

ing might have passed, with many persons for what his lordship intended that it should seem to be, were it not for that trial for which gives the public so amusing a peep behind the scenes. It shows us the agent of Lord Granard issuing his lordship's command for the illumination in a peremptory manner. We have him even supplying the 'dips' for that popular demonstration. The Newtownforbes people, it appears, were not willing to burn their own farthing candles in honor of Colonel White, and it was therefore necessary that Lord Granard, if he wished for a blaze, should himself supply the wick and tallow. His lordship did supply it—and the illumination so made was to represent a popular religious, a public compliment to Lord Granard and Colonel White. Setting aside for a moment the gross hypocrisy of the affair, is it not really too bad that poor tenants are to be continually treated as in this manner? Is it not cruel that they must be compelled thus to surrender their free will and every vestige of manly independence to their landlord? Lord Granard could have burned the castle in honor of Colonel White if he pleased, but in the case of men who contracted with him only for the payment of a rent, by what right does he compel them to mask their own honest opinions, and to act as if by pretending to sentiments which they do not share, and abetting an enthusiasm which they do not feel? On this point the independent-minded portion of the public will not be slow in coming to a decision. In their hands we leave Lord Granard and his guest, bidding the latter welcome to all the honor he can derive from the 'illumination,' and wishing the former joy of the light thrown on his character by the refulgent dips supplied by his agent to the villagers of Newtownforbes.—*Dublin Nation*.

No man who knows anything of Ireland will be surprised to hear that at this moment of dire distress through the West, the Proselytising Society, the Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics, is more than usually busy. In fact, if there were not starvation, there would be no chance of any appearance of success. To buy up poor starving children of Catholic parents who have no means of providing them with food, is the chief, almost the only mode of operation adopted by the Society. Almost, but not quite the only mode, for there are some places where the parents can be compelled to send their children. Force and bribery, between them, embrace the whole of the Society's operations. How real the distress is now felt to be, is proved by the unusual activity of the proselytising party. Miss Whately, daughter to the gentleman who enjoys the temporalities of the See of Dublin, has addressed the *Times*, calling for £2,500 additional for a 'Dublin Ragged Boys' Home.' She says:—'We again look to our kind and generous English friends.' The real object of this letter was but too obvious from a single sentence, in which the lady says:—'The boys attend one of the Mission Schools daily.' This 'Mission' was designed, not to rescue poor boys from vice and ignorance, but to draw them out of the Church into the darkness of Protestantism. We cannot, therefore, commend the young lady for her fitness in aiding:—'We appeal to all who would rather be called on to build school-houses and dormitories than prisons and scaffolds; who would rather call in the schoolmaster than the turnkey and the executioner,' unless, indeed, (as it is no imputation to suppose a young lady ignorant of law), Miss Whately believes that Catholics, as such, are still condemned by the laws imposed upon Ireland, to the 'prison, the scaffold, the turnkey, and the executioner.' Perhaps she feels that a Legislature which imposes her clever papa as Archbishop upon a Catholic city, and gives him the lands which Catholics, in bygone generations, set apart for the support of the Catholic religion, would not be consistent in punishing the Catholic religion with imprisonment and death. So far we are forced to agree with Miss E. Jane Whately. On Thursday, the *Times* publishes the following letter from the Rev. Philip Hains, incumbent of St. Matthias, Liverpool:—'Emanating from a lady, I should not have thought of referring to the letter had I not good grounds for supposing that it is, in fact, under a new form, an appeal from the managers of the Society for Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics. The names of the referees given are those of the secretary of the Society, Colonel Gabb, and of its treasurer, Mr. Kinnaird; and it is intimated that contributions will be received at the office of the Society, 11, Buckingham-street, Adelphi, London. It may not be generally known that this Society is already in receipt of £29,000 a year, £4,611 12s 6d being the contingent expenses in England alone; the salaries of association secretaries, their assistants, and travelling expenses in this country amounting to £2,223 4s 6d, (see report for 1860). The direct object of this society, as its name imports, is to maintain, by means of placards, handbills, advertisements, clerical and lay agents, a continual and aggressive controversy with the Roman Catholic population of Ireland. Far be it from me, or from any other clergyman, to breathe a syllable against ragged homes or schools for the poor. To promote them is one of the noblest works in which Christianity can be engaged. But when they are opened only upon the condition that form of Christianity in which they have been brought up, then it is time to pause, when English money is sought for such a purpose. I would not envy any person the possession of those feelings that would not recoil at the idea of taking advantage of the deep distress and utter dependence of some poor city outcasts to endeavor to bribe them by the prospect of food and clothing to enter the ranks of Protestantism. The Society for Irish Church Missions is now on its trial, at least in Liverpool, where a discussion as to its merits has been for some time going on. In the opinion of those fully competent to judge it has retarded rather than promoted the reformation of Ireland, has accomplished the only end of exciting religious strife and disturbance, and is altogether unsuited to the spiritual exigencies of that country. It is certainly a proceeding of questionable candour on the part of the society to make an appeal to England for increased funds when they are in receipt of £29,000 a year, and on behalf of a school which they forgot to add in connexion with the Irish Church Missions. But they have shown considerable wisdom in obtaining the daughter of an Archbishop to endorse the appeal, especially when that Archbishop bears the great and honored name of Whately.—*Weekly Register*.

