

**LORD LIFFORD AND THE REPEAL QUESTION.**—Lord Lifford replies to the Irish papers to the Repeal declaration of the Catholic clergy of Limerick, upon whom he thinks "conciliation is thrown away," since to them nothing will be satisfactory short of dismemberment of the empire. He claims to discuss all such matters as an Irishman. He is a Saxon by descent, but by birth and family connection of 100 years on the one side and 200 on the other, and by constant residence in Ireland, as much an Irishman as Messrs. Hayes or Higgins, though the latter puts an 'O' before his name, or even as Messrs. Stephens or Roberts, whose names are undeniably Saxon. If he (Lord Lifford) had had a seat in the Irish Parliament, as had his grandfather and great grandfather, he thinks he would have voted against the Union in 1800 as he certainly would now defend it. As one of the peers representing Ireland in Parliament he has pressed upon the House of Lords the expediency of, as far as possible, placing on an equality the Reformed and the Roman Catholic Churches in Ireland. He has also long advocated the propriety of securing to the tenant at-will the value of all property invested in improving his farm, with the knowledge and consent of the landlord or his known agent, even though it be their tacit consent. He protests against the monstrous assumption everlastingly made whether by Fenians or by their next-door neighbours, Repealers, that in Irish questions, whether that of republic or of repeal, Ireland is at issue with England, whereas the contest is far more intimately and immediately between Irishmen who have nothing to lose and Irishmen of property, education, and respectability almost to a man—this is the difference between our case and that of Hungary. Lord Lifford understands the peaceful means of seeking equality of the Churches which he understands Bishop Moriarty to pursue, but Dean O'Brien would perpetuate an agitation which restricts employment, unduly increases the letting value of the land, and drives the surplus population from Ireland. Ireland's poverty, he maintains, is as nothing compared with the palmy days between 1782 and 1800. Its degradation spoken of in Repeal addresses, he considers a calumny. He grants the long series of English injuries exacted by Dean O'Brien, but England has long cried practically to Ireland, 'Mea maxima culpa; peccavi.'—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

**IRISH TRANQUILITY AND BRITISH CAPITAL.**—The same cry about British capital being kept away from Ireland by agitation was heard during O'Connell's lifetime; and yet from 1848 to 1864 or 1865 there was a long and almost uninterrupted period of apparent apathy. Why is it not shown that during this period, than which we can hardly expect any more peaceful, untold millions of British capital did flow into Ireland? Either the fact was so, or it was not. If it had been so Lord Stanley would not now have to appear in the guise of a prophet; but since it has not been so, his argument is self-refuted. He seems to fancy that merely political considerations will avail to direct the tide of capital to this part of the empire as to that part of it, irrespective of other circumstances. The presence of gold mines in Australia, of good coal mines conveniently situated, in Scotland, seems to him unworthy of notice, compared with the absence of agitation. He is probably not aware that even during the disturbances of last year in the south of Ireland existing manufactures were extended, and new ones established, in places which were far from being regarded as the most tranquil. But he has not allowed us to see in what way he expects that mere capital would be laid out in Ireland. Indeed, he has omitted to show that the country really stands in need of English wealth. Is the British capitalist to start new factories, and drive the native manufacturer out of the market? Is he to take farms over the heads of the native tenants, and enlarge his enterprise by driving some of these out of the country and ruining others? It is not easy to see how this would minister to the content of the most peaceable community of Irishmen. But perhaps, the British capitalist is to be invited to gild the bogs and mountain sides, and ruin himself for the greater honour of Conservative statesmen?—*The Chronicle.*

