

THE IRISH MEMBERS AND THE GOVERNMENT.—The *Evening News* publishes a series of resolutions which have been unanimously adopted by the Catholic clergy of Ballinrobe Deanery, in the archdiocese of Tuam, and which (says our contemporary), in addition to the importance justly attaching to them as expressing the opinion of a body of clergymen long noted for their patriotism and independent spirit, derive additional weight from the fact, that they must be considered as having the implied sanction of the Nestor of Irish Catholic patriotism, the Great Archbishop of the West. These resolutions, following on the spirited declaration of the deanery of Clonmacris, will produce an effect on public opinion. They remind the country of the solemn resolutions unanimously adopted by the archbishops, bishops, clergy, and people at the great Rotundo meeting in 1851, and they call upon those who bound themselves by these resolutions to fulfil the obligations they thus incurred. They demand an adherence to the policy of the Parliamentary party, adopted and proclaimed in these resolutions—"a party united by the common resolve of opposing, at the critical moment of its continuance in, or ejection from office, any and every administration that neglects to shield, by adequate legislative enactments, the industrial and religious interests or the tenantry of Ireland." The purpose of these emphatic resolutions, adopted at a grave and difficult but still hopeful crisis in our political affairs, cannot be misunderstood by any one. We are convinced they will be approved and ratified by the public opinion of the country, and that the temperate firmness with which they proclaim and enforce true principles, will have great weight with those who, on first view, might have been disposed to form a different conclusion. The Ballinrobe Deanery also declare their approval of the ballot, and call upon the Irish representatives to refuse their confidence to any ministry that will not make it, with tenacity, a portion of their ministerial measures. Finally, they record their emphatic condemnation of the National system of education. We take the following from the *Dublin Evening Post* on the same subject:—"The *Cork Examiner* has an article in defence of the 'Independents,' and seeking to justify their voting with the Derbyites. We might be surprised that our contemporary would attempt to defend treachery of this nature, to the cause of reform, only he declares that the Irish people 'do not care two pence for the Reform Bill.' The Liberals of Tipperary—many of them heretofore friends to 'Independent Opposition'—now think very differently from the *Cork Examiner*. At a meeting of the Tipperary Ballot Association, last week, N. V. Maher, Esq., J.P., in the chair, resolutions were passed stating that 'the conduct of the government generally, in reference to all Irish questions, has been such as to disentitle them from all further consideration on the part of the Irish Independent Representatives. And that, therefore, it is our decided opinion that our country and borough representatives should record their votes against ministers on the second reading of this (the Government Bill). This call is made on The O'Donoghue, Laurence Walden, Esq., John Bagwell, Esq., and Sir T. O'Brien."

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGES.—A pamphlet appeared last week containing matter so important on a subject of such interest, that even amid all the excitement of the great party struggle, it has attracted notice, and is certain to command attention. It is entitled "The Failure of the Queen's College and of Mixed Education in Ireland." The author is Mr. John Pope Hennessy, of the inner Temple, and the disclosures which he makes are literally astounding. A statement has lately been printed on behalf of the government containing the assertion, "No addition has been made to the original endowment." Mr. Hennessy shows that to the sum of £100,000 originally given £25,000 has been added at various times as also that the original endowment as announced in Parliament was soon raised to £21,000 and that by a dexterous piece of management since 1854, the annual sum of £4,800 has been voted by Parliament to defray the expenses which it was originally proposed to defray out of the fees paid by students, and which were estimated at £5,000. These fees, owing to the failure of the goddess colleges, instead of producing £25,000 a year, produced not one-fifth of that sum. Instead of being informed that the absence of students caused a deficiency of fees, the treasury was told that the fees should be refused to encourage education, and that the public fund should meet the reduction. £4,800 is therefore granted annually "to provide," according to the education estimates, which are here made to tell an untruth "for the incidental expenses formerly defrayed from fees that never were paid. This is pretty well for a beginning, but it is a mere nothing to what follows. The commissioners have stated the number of students who entered the colleges from 1849 to 1858 was 1,209. (This number, it will be seen, is a gross misstatement and exaggeration.)