BRANCOLOGICAL BLACKGUARDISM.—The 'Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts' held a meeting in Dublin last Saturday, at which Lord Talbot de Malahide presided, in the absence of Dr. Whately, when an incident not rare at such meetings occurred that elicited a rare event at such gatherings—a severe rebuke of foul bigotry from the Chairman and another distinguished member of the society in question. It seems (says the *Dublin Evening Post*) that a clergyman of the Established Church, the Rev. A. Pollock, when addressing the meeting, referred to the successful exertions of Catholic Missionaries in China. This platform orator, encouraged to utter the foolish impertinence by the impunity with which outbursts of bigotry had been treated previously during the week, said:—'The Chinese were idolaters, and the first taste of Christianity which they were getting, and which, of course, would become their recognised ideal of the Church of Christ, was that presented by the abominable system that just substituted one idol for another.' The religion of the vast majority of the Christian world—the creed of Bonaparte and Feneelon—of Manning, Wilberforce, and Newman—the faith of three-fourths of the population of Ireland, after centuries of persecution, was thus derided by the Chaplain of the the Magdalen Asylum. But the reverend gentleman was promptly and most effectively rebuked by Lord Talbot de Malahide, who declared he had seldom attended meetings of this description because there were such frequent instances where real contrition, discretion, that he was naturally unwilling to be present

when sentiments utterly opposed to his own were addressed to a large assembly.' The noble Lord added that if such a sentiment as that uttered by the Rev. Mr. Pollock—that one large branch of professing Christians were introducing a description of idolatry as bad as any heathen idolatry—if he could believe that that was 'the feeling and belief of the majority of the assembly, not for one moment would he take the chair, or enter amongst them.' It is but just to say that this impressive and dignified rebuke was received with applause by the meeting; and the Very Rev. Dean Warburton, of Elphin, who has often before given expression to liberal and enlightened views, arose to declare, on his own behalf, that he disavowed the opinions expressed by the Rev. Mr. Pollock—that he was in no way responsible for them; and that he fully concurred with the noble chairman in those sentiments of charity which induced him to condemn expressions hurtful to the feelings of their fellow-countrymen of any persuasion. The Dean declared that he was not the least earnest in his attachment to his own religion, because he respected the conscientious principles of others, and that he had lived for many years in a district where the great majority of the people were Roman Catholics, and he had always received the greatest respect and consideration from all his fellow-countrymen. 'The public, without distinction of party or denomination, have cause to be grateful to Lord Talbot de Malahide for the characteristic good feeling manifested by him on this occasion. The rebuke will be remembered at future annual gatherings in the Rotunda, although, perhaps, there may be wanting a Chairman to reprehend rampant bigotry in the same decisive manner. We fear that some recent appointments in the Established Church have encouraged the ultra to increased violence and offensiveness of language. If moderate Irish churchmen like Dean Kirwin or Dean Graves had been selected for promotion, there might have been no such gross and scandalous outburst as that of the Rev. Mr. Pollock against the religion of the vast majority of the people of Ireland.' The *Evening Post* is amply justified in its censure upon Lord Carlisle's late promotions in the Law Church in Ireland. His Excellency seems resolved to outbid the Premier himself, nay, even Lord Shaftesbury, for the favor of the Law Church fanatics, from whom alone he selects the objects of his patronage. We regret to be obliged to say anything unkind of Lord Carlisle, but truth forces us to declare our belief that a more ardent bibliomaniac, and consequently a more inveterate enemy of the Catholic religion, does not exist, than the present Whig Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. On this point, he and the Foreign Secretary go hand-in-hand, and they easily bear off the palm from the Premier, for all the world knows that he is too much the Free-thinker to be a bigot, and that his hostility to the Catholic Church arises from its opposition to his loose and dangerous political opinions.