The life of a process-server in Ireland, though it cannot boast of the wild adventures of former days, when it was a romantic pursuit, is still not free from peril. Take an example from the heart of the capital itself, and connect it with how popular and pleasant it must be in remote parts of the country. An application was made on Saturday in the Court of Queen's Bench before Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, to have a service deemed good which was made under the following circumstances:—The sheriff's officer stated in an affidavit that he went to the Four Courts Marshalsea to serve a process upon a prisoner confined there for debt. When he arrived at the 'barrack,' as the entrance is called, apprehending foul play if he went in without protection, he requested the deputy-marshal to have the prisoner called. This the deputy refused to do. He asked then if the marshal would protect him if he entered the prison.—This, too was refused, and the deputy-marshal having been reminded of the danger which might attend any attempt to execute the writ said he could not help it. The process server then asked him to present a copy of the writ to the prisoner, which he consented to do, and it was now sought to have this deemed sufficient service. His Lordship declined to grant the application, pointing out the alternatives which the process server had. He commented strongly, however, upon such a statement being made 'in the 19th century in a prison in the city of Dublin, almost within view of the court, that the marshal could not protect his officer if he entered the prison to discharge his duty.' He had consulted the Lord Chief Justice, who concurred with him that the matter could not be overlooked, and he, therefore, directed that a copy of the affidavit be served upon the marshal, and an answer required within two days.

**THE RECENT ARRESTS IN CORK.**—Barry Fitzpatrick, compositor, employed by one of the local newspapers offices, was brought before the magistrates at the police-office on Tuesday morning, charged with assaulting and threatening Sub-Constable Duffy. The policeman stated he was on duty in Patrick-street, and, about four o'clock yesterday evening the prisoner came up to him and said, 'Duffy, you scoundrel, do you know me? I will do for you.' 'Perhaps I do know you,' said witness, 'and be very cautious of what you say and do.' 'You swore against Walsh,' rejoined he, 'for having Greek fire, and by G— I will make short work of you.' The prisoner then commenced to fumble with his pockets, as if he was looking for a revolver, and witness raised him. Fitzpatrick then struck witness two or three times in the face, after which he arrested him. Mr. Collins, solicitor, appeared for the prisoner, who pleaded 'Guilty' to the charge, throwing himself on the mercy of the court. Unfortunately the prisoner went to a wedding on Saturday night, and since then he had been on a 'spree.' The Bench in consideration of his plea of 'Guilty,' and of his large family, imposed the mitigated punishment of one week's imprisonment, and ordered him to find bail for his good behaviour. They condemned his conduct as most reprehensible.

**ANOTHER EXPLOSION OF GUNPOWDER IN CORK.**—Between eleven and twelve o'clock on Saturday night the inhabitants residing in the neighbourhood of the Bandon Railway-station were startled by a terrific noise which shook the house to the foundation, shattered several panes of glass, and upset much of the furniture in the surrounding houses, and considerably alarmed those residing near the scene of the occurrence. No one knew the cause, although every one believed that it was an explosion of gunpowder. It was all made clear yesterday, however, by the discovery of the pieces of a gunpowder canister next a gate of the extensive premises held by Messrs. Adams and Keating. Whether the affair had anything to do with Fenianism or attempted robbery is not yet known, nor has any one been arrested.—*Cork Constitution.*

Marcus Adams, one of the men concerned in getting up the Cork funeral procession was arrested on the 28th. He had previously been in custody on suspicion of complicity in the Fenian conspiracy.

A correspondent of the *Irish Times* at Queenstown states, in a letter to that journal that the feeling in regard to the recent execution at Manchester seems to be lessening little in intensity.

The *Standard* says many circumstances show a rapid improvement in public feeling respecting Fenianism both in England and Ireland.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

