

**SEPARATE EDUCATION IN PRIMARY SCHOOLS.**—It is not in any spirit of bigotry or exclusiveness that we insist on the necessity of a system of separate education of mixed education, in what are called "national schools" throughout Ireland. We desire to abolish the Anglican Board at Marlborough Street, because it is anti-Irish and anti-Catholic. We insist on the right of the people of Ireland not to be educated according to the will of the Anglican authorities, political and religious, in the country, but according to their own will and in their own way, yet at the expense to whatever extent may be needful of the public funds produced by the taxation of that people; and we demand for all classes and creeds of Irishmen but the same law, the same measure of justice alike. The leaders of the Protestant portion of the population have always demanded separate education, for their purposes; and we believe the great majority of Protestants in Ireland desire it. Why do they do it is not for Catholics to enquire; but as long as in the conduct of separate Protestant education they abstain from illegitimate interference with that of Catholic children, they have a right to insist on the separate education of Protestants in their own way, and it is not for Catholics to oppose but rather to support their demand. The Bishops of the Catholic Church, confining themselves strictly to what concerns themselves and their own flocks alone, have solemnly demanded separate education for the Catholic people; not in any spirit of bigotry or intolerance, but simply as a measure of protection against Anglican interference. And as politicians we feel that the demand of the Bishops is entitled to the warm support of every intelligent Irishman, of every man, be he Catholic or Protestant, whose heart is loyal to his country, and who desires one day to see Protestant and Catholic Irishmen alike free and equal citizens of a free nation. Separate Education does not in any sense imply mutual unkindness. God forbid! The Catholic who desires it in the sense and for the reasons urged in the Address of the Bishops is not therefore in any sense, socially or politically, hostile to his Protestant fellow-countrymen. Many a true Irishman there has been, and please God will be, among the Protestant portion of our population; and though a Catholic most regret that his friend belongs to a persuasion other than that of the Church, yet as a fellow-citizen and brother Irishman he receives him with a loyal welcome in all the intercourse of social and political life. It is not true that difference of religion must produce, or in fact does produce, personal distrust or dislike between those who separate in worship on the Sunday. It is only where difference of religion is made the subject of unasked interference, of unwarrantable intrusion, and where fanatic bigotry leads the way, of forcible or fraudulent conduct, or of both, that personal collisions arise and must be expected to arise. But, in the ordinary intercourse of life, that man is ever really the most respected, even by those who disagree with him in opinion, who most firmly acts up to his own conscientious conviction; nor in fact does the firm but unobtrusive Catholic ever find a social barrier between him and the conscientious and forbearing Protestant, any more than the unobtrusive Protestant between him and his quiet Catholic neighbor. The man that truly respects himself will be sure to respect his fellow-man as well; and he that most loyally respects the equal rights of his fellow will be sure to be the firmest in resisting any invasion of his own. Catholic and Protestant Irishmen must agree to differ in religion. It is the clear right of each to be protected in the exercise of his own, and therefore in the education of his children therein. And that is all the Catholic body now demands for itself.—*Irishman*.

The knell of godless knowledge is at last, fortunately, sounded with the trumpet of authority from the high places of Zion; and naught henceforth remains for the hosts of Israel save to yield unhesitating, respectful, and ready obedience to the outspoken behests of the high-priests of the Lord. In God's name, then, let this anomalous and strange synogogue of compromise between Christ and Belial, between faith and infidelity, between truth and falsehood, between Christianity and Protestantism, be buried, with honor and decency if you will, but be, at all events, buried entirely, rapidly, and for evermore. Howsoever our fathers were induced to lie under, we certainly should, and shall no longer, consent to bear this infidelizing and intolerant burthen.—*Tuan Herald*.