NEIGHBORLY SYMPATHY.—Mr. William Miller, of Rosbracken, near Manorcunningham, had been dispossessed from his farm in the townland of Dromore, near Letterkenny, some seventeen years since, but having still maintained his claim of Tenant Right, was reinstated in said farm a few weeks since, by the present landlord, who lately purchased the estate. Upon Miller obtaining possession, his friends and acquaintances to the number of seventy-five men, assembled on the farm, which was over-run with furze, &c., during the seventeen years it lay uncultivated, and in the course of a short time cleared the ground of these obnoxious tenants. Forty well-appointed ploughs started, and in the course of half a day turned over, in first-rate style, as much of the farm as the occupier intends to crop this year, while a large concourse of people were present to welcome back their old neighbor.—*Derry Standard*.

DEATH FROM STARVATION IN DUBLIN.—'She died of exhaustion and starvation.' Such is the brief statement which announces the close of one life and the beginning of another. We take it from the classical return of the deaths in the Coombe Lying-in Hospital. Within that hospital, in the year ending March, 1861, there were treated 473 cases. The extra cases were 510. Among all only twelve died, but one 'died of exhaustion from starvation.' She had made her way to the hospital as best she could. They took her in and sheltered her; tenderly and carefully, we may be sure, was she treated in the hour of woman's trial, but the pangs of hunger had overcome the pains of maternity. She more than fulfilled the primal curse, for not only did she bring forth in sorrow, but perished of hunger. She had remained without food too long, and nature was worn out when the hospital received her. It is terrible to find such a record, so fearfully truthful a record, on the books of an hospital in a great city like this, where every street, almost, has its charitable institution, and where, as Bureaucracy hath it, the poor-houses not being densely crowded, there can be no distress.—*Irish Times*.

THE COOKERS.—We (*Cork Examiner*) understand that efforts have been or are being made to help a large number of the coopers of the city to emigrate. The trade has, of late years, become very bad, and it is thought essential, in order to provide adequate employment for one portion, that another should seek a market where that species of labor would find more demand. Apropos of this subject, we may give the following extract from the *Whitby Chronicle* of the 20th March, a Canadian paper, which has been sent to us by a friend:—'The *Oil Wells*.—A correspondent to a St. Thomas paper, says that the only supply of barrels that can be obtained at present at the Wells is 300 a week, while the demand is about 2,000 a day. Verily, the coopers' trade ought to be the best in Western Canada at the present time.'

The celebrated Yelverton case is likely to occupy the Court of Common Pleas this term, probably after the Easter holidays. Mrs. Yelverton's legal advisers have filed notice of a motion to amend the bill of exceptions taken after the trial. If leave be granted, the effect will be to somewhat simplify the case, by expunging from the bill all the exceptions relating to the Scotch marriage, leaving the validity of the ceremony performed by Father Mooney, at Rostrevor, the only subject for consideration.—*Times Dublin Cor.*

ST. PATRICK A PROTESTANT.—As there are still individuals, and not among 'lower orders' only, ignorant or knavish enough to reiterate that the Ancient Church of Erin was Protestant, that St. Patrick did not recognise the authority of the Holy Father, &c., we consider it an act of charity to place the following extracts before their ears. We do so, because the eminent and conclusive work of Professor O'Curry, from whose 'Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Irish History' we take them, may not have been seen by them:—

