

plere, so much to censure, it is cheering to reflect that our suffering people have friends at home and abroad, whose generous sympathies have never been wanting in the day of distress, who have heard the voice of their wailing sent over the deep, who close not their ears against our pining cries, and harden not their hearts against our appeals—but who with full hearts and liberal hands pour forth their contributions to relieve their fellow men in their extreme distress. To those bountiful benefactors, we tender the full meed of our warmest thanks, especially to those in Canada, the United States, and Australia, who have entrusted their bounties to the care of our revered Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, whose powerful advocacy has arrested the attention of the civilised world to the wrongs and oppression of the faithful people of Catholic Ireland.

AID FOR PARTHY—PROSELYTISM.

To the Editor of the (Dublin) Nation.

Mount Partry, 14th April, 1863.

Dear Sir—Permit me to acknowledge, through the Nation, the following timely contributions for the relief of the suffering poor of this devoted district: £8 from His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, per the Very Rev. Dean Waldron, of Cong; £8 7s from John O'Keane, Esq., San Francisco, California; £1 from Mr. Michael O'Connell, Tipperary; and 5s from Mr. James Fitzsimons, Delgany. The fact—the fearful fact—of wide-spread distress being now established, and at length admitted, even by the voice of Viceroy and Chief Secretary, it would, in my opinion, be labor lost to dilate on its general extent in any special parish or locality. Throughout the length and breadth of south and west the angel of famine is abroad, and in many instances is certain, before summer is over, to make sure of his victims. But in Partry, side by side with the gaunt spectre, strides the ill-omened emissary of proselytism—not that ordinary thing which buys and sells the soul of man for a certain amount of soup, meal, or habilliments, but the still more formidable power with which even the above appliances are only of a secondary character, and which employs the “notice to quit,” the “ejection,” the “bailiff,” the apostolical daughter, the whole machinery of landlord authority to enforce the argument of soup at the hands of the “Scripture reader.” Lord Plunket still keeps up his staff of four “Scripture readers,” five “teachers,” and any amount of “Irish readers,” in the vain effort to seduce or coerce the poor faithful tenants into an abandonment of their only consolation—their fathers’ faith.

Yet, after eighteen years’ exertions with famine and pestilence, and the ‘crown,’ and the ‘red coats,’ and the ‘black coats’ all on his side what are his gains to-day?—two families—Martin Conway and Tom Moley. These, with several others, found out their Popish errors during the famine of ‘47. But these alone are now ‘The last rose of summer’ in his lordship’s garden; and for this precious acquisition the ‘societies’ and the pious, penitent, ladies of England have paid perhaps not less than £15,000. Even still a sum of £400 in round numbers comes annually into Partry from these deluded sources, allowing £40 each to the teachers and ‘Bible readers,’ £70 to the missionary clergymen, and the balance of £390 more to the invisible ‘Irish teachers.’ Yet, sir, with all this lavish expenditure, sustained by the terrorism of the landlord, not even one convert has Lord Plunket been able to make amongst his tenants of Partry within the last thirteen years, while he has lost all he had ever procured with the above-named exceptions. As for his schools, they are now a humbug and a farce. In one of them he has the son of his herd, a man of the name of Levy, from Westmeath, with the daughter of an old caretaker, Staunton. In his other school he has not even one child, or has not had since I entered this parish. My reason for making these observations now is to show forth, as far as I can, the delusion practised on the English people at the present moment, by the appeal made to them for £50,000 to permanently endow some twenty missionary stations in Western Connaught. It is a shameful, a barefaced humbug.—I remain, yours truly,

PATRICK LAVELLE.

P.S.—Let it be well understood I make no account of ‘settlers’ introduced from the north or other places. Lord Plunket can claim no more credit for them than he is entitled to for the eviction of Catholic tenants whose place they take.