**THE PROTESTANT PRESS AND THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.**—The Pastoral Address of the Catholic Hierarchy of Ireland has opened all the flood-gates of venomous scurrility and rancorous fanaticism of which the British Press is capable. The worst days of bigot persecution furnish no specimens of more malignant abuse and insulting vilification directed against the Catholic Hierarchy than the unscrupulous licence in which several of the Metropolitan Journals have this week permitted themselves to indulge, simply because the Catholic Bishops have demanded for the Catholics of Ireland what the Government has long granted to the Catholics of other portions of the Empire. The toleration, the liberty of conscience, of which these writers are in all other cases clamorous and resolute advocates, and vehement supporters, are, it seems, to be extended to the professors of every creed, the Catholic alone excepted. The members of every religious belief receive Government aid for separate education in France and elsewhere, but the Catholics of Ireland, basking in the sunshine rule of Constitutional Britain, are laughed to scorn, their Hierarchy reviled, insulted, and ridiculed, because in one of the ablest and most temperate documents ever promulgated, they ask for the State's assistance in educating their flock apart from the influence and corruption of a system which permits, or rather encourages, proselytism and perversion. *The Morning Post* surpasses its metropolitan contemporaries in the virulence of its objections and the coarseness of its invective against the Pastoral Address and its authors. If the said document had been penned by the exemplary denizens of the modern Babylon's most loutish dens and sinks of iniquity or by a knave of the most ignorant of the unlettered clods in which the rural districts of enlightened Britain abound, this insolent and unmanly journalist could not have spoken of it in terms of greater contempt, contumely, and reprobatum. It is a remarkable as well as a uniform feature in the endless assaults of Protestant writers on Catholics and their creed that they never address themselves to the question at issue. Whether the subject be polemical or political, whether it relates to civil rights or religious liberties, instead of arguing the points under discussion fairly, dispassionately, and in terms becoming educated, well-bred, and Christian men, their replications are uniformly made up of a series of assumptions based on the grossest ignorance, and couched in terms which the blasphemy and blackguardism of the offscourings of society could not well exceed. If an uninterrupted series of alliteratives could render scurrility more scurrilous, coarseness more disgusting, and insolence more unwarrantable and unchristian, the studied alliteration of Billingsgate epithet in every line of the *Post's* fierce philippic against the unoffending hierarchy of Ireland would undoubtedly produce this effect. The only glimpse of a point that we can evolve from the mass of personalities and squabbles in which this censor of Church dignitaries delights to disport himself is probably where he says that "the object of Romish priests and bishops in opposing mixed education is to divide and dissiminate Christians." Now, although this allegation may appear very plausible at first sight, it has in reality no foundation whatever, inasmuch as a separate education of Catholics and Protestants respectively is more likely to preserve a good understanding, and to engender kindly feelings between them. And why? Simply because one great cause of animosity and disagreement would be eliminated, and the attempts at proselytism would of necessity become fewer, when the opportunities of making them in schools no longer existed. But the champions of mixed education, as now administered, are

determined to ignore the material fact that faith has not been kept with the Catholic bishops, priests, and people by the powers that be at Tyrone House. Had the apple of discord not been flung into the system by the accursed spirit of perversion that winds its serpent coils by means of corruption, hypocrisy, and misrepresentation round every private family and every public institution throughout the land—had the proselytizing mania which the *pseudo Liberal Post*, and the Protestant propagandists preach, practise, and desire to see perpetuated, not been carried to intolerable extremes, the Catholic Bishops would not have been compelled to demand the introduction of a separate system of Education for their flocks, although they might not have fully approved of the National system in some respects.—The original compact was, however, violated, not by the Catholic Hierarchy and Priesthood, but by the Protestant members of the Board and the Government that has winked and connived at the derelictions from the conditions originally laid down by the Catholic Prelates, and complied with by the Ministry of the day. But, as is too frequently the case, those who are the first violators of a contract, the first aggressors in any wrong-doing, are also the first to assume the airs of an aggrieved party, their sole grievance being that those who are really aggrieved will no longer endure the wrong and injustice done them. In the present instance the Bishops are determined to cancel a compact, the main stipulations of which have long been neglected, set at naught, and infringed by the Board. Their private protests and remonstrances against certain acts of maladministration had been ineffectual, though never made, save when there were good and sufficient grounds for making them. Their Lordships were, therefore, at length reduced to the necessity of determining on the steps to be taken, when, by this flagrant violation of the original understanding, the faith and morals of their flocks were daily imperilled. The result of their deliberations has been a demand for a total severance of the two contracting parties, and the cancelling of the vitiated contract. For adopting this, their only alternative, for stating the reasons publicly which compelled them to take such a step, for doing this with a forbearance, a moderation, and a dignity which the *Morning Post* and its cotemporaries would do well to take as a model for their imitation—almost every Protestant journal in the three kingdoms pours columns of abuse and denunciation upon the heads of the faithful Pastors who have merely performed their duty to their persecuted flock. And this is the use to which the boasted liberty of the British press is turned: the manner in which the "Reformed" religion permits those not included within its pale to exercise the "liberty of conscience" which it professes to accord to every class of religionists! Never, say we, has the privilege possessed by the Fourth Estate of the realm been more shamefully abused, or more mischievously misapplied, than in this ferocious and fanatic onslaught on a body of dignitaries who are the exemplars of every Christian and social virtue.—*Dublin Telegraph*.