But the total number of Scholarships offered to these students during the same period was 1,926. Thirteen hundred and twenty-six scholarships to twelve hundred and nine students! But that is not all—these students were also presented during the same period with 1,000 class prizes.

"The case of the University is, if possible, worse than that of the colleges. It appears that each graduate costs the country over £1,000 per annum; that (according to the tables published by the royal commissioners) in the Faculty of Law the total number of graduates (bachelors of law) for the ten years the colleges have been at work, is not equal to the number of professors and examiners appropriated in one year to that faculty; and that the number of gold medals and money exhibitions given at the university in the faculty of arts is greater than the number of competitors for those honours."

This again is pretty well, but it is nothing to what follows. The Marquis of Kildare, Sir Thomas Redington, and Mr. James Gibson have presented a report to her Majesty, stating that 1,209 matriculated students entered the colleges between 1849 and 1858. Mr. Hennessy declares that the commissioners have overstated the number in every single year except the first. How was this done? How did it happen, for example, that the commissioners say that the number entering in 1851 was 126, whereas it was 104, or that in 1852 the number entering was 102, whereas it was 86? Mr. Hennessy explains the mystery:—

"In a very large number of instances the same students are set down as having entered the college in two different years, and every one of these is counted by the commissioners as two separate individuals. In some cases the same person is counted as three distinct students in the total number entering. The commissioners call marked attention to the number of students attending the college since the opening. That number is given, at page 365, as 2,758. I have in my possession unequivocal evidence that in this grand total the same individual students have been counted by the commissioners seven or eight times over."

The hon. member for Waterford has moved for an inquiry into the colleges; an inquiry into the report of the commissioners can scarcely be avoided.

THE POBRIANS AND THE PHENICIANS.—THE PALACE AND THE PRISONS.—There is no end to the hubbub and commotion raised in every direction about the Neapolitan Xiles—Dukes and Duchesses, lords and ladies, saints and sinners, most of them of the Exeter Hall type—are putting down, not only their names, but their hard cash to enable the Count Porcio and his crew to return to Italy, for no other purpose, that we can see, but to give fresh impulse and encouragement to the revolution and the Revolutionists by their redoubtable presence. But there will not be all the great things which these peripatetic conspirators will effect by their escapade. All Italy, that is, all Red-Republican Italy, will ring with the praise and admiration of England—her generosity to the exile, her sympathy with the oppressed, her hatred of despotism, and her intense love of liberty, will be extolled beyond the seventh heaven. The nationalities,

