

that he doubted the efficacy of the formula of the philtre, as his opinion on that subject were those of his age; but he wished to be certain that he was not self-deceived. So he reperused the lines already deciphered on the parchment roll, and read, besides, a postscript which he had not at first observed. That postscript contained only these few words:—

*Our weakness is a barrier wisely interposed by Almighty God to the promptings of our folly.*

'Fine, very fine,' he murmured; 'the old doctor, like most of his race, loved to season everything with moral maxims of general application; but, for the present, I have no need of his fine maxims. I prefer to try the efficacy of his prescription.'

So saying, he carried the flask to his lips, and recited the prayer. He had scarcely finished it, when his eyes closed, and he fell asleep.

Don Jose knew not how long this sleep had lasted, when, as it seemed to him, day broke through his dormer-window. Arousing himself with difficulty, he remained for some time in that half-lucid state which precedes a complete awakening. His ideas at length grew clear.—The sight of the parchment roll, and the empty flask, recalled to him the events of the night previous. But, as he perceived no change either in himself or in the things around him, he was inclined to the belief that the Moorish doctor's prescription had failed.

'Well, well,' he said, with a sigh, 'it was after all a delusion. I awake in my garret, with my solitary doubt, and my empty purse.—Nevertheless, God knows if I have not while asleep wished to find it replenished this morning.'

As he finished, his eyes wandered to the rafter upon which he had hung his clothes, and settled upon the leather purse depending from his pantaloon's pocket. It was filled to bursting with golden crowns!

He sprang up eagerly, rubbed his eyes, stretched out his hand to grasp the purse, and emptied it on the bed. They were indeed golden crowns! more golden crowns than all the marvellous he had ever possessed at any one time previously. The philtre had not failed; he had henceforth the power of realizing all his desires.

Eager to make a second experiment, he wished that his garret might be changed into a sumptuous apartment, and his threadbare garments into an entire new suit of black velvet lined with satin. His wish was scarcely formed when it was accomplished. He next demanded the breakfast of a viceroy, to be served by little negroes in red livery. The breakfast already stood on a table by his side, and the little negroes came in with wines and chocolate. For some time he continued thus to test his new power in all its phases. At length, having become satisfied that his wishes were indeed as sovereign law, he darted out of the inn in an intoxication of rapture impossible to be described.

It was true, then, that this roll of parchment had in a few hours rendered him, humanly speaking, richer than the richest, mightier than the mightiest! He could do whatever he wished!—What an infinity of power was comprised in those words, and how, as he repeated them again and again, he felt himself augmenting in his own estimation. How were they to be compared to him—the kings and the emperors of the world, even the Pope himself? They were all restrained by established rules, by the laws of the possible, whilst, as for him, his domain was the illimitable realm of his own fancy! How fortunate that the Moorish doctor's parchment had not fallen into the hands of an ignorant man—an avaricious man—a man subject to the sway of his evil passions, but into those of a *hidalgo* reasonable in his desires, master of his passions, and admitted doctor of the University of Salamanca! Humanity could lay aside its fears!—Don Jose Fuez d'Alcañra respected himself too much to abuse his unlimited power! In according that power to him, Providence had estimated him at his true worth, and he was firmly resolved to justify that estimate by the propriety of his conduct.

He determined to give a first proof of it by moderating his own ambition. Placed in his situation, any other person would have wished to be king, with a palace, with courtiers, and an army! But Don Jose despised greatness! He would content himself with purchasing the estates of Don Alonso Mendos, and with living there, like a sincere and modest philosopher, the title of Count, and the privileges of a grandee of Spain.

Having thus decided on his future aspirations, he set forward without delay towards the town of Argelles, where the sale of the chateau was to be held.