Lord Stanley, in a speech delivered at Bristol, has laid down the Government programme with unmistakable distinctness:—Well, gentlemen, there is another subject on which I fear I cannot speak in an equally cheerful tone. It is one which I suppose at the present moment is hardly ever absent from the mind of any person who takes part in public affairs. I mean that painful, that dangerous, and to us in appearance at least, that discreditable state of things which unhappily continues to exist in Ireland. We have indeed in that country a strange problem to solve. I suppose there never was a time when Englishmen of all parties and all classes were more anxious to give all reasonable satisfaction to Irish demands, and even, as far as can be done without national injury, to humor the feelings and prejudices of the Irish people [hear, hear]. The material condition of Ireland is not bad, certainly it is far above the average of what it has been in former years.—The peasantry are better fed, better clothed and better paid than they were twenty years ago [hear, hear]. The more educated class share absolutely and without restriction all the advantages of British citizenship. Nothing is wanted except a little peace and security for uncourted millions of British capital to pour into that country as English wealth has poured into Scotland, as it continues every day to pour into colonies that are separated from us by the breadth of the globe [cheers]. Yet it would be idle to deny that discontent is very widely spread, that disaffection is not unfrequent, and that there is a portion of the population, I hope not a considerable portion, but still a portion that regard their connection with England as a burden rather than a benefit. Well, that is a miserable state of things; and yet, when we ask for a remedy, who is there that can give us an intelligible answer? [hear]. I do not undertake to do it. All I venture to attempt is to throw out a few hints, which, if they have no novelty, at least can do no harm. In the first place, do not let us disguise from ourselves the fact, that there is a party—and it may be a considerable party—whom no possible concession will satisfy [cheers]. Those who go in for a separate national existence, or repeal of the Union, which practically comes to the same thing, are asking for what they never can obtain [cheers]. And it is only true kindness to tell them so in plain terms [loud cheers]. We will not allow the British Empire to be pulled to pieces in virtue of any fantastic theories, nor because politicians may have talked unadvisedly about the sacred cause of nationality, as applied to other countries.—Ireland and England are inseparable now and for ever [loud cheers]. Then again, there is another cause of disturbance which is temporary in its character, and which we may fairly allow as being likely to pass away of itself—I mean the return here of Irish Americans who have taken part in the great civil war on the other side of the Atlantic [hear, hear]. Every war, every great war leaves behind it a residuum of men unfitted for peaceable pursuits, full of energy and courage, and reckless of life.—Taken as a whole, and considering the number of forces engaged, I do not think the proportion of that class in the United States has been very great. Still there are a good many of them, and we are blessed with the presence of not a few of them here. That is an inconvenience which, in the nature of things, will not continue. But setting aside the mere temporary cause of discharged foreign soldiers turned into conspirators, there remain two great subjects of parliamentary controversy—the Church and the land [hear, hear]. Now, to the first of these, you will excuse me, if, in the position I hold, I say nothing at present. It is perfectly clear that if any legislation is to take place—I don't say that it ought to affect in any way the political position of the various ecclesiastical bodies in Ireland, such legislation ought not to be the work of a dying parliament, returned by a constituency which is itself about to be considerably modified [hear, hear]. And in any case, we have this to remember, as practical men, that here are Protestants as well as Catholics in Ireland, who, though numerically fewer are socially powerful, and that it is sometimes possible, in endeavoring to conciliate two opposite parties, to find that you have only succeeded in making enemies of both [laughter and cheers]. Well, gentlemen, if I were wearying you—[cries of 'No, no!']—there is that other question of the land, upon which I should like to say a word or two. I want to see that question fully and thoroughly argued out in parliament, with out disguise on any side as to what is meant. The demand constantly put forward as you all know, is that compensation should be granted to the tenant for improvements which he has made. That, under proper safeguards, is well enough. We have admitted that principle, but when you have settled that point, the fundamental cause of difference still remains. What, I won't say the Irish peasant, but a considerable number of the Irish peasantry, want, is not compensation for improvements, which not one in a hundred ever make, but to be transferred without payment from yearly tenants into owners of the soil [hear, hear, and cheers]. Now that is a demand which I can't conceive under any circumstances that a British legislature can assent to [loud cheers, and a voice, 'Certainly not!'] If the principle is good for Ireland, it is good for England also; and more than that if the operation is to be performed at once it will have to be performed indefinitely, for the tenant turned proprietor might of course sublet and, if I know anything of Irish nature, he certainly would.—[hear, hear]—and then you would have a fresh class of tenants at will under the same conditions as those which existed before with only this difference, that you would have removed a body of landlords who were tolerably well to do, and substituted for them others who will be needy and consequently very exacting [cheers]. Nor must you forget this, that, under a system of innumerable small ownerships, you would have the very worst evil of the Ireland of old days revealed and intensified—I mean the continual subdivision of holdings, and the consequent indefinite multiplication of paupers [hear, hear].—Every landlord good or bad, for his own interest endeavors to check that tendency to subdivision.—Take away the check, and in twenty years' time, I will undertake to say, you would have a population doubled in nearly every one of them, supported exclusively by the soil, all of them, therefore, trusting to the potato; and when that fails, as from time to time it always will, then look out for the famine of 1847 over again [hear, hear, and cheers].