at least as these worthies will assert, have nothing to do but rise en masse, and England will be at their side with lightning speed. Poor deluded simpletons! England will do no such thing, unless it be her interest so to do. And it so happens just now that with the Crimea war and the Indian revolt she has barely managed enough left to guard her own coasts, much less to send any on a Quixotic expedition to Italy. Bibles and bayonets she will give the malcontents by thousands, tracts and poltroons they may have for the asking—but as to soldiers, why she will take as many as she can get, but can give none. No doubt she is dying with anxiety to convert Catholic Italy, but she would abandon it to its worst enemies afterwards, if it so suited her selfish and insidious policy. This lament over its fallen fortunes, this commiseration for its wrongs, and this promised succor in its hour of need and tribulation must be regarded as mere empty bubbles raised by cunning ejectives and professional proselytisers. If we receive proofs of all this, let us forget for a moment or two the fabled dangers of Naples, and descend to the real ones of Kerry, Cork, and Tipperary. Whom have we there thrust among the city's outcasts and the world's outcasts? Some dozen headless boys awaiting their trial—their condemnation we should have said. What is their crime? They are mere striplings, be it remembered, and they dream—what else can it be called but dreaming?—that with children's swords and mimic pikes, with soldiers that were to start from stones and dragon's teeth from the New World, they could free their country from the Saxon yoke. They enacted this drama in caves and glens—and, perhaps thought it a possible reality!—For this they have been manacled, the blood drawn and pressed from their agonised limbs—for this wild delusion they, the deluded, have been held in dungeon darkness for months, and are to be kept there for months to come till their fate is decided, till what is termed the law of this liberty-loving and freedom-preaching country condemn them to a life of exile—not such exile as the slandered King of Naples permitted his state prisoners to go into, when, instead of availing themselves of his clemency they sought the shores of his bitterest enemy. No such place of banishment will the vaunted constitution of Britain concede to the hapless youths who are languishing in the prison cells of the land of the free. The dispensers of British justice are biding their time—gathering such fresh proofs as the terms offered to the base informer may obtain, no matter how suspicious the source whence they may be derived. And when once the tools are well spread, the network completed, the tigers of the law will plunge their fangs into the hearts of these misguided striplings, blasting the hopes and destroying the happiness of all who are nearest and dearest to them! Such is the part which is played by the rulers of the land of liberty, the land where the persecuted are said to find solace and refuge—on the very spot, moreover, where the "Italian Exiles" so lately sought shelter, freedom, and succor. Surely this is a terrible mockery of freedom! Nevertheless, it is carried on in the face of the world as if it were the reality. And mark, when Count Porcio and his "co-mates in exile" have returned to their fatherland, have rekindled the flames of anarchy and sedition after occasioning streams of innocent blood to flow, the "Phœnix Boys" may, perhaps, be on their way to the penal bondage to which the promoters of Italian liberty, or rather Italian lawlessness, communism, and infidelity will, in the benign spirit of the British Constitution, consign them. Now we have not thus stated the case for the purpose of depriving the exiles of the assistance and good-will of those who may feel disposed to extend both to them. But we present the case in its true light to the public; first, because we conscientiously believe that the money and the sympathy bestowed upon these men might have found worthier objects in some of our own countrymen; and secondly, because it could have found a better cause in our own country. In order to show in as few words as possible who and what those claimants on our aid, protection, and encouragement are, let us quote a passage from a letter addressed to several public journals by Mr. Bowyer. That letter has, as a matter of course, been unscrupulously and vehemently assailed by the friends and promoters of revolution in Italy, and the inveterate foes of the King of Naples, the Pope, and every Catholic Potentate that has clung to his church and its Head; but have they been able to disprove the facts which Mr. Bowyer states? No—simply because being matters of history they cannot be disproved.—*Dublin Telegraph*.

THE BENCH AND THE IRISH TONGUE.—While trying a case of manslaughter at the late Mayo Assizes, Judge Christian, we are told, made an order to the effect that he would not henceforward allow the expenses of any witnesses who gave evidence in the Irish language. The object of the learned functionary is pretty clear; namely, to set a premium on the speaking of English, a penalty on the speaking of Irish in the west. This petty and absurd attempt to cast a slur upon the native tongue of the people is not likely to be attended with the success desired by the representatives of British law in the kingdom; indeed one would think that so intelligent a personage should have been conscious that in performing this little piece of judicial despotism he merely displayed an anti-Irish animus not very creditable to the high position he occupies, not to speak of the strong possibility of such an order being thoroughly abortive in its results. Certainly nothing can be more preposterous than attempting to destroy the vernacular tongue of Connaught by refusing to pay the expenses of such few Irish witnesses as may be brought before his court during his biennial commission. All, however, which he could do towards this end within his particular sphere he has done, and by this means approximated as closely to the character of a Cromwellian judge, as the difference of periods, the noble advance of British law, and the general spread of civilisation permit. It appears to us that it is more the business and duty of the learned judge who goes this particular district to be acquainted with the Irish tongue, in which so many witnesses are necessarily examined, than of the people among whom he administers justice to prepare themselves in the English tongue against contingencies of his arrival among them. He, at least, is well paid for exercising his judicial function; he receives a large salary, drawn from the taxes of the people to whom he administers justice, and we cannot but think he would act more logically in learning the language of the district over which he adjudicates, than in attempting to force the inhabitants to learn his, they having far less means and less leisure to devote to lingual studies than the learned judge. One thing, however, is pretty certain, that his refusal to pay the expenses of a few Irish witnesses twice a year will never Anglicise Mayo. Language is the barrier which nature has placed between races with the evident object of keeping them separate, and thus enabling them to develop the various specialities of their intellects and characters. The original Celtic tongue of Ireland has, throughout a series of centuries, resisted the attempts of the English Government and people, that it has outlived conquest, penalty, and all other methods of destruction, and is still spoken over a great portion of the island. Those who attempt to destroy it on the absurd assumption that it is a relic of barbarism (it is needless to say that this is a purely Irish prejudice, founded on a hatred of the people and the traditions of a tyrannical policy) are themselves barbarians; for it must be recollected that Celtic literature is one of vast extent, and that all the Celtic scholars of Europe, whose works ring with eloquent denunciation of such endeavors in this direction, set on foot by British Governments in time past, are aware of the importance of preserving the tongue as a living commentary on the innumerable memorials, historic and poetic, in which the life of the race, and indeed, so much of the early history of the Continent is concerned. Some of the most eminent linguists in Germany are at this moment engaged in compiling a Celtic Dictionary, which will extend to many volumes, and not a few of these Col-