'Besides the canons of the ancient Catholic Church of Erin preserved in the Gaelic language (referring to absence from Mass on Sundays, confession, absolution, clerical duties, &c.) there are a great number preserved in the Latin. Of these latter I shall present you with one as a specimen, from the Ancient Book of the Canons of Armagh, and from that part of the same old manuscript, which was copied from the book, written by St. Patrick's old hand. I select it, not only as an example of its class among the writings I speak of, but because it is one of especial interest, inasmuch as it preserves to us the most perfect evidence of the connection of the Catholic Church in Erin with the See of Rome, from the very first introduction of Christianity into the country. This canon has reference to matters of difficulty which might arise in any parish or diocese of the kingdom of Erin, and which could not be settled by the local ecclesiastical authorities; all which cases were to be referred to the Primate of Armagh; and if they could not be disposed of by him, they were then to be sent for final determination to him who sat in the apostolic chair of St. Peter at Rome. It is as follows:—

'Moreover, if any case should arise of extreme difficulty, and beyond the knowledge of all the judges of the nations of the Scots, it is to be duly referred to the Chair of the Archbishop of the Gaelic hill

that is to say, of Patrick, and the jurisdiction of this Bishop (of Armagh). But if such a case as aforesaid, of a matter of issue, cannot be easily disposed of (by him), with his counselors, in that (investigation), we have decreed that it be sent to the Apostolic Seat, that is to say, to the Chair of the Apostle Peter, having the authority of the City of Rome.'

'These are the persons who decreed concerning this matter, viz.—Auxilius, Patrick, Secundinus, and Deagobus. But after the death of St. Patrick, his disciples carefully wrote out his books.'

'This most important canon affords a proof so unanswerable as to dispose of ever of the modern imposition so pertinaciously practised upon a large section of our countrymen, as well as upon foreigners speaking the English language, namely, that the primitive Church of Erin did not acknowledge or submit to the Pope's supremacy, or appeal to it in cases of ecclesiastical necessity or difficulty. Nor is this canon, I may add, by any means the only piece of important evidence furnished by our ancient books on this great point of Catholic doctrine.'

Professor O'Curry then proceeds with singular learning and critical acumen, to examine and analyse other religious remains, notably to monastic Rules. He proves beyond contradiction, their authenticity and orthodoxy—they all rectify and inculcate the precise doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church in Erin, even as it is at this day.' He passes in review the poem of St. Ailbhe of Emly (Co. Tip.), who died in the year 541, addressed to Eugene, priest of Cluain Acaeluin, and consisting of lessons on the duties and rules of a priest, an abbot, and a monk—the rule of St. Ciaran (died 545) on clerical and devotion duties—the Rule of Saint Comghall of Bangor (died 552) addressed to abbots, monks, and devout Christians in general. He presents a condensation of the rules of St. Colum-Cille (died 592), which gives a precept for the regulation of life and time of a religious brother, who preferred solitude to living in community. He should live near a principal church. His time was to be spent in prayer for those who had died in the Faith, the same as if they had all been his most particular friends. His day to be divided into three parts; devoted respectively to prayer, good works and reading.

Professor O'Curry likewise notices, at some length, the Rule of St. Carthach, founder of the ecclesiastical city of Rathin, near Tullamore, and of the famous Lismore, where he died 630. The rule inculcates the Commandments, the love of God and our neighbour—relates the office and duties of a bishop, of an abbot, of a priest; minutely describes the office and duties of a father confessor, both as priest and in his particular relation to his penitents; the life and duties of a monk; of the Celibate, or 'Culdas'; the rule and order of the refectory, prayers, ablutions, respers, feasts, and fasts of the year; the duties of a king. The Sixth Rule is the general rule of the 'Culdas' (so much misrepresented), drawn up by St. Maelduin, of Tallaght (county Dublin), who died 787. It regulates their lives, prayers, preachings, confessions, communions, fastings, abstinences, relaxations, sleep, celebration of Mass, &c.