**ATROCIOUS OUTRAGE IN CLERKENWELL.**—It was rumored this morning that another Fenian outrage had occurred in Clerkenwell, and the House of Detention being spoken of as the precise locality, a vast crowd assembled at that spot to learn the facts. About a quarter past nine o'clock this morning a very respectable looking man named O'Harrington, or Sharrington, was passing between Northampton-street and Campton-street, within a short distance of the House of Detention, when he was without the slightest warning fired at by a man who suddenly made his appearance, and the bullet entered the right side of his neck, just below the ear. The unfortunate gentleman did not immediately fall to the ground, and before any one could approach him to render him assistance—and there were several persons near at the time—three other shots were fired in rapid succession from the same deadly weapon, but fortunately they did not take effect. Some hesitation was felt in encountering a man who was armed with what was seen to be a revolver, which he still held in his hand, and of which, as was afterwards discovered, three chambers still remained undischarged. A man named O'bert Bass, living at Sewa-d-cottages, Seward-street, St. Luke's, however, went up to the assassin, seized him by the collar with one hand, and the revolver with the other, and firmly grasped and held him until a policeman named William Knight came up and took the man into custody. He also took the revolver from him, and thus prevented him attempting any further mischief. A cab was procured, and the assassin, Robert Bass, and the policeman constable were speedily driven to the police station in Bagnidge Wells-road, where he was charged with attempt to murder. He was asked his name, and he gave it as James Needie, and his address as No. 13 New-street-square, Fetter-lane, Holborn, adding that he was a solicitor's clerk. He appeared to be quite indifferent to his situation, and, indeed, seemed to be under the impression that he was rather an injured person than a criminal. He had rather the appearance of a man of weak intellect. On his being seen by Inspector Potter, he at once identified him as a man who had been to him on several occasions for the last twelve months, making complaints about his being suspected of being a Fenian, and his great annoyances at being followed about, but he said they were only weak-minded people, and he supposed that they would get tired of doing so in time. There was a rumour that Mr. Bird, the milkman, who was a principle witness in the Clerkenwell outrage at the House of Detention, was the person who had been shot, and in consequence numerous persons went to his house to ascertain if that was the fact.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

**QUEEN'S EVIDENCE IN THE EXPLOSION CASE.**—Yesterday the prisoners charged with the murder of the persons who perished by the Clerkenwell Explosion were again placed in the dock at Bow street. The police had succeeded in finding what was deemed incriminating evidence, first against three, then six, and within the last few days against nine prisoners. Yesterday they were brought up, but instead of nine, only eight could be counted. These were Barrett, English, the two Desmonds and Mrs. Justice O'Neill, O'Keefe, and Allen. One of the most prominent of former prisoners, Mullany, did not appear. His companions probably wondered what had become of him; his Counsel may have been perplexed. But they were not long in doubt. The Counsel for the Crown rises; the first words he utters are, 'Patrick Mullany,' the missing prisoner enters the witness-box, and, in his own character of Queen's evidence, proceeds to make the remarkable statements which may be read in our report to day. So many Irish patriots have ended by betraying their cause that it would almost seem that where three Fenians are assembled two of them are ready when the time comes to turn approvers. Most of these men hold together only till they are in personal danger; some of them probably meditate the betrayal of their accomplices from the first. It is the duty of the Government to take advantage of the fears of those who conspire against it, and with the view of bringing to punishment the perpetrators of the late outrage, it has accepted Mullany's Queen's evidence. Mullany according to his own account, has been a 'Centre.'