P. L.

DISTRESS IN CONNEMARA.—To the Editor of the Nation.—Dear Sir—I must again trespass on your charity to present our grateful thanks to the benefactors of our suffering poor. I hope God will bless you, dear Sir, for your kind advocacy of the cause of His afflicted members, and your unflinching patience under so many and repeated applications. I feel that you and our other known and unknown benefactors would feel deeply consoled could you witness the wretched objects of charity relieved through your bounty. This day a poor man came to the Convent in a starving state, looking for work.—When I gave him a small sum to satisfy his present deplorable want, he said, ‘Ah, but if I had a few days’ work I might send this to the children.’ The poor father felt more for his starving children at home than for himself. Hundreds are subsisting on turnips, shell-fish, and others believe themselves well off when they can procure a single meal of Indian meal food in the day. This state of fearful want alone obliges me to claim your charitable indulgence for my repeated applications. Should we, through the medium of the charitable, be able to assist our poor people through the months yet to pass before the incoming of the harvest, God may then remove, or at least abate somewhat the present suffering of the poor.—I remain, dear Sir, yours ever gratefully and obliged in Christ,

AMELIA WHITE, Superioress.

Convent of Mercy, Clifden, Connemara, April 14, 1863.

THE BRAND OF CAIN.—Our readers will doubtless remember that a few months ago we called attention to a “Proclamation” in *Mooney’s Express* of San Francisco, signed by Mr. Mooney himself, offering a reward of 500 dollars to whomsoever would slay a certain landlord in Ireland, duly named; furthermore, announcing that whoever should shoot or kill an Irish landlord would be welcomed, protected, and rewarded in California; and concluding by declaring that “one Beckham was worth fifty Smith O’Briens.” We denounced this abominable doctrine and the miscreant who propounded it. The Irish national journals have scarcely an exception executed the infamy as heartily as we did ourselves. It seems, however, as our national contemporary the *Tipperary Advocate* announces in an article which we quote elsewhere, that the redoubtable Mr. Mooney has addressed a monster ‘reply’ to the editor of the *Nation*, defending and reasserting the murder creed. A sterling Irish nationalist resident in California has written to us by the post which brought Mr. Mooney’s luncheon, a letter from which we gather a vast store of ‘useful knowledge,’ touching the assassination apostle and his doings in California and other parts. It seems that the reputable broad sheet in which Mr. Mooney gazettes his proffered rewards of “500 dollars for the head of an Irish landlord” was definite, or rather lay in a trance, for some five weeks, when the idea seized the admirer of Mr. Beckham to try a start once more on the strength of a sensation “letter to the Editor of the *Nation*,” who had dared to denounce the murder doctrine. “Whoever would wish to free Ireland,” says Mr. Mooney, “let him buy a copy of this day’s *Express* and send it to a friend in Ireland.” Help us friends to clear the atmosphere of Ireland. It is to be charitably hoped that a great many persons thus adjured bought copies of Mr. Mooney’s *Express* of that day; and that the suspended existence of that journal will have been restored upon a new lease of a month’s duration. But it is to be hoped also that that every one who read Mr. Mooney’s ‘reply’ crossed himself as if a demon had risen on the path be-

fore him. In this document the writer delivers himself as follows:—“You have dubbed me a prophet or landlord assassin; I accept the distinction. Let them look out. It is the intention of many a valiant Irishman to return to Ireland to shoot down the inhuman scoundrels whose acts we have noted and whose names we have registered. You have aspersed me, sir, because, as Secretary of the Saint Patrick’s Brotherhood of this city, I signed an address which recommended to the people of Ireland to refuse rents as a measure of defensive agitation against the rack-renting, house-lavelling landlords. I now defend that address. I reassert, proudly, its admonitions to the oppressed tenant farmers, cottiers, and laborers. I recommend my countrymen to shoot the landlord house-lavellers, as we shoot robbers, or rats, at night or in the day, on the roadside or in the market place.” The Editor of the *Nation* declines to hold controversy with wretches of that description. That he should be the object of their hatred and calumny is only a pleasurable proof that he does his duty as a faithful sentinel of the national cause; guarding it from dishonor or stain. This Mooney pleads that O’Connell once proposed a vote of thanks to him, and that in former times he obtained insertion for his letters in the *Nation*. That may be. Lucifer was once amongst the best. Many are the respectable modes of ‘raising the wind,’ from bank swindling to abduction; but surely human depravity could fall no lower than trading on the notoriety which public laudation of murder is supposed to bring, duping and betraying even the assassin himself; for, we need scarcely assure our readers that should any follower of Cain hold out his bloody hand for Mooney’s ‘reward of 500 dollars,’ he would find that, abhorred by all, and trusted by none, the ‘prophet’ could not raise five hundred cents.—*Dublin Nation*.