A third class of ancient remains consists of a very ancient treatise upon, or explanation, in Latin and Gaelic, of the symbolic ceremonies of the Mass and a powerful exposition of the doctrine of the Eucharist. It is supposed to be the Mass brought into Erin by St. Patrick. The Gaelic part of the tract is of the purest and most ancient Christian character. The tract speaks most eloquently of the Catholic Faith 'which conducts the righteous to the Light (Beatific vision)'; that is to see God in the glory and dignity in which he abides—the pledge for this Light left to the Church is the 'Holy Spirit, which resides in, comforts, and strengthens her with all virtues—distributes His own peculiar gifts to every faithful member in the Church. These noble gifts are bestowed on the Church among men: Baptism, Penitence, expectation of persecutions, the Holy Scriptures—for the Church distributes a variety of sweetest drinks. Another division of that pledge, which is the Body of Christ and His Blood, which are offered upon the Altars of the Christians. The Body, even, which was born of Mary, the Immaculate Virgin, describes His Death and Ascension.—It is that Body, the same as it is in His great glory, which the righteous consume of God's table, that is, the Holy Altar—it is the rich viaticum of the faithful pilgrims and penitents here—the seed of the Resurrection and Life Eternal to the righteous—the cause of fall to the impenitent who believe not &c.'

Professor O'Curry also proves to perfection the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, the Saints, and most of the practices of the Church.—*Morning News*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A new cupola ship is to be constructed by Messrs. Samuda. It is to be 280 feet long, near 3,600 tons, will draw about 20 feet, and will have engines of 500 horse power. She will have six cupolas, each armed with two 100-pounder guns.

EXPERIMENTS AT SHROBURNES.—Since the last experiments tried with the new wrought-iron smooth-bore Armstrong gun, other trials have been made with the same piece of ordnance to prove its power. During the course of these it has been tried with a 50 lb. charge of powder against a target of three five-inch plates of wrought-iron bolted together—a mass of wrought-iron, in all, of 15 inches thick—or, as nearly as possible, four times the thickness of the Warrior's plates. Two or three shots were fired against this, and each broke all three plates, crushing the first, ripping and splitting the second, and ripping the third in such a way as to show that even 15 inches of metal was an insufficient protection against ordnance of this description at those ranges.—*Times*.

ENGLISH CIVILIZATION.—Two inquests were held yesterday on the bodies of wives whose deaths were alleged to have been accelerated by the ill-usage of their husbands. In the case of one of them the coroner, who heard the charges, stopped the burial of the corpse when the funeral procession had actually set out on its way to the cemetery; and such evidence was given of cruelty and violence towards the deceased as abundantly justified the step. In the other case the woman is alleged to have died from neglect and a want of the necessities of life, with which her husband ought to have supplied her. In the former case the inquest was adjourned; in the other a strong censure was passed on the husband's neglect.—*London Standard*.

EMIGRATION OF MORMONS.—On Friday morning 85 Mormons—women and children being included in that number—left London by the North-Western Railway for Liverpool, where a vessel has been chartered to convey them to Boston, en route for Utah. Besides the families from the metropolis, parties are also going by the same vessel from Rotherham, Macclesfield, and other places. It was stated at the recent Mormon conference, held at St. George's Hall, Lambeth, that 250 persons were on the books ready to leave the London district this season, and that the numbers were increasing every day.—*Times*.

HOW TO SAVE A WIFE.—A few mornings since, a young lady, elegantly dressed, called at the house of a gentleman residing within five miles of Brentwood, and requested to see him on particular business. The gentleman, who had not yet risen from his slumbers, dressed himself with all speed compatible with a due regard to personal appearance, and then descended to receive his fair visitor. Some common-place courtesies were exchanged; but the gentleman was unable to divest himself of the move for so 'unexpected an honor' until the lady produced a letter, which, she said, a friend had requested her to deliver into his own hands, but which, on opening it, he found to contain a copy of a writ for a large amount. The lady, having performed her mission, smiled, courteously, and withdrew, leaving the gentleman in a storm of rage and surprise at the trap into which he had so unwittingly fallen.

The weakness and shortcomings of the English Church have been accounted for in many ways. Some have blamed Erastian prelates, others have mourned over meddlesome Parliaments, not a few have dilated on doctrinal and educational defects and laxities, but the fact seems to be that the greatest obstacles to religious improvement in England are (with all deductions for noble exceptions) the wives of clergymen. We dive into our recollections, and here and there find such women working well and faithfully when the pressing claims of home do not absorb them completely, but the cases where their influence has been for ill crowd on our memory. We can tell of one parish where a rich, liberal, and active incumbent has been obliged to throw up his cure because the locality was too dull for his new-married wife, and to leave his charge in the hands of one possessed neither of his means nor his zeal. Another where the harmony of the parish was destroyed because the rector's wife and the curate's wife chose to quarrel. Again, the lay energies of a district paralysed because the wife and daughter of the incumbent did not choose to take any share of the labors. Once more a parish priest became unpopular because his attachment to his home circle took away from him all desire to visit his flock. Still worse where the insolence of the rectress has alienated even the staunchest friends of her husband. The example of an ascetic life thrown away owing to the dressiness of and flighty manners of daughters. The influence of a clergyman over the young men of his parish lost owing to rumors about his son at college or in the army.—*The Union (Anglican)*.

