to communicate with that divine, and the following is the answer received:—

"Christ Church, Oxford, Sept. 7, 1841.
MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you for sending me the painful extract from Dr. Miley's sermon, in which he is reported to have stated that I went about through their churches and convents, adoring the blessed eucharist, and assisting very devoutly, as it is reported, at the holy sacrifice of the mass, & that I profess to adore the eucharistic sacrifice as identical with that which was offered upon the cross."

"I am the more surprised at this statement, because Dr. Miley was one of the individuals with whom the Romanist newspapers state that I had a discussion on some chief point of (Roman) Catholic theology. That discussion was upon transubstantiation, to which I objected as a mode of explaining the mystery of the holy eucharist opposed to antiquity. But the Roman Catholic doctrine of the 'sacrifice of the mass' depends entirely (as I have repeatedly stated from Bishops Ridley, Andrews, Jewell) on the doctrine of transubstantiation, (see Tracts for the Times, No. 81, p. 7—10, Letter to the Bishop of Oxford, p. 135, Letter to Dr. Jelf, p. 64—66;) and in one place (Tract 81, p. 74,) after saying that 'the language of the council on the eucharistic sacrifice is of itself capable of a good interpretation, were it not that the terms employed in it must be explained with reference to that Church's acknowledged doctrines of transubstantiation and purgatory,' I added, in small capitals, as a further caution, 'THE DOCTRINE OF THE SACRIFICE CANNOT BE THE SAME WHEN TRANSUBSTANTIATION IS HELD AND WHEN IT IS NOT.' I objected on the same ground (ib., p. 8, note) to Nicholl's statement, 'that the sacrifice on the cross and the altar were the same, because it is the same Jesus Christ who offers himself in the one as in the other.'"

"The statement, then, that is attributed to Dr. Miley, that 'I adore the eucharistic sacrifice, as identical with that which was offered on the cross,' is incorrect in two ways. 1st.—That I have always spoken of a 'commemorative sacrifice in the holy eucharist, pleading the merits of the one sacrifice on the cross,' (as do our great divines,) and objected to its 'identification.' 2dly.—That I have 'disclaimed' instead of 'professing' the adoration in it.—(Letter to the Bishop of Oxford, p. 135.) While in Dublin, I did nothing inconsistent with this teaching. I did not go to their churches and convents, as persons might suppose from this statement, for the purpose of worship. I did not go, but declined going, expressly to the service of the mass, not thinking that the service should be (as it unhappily is) a spectacle. I did go to the convents for the sake of becoming acquainted with their system—was shown their chapels—witnessed the reception and profession of the sisters, and, being present there, could not but desire to behave reverently, and to join in the prayers, as far as I conscientiously could. But I did not adore the holy eucharist; and when the holy communion was celebrated at the 'profession,' (the newly professed always communicating,) I did not act implying adoration. I was in a place allotted to spectators; (and among them was a Jewess;) and to prevent misconception, I explained, when I was invited, that there were parts of the service (the invocation of saints) in which I could not join, in case this should be an objection to my being present."

"I am sorry that the act has been thus misinterpreted. I asked advice before I went to the ceremonies, and was told that 'Dublin everybody went to see everything.' I knew that the English went universally to the ceremonies at Rome, and I believe most who have been abroad have been to these same ceremonies at which I was present. I thought, then, that no harm would result from my going, and, as I said, I did not go out of idle curiosity. When I was told what use was made, in the Roman Catholic papers, of my having been present at these rites, I abstained from going to another, which, as belonging to a different order, I should have wished to have witnessed."

"One does not like to obtrude upon others explanations of one's feelings and motives, but if you think any of our Church are disquieted by the misconceptions to which so unhappy a publicity has been given, you may make what use of this explanation you judge best."

"I remain yours, &c.,
E. B. PUSEY."

"P. S. You may know, perhaps, that we have said, that 'an union with Rome (i. e., as she now is) is impossible.' It is right to add, that while I acknowledge the great personal kindness with which my enquiries were answered at the several institutions I visited, and deeply respect individuals in them, the result of what I saw of the opinions of Romanists in Ireland was a painful conviction that Rome had at present no disposition to amend those things in her which make continued separation a duty. We must all long for the unity which our Church prays for; and if we earnestly pray for it, God may again restore a visible unity to his Church in truth and holiness; but until God gives to Rome grace to lay aside her corruptions; and to us to act up to the principles and standard of our Church, it cannot be without a sacrifice of duty—we might even each become worse by an union. If we each grow in

holiness, the Spirit of Christ, which alone can give real unity, will pervade the Church so as to knit it into one; and for this we must long and labour."—Dublin Paper.