ANOTHER ASSASSINATION AT GLENVEAGH.—Londonderry.—Yesterday morning intelligence of a very startling character reached this city by way of Letterkenny. It related to Glenveagh—a district of Donegal which has been rendered painfully notorious by what has taken place on the Adair property. The nature of the feelings existing between Mr. Adair and his tenants are so well known that there is no necessity for going into particulars on that subject, or advert to the wholesale evictions effected on the estate; but everybody will recollect the assassination of James Murray about two years ago. This man was land-steward to Mr. Adair, and he was brutally murdered, not far from his own house, by some person or persons who have for so far eluded the authorities. The news which came from Letterkenny yesterday was that Murray’s successor, Adam Grierson, had met the fate of the former land-steward. By some it was reported that he had been shot dead, while others believed that the victim was still alive, although wounded mortally; but this, at all events, is true—that Adam Grierson was met on Friday night by a man who discharged the contents of a pistol into his body. From all I can hear Grierson cannot survive. The circumstances of the case, as well as I have been able to gather them, can be briefly stated. Grierson was coming home, alone, about eight o’clock on Friday evening. A man came up to him, when the victim was nearing his own residence, and presented a double-barrelled pistol. The assassin immediately fired off one of the barrels, and the charge, which was of slugs, entered Grierson’s abdomen. Grierson did not fall on the moment, and his intended murderer, seeing that the first shot had not done its bloody work, stepped back a pace or two, and fixed a new cap on the nipple of the second barrel. It is to be presumed that the cap originally on it had fallen off, or that an ineffectual attempt had already been made to fire a second shot. When the fellow was preparing to complete the murder, Grierson stooped, in the effort to lift a stone; but he fell to his knees, and, as he looked up, he saw the assassin running away. Possibly, the murderer thought he had finished him. Grierson, however, managed to crawl home. The alarm was raised, and the police turned promptly out. Medical assistance was procured as soon as practicable, but I hear that, on an examination of the wounds, the doctor has declared that the unfortunate man cannot survive. In the meantime, Grierson has been able to identify the person who fired at him, and a peasant named Francis Bradley has been arrested. He was taken into custody at five o’clock yesterday morning, in consequence, no doubt, of Grierson’s statements; and it is added that Bradley has been fully identified by the dying man. The latter is represented as swearing positively to Bradley’s identity. This Bradley is said to have been the occupier of one of the cleared out houses. The next occupant was a person named Campbell, and it is not long since his house was burned down. So the story goes, and it may be as well to mention it. One would rather not allude to anything discreditable to a man in Grierson’s present position; but, at the same, I do not see how I can properly omit referring to some matters which are public property. This, then, is the Adam Grierson whose license to carry arms was revoked by the Lord Lieutenant about two years since, owing to an outrage in which Grierson was the principal actor. He had made a most serious attack on a number of country people, and had actually fired a gun or pistol at some of them. He was sent to jail for the offence, and bail would not be taken till application had been made to the Court of Queen’s Bench. At the next assizes Grierson pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to three months’ imprisonment. I hear that latterly he has not held the same situation that he formerly did on the Adair estate. He had left the house which he had occupied at first, and was living nearer Gartan. Some assert, and it may be quite true, that he had not been in Mr. Adair’s employment of late. Grierson is a married man, with a large family. It is said that he was about leaving for Australia, but delayed his departure owing to his wife’s confinement. There is a very prevalent misconception here, confounding Adam Grierson with Dugald Rankin, probably from the coincidence of both having been connected with Glenveagh, and of both having been before the courts charged with improperly using firearms. Rankin, as it may be remembered, was shepherd to Murray, the murdered land-steward. This Rankin was tried at the Omagh Assizes for firing a pistol at an innkeeper in Strabane. The prisoner was acquitted. The nature of Grierson’s trial, which took place at the Lifford Assizes, I have already stated. I have no means of ascertaining whether poor Grierson is yet alive.—*Northern Whig*.