leges, as well as those of France, have organised Celtic classes for the purpose of keeping alive a knowledge of the very language which the English are endeavoring to destroy here. In short the British Government are aware that the conquest of Ireland is still incomplete while a vestige of her language remains; and from the period of Elizabeth they have evinced the same implacable hatred of the Irish, as the Russian Government manifested towards the Polish tongue after the subjugation of that country by her only historic rival, Catherine II. If hitherto they have only been too successful. War, banishment, colonisation, and penalty have had their effect in time past; and the Machiavellian appliances of a conquering civilisation, as it is called, have caused the tide of the old language to ebb towards the West. There, however, it lives, and we hope will live, in despite of the Union and all the machinations of statesmen to eradicate it. It is only here that the sacred antique language which was once the tongue of Europe, from the mouths of the Danube to the Atlantic, is now preserved. The Great Archbishop of the West has labored as none have, as few probably will, to protect the nationality of Ireland by conserving her language, conscious that as long as it is spoken, the Race whose purity, happiness, and progress it has been his saintly and heroic privilege to protect and foster, may bid defiance to the encroachments of Saxon domination. May all Irish scholars and patriots marshal on his side and labor to keep the people racy of the soil by sustaining among them the culture and use of the ancient melodious language of Ireland, dear to the people as the memory of their forefathers—the language in which our Saints thought and prayed, and our Heroes fired their countrymen to make that noble resistance to invasion and oppression which commenced with the first appearance of Ireland's enslavers and shall last until the noonday of Irish Freedom.—*Nation*.