The road he took led as well to Toro, and was thronged with peasants, muleteers, and merchants, journeying thither. Casting his eyes about him as he trudged along, Don Jose made upon each of his fellow-travellers some trifling experiment of his wonderful faculty. To the young girl who tripped up to him with a smile and courteous salute, he wished a happy meeting with her sweetheart; to the old man tottering painfully over the weary road, a place in the passing coach; to the poor mendicant, a piece of gold suddenly turning up beneath his feet; and all was immediately accomplished. Encouraged by this success, Don Jose exchanged the part of guardian angel for that of the archangel. After having bestowed succor, he desired to dispense justice. And so he punished the swaggering soldier with a gust of wind which wafted his gaudy hat into the river; by frightening his muleteer lavish of his whip, by frightening his mules and dispersing them over the fields; the haughty official, in his coach, who seemed to him to look too disdainfully on the dusty foot-passenger, by roughly shattering the wheel that upheld his arrogance. In all this, Don Jose was obedient to the promptings of his first impressions, distributing rewards and punishments as the appearance of this or that happened to please or displease him, and dealing justice by inspiration, as it were.

At length he came in sight of the Chateau de Mendos, the magnificent woodlands appertaining to which bordered the road.—To avoid the sun, which was becoming uncomfortably warm, he entered a shady avenue, with which he was acquainted, and by which the village could be reached as well as by the main road.

It was one of the loveliest days of summer. The hedge-rows were covered with flowers, and the forest rang with the thousand songs of the birds. Some wood-cutters, camped in their huts of green boughs, were chopping up a felled tree, and converting it into a variety of household utensils. Don Jose determined that when the land should be his own, he would regulate the execution of this particular branch of agriculture according to certain ideas peculiar to himself. He even traced with a pencil on the corner of his parchment the plan of a forest-hamlet, which should admirably combine the convenient with the picturesque. Reaching the meadows, he found that there was room for improvement in the manner of irrigating them, and he calculated the happy results that would flow from such improvement. He was better pleased with the vineyard, in contemplating which he recalled a great number of verses from Horace, and passages from the Holy Scriptures, which naturally led to the consideration of that long-disputed question, whether the first wine manufactured by Noah was white or red. As for the grain-fields he determined that they should be converted into pasturage, and that he would plough up the briar-lands and transform them into smiling fields of wheat.

The prospective new proprietor was thus busy with his projects, when a voice, curt and imperious in tone, demanded of him who had given him permission to cross the estate de Mendos.

On turning round, he perceived a young man whose costume betokened a person of elevated rank. He was mounted on a splendid Andalusian, richly caparisoned.

Don Jose was deliberately calculating how long it would take him to answer this question, when the young lord repeated his interrogatory with an accent of impatience. The doctor of Salamanca smiled with that calm look of confidence which springs from the knowledge of power.

'Is permission needed to go over an estate which is without an owner?'

'Who told you that it has no owner?' returned the cavalier.

'Those who apprized me that Perez, the notary of Argelles, was ordered to sell it this very day.'

'Then you have come to look at it as a purchaser?'

'Assuredly, sir.'

'And do you know what is asked for it?'

'I intend to enlighten myself on that point very shortly.'

'It has been valued at four hundred thousand crowns.'

'It is worth more than that.'

The gentleman broke into a laugh.

'Upon my honor, here is an opulent purchaser, truly!' he exclaimed in a mocking tone. 'He travels very modestly, considering his fortune.'

'I am accustomed to walking,' replied Don Jose, with princely good nature.

'Your style is entirely too humble,' continued the young man, 'and your lordship would, in truth, find yourself more comfortable on the back of my sorrel.'

'Do you think so?' inquired Don Jose, seized with a sudden fancy.

'So truly, that I am tempted to alight and offer you my seat,' continued the young man, with increasing mockery of tone.

'It is easy to satisfy you,' returned the doctor; 'and since it is so, I wish you safely on the ground.'

The same moment, the sorrel reared and violently threw the young lord upon the turf.

'You frightened my horse,' he cried, rising up pale with anger.

'I have assisted you to fulfill your benevolent intention, that is all,' replied Don Jose, who had taken the bridle of the sorrel, and was preparing to mount him.

The young man advanced towards him, brandishing his whip.

'Away! clown, or I shall lay my whip across your face,' he cried, almost beside himself with rage. The blood mounted to Don Jose's forehead.

'The gentleman forgets that he is speaking to a *hidalgo*,' said he proudly, 'and that I carry a sword as well as he.'