**AN EVANGELICAL ENGINEER.**—It is rarely that railway meetings are troubled with discussions upon religious or political topics, and we confess to some surprise at finding the proceedings at the general assembly of shareholders of the Dublin and Belfast Junction Railway so encumbered. The occasion, however, justified the innovation. It appears that this railway company has the happiness to be possessed of an evangelical officer, who divides his attention between the duties of his situation, as engineer, and the no less onerous employment of tract distributing and proselytizing. For some time back complaints have been rife that passengers cannot be allowed to proceed from Dublin to the North unattended, but that their feelings are outraged by tracts of an offensive character being placed for their perusal in the carriages. The author of this reprehensible proceeding for a lengthened period remained clothed in mystery, until at last emboldened by continued impunity, he had the audacity to tender one of his noisome pamphlets to a Catholic gentleman of the highest respectability, who happened to ride in the same carriage with him. The vendor of this unwholesome literature then turned out to be Mr. James Barton, Engineer to the Dublin and Belfast Junction Railway, and quondam pretender to the credit of being the inventor of the famous viaduct over the Boyne—an honour of which he thus sought to deprive his distinguished master Sir John McNeill. But the exploits of the hero did not end here. One can scarcely comprehend the lengths to which genuine impudence will go. Mr. Barton having occasion to visit a Catholic clergyman in Dundalk, went to his house, was received in the kindest manner possible, and on his departure took care to repay those attentions by leaving behind him a most insensible tract, neatly enclosed in an envelope, and addressed to the rev. gentleman! Not content with thus seeking to win over the educated classes among Catholics, he seeks lower quarry, and finding success elsewhere impossible, tries what capital agents bullying and terrorism are in converting his subordinates to his own opinions. As engineer of the line Mr. Barton possesses the power of giving or withholding employment, and he lets us see how like a gentleman and a man of honour he makes use of the influence so obtained. We find him, under date of July 21, 1858 addressing "the men employed upon a permanent way and level crossings" in a circular epistle, in which he informs them that he has purchased a small library, to lend out amongst them, and encloses a list of the books which will be found as he expects, to be "such as most of you can understand and will like." What are the works, think you? Not works on subjects of general information or harmless recreation. No. The list is filled with the names of works, every page of which breathes a spirit of rancour and hostility to Catholicity as bitter as ever was entertained by the veriest Protestant bigot. Every advantage is offered to the men to obtain those books. Sixpence each half year is the subscription to the "library."

**AN IRISH ABSENTEE LANDLORD.**—There is not, in the United Kingdom, a finer property than that of the Marquis of Hertford. The extent is nearly seven thousand statute acres, mountain and water included; the rental is about fifty thousand a year of a well-paid revenue. Very serious complaints are made on the subject of leases for building, which it appeared, the late marquis as well as his father, were precluded from granting to their tenants. The present marquis proposes to act on the privilege he enjoys of granting leases on perpetuity; and as, with all his apparent apathy and indolence, he appears quite an adept in the art of monetary accumulation, much public good must result from an extended exercise of the power of leasing, while large additions will be made to the rent roll. Of course, where non-residence forms the sole rule of baronial administration, the local government must be carried on by an agent, who, in this case, is rather a vice-landlord than the mere receiver of rents. From 1817, and up to a very recent period, when his son was appointed to the situation, the Dean of Ross held the sceptre of local power. In all the time of his agency, the three successive owners of the estate only paid one visit to it. Fifty-six thousand a year is regularly drawn from the estate and sent to France, the adopted home of the present proprietor.—*Northern Whig*.

The construction of the Armagh and Dunganon line is proceeding with great rapidity. Workmen are engaged for a distance of four miles and a half from the Terminus at Omagh, and also all the way from Dunganon to Pomeroy.