A KEEPER AT ULSTER.—Protestant Ulster! The Orange North! These are popular phrases frequent in every man's mouth. They are significant of the feelings with which the rest of Ireland regards a great province whose union with the other three is a fundamental necessity in the development of our national independence. But they express a grievous and mischievous error; and the sooner that error is blown away the better. We are anxious to explode that error as speedily as may be; because we have long felt how terribly the belief that Ulster was the stronghold of a great Orange, and therefore, anti-Irish, majority, powerful to crush the native race and uphold in fatal vigour the English domination, has militated against every national struggle in Ireland. Our wonder is that other men, who knew the truth, have not long ago removed this fatal misunderstanding, and put Ulster on its proper footing before the rest of the country. The great Northern province is not a "Protestant Ulster"—it is not the "Orange North." Rather more than two-thirds of its people are Catholics, and of the old native race. The minority is, doubtless, strong in wealth and alien influence; but all that minority is not untrue to Ireland, and never was since Orr and McCracken proved their fidelity with their lives; and as for Ulster Orangism, it is now a mere "rabble route," coarse, foul, insolent, and noisy, holding its last stronghold in Belfast, but even there lurking only in the narrow precincts of Sandy-row, and banished long ago from "good society." These truths we desire our countrymen in West and South to take to heart, not for sake of any triumph of religious pride or factions intolerance—not excite discussions of creed or race, for all who dwell in Ireland now, of whatever race they come, are Irish, our countrymen and brethren—but to remove all doubt of Ulster, all fear, all distrust, and prove that in its heart of hearts, below the troubled, noisy, watchful surface of politics and polemic strife maintained by fanatic preachers and Orange rowdies, it is true to Ireland. And every age, and every year, that great Province, where Irish independence made its last and bravest stand against the pirate foe, is growing more national and more rich in the distinctive might of the Gael. There is Belfast now, where alone the religion of the settlers, and with it the policy of England, is in the ascendancy. Its brawls and its fights—its furious intolerance and sectarian animosity—have disgusted the nation. Yet what is the strife of Belfast (dying out, thank Heaven) but one phase of a contest which has been fought and ended in various other districts of the country? A couple of centuries ago, towns now the most thoroughly Irish, from Drogheda to Limerick, from Galway to Cork, were the scenes of a similar social battle. In later years, even within this present century, more than one small Ulster town has gone through the struggle. Armagh had its day; and Londonderry's "prentice-boys" long rioted in persecuting ascendancy over the poor "papishes" who lived within their reach. But the times changed. The Catholics grew strong and numerous; and could defend themselves either from foul speech or physical violence. Orange wreckers no more disturbed Armagh; for in the face of superior strength they could no longer play their sanguinary pranks with impunity; and now the old cathedral city—so often the scene of outrage and violence—enjoys a dignified repose. Derry was wont to have its yearly riots and yearly bloodshed as surely as two-thirds of the population; but now the Catholics are too indulgent in riot and insult without getting their foolish heads broken; sectarian agitators and anti-Catholic fanatics are forced to confine their displays to their own conventicles, and dare not flaunt their insolence upon the public streets; and so, within the walls of the Maiden City, there is peace. Belfast is in a transition state; and has been destined to go through an unpleasant ordeal, be it long or be it short. Time was when the Catholics, which means the old native Irish of Ulster's time, were so few in the town that they were as much objects of sentimental compassion as unresisting victims of violence and calumny at the hands of the fierce and fanatic remainder. Of late years, their numbers have been alarmingly increased; they have become a distinct power, vigorous and effective, in the town; and their attitude is looked on with irritation and distrust. They are hard-working and persevering; they are rising into trade and wealth; their unwelcome faces appear upon 'Change; and their voices are loud in the market. They assume to be equal with their fellow-men; and they hold their heads up, as men should. In fact they are rapidly blending with the descendants of the settlers; and doubt not that by and by, when (as in Cork and Galway, in Limerick and Waterford) sectarian strife is extinguished, and greater intelligence brings truer ideas of public spirit, there will arise from this union a mixed race, bold, quick-witted, and enterprising, as true to Ireland as ever were the children of Heber, or the sons of Clan-Connell.—*Irishman*.

A report has just been made by Captains Washington and Vitch, and Mr. Barry Gibbons, as to the capabilities of the harbour of Galway. They consider that for the purposes of a harbour of refuge nature has done all that is required; but with a view of facilitating embarkation of passengers, mails, and goods, they propose various engineering works.—That on the smallest scale consists merely of a landing jetty, and the removal of a small ledge of rock; but if it should be decided to make Galway a permanent mail-packet station, they propose either to erect a pier to extend in a south-easterly direction from the south end of Mutton Island; about 800 yards, into a depth of from five to six fathoms of low water at spring tides, which would cost altogether about £300,000, or instead of carrying out the chief works into low water, to bring a low-water channel up to the existing harbour and dock, the cost of which scheme would probably be about £150,000. The third plan that has been prepared consists of a pier about 400 yards long, extending from the south end of Mutton Island, the inner portion of it being built on open piles, so as to allow the sea and tide to pass through. This design, including the necessary docks, would exceed £300,000.

On Friday morning, says the *Galway Vindicator*, the *Prince Albert* was brought across the bay, under sail to New Harbour, near Ardfray, and ran into the natural dock there up to high-water mark, on the fine, smooth, sandy beach, in order to have a new propeller fitted to her screw to replace the one she lost in the ice off Cape Race on her last voyage. The new screw will be fitted to the vessel on Monday, and as she has already 500 tons of coals on board, which was not consumed on the last voyage, it is confidently expected she will be fully prepared in every respect, to start at her appointed time—five p.m. on Saturday next, April 2d. It is a remarkable fact, as showing the great popularity which this line has acquired, that already the next ship to succeed the *Prince Albert*—namely, the *Circassian*, appointed to sail from Galway on the 30th April has booked at this office here nearly her full complement of passengers, without the local agent having as yet had any advice from the other booking offices throughout the country as to how many passengers have been entered with them.