'Let us see,' then, whether you can use it,' replied the cavalier, who drew his weapon and advanced upon the doctor.

Under any other circumstances, the latter would have tried conciliation; but the menace of the young stranger had stirred up his bile, and the certainty that he had nothing to fear gave him courage not usual to him. He thought, moreover, that his adversary stood in need of a lesson, and he wished for him a wound that would permit him to reflect on the unbecomingness of his passionate transport. The wish was immediately followed by its accomplishment;—the young lord let fall his sword, uttering an exclamation of mingled pain and vexation. Don Jose, who was sure of having wished the wound to be a trifling one, troubled himself no further, and, desiring to complete the lesson by playing out his part in the comedy, he gravely excused himself to the cavalier for what had happened, adding that he cherished no ill-will towards him, and that, to give a proof of it, he would now accept of his previous generous offer.

So saying, he mounted the sorrel, bade the young gentleman good-day, and proceeded at a trot towards the village.

These various events had added a slight degree of fatuity to the excellent opinion Don Jose usually entertained of himself. He had mystified and wounded his man; and he was equally content with his bravery and his wit. He now knew for certain that his will was not to be resisted; that he was permitted to beat down all opposition, humiliate all pride; and he had already so accustomed himself to that idea, that it no longer caused him astonishment. The only thing he wondered at was, that any one should entertain the thought of resisting him. He could not endure it; he regarded it as rebellion against his legitimate authority. And so, whilst passing thro' the village, he found it necessary to knock down a muleteer who did not get out of his way quick enough. The instinct of tyranny swelled in his soul like a rising tide.

He presented himself at the house of the agent who had the disposal of the chateau, much less like a purchaser who wished to inquire the terms of sale, than like a master who had come to take possession of his own. Unhappily, the very first words of Perez were to the effect, that the Chateau de Mendos was no longer for sale.

The doctor's disappointment may be imagined.—This estate, for which he had before-hand meditated so many improvements, so many alterations, had suddenly slipped through his fingers. Was it for this that he had expended the treasures of his imagination—his reminiscences of Horace?—he, the man whose will was sovereign law!—It was impossible! The simple thought of such an opposition to his wishes filled him with indignation; and it was with almost insulting haughtiness that he demanded of the notary why the estate was no longer in the market.

'Because Don Henriquez, the old Count's nephew, has fallen heir to two inheritances,' replied the man of business, 'and because this re-establishment of his fortune has decided him to keep the lands of Mendos.'

'Why?' exclaimed Don Jose, 'whatever may be the price offered him—'

'He will refuse it.'

'Are you sure?'

'He told me so himself this morning.'

'Is he here, then?'

'He set out a short time since on horseback to go to the chateau.'

Don Jose now comprehended who his unknown antagonist was, and he could not restrain an exclamation. The agent replied to it with some polite phrases of condolence, to which he added that Don Henriquez had been especially induced to decide on keeping the chateau, in order to profit by the next autumnal hunt.

'Zounds!' thought Don Jose, who was not in the sweetest of humors, 'I wish that I had him wounded a little more seriously—just enough to deprive him of any hope of enjoying the hunt this fall.'

And he added aloud that such a motive would scarcely deter Don Henriquez from accepting certain propositions.

'The lands please him,' observed the notary, 'and I should say that they combine in themselves every advantage. First, an admirable situation—'

'I know it,' bluntly interrupted Don Jose.

'With forests, fields, gardens—'

'I have seen them,' again broke in the doctor, whose covetousness was only excited tenfold by this description.

'Well and good,' resumed Perez; 'but what the gentleman has not seen, perhaps, is the interior of the chateau since the embellishments compelled therein by the late Count. First, there is a gallery of paintings by our best masters—'

'Paintings?' echoed Don Jose; 'I have always adored paintings—although I rather prefer statues.'

'The chateau is peopled with them!'

'Is it possible?'

'To say nothing of a library—'

'There is a library!' exclaimed the doctor.

'Of thirty thousand volumes.'

Don Jose made a gesture of despair.

'And such a treasure will be lost!' he cried;—

'that arsenal of science will remain in the hands of a dunskull!—for this Don Henriquez must be a dunskull!'