DEATH.—Authentic information has been received that Adam Grierson, late land-steward to Mr. Adair, of Glenveagh, died of his wounds yesterday evening. An inquest was to be held to-day, but is believed to have been postponed.

EXECUTION OF DENIS DILLANE.—Limerick.—This morning (Tuesday) at seventeen minutes before nine o’clock, Denis Dillane, convicted at the assizes of being an accessory before the fact of the murder of Mr. Francis Fitzgerald, Kilmallock, was executed in front of the county jail. Long before the hour appointed crowds of persons assembled to witness the terrible spectacle which was about to be presented. At half-past seven o’clock one hundred and twenty of the Constabulary, under the command of Sub-Inspectors Hamilton, Evans, and Maize, arrived, and took up their position. The moment the unhappy culprit, who was accompanied by the Rev. Messrs. O’Sullivan and Conway, St. John’s, made his appearance on the trap, a loud murmur ran through the spectators, many of whom uttered a prayer for mercy for the soul which was about to abandon its earthly tenement. He, as may be naturally anticipated, exhibited great nervousness, but paid the greatest attention to the exhortations of the clergyman—one of whom carried a crucifix, which he kissed several times. After remaining on the trap with the unhappy man for three or four minutes, the clergyman stepped aside, and the hangman, whose face, as usual, was covered with gauze, after having

adjusted the fatal noose, put it round his neck. The next moment the bolt was drawn—the third victim in the Kilmallock tragedy fell, and his spirit winged its way to the unerring Tribunal. The facts in connection with the murder of Mr. Francis Fitzgerald having been long since known to the public, it is scarcely necessary on our part to allude to them. It will be remembered that, subsequent to the arrest of Beckham, the authorities placed the two Dillanes in custody, believing that they, in consequence of the dispute regarding the £5, incited him to the commission of the murder. The evidence adduced at his trial having established the charge upon which he was arrested, he was sentenced to death. Since his conviction he has exhibited the strongest signs of repentance. He was attended this morning by the Rev. Messrs. O’Sullivan and Conway, who remained with him up to the time of the execution. Mass was celebrated in the cell in which he was confined, and which he assisted in the most devout manner, and partook of the Holy Communion. He ate no breakfast, but said that he would be satisfied with what the Lord would give him. He expressed himself most grateful to the officers of the prison, especially the governor and Dr. Gelston. His wife and children visited him on Monday, and bade him a final farewell. Dillane was sixty years of age, and bore an excellent character previous to his connection with this lamentable transaction. There were no members of his family present at his execution.—His body, after remaining suspended for three quarters of an hour, was cut down and buried in the same grave in which the remains of Beckham and Walsh were deposited.—*Morning News*.

THE FUGITIVE (BLACK MICK) HAYES.—The search after Hayes has been again renewed by the police with surprising energy. The quiet village of Knockany and the houses in the neighborhood were ransacked a few nights ago by the Oola police without finding their object. The authorities still are of opinion that he is in the country—while Constables Grace and Roughan are supposed to have gone to America in search of him.—*Limerick Reporter*.