The proceedings of the general court-martial which assembled at Chatham Garrison on the 23d ult., under the presidency of Col. R. Boyle, O. B., for the trial of Patrick Daly and James Molloy, two privates in the 2d Battalion of the 1st Royals, on the charge of having made use of Fenian and seditious language in the public streets of Chatham, having been formally approved, the sentences passed on the prisoners were publicly promulgated at a general parade of the whole of the officers and troops yesterday. The particular charges on which the accused were arraigned before the Court were for having in High street, Brompton Chatham, on the evening of the 13th ult., shouted out, 'The Queen may—', and the Colonel may—, 'I'm an Irishman to the backbone, and I'll swing the same as Larkin and Allen among before. If there is any Irishman here let him fall to the rear' and other language of a corresponding character. The prisoner Daly was likewise charged with striking Corporal Clarke of the Royal Engineers, who was in charge of the escort that conveyed him to the prison. The Court found both the prisoners guilty and sentenced Daly to be branded with the letters 'B. O.', to be discharged from Her Majesty's services with ignominy, and to undergo five years' penal servitude; the prisoner Molloy was also sentenced to be dismissed from the army with ignominy to be branded with the letters 'B. O.' and to be imprisoned and kept at hard labour for two years. After the order of the Court had been read the prisoners had portion of their uniforms stripped from them, when they were marched to the barrack gates, the band playing the 'Rogue's March,' and banded over to an escort for conveyance to prison.

**CONVICTION OF SIR COLLING EARDLEY FOR BIGAMY.**—The trial of Sir Colling Eardley for bigamy took place at the Central Criminal Court, London, on the 27th Jan., before the Recorder. The baronet was married on the 13th Dec., 1857, by the Rev. Mr. Hawks, at Calvary Church New York, to Emily Florence, daughter of James Magee, a cotton broker. The father of Lady Eardley and Mr. Charles Moseley testified that they were present at the marriage; that it was registered according to the law of the State of New York; and that Dr. Hawks at the time made a voluntary statement that the marriage would be as good in England as elsewhere. Mr. R. de Tracey Gould, a member of the New York bar, testified that it was a strictly legal marriage. It was proved that Lady Eardley had been compelled to separate from Sir Colling in 1853, on account of his infidelity. In the separation deed Sir Colling had, under oath acknowledged that she was his wife. It also appeared that Sir Colling had run through the whole of his fortune over which he had power. Fortunately, for the lady, however, the father of her husband, knowing his son's proclivities, had made a strict settlement before his death on the wife, which placed her in comfortable circumstances. It was then shown that in September, 1857, Sir Colling married Miss Bessie Allen, an actress at Drury Lane Theatre, a young lady of great beauty, irreproachable character and some property Miss Allen did not appear against Sir Colling, but it was understood in court the deception, and fraud he had practiced upon her was of a most scandalous nature. It was evident that he never intended that the marriage should be published, but it was so published by the sister of Miss Allen in the *Times*, and in this way became known to the friends of Lady Eardley. The defence set up was that the first marriage was informal and illegal, and the recorder condemned the attempt to set up such an excuse. The jury returned a verdict of guilty without leaving the box, and the baronet immediately sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment, with hard labor, the Recorder telling him that, had the wife of a second marriage appeared against him, he would have given her testimony, he would have got five years' penal servitude. Mr. Gifford and Mr. J. P. Benjamin were the counsel for the prosecution, and the prisoner was defended by Mr. Montaigne.