The notary shrugged his shoulders.

'Eh! well, said he, lowering his voice, 'his lordship knows only that he is a young man, of noble family, rich, and fond of pleasure—'

'I am sure of it,' interrupted Don Jose; 'he is a scamp!'

'And yet he has good in him—much good. He is only a little high-spirited, perhaps, and that has already drawn him into several affairs of honor.'

'Ah! that is the best of his genius! A brawler, a duelist, resumed the doctor. 'I might have known as much.'

And he added in a lower tone—

'It would certainly be nothing more than justice to take away the means of his continuing in such a course, by depriving him of the hand that holds the sword. Yes, that would be justice.'

'Age will correct these ebullitions,' remarked Perez; 'and also, I hope, the prodigious temper of his lordship. Notwithstanding his wealth, he is always unprovided. He has already demanded all their arrears from his uncle's tenants.'

'And they have paid?'

'With much ado; because their last harvests were unfortunate.'

'But that is absolute cruelty!' exclaimed Don Jose, sincerely indignant. 'What! to press the poor people who have lost their all, when one has a princely fortune, a chateau with pictures, statues, and a library of thirty thousand volumes. Why such a mass is a veritable scourge, and it is really to be desired, for the sake of humanity, that Spain should be rid of him!'

He was interrupted by the mingled sounds of footsteps and voices on the stairway, and by the appearance of a servant who plunged into the room all agitated.

'What is it?' asked the notary.

'A misfortune! a sad misfortune!' exclaimed the breathless domestic. 'Don Henriquez has been fighting.'

'A gain!'

'And he was wounded!'

'Dangerously?'

'No; but while pursuing his adversary, who had escaped on his horse, he received a fall which seriously aggravated his wound, and he swooned away in the road.'

'And he was found there?'

'Yes; that is to say, a wagoner who was there driving along the road without seeing him, recovered him from his fainting fit by crushing his right hand.'

'Good gracious!'

'They, however, lifted him up to lead him here.'

'He is safe, then?'

'Alas! just now, while passing under the scaffolding that the masons have erected in the court-yard, a stone fell upon him, inflicting a mortal wound.'

Don Jose started back like a man before whose eyes a flash of lightning suddenly passes. All that had happened was his work. He had first wished that the wound of Don Henriquez might be more serious, in order to render it impossible for him to attend the hunt; then he had desired the loss of his hand; then his death, for the good of humanity;—and three successive accidents had immediately responded to his three wishes. Thus, after having tortured and maimed a fellow-mortal, he had finally killed him. This thought pierced his heart like a dagger. He wished to drive it from him by crying that it was impossible, but that very moment the door opened and four valets appeared, carrying the still and bloody corpse of their young master.

Don Jose could not support this horrid spectacle; a terrible convulsion shook his whole frame; everything around him faded away—

And he found himself upon his straw bed in the garret of the inn, in front of the window through which the rays of the morning sun were beginning to shine.

Don Jose was a long time buried in deep thought; then, again taking up the roll of parchment, which had remained lying at the head of his bed, he ran through it anew. Stopping at the sentence he had treated with such contempt the night before, he read it over and over again, and, at length, shaking his head with a sagacious air—

'This is a salutary lesson,' he said, 'and if I am wise, I shall profit by it. I thought that, to be happy, it was sufficient to be able to do as one wished, without dreaming that the human will, when utterly unrestrained, passes quickly from pride to extravagance, from extravagance to tyranny, and from tyranny to cruelty. Alas! the Moorish doctor was right—Our weakness is a barrier wisely interposed by Almighty God to the promptings of our folly.'

CANADA AND IRELAND.

From the Nation.