One of the slanders of the English press against Irish “patriots” and “agitators” is that they care for no freedom but that which they seek for themselves. This taunt was frequently thrown at us during the Italian revolution, but those who made use of it must have known that it was a falsehood.—Irishmen looked on the Italian revolution, not as the uprising of an oppressed people for national rights, but as the plundering scheme of an ambitious monarch. Now, however, in the case of Poland, an opportunity is presented to us of showing how thoroughly and deeply we sympathize with a gallant people engaged in a bold struggle for the independence of their country. The Poles are battling with a mighty power; they have no allies amongst the governments, they can effect no loans in the money markets, but they have asked of all those who sympathize with their efforts to aid them by gifts of money, whereby they may buy steel and gunpowder, and necessities for their wounded men. Ireland, though poor she is, will not be deaf to that appeal. Organized collectors will, we are sure, be got up in various parts of the country, and among the Irishmen in the towns of England and Scotland, and we shall soon be able to remit to the Polish Committee at Paris a sum which, though it may not be large, will yet, when the painful circumstances of our country are considered, be a strong testimony of love for the Ireland of the Continent from the Poland of the Ocean.—*Nation*.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF SOLICITATION TO MURDER.—On Saturday morning, at Dublin, the trial commenced of Joseph Harcourt, aged about 30 years, a tutor, who was indicted for that he, on the 15th Feb. last, did solicit Wm. Smith and Wm. Graham to destroy the life of Mr. Isaac Wightman Dickinson, of Ashgrove, Newry. Mr. Sergeant Sullivan said: The prisoner was charged with having solicited two persons named in the indictment to murder Mr. Isaac Dickinson, of Ashgrove, Newry. It appeared that the prisoner, some time ago, had been tutor in the family of Mr. Dickinson, who lived at Ashgrove, Newry. It would unfortunately appear in evidence that Mr. Dickinson did not live in happy relationship with his wife. On the 14th of February last the prisoner Harcourt was in Dublin, and about 12 o’clock that night he, in company with a person named English, called at the house of William Smith, in Fownes’s street. He was introduced to Smith as a Trinity College man. Smith recognised him immediately. The prisoner, in company with Smith, left the house in Fownes’s street, went to several beer-houses, and spent the greater part of the night together. Nothing very remarkable occurred during their conversation, except that the prisoner referred to some ‘shooting business,’ which had brought him to town. The prisoner was eating at Mr. Walsh’s hotel, Fleet street, and he invited Smith to breakfast with him on the morning of the 15th. Smith accordingly went to the hotel to breakfast, but the prisoner was absent. Smith then went to Foster-place, where a person named Wm. Graham resided. He found the prisoner there. The prisoner and Smith then went to the hotel to breakfast: after breakfast a conversation of an extraordinary nature took place. The prisoner told Smith that ‘there was a man near Newry of the name of Dickinson, who did not live in good terms with his wife,’ his entered into particulars which would be detailed in evidence, but the short and the long of it was that he appeared to be thoroughly acquainted with the relationship existing between Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson and actually told him that in case Mrs. Dickinson survived her husband she would be entitled in her own right to a considerable sum of money. He also expressed his surprise that Mr. Dickinson had not been ‘popped’ long ago. If Smith were telling the truth the prisoner actually proposed to him to go down to Newry and shoot Mr. Dickinson. There was not an absence of motive on the part of the prisoner. Smith said he went back from the hotel to Foster-place, and on the way the prisoner proposed to Smith that he should practise shooting at Rigby’s gallery, so that he might be an adept in shooting. They left Foster-place in company with Graham, and went back to Walsh’s hotel. A remarkable conversation then occurred in the prisoner’s bedroom; and, if Graham was to be believed, his statement would fully corroborate the statement of Smith. The prisoner then went to Newry, and returned to Dublin on the 21st. He met Graham that day, and had a conversation of a still more remarkable character with him. He asked Graham if Smith could be depended upon to shoot Dickinson. He entered into a long statement about Mr. Dickinson. He stated that he was in the habit of being about Mr. Dickinson’s demesne, armed with a revolver, that he had got prussic acid, which could not be administered because of the unfriendly relationship which subsisted between Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson. If Graham was speaking the truth the prisoner most unquestionably renewed the solicitation on that occasion, and explained how Mr. Dickinson could be fired at. The prisoner was to have him engaged at a game of chess near the window when the deed was to be done. A knowledge of these facts having been conveyed to the authorities, Graham was arrested on the 2nd of March. When arrested the prussic acid was found in his house at Newry, and also a revolver capped and loaded. Upon the 27th February, and the evening of the 28th the prisoner was seen in Mr. Dickinson’s shrubberies at a very unreasonable hour, and in a manner that attracted marked attention on the part of the constabulary. It would appear that upon Mrs. Dickinson’s marriage settlement a considerable sum of money, a charge on Mr. Dickinson’s own property, and the lady’s own fortune were to revert to her absolutely in case she survived her husband. Evidence was called in support of this statement. The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to ten years’ penal servitude.

STANDISH THOMAS O’GRADY, Esq., Limerick, has authorised his agent, James O’Grady, Esq., Bristol, to grant an abatement of 25 per cent. to his tenants.