The notorious Murphy, whose proceedings in various parts of Lancashire and elsewhere have caused such serious commotions, is now at Ashton-under-Lyne, and has succeeded in throwing a firebrand amongst the English and Irish populations of that town. He has engaged a large room in the heart of the town as the theatre of his performances, and nightly, for more than a week past, he has delivered addresses in terms which have roused his hearers to a state of great excitement. On Friday night Murphy lectured again under the protection of a band of men armed with revolvers, staves and miscellaneous weapons, and his own revolver was also in readiness. The Irish had assembled several hundreds strong, in the Burlington-street Chapel, to resist any attack upon the building. The special constables were called up and placed in the Town Hall. Murphy adopted a more than usually belligerent tone and informed the audience that he intended, if he were called upon to die, to die well. Fortunately his courage was not put to the test; but at one period of the evening a disastrous collision between the English and the Irish mobs seemed imminent. The Irish had guarded Alma bridge, on the way to Dunkinfield to prevent a renewal of the disturbances which had been committed there by bands of roughs from Ashton. The police and special constables cleared the way, but the Irish seemed anxious to provoke a fight, for which many of them were well prepared. At three o'clock on Saturday morning an alarm was raised that a mob was coming from Dukinfield to attack the Roman Catholic chapel. The chief constable assembled his men and a company of specials and went into Little Ireland, where he found the Irish standing at the doors of their houses, in a state of great excitement. They were in readiness to defend their houses and the chapel had an attack been made, but nothing of the kind was attempted. Mr. Dalglish ordered the Irish to give up their weapons and was obeyed without resistance. Amongst the arms thus secured were pokers by the dozen, axes, cleavers, portions of scythes blades fixed with handles so that they could be used as swords, iron-headed bludgeons, and several peculiarly dangerous weapons formed by fastening butcher's knives to the ends of long brush handles. The town was quiet on Saturday. Yesterday, Murphy preached twice, and the hall was on each occasion crowded to excess. No disturbance took place. A number of the volunteers were sworn in as special constables. We are mistaken when we state on Saturday that the Mayor of Ashton had called out the volunteers, and had also sent for troops to Manchester.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Whether or no a new scene is to be opened to day in the Natal comedy we are unable to say. We are authorized to make a mysterious announcement that the Bishop of Grahamstown has given the Bishop of London an assurance that the intention of consecrating a new Bishop for Natal in England is abandoned. But has the intention of holding the consecration elsewhere been abandoned? It was originally intended, as the Bishop of London has told us, to hold the consecration in Scotland. Is that intention resumed? Or, at first supposed, is Mr. Macrorie to be exported to St. Helena as 'raw material,' and there manufactured into a Bishop? Anything may be hidden under this ambiguous announcement, which seems expressly designed to keep every one as far as possible in the dark. This is the extraordinary feature of the week's proceedings. No one, not even those who might be thought to have a claim to information, seems to know what is going on. Sympathetic Church Journals published in the course of the week have not a word to say on the subject. The Bishop of London obtains only negative information. To the Archbishop of York, as he gently puts it in the letter we publish this evening, 'there appears to be some secrecy in the arrangements.' At the risk of levity—the responsibility for which must rest with Dr. Gray—we cannot help suggesting a parallel. One is reminded of the familiar arrangements which precede an encounter in the Prize Ring. We all know the course adopted when in that carnal sphere it is intended to pit two combatants against each other. The police, of course, are on the alert, and must be kept in the dark. The day for the event is known, but the time and place are concealed from all but a select few. It is often doubtful to the last moment whether the event will come off at all. If all goes well, and if the 'Pet' and his backers hold on, they are exultantly conveyed in the early morning by special train to some spot where they can either evade the police or are out of their jurisdiction. The border of two counties is a favorite place, so that if pursued in one county they may escape into the other, and on a recent occasion it was proposed, by an exact anticipation of the present instance, to pitch the ring on some foreign soil. Hitherto scarcely an element of similarity is wanting, and it only remains to add the special train, the hurried journey to the border, and the final evasion of the ecclesiastical police. Such is the style of proceeding which the Bishop of Grahamstown, his supporters and advisers, think conducive to the welfare, and we suppose to the dignity, of the Church.—*London Times.*

A new Protestant sect has arisen in Essex calling themselves 'The Peculiar People.' One of the tenets is that medical assistance shall never be called in. When a 'Peculiar Person' is sick, the elders of the sect pray to the Lord that the sick person may recover, and then leave the matter to the Lord's hands. They conceive that the texts 'Ourred is he that trusteth in man,' and 'Trust not in arm of flesh,' clearly point out the impropriety of invoking medical aid. A 'Peculiar' baby fourteen months old, was seized with inflammation of the lungs last month. The elders were called in and they anointed the child, gave it brandy and water, and prayed over it but did not call in a doctor. The 'Peculiar' baby died as might have been expected under such treatment; an inquest was held, and the jury returned a verdict of man slaughter against its parents Mr. Payne, the City Coroner, believing that the age of miracles is past, admitted them to bail, but intimated his intention should another case of the kind come before him, he would send the parents to Newgate.