There is joy in Great Britain because of the loyal demonstrations that have taken place in Canada. The Government papers are in the best of humour; twitting the Yankees with the rebuff they have received from Canadian spirit, and felicitating "the mother country" on the affectionate attitude of her daughter. What is particularly delightful to them is that the people of different creeds and races who inhabit Canada appear to be possessed by a common sentiment of patriotism. The French Canadians, from whose mother country the colony was wrested by England, have manifested their willingness to defend the land in which they live against an irruption from the United States; of the Irish Canadians we are likely to be right in supposing that at least a considerable number would in like manner stand up for the status quo. High dignitaries of the Catholic Church in the French and Anglo-Irish provinces have called on the people to take up arms, and be ready to defend their country, the liberties of which they consider well worth the shedding of a good many drops of human blood. The Bishop of Montreal has published, and caused to be read in all the churches of his diocese, a Pastoral which sounds like a trumpet call and the roll of a hundred drums. In it he promulgates the order of the Government for the formation of companies of soldiers from the militia for active service; he tells the people that one of the best means to avert war is to be ready and able to repel the enemy; he reminds them frequently of the fact that their country enjoys most liberal institutions, and is their own possession and property; he talks grandly of their marching to battle in defence of their firesides, headed by the gallant Crimean soldiers, some regiments of whom are, it appears, at present in Canada; he hopes that many of them will call to mind and be inspired by the deeds of their forefathers on Canadian soil. "It will be seen," he says, "if the heroes of Chateaugay are still alive, and if the blood which circulated in their veins still runs in those of their children and countrymen." "Furthermore," exclaims the warlike Prelate:—

Supposing that the scourge of war with which we are now threatened should burst upon us, we will take courage in the assurance that we are in a condition and quite ready to make a vigorous resistance. All who are called upon to resist in repelling the march of the enemy, to drive him from their homes, will have learned beforehand to march to victory in having learned to fight according to the rules of the military art. They will have, besides, their zealous pastors to absolve them before the battle, and should they be called upon to die the death of heroes, they will have them by their sides to teach them to die good Christians. From these principles, and others which you (the clergy) will speak of when needful, our brave people will comprehend that it is to their own advantage to offer themselves to their officers immediately, to receive arms from government, and learn by military exercise to make good use of them.

The Catholics of the diocese of Quebec have heard similar language from their Bishop. He encourages the young men of his flock to take up arms, and "march in the footsteps of their fathers, who, on two memorable occasions, covered themselves with glory in repelling the armies sent by the American Union to conquer the country." These addresses are good evidence that the Catholic ecclesiastics of Canada are well affected to the existing order of things in that country, and are desirous of maintaining it.

One or two Dublin papers have been so silly as to attempt to extract from these facts, a taunt against the Catholic clergy and people of Ireland. In so doing they have made a great blunder. The obvious moral of the Canadian story is one to which it is the interest of Irish people and clergy to point attention. Supposing everything to be as represented in the British press, they can refer to the facts and say— "See what religious freedom and self-government have done for a people! A few years ago the Canadians were discontented, disloyal, rebellious; they disliked English rule, and would, perhaps, ere now have followed the example of the United States, and abolished it, but wise and just concessions were made to them—they received from England 'the inestimable gift of self-government'; they now manage their own affairs; they levy their own taxes, and they expend them in their own country; they have mild, paternal, impartial laws; they have perfect religious equality, and freedom of education—and mark the result! The turbulent have become orderly—the revolutionists have become conservative—the rebels have become loyal! Try us with similar treatment, and see whether it will not produce a like effect!"

The loyalty of the Canadians is a very intelligible sentiment. It is loyalty to laws made and administered by themselves; loyalty to their own fields, and woods, and rivers; loyalty to their own corn, beef, and butter; loyalty to property which belongs to them and to their children for ever. It is not loyalty to anything like the Irish Established Church, for no such monstrosity exists in the country; it is not loyalty to anything like Irish land laws, for such hideous and cruel things are unknown there; it is not loyalty to a system of rack-renting, confiscation, eviction, and depopulation; it is not loyalty to arms acts and coercion acts—in short, it is not loyalty to a government resembling that under which the people of Ireland groan and perish—it is loyalty to a government such as that people have long been striving with heart and soul to obtain, but which England has doggedly and tyrannically denied to them. The loyalty of Canada, therefore, to her own institutions, supplies no argument to shame or silence those who seek for the rights of Ireland; it furnishes rather a justification of their efforts, and it should be a powerful inducement to the British Government to accede to requirements the refusal of which is productive of scandal and danger to the empire—the concession of which would be so honourable to all parties, so fruitful of peace and contentment, and so sure a pledge of stability.