A circular of the Minister of War in France, directs the officers to see that the soldiers sent back to their homes be provided with clean clothes, and a suitable outfit. What a contrast with the regulations enforced in Ireland, against the poor militiamen, who resisted their being stripped of their only clothing, which was claimed as belonging to the State, after several months' wear and service.

On the night of Friday, the 20th Aug., says the *Connaught Patriot* between the hours of two and three o'clock, an attempt was made to break into the convent of Mercy, Clifden. The wicked wretches who attempted so glaring an act of robbery endeavored quietly to force in one of the kitchen windows of the convent; but, luckily, some of the orphan girls, of whom so many found shelter in the convent, were roused by the noise made in the act of forcing the window. The alarm was then given: the police were called upon, and immediately in pursuit of the robbers; but still they succeeded in effecting their escape. Since then, not a stone is left unturned to bring about their detection. A reward of £20, the voluntary contributions of the clergy and people of the town of Clifden, has been offered to any person who may detect, or inform against them. It may be remarked that some idle, unprincipled ruffians, who are always seen to find refuge in soupers, schools, and who are in the habit of practising petty robberies even within the precincts of their own establishments, are suspected for the premeditated outrage.

**THE "CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT" AND IRISH LANDLORDISM.**—Look here: this man whose rule is absolute at Tuam—whose frown is death at Partry, is called "a bishop;" a name stolen some three centuries ago by a gang of pick-pockets and swindlers from the repository of an ancient Church. He is one of a garrison planted here by a foreign power, with its iron foot on the neck of the people. In the old Celtic Catholic county of Galway, this man holds and enjoys, by force of English bayonets, certain rich lands which, in the ages past, a Catholic people gave to the humble ministers of their ancient faith, for the maintenance of religion and the support of the poor. This man thinks he has a function to discharge—a work of some kind to be done, for the gold that is wrung from the blood and muscles of an oppressed and outraged people. He "proselytizes," which means that he sets upon the poor peasantry a gang of sordid jackals whose work is to tempt them from their faith by bribes, or coerce them by force, to prey upon their miseries, to make of their passions or their appetites instruments to pervert them from fidelity to their God—to sow strife and heart-burning for priest and people. He offers soup to the starving as a lure for apostasy—he summons the sheriff and the armed soldiery to drive the Catholic people's teachers from the schools which the people had built with their money. Misery, insecurity, terror, pain of body and torture of mind, grow upon around him, under his "evangelical administration"—frivolous profanation of so holy a phrase—and he succeeds in convincing the people that the system he so faithfully represents is a hideous iniquity which they must uproot and destroy, if ever their country would have peace and security. As is this man's episcopal rule in Tuam, such is the accursed Church Establishment all over Ireland. Now take his other aspect. Herein he illustrates Irish landlordism, that thing which has desolated our fields, withered and decimated our population—and studied every acre of Irish ground with the ruins of the once happy homes of humble peasant families, driven to beggary, starvation, and death—that thing which has strewed the soil of Ireland with the whitening bones of her murdered millions, and sent the evidence of her misery and suffering to the farthest ends of the earth. This "lord," this "bishop," is a landlord. His tenantry seek education—they scrape together seven hundred pounds and build themselves schools; and not a shilling's help gives he. They bring a brotherhood of humble monks to teach their children. The model landlord—the holy bishop—sends the sheriff and a guard of soldiers to turn out monks and pupils alike; and this honest man (for English law empowers him so to do) takes possession himself of other men's property, built by other men's money.

In the ordinary notions of morality, this thing is called "violence and robbery." English law, executed by English bayonets, changes the ethics of the affair and calls it "exercising his rights as a landlord." Why not? The whole proceeding is consistent.—Landlordism in Ireland (of English make) was created by "violence and robbery," the English Church Establishment, whose foundations are cemented in the blood of a martyred nation, was erected by "robbery and violence." English bayonets have given the bishop his "rights," most fitting that by English bayonets he should maintain them.—*Irishman*.