We are all more or less like the typical Irish landlord in the well known story. Evicted tenants may threaten our stewards, but threats to take away the lives of our stewards do not touch us. It was so in the matter of the Fenian raid into Canada. The news of it did not rouse our rascality. The promptitude and loyalty with which it was repelled did not excite any vehement admiration. The commutation by the Home Government of the punishment of the chief offenders was taken as a thing of course. If we compare the excitement at the outbreak in the south of Ireland last spring, when the loss of life was almost nominal, with our calmness on hearing the tale of the slain by the Fenian inroad into Canada, we must be at once conscious of an inconsistency of conduct, due, we may perhaps say in our own justification, rather to defect of imagination than to carelessness of feeling. It cannot, however, be deemed unreasonable if our fellow-subjects in Canada chafe under the comparative indifference manifested at the losses of life and property suffered in the provinces. The Home Government of England, therefore is bound to consider the sentiments of the Canadian people before taking a single step in further mitigation of the punishment of the raiders.—*Times.*

**HORSEFLESH FANATICISM.**—The growing desire for horseflesh ought not to be overlooked by our ecclesiastical contemporaries. It is neither more nor less than a return to the Pagan practices of our earliest ancestors; a relapse into the precise wickedness which cost the Christian missionaries so much trouble 1200 or 1300 years ago. Horseflesh was eaten in those times as meat offered to idols, and was valued accordingly, and the missionaries forbade, their converts to keep up a taste for it by holding it to be the least of the last for idolatrous offerings from the hearts of the new Christians. In England, where great care was taken not to deter the Pagans from Christianity by too sudden a demand for change of customs, the Pontifical of Archbishop Egbert rules that 'horseflesh is not prohibited,' adding however, as a hint to all respectable persons, 'though many families will not buy it.' At a Council held in the year 785, under the presidency of Gregory, Bishop of Ostia, it was decreed as follows:—'Many among you eat horses, which is not done by any Christians in the East. Avoid this.' With ardent missionaries eating horseflesh was classed with idol worship and the exposure of infants as three things which a man must renounce when he became a Christian.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

**CONSUMPTION OF 'SWEETIES' IN CHURCH.**—Not in any spirit of gloom at exposing the dark sins of a sister country, will England hear the appalling truth that every Sunday, in Edinburgh there are four hundred shops open, chiefly in the confectionary line, and that on the Sabbath morning there were seen to enter one only of these places, 2,637 persons chiefly children. But what does it mean? A solution offered by a Scottish contemporary is that a great quantity of the sweets thus procured are sucked in places of worship; and if this were all, the matter might not wear so hideous an aspect for the services in Scotland are very long, and not at all interesting to a child. A juvenile bearer in an English church who needed goodies, in addition to the organ, the statuary, the colored glass, the frequent changes of posture, and the shortness of the sermon, must be a very depraved little voluptuary; but something is to be said for a poor child who has to sit through a long, and to him dull, discourse, and perhaps through two services, without a break, as has happened to the present writer.—*Shi'ry Brooks.*

## UNITED STATES.

In the Virginia Reconstruction Convention, the other day, on a motion to give the General Assembly authority to establish a bureau of agriculture and emigration, the negro members expressed themselves strongly against the immigration of a white laboring population, but though that men with capital ought to be encouraged. Dr. Bayne (negro) made a most potent bar against the foreigners. He said the scheme of immigration was got up in the days of slavery to keep the negroes down and now they wanted it to keep the negroes out of work. They want to flood the State with low Irish and Dutch, the scum of the world, in order to cheapen labor and starve out the black man. Another of their schemes was to bring these ignorant foreigners here to vote down the negroes. He hoped the Convention would thwart these wicked designs and put its foot down on any scheme of immigration. The motion was finally carried by a majority of one.