POTATOES ON WET AND DRY SOILS.—On wet, cold soils, early varieties should always be preferred, unless it is known from experience that some particular potato suits the district. We are always favorable to local varieties, because they owe their fame to their exact fitness for the district; but every grower of them should plant a few pecks of the kind most in favor, in order to test their merits, as it will often be found that the varieties which have become favorites in a garden are not the most prolific, or otherwise the best that can be grown there. The disease breaks out towards the end of the summer, invariably after heavy rains and close, muggy weather. On lands lying high and dry it may commit little or no havoc; but a few fields off, in close valleys or damp hollows, or on a cold clay soil, the whole crop may be destroyed. Wherever the circumstances of the soil and position are such as to render potato culture a precarious undertaking, the earlier kinds should alone be cultivated. In such a case we should discard the Regent and the Lapstone, for of late years the disease has attacked these varieties most virulently. For the main crop we should prefer either Fifty-fold, Cockney, Soden's Early Oxford, or Lemon Kidney, with in any case a moderate breadth of Flukes. On a warm, dry, sandy soil, when the early crop had been planted, we should plant, to follow it, Red Ashleaf, a marvellously prolific kind, which keeps till July of the next year, is very mealy and white, but quite a risk in a damp, cold soil; Dalmahoy, one of the best for main crop, and second early; Regent, also risky on bad soils, but safe on a warm sand; and Glory of England, very productive; and, again, the admirable Fluke. For allotments and field culture to plant now, if the soil is dry, and inclining to either chalk or sand—the best sorts are Regent, Fluke, Dalmahoy, Glory of England, and Wellington. It may seem to some of our readers superfluous to name so many sorts, but it is not so. If a certain number of bushels of seed potatoes are wanted, it will cost no more to have three or four sorts than if one is used only, and if the disease appears it will not affect all alike—some may escape it altogether, and others be very nearly destroyed; and by planting a field with from three to six sorts the chances of a crop are multiplied, provided the sorts are selected with due regard to the climate and the soil.—*Gardener's Weekly Magazine and Floricultural Cabinet*.

IRISH DISTRESS.—There is distress in Lancashire, and distress in Ireland, and the season is about to open in London, but we fear far from brilliantly. With the hunger-moans from north and west mingle the reports of expensive gunnery experiments, and the sounds of the artisan's hammer rivetting the costly sides of useless iron ships. At a moment when large masses of the orderly, virtuous, and industrious of our people are suffering deeply from want of food, the Government is lavishing money by the million on objects of no utility to anybody. The distress in Ireland the rulers of that part of the Kingdom deny, but the distress in Lancashire is beyond denial. It is because the people there bear their privations with fortitude and without clamor that the general community have heard so little of the misery which prevails. But that misery is daily deepening and spreading, and as the local and legal resources diminish in an equal ratio, the moment seems to be at hand when some more effective means of alleviation will have to be sought. In the district of Blackburn it is calculated that one person out of every four is undergoing the horrible process of starvation. Of the eighty-four factories in Blackburn only eighteen are working full time, twenty-three are altogether stopped, twenty-five are running four or five days, and the remainder three days a week. No fewer than 7,000 operatives are wholly unemployed, representing a loss in wages alone of upwards of £5,000 a week. In ordinary times the weekly expenditure of the Blackburn relieving officer is £70 or £80 a week; during the last week £340 was expended by that functionary, all in doles of 1s. a head. The expenditure in the union workhouse itself is three times as much as it was last year, and the local relief fund is nearly exhausted. The period when the ordinary supplies of the material of Lancashire industry shall be again received seems as remote as ever. We cannot reasonably expect the Southern ports to be open for the export of cotton this year, and the Indian cotton Commissioners have pronounced an unfavorable verdict with respect to the cotton capabilities of Hindostan. The question, therefore, becomes serious, and undoubtedly something—to use the stereotyped phrase—must be done. What is that something? It is useless to attempt disguising the difficulties of the question, but the immediate choice seems to lie between a great effort of voluntary charity and the intervention of the Government or the law for the more effectual relief of these suffering people. The munificence of voluntary charity is something admirable in this country, and the classes which poured in the sum of nearly eighty thousand pounds for the relief of the Hardley widows and orphans would be as ready to come to the aid of the starving operatives, although their case presents none of the acute and picturesque horrors which in that of the colliery catastrophe so much impressed the imagination. A Lancashire Relief Fund, composed of voluntary contributions, might very speedily be got up; but in every case where a claim can be made as of right, it is preferable to try and enforce it before having recourse to the appeal to charity. That is the case of the starving operatives. These men and their families have a constitutional claim upon every pound's worth of the soil of England as long as they are unable to support themselves. In this sense the spirit, if not the letter, of the law recognises the land of England as belonging to the people of England. The theory is, that no one need die of starvation, for the poor-rates constitute a fund which belongs to the destitute. It is obvious, however, that wealthy as the county of Lancaster may be, its means of keeping up that fund will speedily be exhausted if its industry continues stopped. Particular districts, too, feel the distress more severely than others; and in those districts a high poor-rate, and an increasing number of claimants, will inevitably lead to the theory of the sufferers being disregarded, and to many of the sufferers being left to perish. What, then is the suggestion of common sense and humanity? Simply that, in the first place, a rate to aid, or an equalisation of the poor-rate, should be made over the whole of that county and of North Cheshire; and that should not this suffice to meet the wants of the people until in-