A great and far-seeing statesman would not hesitate to advise that the measure of freedom granted to Canada and Australia be extended also to Ireland; but so just and so politic an idea does not appear to have as yet found favour with English ministers or English writers. Their opinion seems to be that expressed by the *Times*, when it declared that "Repeal must not be argued with; were the Union gail it must be maintained; Ireland must have England as her sister or her subjectrix"—an opinion still more distinctly expressed by the Rev. Sydney Smith in the pages of a leading periodical, when he said:—

It (Repeal) is such a piece of anti-British villainy that none but the bitterest enemy of our blood and people could entertain such a project! It is only to be met with round shot and grape—to be answered by Shrapnel and Congreve—to be discussed in hollow squares, and refuted by battalions four deep—to be put down by the *ultima ratio* of that armed Aristotle, the Duke of Wellington. They (the English ministers) know full well that the English nation are unanimous and resolute on this point and that they would prefer war to a Repeal.

Threats and declarations such as these go far to prove that to repeal the fraudulently effected Union—in other words; to win for Ireland such a government as Canada now enjoys—would require the employment of a force which would be competent to effect a separation of the kingdoms. That estimate of British selfishness, and obstinacy may be in every way correct, and the Irish people, without abandoning their determination to repeal the Union at the very least, may come to believe it thoroughly. But as the demand is constitutional, and is free from the difficulties which would attend the advocacy of complete separation, the Irish people, whatever may be their belief, their expectations, or their aspirations, will not cease to put it forward. Should the power to effect either purpose be some day placed in their hands—as it may be—England, we think, will have cause for regret if she shall not have given back in good time to Ireland those rights and privileges the

want of which made Canada turbulent and disloyal—the possession of which now makes the same country brittle with arms at the prospect of invasion.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

A meeting was held on the 24th ult. at the residence of the Archbishop of Dublin, for the purpose of considering the best means of procuring an alteration in the Irish Poor Laws. There was a numerous attendance of Catholic clergy, M.P.'s, and gentry. The following were the principal resolutions adopted:—"That the moral classification in Irish workhouses requires to be attended to; that at present it is generally neglected, and that, in order to separate the virtuous and innocent from the ill-conducted and profligate in every workhouse, moral classification should be really and effectively carried out. "That separate places of worship in every workhouse for Catholic and Protestant inmates are imperatively demanded. "That the rearing of children in workhouses is open to the gravest objections, both moral and sanitary, and that power should be given to guardians to enable them to rear children out of workhouses, in families, until 14 years of age. "That, whereas in England and Scotland the Poor Law Commissioners are natives of those countries, and profess the religion of the majority of the people, it is unreasonable and unjust that the Irish Poor Law Board should be constituted exclusively of Englishmen and Protestants, inasmuch as seven-ninths of the whole population, and more than nine-tenths of the destitute poor, in Ireland are Catholics." A committee was appointed to carry out the objects of the meeting.

A STATE BISHOP.—Lord Palmerston has never been lucky in his ecclesiastical appointments. The Viceroy of Ireland does not seem to be a whit more fortunate. He has made a Dr. Gregg Bishop elect of Cork; and a liberal Protestant Northern paper denounces the selection as a serious blunder. As to what Dr. Gregg is, or is not, our contemporary says:—"If a Bishop, on the one hand, ought to be a scholar; he ought not, on the other, to be a buffoon. When Archbishop Gregg says that, if he followed the suggestions of certain of his advisers, he would be a comical kind of gent. We are, for the moment, tempted to think that we are listening to a successor of Mr. Spurgeon rather than to a successor of Bishop Fitzgerald. We dare say Dr. Gregg belongs to that increasing and flourishing class whom the Professor of Modern History at Oxford has somewhat sarcastically described, in answer to a charge of lack of reverence for Episcopal rank:—"I trust I am not wanting in respect for those who, by their eminent virtues, the cautious character of their theological convictions, and the coincidence of their political opinions with those of the First Minister, backed in many instances, by assiduous and judicious solicitation, have been raised to the highest preferment in the Established Church."—*Dublin Irishman*.