**EVICIONS IN IRELAND.**—We take the following extraordinary communication from the columns of the *Times*:

**TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.**

Sir,—Believing that you only need to be convinced of the rights the poor man has to maintain as well as the wrongs he is wont to endure, I venture to lay before you a few facts of recent occurrence, the scene of which lies in the vicinity of where I write. On the 12th instant, the sub-sheriff of the county, with a large escort of police, proceeded to the townlands of Fallmore and Blackod, the property of the Rev. W. Palmer (distant about fifteen miles from this town), and commenced to evict under a writ for non-tithe. The work of demolition continued until forty-eight families had been left houseless and homeless, the bare walls only of their little houses being left to stand. It is impossible to describe the whole scene as it occurred. When the several little articles of furniture were flung out upon the streets and the screams and the frenzied exclamations that rent the air are more easily imagined than described. The poor people had to take shelter in ditches, and in the old ruins of a neighboring churchyard. Their conditions up to this moment is most deplorable. One poor woman, the wife of Denis Murphy, under the exposure of the night, was seized with the pangs of travail, and was compelled to seek admission to a cabin where eighteen others had taken shelter also. These unfortunate creatures are now constructing huts for themselves on the most novel sites and plans that intellectual beings could ever think of. Through the kindness of a neighboring tenant they are permitted to use the wild rocky shore of the Atlantic for that purpose. There a line of "shanties" has been erected, and I am thoroughly convinced that the next equinoctial gales, should they come from the south-west, will cause them to be washed away by the angry breakers, which are wont to roll in upon that shore at all times. The following will give you an idea of these curious dwellings. I visited the place on the 22nd inst., in company with a gentleman from London, and what I state is the result of accurate observation made on that occasion. Pat Gaughan, with five in family; Mary Gaughan, with five in family; and Anne Gaughan, with three in family; making in all 13; all live in one cabin, the dimensions of which are 17 feet long, 7 feet broad, and 5 feet high (to the top of the roof). Samuel Walker, seven in family; house 13 feet long, 7 feet wide, 5 feet high; height of door, 3 feet. John Curdull, five in family; James Walker, six in family; both live in the same cabin of 14 feet long, 7 feet broad, and 5 feet high; door, 3 feet high. Owen Lavalle, four in family; house 9 feet by 9 feet, and 5 feet high; door 3 feet high. Such is the character of the dwellings these poor creatures intend to use during the winter. They are, moreover, made without mortar, and none of them has a door. You may judge how I and my friend had to observe a sitting posture while under the roof of each of them. They all seem totally destitute of comfort, not having even the appearance of a bed or bedding. The following are the names of those, with their families, evicted on the townland of Fallmore on that occasion:—John M'Intyre, 9 in family; John Early, 3; Pat Gaughan, 5; Mary Gaughan, 5; Anne Gaughan, 3; Samuel Walker, 7; James Walker, 6; John Curdull, 5; Owen Lavalle, 4; Antony Monaghan, 3; Mary Lannon, 2; Richard Barrett, 2; John Sholomo, 5; Catherine Lavalle, 3; Grace M'Gavin, 4; James Cain, 4; John Malley, 4; John Malley (second), 5; Michael Lavalle, 8; Michael Monaghan, 5; Pat Lavalle, 3; Thomas Heffrin, 7; Denis Keegan, 3; John Keegan, 2; Antony Keegan, 4; Ellen Keegan, 1;

George M'Loughlin, 6; Peter Geoghan, 3; Denis Murphy, 3; John Monaghan, 4; Catherine Heffrin, 2; William Monaghan, 4; Antony Murphy, 3; John Lavalle, 4; John Cain, 6; Owen Cain, 6; John M'Monnoo, 5; John Hare, 5; and Anne Cain, 5. I have not got the names of those evicted on the townland of Blackod on the same day, but I understand their condition to be similar to that already described, for the accuracy of which I can vouch. I have the honour to be your very faithful servant,  
PATRICK MALONE, P.P.  
Belmullet, county of Mayo, Aug. 27.

**WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, ESQ.**—William S. O'Brien, accompanied by one of his sons, arrived in Tuam lately. The instant the patriotic inhabitants heard of his arrival, crowds rushed to see one of Ireland's noblest sons.

The *Dublin Evening News* is in a position to make the gratifying announcement that already forty-three Catholic and Liberal Irish members have given in their adhesion to the principles and policy so lucidly set forth in the great Pastoral of the Irish Prelates and have expressed their determination to attend the meeting of the Irish members, to be held early in September, with a view to decide upon the steps to be taken to support the demands of the hierarchy.