Cobbett's power of abuse has been often referred to, but Sir Henry Belmore, in his recent work, has quoted an appreciation of it, written when Cobbett was in Philadelphia, which is almost unmatched in its savageness and sarcasm. It is fair, also, to observe that this State (Pennsylvania) labors under disadvantages in no respect, that no other State does. Here is precisely that climate which suits the vagabonds of Europe; here they bask in summer, and lie curled up in winter, without fear of scorching in one season, or freezing in the other. Accordingly, hither they come in shoals, roll themselves ashore and begin to swear and poll away as if they had been bred to the business from their infancy. She has too unappetizingly acquired a reputation for the mildness or rather the feebleness of her laws. There's no gallows in Pennsylvania. These glad tidings have rung through all the democratic club rooms, all the dungeons and assemblies of traitors, all the dungeons and cells of England, Scotland and Ireland. Hence it is that we are overwhelmed with the refuse, the sweepings of these kingdoms, the offal of the jail and the gibbet. Hence it is that we see so many faces that never looked comely but in the pillory, limbs that are awkward out of chains, and necks that seem made to be stretched.

We know not how it may be in England but in France, and in our own country, there has been remarked a very significant and alarming diminution in the size of families. Marriages are less productive than they used to be; at least, such is the general and the probably well-founded impression. There is no decrease in the marriage rate of France; on the contrary, it is stated that throughout the Empire there is a constant and considerable rise in the marriage rate. But the population of the Empire does not augment. It falls off, rather by some scores of thousands a year. It has fallen off as much as two hundred and fifty thousand, and it would fall more perceptibly yet, were it not for the increased longevity of the people in our improved civilization, and the number of early marriages. The smallness of the families is the fact that rises alarm; and this is due to causes that are general in their scope and character—causes of various kinds, partly physical, financial, partly prudential, partly social but partly, also, moral causes of a very subtle and insidious nature, which it is difficult to trace, and yet more difficult to speak of than to trace, from the extreme delicacy of the subjects they involve.

It is here, in this dimming size of families, that we seem to detect a conspiracy against the institution of marriage; for we can account for such a phenomenon only by supposing an unwillingness to rear offspring; and as the end of marriage is the rearing of offspring, an unwillingness to do it supposes to a certain extent the resort to means that reduce the number of births; and what is this but a deliberate conspiracy against the institution of marriage? This is a point of exceeding delicacy but it is a point of so much importance, that to pass it by lightly would be unpardonable. *N. Y. Tribune.*

**The Ducyrus Journal says:**—'A gangling specimen of humanity came into our office on Monday and enquired for the editor. We signified our readiness to respond, and asked what we could do for him.—'Why, I can't go to paper for two weeks, and I want to know if you've been and stopped it on me.' On turning to his name found he was over two years in arrears, and we told him we had stopped it. On further inquiries we also learned that the former regarded themselves as having been lied out of a heavy amount of arrears, and we declined to renew, when the worthy broke out with:—'See here, Minister, I've bin takin your paper for six years just to help it along and now for you to warn me to pay up, its too darned mean.' But it didn't soften us in a bit, and we stop twenty more this week. We have had quite a number of that style of friars, men who were anxious to help a soldier's paper along but so far have forgotten to pay. Hereafter we will get along without the aid of their distinguished services. No one in the future will receive our paper who has not paid for it.

**WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.**—There seems to be no doubt that the appointment of Minister to England has been tendered to General G. B. McOlellan, but nothing definite has yet been heard from him as to its acceptance. The resignation of Mr. Adams, it has been ascertained from an official source, takes place in April.

**SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 19.**—It is reported that Fenian operations on the Pacific coast are being placed on a war footing, with the probable intention of a raid on British possessions in the north.

**The State Senate to-day unanimously passed resolutions asking the President and Congress of the United States to honorably acquire or annex British Columbia to the United States.**

Those who pretend to know, say, there is more dissipation in Washington this winter than at any time since the war. There is certainly a great deal of intemperance in Congress.

An independent candidate for sheriff in Kentucky put forward as his chief claim the fact that he once slept with Andrew Jackson.