“CHURCH MISSIONARY ARROWROOT.”—It is fully three years since we suggested to the parties who are spiritually enlightening the Irish masses of Scripturally-prepared soup, sabbath, oatmeal, cabbage, and sorbitol, the idea of bottling and packing some of those wonderful substances, so that they might be disposed of in the shops, and taken about by converts whose faith is apt to grow weak when they are at any distance removed from the kitchen of the mission. We remarked that if the missionaries could find corn, meat, and vegetables some strong religious properties—some influence hostile to the “Romish Church”—it was surprising that they did not conduct their missionary enterprises in somewhat of a scientific manner. We said—“It is only those profoundly gifted persons that have been enabled to see how a present of a new pair of shoes to a barefooted Irishman can awaken doubts in his mind as to the infallibility of the Catholic Church—how a dogma can be overturned by a frieze coat, and the authority of a council disproved by three yards and a half of flannel. It is only they that are able to estimate, and that know exactly, how much spiritual life may be derived from a basket of cabbage, and how much righteousness may be boiled out of a calf’s head.” And then we expressed our surprise that the saving properties of these things were not reduced to extracts and essences and sold in a convenient form like cod-liver oil. Here is an extract from the article, giving a hint which we now find has not been unattended to:—

“We shall not be surprised if some one of these days we learn that a central manufactory has been set up in London for the preparation of a saving soup, which may be had in air-tight cans, containing any quantity from a peggion to a half a gallon. We expect to see the article duly advertised before long in the newspapers; and on every dead wall in the country a placard, announcing in large letters that the ‘Genuine Irish Church Mission Soup,’ carefully prepared by a clerical committee, is an unfailing corrective for Popish errors, removing with a beautiful rapidity every trace of superstitious practices, and giving to all who use it regularly a plump skin and a Protestant spirit—may be had at—”

Well, this idea of Church Mission nutriment has been realised almost to the letter. One of the Protestant journals of Dublin has been advertising within the past week, “Church Missionary arrowroot,” sold in packages, and to be had right opposite the office of the Missionary Society, in a town in Ireland which we shall not name. Here is the advertisement, deprived of only a few particulars, the publication of which would largely concern the shop man:—

CHURCH MISSIONARY ARROWROOT
of Superior Quality,
From the Missionary Settlement of Sierra Leone,
Price One Shilling per Pound.
Sold in Packages only, by the Agent,
Family Druggist,
(Opposite the Office of the Missionary Society.)

We do not know whether the “missionaries” now congregated in Dublin are supplied with any quantity of that fortifying edible at the “free breakfasts” which some charitable laymen have provided for, or at least have offered to, them. But of course they are nourished with it, whoever is the purchaser. Physically and intellectually their powers might flag, their theology might get confused, their holy zeal might diminish in the Rotundo while drawing the long bow, and spinning those exceedingly tough yarns, if their souls had not been strengthened in the morning by a package or two of that missionary arrowroot. Really, this peculiar growth is a grand discovery, and it must soon have a great effect in the religious world. We shall not wonder if henceforth we find Protestant clergymen very zealous about the conversion of the heathen, and very active in getting away to foreign parts to preach their doctrines. Hitherto, the wives and families of these men were somewhat of a stay to them, but for the future it will only be necessary to give Adam and the babies a proper quantum of “Church Missionary arrowroot,” to fill them with roving propensities, to loose their tongues, and to give them a wonderful desire for the propagation of the Gospel as it was in King Henry VIII. Laymen, and women too, will, we suppose, partake of it, and what state of society we shall have afterwards remains to be seen. Meantime it is clear that an important beginning has been made. If arrowroot can be grown with a missionary spirit and strong Protestant principles in it, there is no reason why carrots, and cauliflowers, and potatoes, with similar properties, should not be produced. Be of cheer, oh ye soup missionaries. Things have been going badly with you of late; your falsehoods are being found out, your importunities for money have become tiresome to your dupes, your preaching has been of no avail, your labours are barren, your soup, your Indian meal, your old clothes, your tracts, have not changed the religion of the Irish people; but there is hope for you yet—one medium of conversion remains to you in “Church Missionary arrowroot.”—*Dublin Nation*.