**ALARMING CONFLAGRATION IN BELFAST.**—Tuesday night at a quarter to twelve o'clock, a fire broke out in the establishment of Messrs. Thomas Calendar & Co., hide, leather, and bark factors, and general commission merchants, Marlborough street. With marvellous rapidity, the fearful element progressed in its work of destruction; and the occurrence taking place as it did, within about a hundred yards of the last conflagration, which caused such consternation, and has resulted in such a protracted investigation into the efficiency of our appliances and means for the extinguishing of fires, that one feared a repetition of the Victoria Chambers catastrophe. Closely adjoining the store where the fire broke out were a number of valuable commercial houses. Flanking it closely was that important block in Victoria St., known as Imperial Buildings, consisting, principally of wine, spirit, and yarn stores; at the rear was Prince's Court, to which the building extended, where there are hemp and tobacco stores, stables, and dwelling-houses, and soap and candle manufactory of Mr. Thomas Gardner, which, being right opposite, and within fifteen feet of the burning stores, was placed in imminent jeopardy. There has been, doubtless, a large amount of property destroyed, as the interior of the store with all its contents has been consumed.—*Whig*.

But who does the reader suppose is now the Chief of the O'Neils of Glanaboy? Sir Bernard Burke who lives in the same town shall tell us:—"Sergeant Major Bryan O'Neil, youngest son of Sir Francis O'Neil the sixth baronet, is now in his seventy-fifth year, and is tall and distinguished-looking man, in whose appearance and manners, notwithstanding his age and poverty, and the ordeal through which he has passed, may be traced the high lineage and noble blood of Glanaboy. And thus I close this sketch of the descent of the branch of the royal house of O'Neil, in which the mutability of fortune is signally displayed. The descendant of Prince Nial of Scotia and Egypt, of Milesius, King in Spain, of the royal author, Cormac Udubada, of Con of the hundred battles, and Niall the Great, of the chivalrous Niall Caille, and Hugh Boy, and Brian Baly, and Henry Coach, and the gallant and dashing Colonel of Charles the First's dragoons at the battle of Edge Hill, the cousin of three peers and of a duke, and the lineal descendant of a hundred kings, is reduced to the humble lot of a discharged pensioner of the crown, at two shillings and twopenny a day, and occupies a room in a small shop in an obscure street, where his eldest son is a coffin-maker."—*Burke's Vicissitudes of Families*.

**CARTING OUT RUBBISH.**—Here is one out of ten thousand—a hundred thousand—similar iniquities. Last week, an official of a London workhouse brought up, as a criminal, at a London police-office, "a poor, decrepit-looking Irishman," (we quote the metropolitan papers), charged with the offence of having asked for relief at the gates of the Southwark workhouse! His story was instructive and edifying, as an example of the systematic, legalised brutality with which the "mere Irish" are treated under the operation of that exquisite constitutional law which two English officials in Ireland, a judge and a public prosecutor, eulogised recently in Cork and Tralee. "Upwards of forty years ago he left Ireland, and settled in the English metropolis. He reared a family there, had children, and grandchildren; and for forty years, by his toil and sweat, had contributed his humble share to England's wealth and greatness. He had never sought the pauper's dole before; but now his relatives, children, and grandchildren were in the English rural districts, working at the harvest; and being old and feeble—"past his work"—he applied for temporary relief at the workhouse. For forty years he had been a resident of that parish; but when he applied for aid, the humane workhouse officials not only refused the poor wretch relief, but marched him off like a felon to the police-office; for such is the systematised fashion in which English law deals with used-up Irish bone and muscle. This is simply brutal and revolting. But there is a circumstance of the case which makes it specially atrocious. This old man had lived forty years in London and by constant residence, paying tax and rent, had established his "parish," so that, even by law (that cold inhuman law), he had as thorough a right to relief as any Anglo-Saxon of them all. Nevertheless, the poor-law officials (to the disgrace of English human nature be it told), tried to rob him of the right to be rescued from starvation by a mean and infamous quibble. The poor fellow had at one time gone into Kent, to work at the hop-harvest, and on this pretext the humane English guardians contended that the used-up Celtic pauper had lost his right of parish. This plea is all the more base and infamous when it is explained that all the time the poor fellow was in Kent at the harvest he still paid rent for his London lodging, and had therefore no more ceased to be a parishioner than a West-end swell who had gone to France for the holidays. In spite of all this, the benevolent officials of the Southwark Union spent more money than would feed the poor wretch for a week, in the "legal" effort to rob the poor old soul of the relief to which he was entitled even by English law (to say nothing of Christian charity), and even have him committed to prison as a vagrant.—*Irishman*.