A great search for fire arms has been made within the last few days in Mr. O'Dell's district, but we are happy to say very few were got; those that were got were from persons who had either lost or mislaid their licenses. The county of Tipperary was never in a more peaceful state.—*Limerick Reporter*.

The proceedings against Royce the approver, have been abandoned for the present, and he has been discharged from custody.—*Clare Journal*.

The *Record* says:—"We regret to learn that that valuable institution the Irish Church Missions Society, is again straitened for funds. The following Minute will be read with painful interest:—"The committee, taking into serious consideration that there was in the year 1858, an expenditure of £1,378 beyond the year's income of the Society, and that, during the last three years, the Reserve Fund had been exhausted, leaving the annual revenue responsible to it for a debt of £4,000.—Resolved that measures be immediately commenced, and resolutely carried through, until the expenditure be brought down to £24,000 a year."

GAVAZZI'S "LECTURE" ON Pius IX.—On Saturday night Gavazzi delivered one of his lectures in the hall-room of the Imperial Hotel, Cork, the subject being Pius IX. The attendance was not so numerous as it is generally described to be at the "Padra's" lectures, the room not being by any means crowded, while about a dozen boys made up the gallery audience. He was greeted with noisy rounds of "Katholik" as he entered, and his veneration of the Catholic religion or his ministers became "spicy." The lecture, as a matter of course, was a tissue of falsehoods, gross and glaring, against the Pope in general, and Pius IX. in particular. The notorious "Padra" had the impudence to ask Irishmen to take his advice "though he was an excommunicated priest," and not to listen to the proposed Irish legion for the Pope. The reason given by the wretched apostate for this advice was his own allegation that the Paddies would not get whiskey or potatoes in the Pope's service!

GREAT BRITAIN

A NEW ATLANTIC CABLE.—A bill is now before the Imperial Parliament which seeks for facilities for organizing a number of gentlemen who have made arrangements for laying a line called the British and Canadian Telegraph. The cable will pass the Western Islands of Scotland to Iceland, thence to Greenland, and by the coast of Labrador, into Canada.

Trials by jury have been before the House of Lords which has rejected Lord Campbell's proposal to give effect to the verdict of nine jurymen, after six hours, in civil causes only—before the House of Commons in the form of an unopposed proposal to carry still further the same principle in Scotland, where it already exists—and we must add, before the world—in a very unpleasant way. The jury in the Rye murder case returned a verdict of manslaughter, if we may believe the papers, because three jurors were opposed on principle to capital punishment. Whatever may have been the facts, the evidence which came before the court either proved murder, or proved nothing, and the verdict seems to have astonished all parties, the prisoner included, as much as the judge.—*Weekly Register*.

ANCIENT INHERITANCES.—The interesting statement made by Lord Palmerston respecting the unimpaired descent from father to son of a small estate in the New Forest, relates to the family of Purkis, the time barner, who picked up the body of the Red King, and carried it in his humble cart to Winchester. But a case of still longer descent in person not allied to rank or fortune may be quoted. At Ambrose's farm on the borders of Thorn, near Chersey, resides a farmer, Mr. Wapshot, whose ancestors have lived on the same spot ever since the time of Alfred the Great by whom the farm was granted to Reginald Wapshot. There are several untitled families among our gentry who can trace their names and possessions to the Saxon time.—*Nottingham Review*.