SUICIDE OF A GLENVEAGHMAN.—As the Rev. Samuel H. Mason, L.L.D., for many years connected with the Ecclesiastical Commission, 24 Upper Merion-street, where he resided, was coming over from Holyhead in the Ulster this morning, he was observed, when the vessel was close to the Kish light, deliberately to step overboard. A sailor at once jumped after him, and the vessel was stopped and a boat lowered, but Mr. Mason had sunk in the swell before either could render any assistance. Mr. Mason left a letter for the captain, requesting him to give up his luggage to his friends.—*Mail*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, April 23.—The *Daily News* observes the present difficulties of Earl Russell in maintaining our position as neutral, and says that, openly and constantly as it has supported the North against the South, the government at Washington are grievously mistaken if they suppose that there is any party in this country who will counsel submission to any invasion of British rights. It is suspected that the American officers are acting upon secret instructions, and the letter which Mr. Adams addressed to the captain of one vessel gives some countenance to the suspicion, but the British government must be allowed time to examine into the allegations brought forward before they can be asked to remonstrate with the American government or take any serious measures. The aid which British merchants supply to the South is an inconvenience to which all belligerents are more or less subjected, but it furnishes no good ground for absolutely excluding British vessels from commerce, and if any such attempt is now being made by Admiral Wilkes, the British government will not hesitate to remonstrate against it, and, if necessary, put it down.

THE SPY SYSTEM IN LIVERPOOL.—It is currently reported that the Head Constable of Liverpool, acting under instructions from Government, is employing detectives Cousin, Skaffe, Smith, and Horne to go about incog, and obtain information respecting suspicious vessels; and also to watch the movements of leading Confederates. It is alleged that these detectives have already attempted to bribe the employees of certain firms. It is understood that the Mayor was first called upon to initiate this spy system, but declined, and that it is done against the wishes of the Watch Committee.—*Times*.

At the Commission Court on Saturday Joseph Harcourt, a young man of rather respectable appearance, wearing a large brown moustache, was placed at the bar, and charged with the crime of soliciting two men to murder a gentleman named Dickinson, who resided near Newry. The trial, which lasted during the entire day, resulted in the conviction of the prisoner, who was sentenced to penal servitude for ten years.

THE DISTRESS IN LANCAHIRE.—Emigration is being to be more generally looked to as a remedy for the distress. The subject was brought before the Mansion House Committee last week by a deputation from the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, who presented a memorial from the collecting committee of the parish, urging that the operatives of Lancashire, though eminently grateful for the liberality of their countrymen, have already been kept in a state of reluctant idleness beyond the period when beneficence and demoralisation begins; and expressing their opinion that the time has come for exchanging measures of palliation from week to week for the application of a radical and permanent remedy in the shape of a comprehensive scheme of emigration. The deputation were assured that the subject should receive the serious consideration of the committee, and after they had withdrawn, the Lord Mayor expressed himself strongly in favor of emigration under proper safeguards. This expression of opinion met with very general concurrence among the committee, and it is now only a question with them, whether they will vote some considerable sum to assist Lancashire people to emigrate from the fund now at their disposal, or invade public subscriptions to a special fund for the purpose. An influential meeting, has been held at the Manchester Town Hall, at which a resolution was passed in favor of assisting those of the unemployed to emigrate “whose training and habits adapt them to the exigencies of colonial life,” and a committee was appointed to take further measures.—*Guardian*.

A letter from Mr. Adeler, M.P., appeared in the *Times* of Monday, stating that £10,000, has been voted by the Legislature of Canterbury, New Zealand, for the purpose of assisting the Manchester operatives to emigrate thither. Mr. Adeler adds that if the people of Lancashire hesitate to accept the money, there are plenty of persons in Warwickshire who will be glad to get it.

From the report made to the Central relief committee at Manchester it appears the list of the unemployed continues to diminish. Mr. Farnall reported a decrease of upwards of 4,000 as having taken place last week. Much of this we presume is owing to the advance of spring and the abundance of out-door employment; we fear it is in a very small number of cases to be attributed to the re-opening of mills.—*Standard*.

DR. COLLENS.—The following letter from Dr. Colenso, relative to the recent letters of the Protestant Bishops prohibiting him from preaching in their dioceses, has been published in the *Times*:—

Sir,—As I find that all the Bishops who have prohibited me from preaching in their dioceses go upon the assumption which was stated in their general address, that I am unable to use the prayers of the Liturgy or to discharge the duties of a Bishop’s office, I beg you to allow me to give a distinct and public contradiction to that assumption.