The sermon alluded to in the above letter was delivered by the Very Rev. Dr. Miley, in Saint Audoen's parochial Chapel, Bridge-street, August 24. Dr. Miley, we believe, is considered rather an eminent person among the Roman Catholics. The allusion to Dr. Pusey was in these words:—
"You have heard how the most profound and erudite divines of the great Protestant University of Oxford have adopted the Catholic view of all the long controverted doctrines of our Church, and that the most distinguished of them all has been amongst us, going about through our churches and convents, adoring the blessed eucharist, and assisting very devoutly, as it is reported, at the holy sacrifice of the mass. Now, contrast all this with the language and conduct of the Established Archbishop in 1629. With a file of musketeers he invades a chapel not fifty paces from this, and seizes upon several priests in the act of massing. Massing—that is, in celebrating what Dr. Pusey and the first authorities of the Established Church now profess to adore as the eucharistic sacrifice, identical with that which was offered on the cross."

THE RECTOR OF FENITON AND THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

It will be seen, says the Western Times, by the following correspondence, that Bishop Phillpotts has commenced proceedings against the Rev Henry Erskine Head. The truth may be preached with boldness but not with impunity. We believe that Mr. Head will do honour to the great protestant principle which he so forcibly maintained. It was stated in Feniton, on Wednesday, that the Bishop had declared at Mr. Justice Coldridge's, at Ottery, that he would strip Mr. Head of his gown:—

Palace, Exeter, 13th Sept., 1841.

Rev. Sir,—My attention has been called to a printed paper, purporting to be "A View of the Duplicity of the present System of Episcopal Ministration, in a letter addressed to the parishioners of Feniton, Devon, occasioned by the Bishop of Exeter's circular on Confirmation, by Henry Erskine Head, A. M., Rector of Feniton, Devon."

This paper, I am informed, was published on the 21st of August last, in the Western Times newspaper, with your name appended to it.

I think it right to inform you that I deem it necessary to take proceedings against you, as the author of this paper. With this declaration of my purpose, I now ask whether you admit yourself to be the author or not.

It may be proper for me to add, that I am induced to take this step, by my having understood that you avow your readiness to declare yourself the author, and to submit to legal investigation of the case.

I am, Reverend Sir, your obedient servant,
Rev. H. E. Head. H. EXETER.

Rectory, Feniton, 14th Sept., 1841.

My Lord,—I have had the honour of receiving a letter from your Lordship, enquiring if I am the author of a letter in the Western Times, on "The Duplicity of the Present System of Episcopal ministration," &c.—to which question I have the honour to reply in the affirmative.

I beg leave also to state, that the subject of that letter is more fully entered into in another letter in the Western Times of last Saturday, "To the Spiritual Peers in Parliament, on their abuse of Prelatical Power, in requiring unlawful and contradictory subscription from Candidates for Ordination in the ministry of the National Church" (or words to that effect—for I have not the document at hand)—of which letter I also acknowledge myself to be the author—as indeed my own signature, appended to the document, sufficiently attests.

I also beg leave to have the honour of stating to your Lordship, with reference to my having declined, formerly, on a similar occasion, to give your Lordship explicit answers—that this proceeded, not from hesitation to avow my sentiments, but in order that I might first more fully lay before the public (which I have since been enabled to do) what those sentiments really are, and on what principles they are founded.

I have the honour to be, my Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,
HENRY ERSKINE HEAD.
To the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Exeter.

AN IRON LIGHTHOUSE.

(From the London Times.)

An enormous tower, which for the last month has daily been seen rising from the ground within the walls of the manufactory of Messrs. Bramah and Robinson, of Belgrave-place, Pimlico, and during that time created much admiration and inquiry in the neighbourhood, has at length completed its growth and attained to its maturity. It proves to be a lighthouse, which is intended to be placed on the Morant-point, on the Western coast of the Island of Jamaica.