If Liverpool be really "babe for the increase of its trade, of its area, of its population, and its wealth, it is not less remarkable for the vast strides Catholicity has made in it during the last quarter of a century. Retrospects are always useful, and are often agreeable. They are certainly so in this instance; and I propose to give you to-day, in a very concise way, an idea of the growth of Catholic institutions here within our own memories. I am not going to state anything which is very new, but simply to reproduce something which is rather old, and compare the picture which it offers us with the state of things now before our eyes. Accordingly, here to my hands is just the thing I wanted—the *Ordo Reculandi* &c., or Clerical Directory for 1831. Let us knock the dust off it—for it is dusty enough in all conscience—and turn to Liverpool. Liverpool—Liverpool—oh! here it is, with full account of its Catholic churches and institutions, occupying in all about half a page of this small volume—not quite half a page! Let us see the particulars. Well, then, of churches there were in Liverpool in that year St. Mary's, Edmund-street, with three Benedictine fathers; St. Peter's, Seel-street, also with three Benedictine fathers; St. Anthony's, Scotland-road, with one priest; St. Nicholas's, Copperas-hill, with two priests; St. Patrick's, Park-road, with two priests. There they are all—for Liverpool but five churches, with six regular and five secular priests—just eleven priests! How as to school? There was one at Copperas-hill under lay direction, and one at Scotland-road, in which were educated probably not more than 1000 children. How as to other Catholic institutions? There were simply an Orphanage and a Benevolent Society, both under lay government. The entire Catholic population at this time hardly exceeded 30,000 at the utmost, and perhaps was not so much, such was the state of things in 1831. Let us now take a hop, step and leap from that date to this year of grace. Little more than a quarter of a century has intervened; let us see how many Catholic churches there now are here. In addition to those five already mentioned, there are the following:—The Church of the Immaculate Conception; St. Edward's College, with five priests; St. Vincent's, with four priests; St. Joseph's Grosvenor-street, with three priests; St. Alban's, Athol-street, with two priests; St. Augustine's Great Howard-street, with three priests; Holy Cross Church, with four priests; St. Anne's, Edge-hill, with two priests; St. Ethelburga, Mount Vernon-street; St. Francis Xavier's, Salisbury-street, with five Jesuit fathers; St. Philip's, Hope-street, with two priests; Our Lady of Reparation, Blackstock-street, with three priests; Our Lady of the Annunciation, Bishop Eton, with six Redemptorist fathers. As to poor schools. (I may be said, in brief, that there are schools in connection with almost every one of the churches mentioned, in addition to the superior middle-class schools at St. Edward's and Hope-street. Amongst the poor schools under the conduct of religious, there are four

under Christian Brothers, four under Sisters of Mercy one under Faithful Companions of Jesus, five under the Sisters of Notre Dame. In addition to those orders mentioned, there are in Liverpool members of the orders of Jesus, the Redemptorists, the Benedictines (long established in Liverpool), the Conceptionists, and the Augustinians. Amongst other charitable institutions are a Training School and Girls' Orphanage of the Sisters of Notre-Dame; the Boy's Orphanage, Everton-crescent, under lay government; the House of Mercy for servants out of place, of the Sisters of Mercy; St. Elizabeth's Institute or Servants' Training School, under lay government; St. George's Industrial Schools, under the care of the Augustinian Sisters; the Catholic Blind Asylum, under lay government. The society of St. Vincent de Paul, which now numbers seven conferences, and the Asylum for Female Penitents, under the care of the ladies of the Good Shepherd, Netherfield-road. Upon the subject of this last-named most admirable institution, I shall have more to say on another day; it is directed towards the abatement of that which is the cardinal sin of the great cities in our day. I should also mention amongst the charitable institutions the Burial Societies of St. Anne's and of St. Patrick's; and of Young Men's Societies there are no less than 8 in Liverpool. The Catholic population has risen to upwards of 140,000. To give at a glance the main results, there are now 60 priests as compared with 11 in 1831; now 17 churches, then 5; now, at least, 15 poor schools, then 2; now a Catholic population of nearly 150,000, then of not more than 30,000; now religious orders are numerous, then there was but that of St. Benedict. When it is remembered of what classes this Catholic population is composed, such progress seems incredible. It contains some who have made fortunes almost colossal, and many who have, by their honest energy, achieved a desirable competence; of all of whom it may be said they do not forget the claims which religion has upon them for its external support. But the bone and sinew of the Catholic people here are the lower class, who are principally Irish—the market dealer, the petty shopkeeper, the skilled artisan, the humble labourer—and it is from these—strong in their aggregate—that the funds have come wherewith to supply the religious wants of the people.

A writer in the *Union* calls its readers to observe, that the Act of Parliament to abolish the observance of the State festivals, will abolish the order of the Boyce Book, as settled by Convocation. This is true, but as we have already pointed out, the same thing has already been done in a much stronger instance, for the Queen abolished last year merely by her own authority the service appointed by Convocation for the Guy Fawkes plot. Since we first mentioned this, one of the correspondents of the *Union* called attention to it, and the *Union* met it by denying that the Guy Fawkes service had been authorised by Convocation. We then gave chapter and verse to prove our assertion. The service in question was authorized by Convocation, April 26, 1692, and confirmed by the King, May 2, the same year. This distinct refutation of its assertion the *Union* never noticed at all, but left the matter where it was.