I beg further to point out that the general assertions or insinuations of heresy which are made against me in their letters are contrary to the recognised principles of our Ecclesiastical Court. It is not enough for a Bishop to make a general charge of heresy even in the case of an incumbent in his own diocese. He is bound to specify the particulars of his offence before he can take any measures against him. As the Bishops are now proceeding, I cannot but regard them as acting in a way which has not been seen or tolerated in this Church and country since the days of Bonner and Laud. I am untried and unheard. No definite charge has yet been made, though proceedings are threatened against me. Yet the Bishops venture in public and official documents to accuse me of scandalous, dishonest, and heretical conduct, and the Archbishop of Canterbury has already pronounced judgment upon me without a trial, though he would himself be the judge before whom my case would have to be heard, should I have to appeal from a decision of the interior court.

In short, I may be right or wrong in my theology; that is a question which I must leave to be settled by time and investigation. But meanwhile I stand upon my rights as an Englishman, and I protest against a course of conduct which is as illegal as it is contrary to the first principles of the Reformation.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully.

London, April 11. J. W. NATAL.

On Sunday week a lady lost her dog in Edinburgh, and having forgot her dog-whistle, she hastily asked a man she met to whistle him back. In her hurry, however, she had not remarked his unsteady gait and bloated face, and was not a little surprised when, instead of giving a “whistle loud and shrill,” he whistled out with severe gravity—“This is no a day for whistling men!”

ANOTHER TELEGRAPH MIRACLE.—Prof. Wheatstone, says the *Glasgow Herald*, has just perfected a most extraordinary and valuable improvement in telegraphs—a private letter-printing apparatus working by itself, so that no clerk or attendant is required. A merchant can now look up his counting-house, and on his return had every message carefully recorded in legible type during his absence by this beautiful little machine. The specimen of the printing we have just seen is all that can be desired.

THE COAL AND IRON DISTRICTS.—It is rather surprising to record that the emigration from the coal and iron districts of South Wales at the present time is larger than has ever been known. At several of the principal works as many as 30 have left at one ‘pay,’ and not a week passes without a few leaving. The majority of the emigrants are able bodied young men, and it is more surprising still to mention that the destination of nearly all of them is New York, or some other part of the once United States. Higher wages and ready employment are the reasons given for emigrating, but as the state of things in the Northern States is so well known among our working population, the matter has naturally created suspicion, and it is feared that agents are at work holding out inducements to the emigrants with the view of making them eventually useful in the prosecution of the war against the South.

FORGERY OF FEDERAL “GREENBACKS” AT SURFIELD.—The *Manchester Guardian* states that on Saturday a Sheffield engraver, named Edwin Mies, and one of his workmen, named Light, were arrested by Sergeant Spital, of the London detective force, and Inspector Airey, of Sheffield, on a charge of forging Federal Government notes. It appears that for several months past the American Ambassador has been aware that large numbers of forged “greenbacks” were being made in this country and sent over for issue in New York and other cities. Shortly before Christmas the police were communicated with, and the present apprehension is the result of cautiously prosecuted inquiries.—*Star*.

DEATH IN THE BLOOD.—Yes, it is in the blood that the seeds of disease and death are engendered. Attack them there with that mightiest of all detergents, Bristol’s Sarsaparilla, and you are safe. No matter what the complaint—whether scrofula, erysipelas, cancer, salt rheum, fever and ague, liver disease or bilious remittent fever, it is through the blood alone that the exciting cause can be reached. This great anti-poison neutralizes the acid matter in the veins from which the most terrible disorders spring, and by which they are fed and aggravated. It strikes at the hydra coiled in the venous system, and exterminates it as surely and as swiftly as Hercules destroyed the hundred headed serpent of which mortal distempers are the antitype. Bear this in mind all who suffer, for it is religiously true. Sold by all trustworthy druggists.

Agents for Montreal, Devins & Bolton; Lamplough & Campbell, A. G. Davidson, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harrie, H. R. Gray, and Picanti & Son.