dustries shall have been resumed, a rate in aid should be levied all over the kingdom. Parliament has risen for the holidays, but on its re-assembling it is not improbable that it may have to turn a little practical attention to this very serious subject. As it is the interests of property, however, which are principally represented in that assembly, we confess to entertaining no very sanguine hopes of its dealing with the question in the proper way. We therefore designate the resort to this constitutional mode of relieving that partial but deep distress in the north, as an attempt. It ought to be made; yet the sheer appeal to the munificence of voluntary charity will doubtless have to be made. One-half the sum that is spent in frivolities in London by the gay and affluent during the season would make a good beginning for a Lancashire and Cheshire Relief Fund. Nor ought the distress in the west and north-west of Ireland to be forgotten. That it is a fact, and no myth, as Sir Robert Peel declares, it will scarcely admit of dispute. The evidence collected by Mr. Maguire, the member for Dungarvan, is of the strongest character, and it received confirmation from the official returns of agricultural produce to which we some time ago devoted an article. With stocks of all kinds and crops of all kinds rapidly diminishing—diminishing in a much higher ratio than the numbers of people from emigration—it stands to reason that want of food must prevail in the poorer districts of the island. Here, too, the practical working of the poor-law does not accord with its theory. The Chief Secretary adduces the fact that the workhouses are far from full as a proof that no great distress exists; but when it is known that the Irish peasantry generally have a wholesome horror of entering a workhouse, and that, in a large proportion of instances, they would rather suffer the utmost privations than do so, the value of this piece of evidence will be better estimated. The Irish poor law is excessively faulty. It applies the workhouse test, as the English applies the labor test, and both are revolting to the honest poor. Our door relief, however, is given here, but not in Ireland, nor will the Irish peasant, although without money or food, and willing to enter the workhouse, be received into it if he should happen to be the holder of a miserable quarter acre of land. In other words, to entitle himself to this relief he must make himself a pauper in form as well as in fact, and by giving up his bit of ground, which on the return of better times would help to make him independent, reduce himself to a position which must keep him a pauper all his life. The honorable member for Dungarvan calls for loans for reproductive expenditure, and undoubtedly some of the distress might be properly diminished in that way; but at the same time the defects of the Poor-law ought also to be cured, and heavy rates applied to relieve the misery of the people might give a rude lesson to the landlord class on their neglect of those duties which are as inseparable from property as are its rights anywhere except in Ireland.—*London Star*.