PRIVILEGE AND SPOILATION.—British commercial morality has signified itself by various indignities of fraud and vice. Its labours in the field of crime have been great and manifold from the sublime villainies of swindling bankers to the meaner rascalities of the pious rogues who sell cheap pickles poisoned with copper, and coffee augmented with coffee dust. This monstrous morality seems to be engrained in the British commercial character. After all, through the exposures of the law courts, we discover only a percentage of the rogues; there must be a mighty mass of villainy behind which will never see the light. Here is the latest exposure given off-hand by the criminals themselves; an exposure of which the heroes are "highly respectable firms" who have for many years been carrying on a very profitable system of robbery in the simple article of cotton spools. Our lady readers have often had occasion, no doubt, to purchase that necessary contribution to the materials of needle work, a spool of cotton. They have read upon it, "warranted three hundred yards," and, no doubt, with the name of a "highly respectable firm" before them, they believed that warranty to be genuine, and the thread honourably measured.—Heaven help their innocence; the evidence is that, in every such case, they were robbed at one sixth of their goods, for the three hundred yards were, most probably, only two hundred and fifty. A Birmingham firm, famous for its manufacture of thread, and for its "high character," brought a suit against a Manchester trader for fraudulently using their "highly honorable" name, in the sale of his thread. The Manchester man set up a defence that the Birmingham people had no special right to the name and title which he put on his spools, and stated that they manufactured the thread for him on the understanding that he should sell it as he did. Then came out these astonishing revelations, on evidence of the plaintiffs themselves. They had got constant orders, they acknowledged, from the defendant for the manufacture of spools of thread, which demand they always supplied. The defendant's orders were generally in this fashion:—"Make me so many spools of thread, 250 yards (for 200), and make the spools so thick in the wood that they will seem to contain the full three hundred yards." This was the general form of the order—a standing commission to perpetrate a monstrous fraud and robbery on the public; and this order the "highly respectable" Birmingham firm most conscientiously executed. They made for the Manchester man the spools of 250 yards to shape and size as if they contained 300; and he regularly sold these fraudulent spools, and went on with a high character, too, robbing his customers of sixteen per cent. of their cash every day. This extraordinary revelation was made in the court of Vice-Chancellor Wood. That judge mildly ventured to express his pain and indignation: but, Lord bless you, the "highly respectable" plaintiffs said nothing wrong in the transaction—to them it was a very clever stroke of business, and no more. They even confessed that they had gone on for years manufacturing these spools of 250 yards for themselves and selling them to the public as "warranted 300 yards," but they added that latterly they had given up that practice, and were now selling full measure, as they had a "high character" to maintain. In plainer words they had gone on plundering and defrauding the public as long as they found it safe and honorable, but that latterly having made plenty of money and "high character" by this rogueery, they thought it as well to change their hands and be honest. This is a pretty volunteer exposure of commercial honesty. Is it merely a single sample of a general custom? We suppose so. When this "highly respectable" firm coolly confess that for years it has been making money by fraud, are not the chances considerable that other firms equally "respectable" carry on the same profitable line of rascality with quiet and untroubled consciences.—When our lady readers next take up their spool of cotton, "warranted three hundred yards," they will have a sufficient text with which to meditate on the honesty and virtue of enlightened Christian commercial cotton-spinning England.—*Irishman*.

Recently, at Croston, a witness was called upon, and upon entering the box had a Testament presented to him, but he declined to take the oath. Being asked his reasons for refusing to be sworn, he naively replied, "I'll tell a lie 'only mon t' England, but I'll not swear to it."

On Friday afternoon, says the *Aberdeen Herald*, a young man picked up on the beach opposite the Broad-hill, a bottle containing a scrap of paper on which was written in pencil, "God protect us for we are lost. Whoever gets this will know of the loss of the *Mary Ann* belonging to Belfast. It's not myself but my wife, God protect and save her." The original document is in our possession, and may be had on application by the owners of the vessel or any other party interested.