This lofty building is composed entirely of iron, and is the first of the kind that has been attempted. Having closely inspected it, and the principle on which it is founded, we think it will answer the purpose for which it is designed. In architectural appearance it very much resembles the Celtic towers which are to be seen in Ireland, the origin and uses of which have been matter of dispute among antiquaries.

The height of this edifice from the foundation to the roof is 105 feet, 15 feet of which will be sunk into the solid rock, and loaded in and out with rubble and concrete, which will give an entire security to it. The whole tower is formed of iron plates, one inch in thickness, and of these plates there are nine tiers, eleven plates at the bottom and nine at the top; the whole are strongly bolted together with iron flanges, and when permanently fixed will also be cemented with iron cement, and thus, in effect, become one entire whole.

To reduce the heat in the interior, which the strength of a tropical sun acting on a building of metal of one inch in thickness would render unbearable, the whole will have an interior lining of slate, with an interval of one inch and a half between it and the iron, by which contrivance a current of air will constantly be in circulation over the whole.

In the sides of the tower there are 24 windows; they are 14 inches by 10, and are glazed with thick ground glass. When the tower is erected on its final destination, it will have a height of 90 feet to the gallery, on the platform of which will be the lanterns. This is the workmanship of Mr. Deville, and is ingeniously contrived; it is 10 feet in height, and has eight revolving lights, five of which are open, and the rest of cast iron.

The diameter of the tower is 18 feet 6 inches at the base, and decreases at the top to 11 feet 6. The entire weight of the whole fabric is exactly 100 tons. It has been doubted whether it was necessary that it should be secured from the effects of lightning by the conducting rod, as the tower itself, from its altitude, its form, the material of its fabrication, and insulated position, would in effect be a conductor; but a rod will be carried into the earth to convey the electric fluid, should it be struck by it.

It is a curious fact that this lofty fabric was erected entirely without the aid of scaffolding, the expense of which, both here and on its final location in Jamaica, would have been very considerable; at present it stands upon the ground, and merely rests upon a plane of temporary timber, &c. The manner in which this was effected is ingeniously simple: the lower plates were secured together, a cross-beam passed over them, from which a derrick and cradle or windlass were fixed; by this the second tier of plates was elevated, and thus continued till the whole were placed in a very short time, and very few hands were necessary to effect it.

The entrance is elevated from the ground ten feet, and has a solid door of oak; it is reached by steps of iron.

The expedition with which this tower has been completed has been like railroad speed; it is little more than two months since the order was given for it, and it has been some time entirely finished. The whole expense, including the plan, the building, the passage over the Atlantic, and the erecting it on the promontory of Morant, will not exceed, we understand, £7000. At the top, the platform is a square of 16 feet, which consequently projects over the sides; this is surrounded by a rail, 3 feet in height.

Over the entrance is a large tablet of iron, supported by two small ones, and on them, in bass relief, are inserted the names of the Commissioners, Engineers, and the date of the erection.

"ONE OF THE RALE GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNTRY."

(Ireland, its Scenery, &c. by Mrs. Hall.)

"He was a fine man entirely after the hounds. Be the dads! the ould foxes, crafty chaps, that knew every pack in the county, would never be at the trouble to run away from him; for whenever fighting Leary—his name, you see, was Misher John, only "fighting" was a pet name his friends had for him—whenever fighting Leary led the hunt, they'd give in at onc't. Och hone! he was no one's enemy but his own! only he never kep' the guineas; it was a grate word with him, that he could never turn two guineas into three, but he could turn two into one—so, signs by it, his sons, in spite of the decent drop that was in 'em, turned from squireens to worse—sure enough he was the fine man! with such a generous spirit; as long as ever he could get credit for a hogshhead of wine, it was running at the rate of a hunt, all day and all night; and, though you may misdoubt my word, it's as thrue, be the dads! as the light of heaven, that whenever any kind of a dirty tradesman came to ask for his money (them tradesmen, somehow, war always mighty troublesome to the real ould sort), he wouldn't be in the laste degree offended, but invite him to the run of the house as long as he pleased to take it; and if he wouldn't, the masher 'ud lock him up in the strong room, where the tileddeeds and plate used to be kept, when they war in it; then feed him up like a fighting-cock, until the poor mane craythur, with a mouse's heart, would roar to get back to his business; and then to be sure the bill was compromised, or something, and the fellow sent back as he came, barring the claret and wild fowl." But did not the tradesman bring an action against him for false imprisonment?"