PROTESTANT CIVILISATION AND PROTESTANT PROSPERITY.—Men are relaxing into that selfishness which the drones and they of 'Episcopians' style have long preceded them. The true man of the day is he who never professed a sentiment or avowed a motive, except to take care of himself and make himself as comfortable as the state of things admitted. Yet even he is not happy. He is moody on his passion and quarrelsome in his surfeit. He has not enough; he is too sensible of his ignominy, and he quakes for the permanency of his downy bed and his leisure, his platter and his potations. So bere and there still arises the old cry, 'Who shall show us any good?' Even good people and wise people are asking for some sound bit of terra firma whereupon to rest the sole of their foot, and take breath, and think what next is to be done. They are told, perhaps, that there is work enough for all; that, if everybody will do his duty, Heaven will look after the whole; that charity begins at home; and that this one stepping-stone from the Slough of Despond will soon be crossed. All this is very true. But here comes what may be called the great trouble and master difficulty of the age. When a man takes up a good book, or hears a good sermon by a special preacher, or reads the report of any one meeting out of a thousand, or enters at all into the great conferences of minds with minds, he finds nothing but the largest schemes and loftiest considerations proposed for his acceptance. He is invited to deal with abstract principles and multitudinous objects. Religion in these days is too often a Pantheon of fair forms, and moral virtue a thousand associations. You must go into the clouds if you would be good. Except when the saints are eating, drinking, and sleeping, buying and selling, they dwell in a third heaven of unutterable and equally impracticable things. The work of private life is as perplexed and difficult of execution as when you had to choose between a crusade and the service of a robber chief. People are asking what they are to do with their aims, their sons, their daughters, their own spare energies and devout aspirations, just as much as if there were no pulpits to direct them, and no social custom to lead and assist them. Just when the political fabric seems to have reached its perfection, and England is boasting itself the very acme of domestic virtues, public charities, liberty, toleration, and everything that is good, true-hearted men are groping in the dark for something truer, steadier, surer, and more real than anything which they find about them. England and the world did seem the other day onward-bound for some happy and fixed destination. We led the way, and nations followed, or even tried to outrun us. The race is over; the dance is still; a great part of the world is at cross-purposes; we have lost our bearings; our dead reckonings were evidently at fault; soundings are not to be found; clouds and darkness are before us; and, as in the storm-tossed ship, the daily course of things still goes on, hourly wants must be met, the pumps must be kept going, the head, if possible, kept to the wind, so from day to day and hour to hour is nearly all that the best navigator amongst us knows what to do.—*London Times*.

PAINTER SCREW.—At the Dumfries Circuit Court, on Tuesday, a married woman, named Timony, was sentenced to death for the murder of a neighbor named Anne Hannah. From the full reports published by the Scotch journals we learn that a most distressing scene took place when the judge (Lord Deas) was passing sentence. After referring to the circumstances of the crime, his Lordship said:—'It is now only remains for me to pronounce upon you the law sentence of the law.' The prisoner (in an agitated tone) 'Oh, my lord, it never was me.' Lord Deas: 'The time of all of us in this world is short. With the most of us it is uncertain. In your case your days are numbered.' The prisoner (in agony) 'No, no, my lord.' Lord Deas: 'They must be few.' The prisoner: 'No, my lord.' Lord Deas: 'And I would recommend you to—' The prisoner: 'No, my lord.' Lord Deas: 'I would recommend you to prepare for other days.' The prisoner: 'No, my lord, let the lord send for me.' Lord Deas: 'I recommend you to use the short time which you have still in the world in making peace with God.' The prisoner: 'No, my lord.' Lord Deas: 'I should betray my duty, and hold out false hopes to you, if I gave you the slightest hope that the sentence of the law might not literally be carried into effect.' The prisoner: 'No, my lord; give me for ever a prison diem, diem da that.' His Lordship then put on the black cap, and concluded by formally passing sentence of execution on the 29th of April. The prisoner became more pale and excited as his lordship proceeded to discharge his painful duty, and when he had concluded he said in the most heartrending tones, 'Oh, my wanes! My lord, diem da that! I'll no go out. Oh, my wanes, my wanes! Diem da that! Here the unhappy prisoner, with her eyes turned incessantly towards his lordship, was taken from the bar and led down the trap, crying, 'My wanes, my wanes.' The scene was heart-rending in the extreme, and affected many to tears.

Approve of earthquakes—one touch of nature makes the whole world kick.