We learn from an authentic source that the Parish Priest of Castleisland did not address his flock on the subject of Secret Societies, as alleged in our last number. He had reason to believe that a few young boys in the town, not amounting to half a dozen had been tampered with by a Tralee emissary. Having consulted with his curate the latter with his concurrence and approbation, addressed the parties concerned so vividly from the altar on the criminal tendency of such a course that all without exception have expressed their deep regret, and appear truly penitent.—*Tralee Chronicle*.

DISTRESS IN THE KING'S COUNTY.—While sad cries of famine have been for months past heard from the western and southern counties of Ireland, yet not a single word has been said to enlist public sympathy in aid of the destitute poor in this county. Would that there was no need for such an appeal! Alas! hundreds of small cottiers and agricultural labourers who cannot get employment, and many of those who procure it at low wages, are in a state of starvation. With much patience and suffering have they, during the last two inclement months, borne the joint afflictions of want of food and scarcity of fuel. To show the poverty and destitution of these classes of people, I shall state one case out of many similar ones which has come under my special notice. On Thursday morning last an agricultural labourer, about forty years of age, called at the house of a respectable man and asked for something to eat; for, said he, "I am very hungry, and my poor wife and four children are at home without a morsel to eat. I worked last week for a farmer, who gave me but fivepence a day and my diet. The fivepence was all I had to support my family each day. This week I can get no person to employ me, and we are all without a morsel to eat." How can those whose duty it is to provide for a famishing peasantry deny the existence of such distress? If immediate steps be not taken to give employment, or if those whom God has endowed with wealth do not, with a liberal spirit, contribute towards alleviating the miseries of their fellow-countrymen, the deplorable events of 1847 will be renewed in 1862.—*Correspondent of Irish Times*.

It is stated that the Mansion-house Committee are about to take some steps towards the relief of distress in the west. Except in a few instances, the Established clergy have been hitherto silent on the subject. Their activity in former seasons of calamity gives assurance that they would not be indifferent now, were there an urgent demand for their benevolent exertions. Many persons have been waiting for their testimony before making up their minds as to the extent of the destitution. This testimony is now furnished. About a month ago Lord Plunket, Bishop of Tuam, directed a circular to be sent to the incumbent of every parish and district in his diocese which embraces the whole of the county of Mayo and the larger portion of the counties of Galway and Sligo. This circular contained queries relating to the present and prospective condition of the poor of all denominations, and their means of support. Answers have been received from 75 clergymen, and the following are the results of the inquiry. In the whole of the diocese there are 544 more paupers in the workhouses than at the same period the previous year, giving an average of seven additional paupers for each parish or district. In the opinion of the clergy the potato crop is a little less than one-half of what it was last year. But the oat crop is on the whole but little inferior to that of former years. With regard to fuel, they calculated that, even if the season proved dry, not more than 2-7ths of the turf would be available, and if wet not more than 1-10th. Two-thirds of them apprehend "extreme destitution," while seven seemed to fear that if the winter prove severe there would be in some districts "actual famine."—*Times Dublin Correspondent*.

During the past week the weather has been of the most wintry character. We have had a succession of storms, accompanied by heavy rain and intense cold. A number of wrecks and disasters, attended with loss of life, have taken place in the Channel, and it is apprehended that for some days to come we must expect very dismal tidings from sea. About 200 vessels have run for safety into the Belfast Lough On Saturday morning, owing to the recent excessive rains in the mountains, the Dray River overflowed its banks and flooded several cottages on the south side of the Dargle road. Many other Wicklow rivers are also swollen to such an extent that the lowlands about Newcastle and Killohonger are submerged for miles. The recent inundations have done a great deal of damage to the cornfields and other grounds under tillage along the banks of the Suir and the roads adjacent to it. Many of the environs are impassable, being all under water. The overflowing of the Nore and Anner has been also productive of great loss to the farming classes, vast quantities of hay, turf, and in some instances even cattle and sheep, having been swept away by the violent mountain torrents. The houses along the rivers have been submerged, and all traffic on the quays Suir has been suspended in consequence of the