was our very natural question, although, of course, we anticipated what the answer would be. "Oh, yarrah! what good would that do him? sure never the witness he'd get out of the masher's house! not but what he was a grate friend intirely, at the first going off, to the lawyers; drawing custodiams, and actions, and breaches, and fiery-faces, and processes, and proving alibis for his friends whenever any little accident happened. And then they called him a capital intilligent fellow; but when they had wrack'd every thread in the house into smitherens, they said he had been all his life a fool—just think of the impudence of that! By the same token, one day, there was a jury to try a poor boy for sheep-staling; and the masher knew he was innocent, because he was a gilly of his own, and the reason he was 'took' was just this: he was walking the road fair and asy, when he sees a blaguard driving along a couple of nice young wethers, that were unruly bastes; so the stranger says, says he, 'Honest man, will ye plaze to drive thim wethers for me till I take a wink o' sleep,' says he. So the simple boy did as he was bid; and the stranger was nothing but a dirty informer, that got him sent to jail, and to trial, for robbing a farmer that said he lost the two sheep. Well, the masher swore he'd get him off; and sure enough he did; but as the poor fellow was 'took' wid the goods upon him, he couldn't prove an alibi; so the masher sent a civil message to the foreman to say, if he didn't acquit the prisoner, he'd shoot him when convenient; and, in course, the boy was 'not guilty,' for the foreman knew his honour always kep' his word. And in proof of that I'll tell ye another story. My own uncle's first cousin had the promise of a new lease for three lives; and having his honour's word for it, he new he was safe, and wasn't afeerd to go agin him at the election. So, when all was over, and the masher was bet, Joe Nolan goes to him for the lease. 'In course,' says the masher, 'ye must have it; I said it; and what I say I'll do, I do, ever and always, Mr. Joe Nolan; and, mark me, says he, 'before a month of Sundays goes over yer head. But the lease ye'll get any way; and here it's for ye, signed, sealed, and now delivered according to law; so make yerself scarce, ye blaguard,' says he, 'or I'll be ather givin' ye a skin-full of broken bones to carry to the new member o' parliament.' Well, Joe Nolan was off in a hurry, I'll go bail. But he had his lease to the fore, and 'twas little he heeded the masher's anger. So, when he got to his own boreen, he takes out the parchment, and reads it; and, och! what do ye think? he finds the three lives in his new lease were the lives of three boys that war to be hung the next day for murder; and that's the way the masher kep' his promise to Joe Nolan. Oh! but he was the fine man; he had such a spirit! Somehow—I heard my father tell it—the grand jury and the judges offended him; for with a full purse or an empty one, he was mighty high in himself—why not? And having given him offence, he went to take his sate with a padlock on each of the pockets of his big coat, and one whispered, and the other whispered; and at last the jidge—and a nate-spoken little gentleman he was—says, 'Misher John,' says he, 'if its plazing to ye, will ye be ather telling us what's the

cause of thim curiosities—is it a new fashion?' he says. 'No, my lord,' makes answer the masher, 'only ye see when I'm in the company of pickpockets, and here's eleven of them in the box wid myself, I must take care of my property, that's all; and then he challenged them where they stood to fight; and he did fight nine out of 'em. And now, this always show'd the rale gentleman; be the dads! he only killed one, just to prove his power, and let the rest off, with nothing to signify.

The masher had grate spirit in him, intirely, to the last, and even after he wasn't himself, every haporth upon the lands and in the house was canted; the ould residents of gentry had died around him; the young ones war mostly absentees; there was none left to comfort him, but the remnants of his own people, who kept their duty to him, though the land had gone to others. And when he grew wake in his mind, they let him out of jail, and then he returned to the ould walls, as it luck would have it, the very day of the auction; it was no use to hould him back—in spite of them all he made his way right into the hall, the people wondering and pitying, making a bohren for the tall, white-headed, noble-looking, ruined gentleman, who, laning upon his goold-headed cane, and yet as straight as a poplar, derided his eyes from side to side—sensible he was in his own house, and in a throng, yet not understanding it. The auctioneer had made a pulpit of the large arm-chair, with its high back, that had been the masher's toast-seat at the head of his table for hundreds of years, and was going on with his gibberish, when the wild eyes of the O'Leary fixed on him; he had no time to get down, for in a moment the ould gentleman had hurried him to the floor, and stood with his foot upon his breast, as calm as a church monument in moonlight; ye might have heard a pin drop, for the auctioneer was afeard to cry out. 'Gentlemen, said the rale gentleman of the country, 'I suffer none but myself to take this chair, and now I bid ye, as I have often done before, kindly welcome; I am ye, an O'Leary still; I'm not as strong as I used to be, but strong enough to make you kindly welcome; Boys, we'll make a night of it; the hall that is furnished with Irish hearts is well furnished. Shout, boys, shout! the masher's at home again—O'Leary, aboo!—aboo!' It was as if a voice from the grate rose the cry; the men shuddered and the women fainted, but there was no answer. Some of his ancient tenants had gathered round him, for they saw the change that was coming over him. 'Boys,' he says, 'am I never to hear it again?' and those words stirred them as though they had but one heart, and they rose a grate shout—the ould cry of the family—until the walls shook; and the ould gentleman stood just quiet for a minute, like one in great glory, but before the shout had died away, he was dead; ah! he was no one's enemy but his own!"

ROMANCE OF THE ORCHESTRA.—I once witnessed a scene (six or seven years ago) in the orchestra of Covent Garden, which, for ludicrousness of effect, and the mysterious manner in which it arose, surpassed anything that ever came under my notice. A friend, considerably my senior, and a play-goer of the time of the Kembles, was one of my companions; the other was his wife, to accommodate whom, being short sighted, we had established ourselves in the front row of the pit, on the prompter's side. At the commencement of the overture, we found that the scroll-end of one of the large double basses intercepted the lady's view of the stage, and a request was preferred by my friend to the performer (a most eccentric looking genius, with only one eye, and that apparently turning on what mechanics call "an universal centre") to alter his position, but he very un-courteously refused to move; and still worse, on the rising of the curtain, he left the instrument secured in a perpendicular position, so as to completely obstruct our lady's view. Thus he left it, in spite of all our remonstrances. I, with the desperate indignation of youth, was for cutting the string and letting it fall down, but was restrained by my elder and more wily friend, who whispered me, "Never mind, I'll serve him out." He then changed places with his lady, and all went on quietly till the fall of the curtain, when I suddenly missed him. He returned, however, in a few minutes, with a large piece of—yes, of candle; and he gave me a look which indicated that I was not to see anything. Yet I did see, that while the rest of the audience were looking round the house, he leant over, and, unobserved by any one else, applied the grease with dexterity and effect to the strings of the offending instrument. He then took his seat, apparently as unconcerned as any spectator in the pit. In due time the bell rang for the music to the after-piece, and we saw our musical adversary enter, release his instrument, and seat himself. He then tried the strings at his ear, and finding all right, indulged himself with a pinch of snuff, and quietly awaited his time. The second bell rang—the leader gave the preliminary tap-tap, and off they went in the overture to Tancredi. After a few bars, it was our enemy's turn to chime in: he sawed away with right good will, but, to his utter amazement, without producing the desired effect. He looked down inquisitively with his single optic, but without comprehending the mystery. Again he tried, and of course with the same result; another downward look, and the truth seemed to flash across him. His one eye glared most horribly; but not on us did his anger fall. In front of him, perched on a high stool, working most industriously at a violoncello as big as himself, in a sweet unconsciousness of the storm gathering in his rear. On this unoffending victim did he of the double-bass vent his rage—for after the second brief look at his useless instrument, he darted one piercing glance at the violin player, deliberately deposited his bow on the desk before him, and dealt the little man so sound a cuff on the head, that musician, stool, violoncello and desk went down "in one astounding ruin, literally putting their pipes out, and producing discord dire throughout the realms of harmony.—Cruikshank's Omnibus.

A traveller described the sad catastrophe of being cast away, with a few companions, upon an unknown shore. 'After walking several miles,' said he, 'in a dreary country, just as we were giving ourselves over to despair, we espied a jibbet, with a man hanging upon it, a sight so very promising could not fail to raise our spirits, as we were convinced we were now coming into a civilized part of the world.'

Willows were described by the Rev. Robert Hall as nature hanging out signals of distress.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial; it appears in clear weather, but vanishes as soon as it is cloudy.

CHARLOTTETOWN: Printed and published by COOPER & BRENNER, Printers to the Honourable the House of Assembly, at the East corner of Pownal and Water Streets, payable half year.