**A PROTESTANT ARCHDEACON ON THE "REVIVALS."**—Archdeacon Stopford, of Meath, a Protestant clergyman of very high reputation amongst his co-religionists—and a man of considerable literary and scientific ability—has, after careful and minute examination, just issued a work on the "Revivals," which he denounces in earnest language, as an alarming nuisance.

The most frightful fact in the Belfast Revivals is what Archdeacon Stopford says of "the means which he has seen used to induce hysteria, and the fruits which he has witnessed of it." He says distinctly that "hysteria is now intentionally produced and propagated by men,"—that is by the leaders of the Revival, "sometimes in ignorance of the means applied, sometimes with deliberate premeditation of the means." If this is so, it is difficult to distinguish between such a case and one of administering cantharides. But on this subject we prefer to make extracts:—

I was myself present, in a Presbyterian Meeting House, at a prayer, offered with the most frenzied excitement and gesticulations, that God would then and there descend and strike all the unconverted to the earth. That prayer was accompanied throughout by a storm of cries, and groans, and exclamations, and Aens, all having the true hysteric sound. This was the most frightful scene I have witnessed in life: at the moment of the awful command to the Almighty to come down and strike, it was perfectly terrific. No such scene would be permitted in any

bedlam upon earth. Presence at such a prayer could be redeemed from guilt only by the purpose of warning. I have many terrible recollections of life, but this prayer is the most frightful of them all.

There can be no doubt that in pieces of worship which have become famous through their hysterical cases, or in which hysteria is *prayed for*, the production of it is an object desired and aimed at in the preaching.

One sermon which I heard impressed me forcibly with the conviction that the preacher had carefully studied how hysteria might be produced. An account may be as instructive to others as that sermon was to me.

The preacher's natural qualifications appeared to be but small. His manner was cold, dry, unimpassioned. His voice was naturally good, and, like his action, appeared to have been carefully studied; his tones were unnatural, as if the peculiar cry of hysteria had been taken as a model. He did not appear possessed either of intellectual or sympathetic power. He reminded me of Feuerstein's description of hysterical men—"for the most part effeminate."

It was on the parable of Dives and Lazarus. There was nothing of the love of Christ, nor of the guilt of sin; there was nothing to awaken conscience—hell, hell, hell, hell—was the one cry; and the sole object aimed at was to produce a sensation of intensified torture of physical self-feeling. Remarkable as this sermon was for the paucity and silliness of ideas, it could not be wholly without ideas; but passages were. After the part above described came a passage in which "the existence of Dives" and "endless duration" were put together, repeated again, transposed, reversed, inverted, with infinite variety and art, until nothing in the nature of an idea to occupy the mind remained—nothing but the prolongation of the physical self-feeling of agony. This part of the sermon struck me as the most laboured and studied piece of composition I ever listened to. The skill shown in the wording was great; and the whole object of the study appeared to be the elimination of every idea or thought. It was evidently here the chief labor of preparation had been bestowed; and it was precisely here, where every idea had disappeared that the preacher bestowed the whole force of voice, and tone, and gesture—a fact which I had observed in other sermons before.

Accustomed to reflect on every intellectual excitement and every true emotional feeling, by which hysterical action can be counteracted, I laid out down to watch and track the process by which hysteria can be produced. Precisely as I expected, when all sense and meaning was gone, the preacher had his base and unmanly triumph in evoking a wild and long-continued scream of hysterical agony, which, as it rose more loud and thrilled more wild, did effectually silence the preacher, and left him standing in his pulpit with a most self-satisfied air, until her tardy removal enabled him to proceed.

That thrilling cry of agony—that cold-blooded outrage upon the moral nature of woman—did awaken in me the strongest feeling of indignation that has ever filled my breast.

But the pathology and history of a single case will be even more instructive:—

The preacher, before giving out his text, requested that any cases occurred the congregation would be quiet, and leave it to the officiating minister of the church, who had made full preparation for their reception. While the preacher was reading with the peculiar pointing of the hand before described, "Your case is as bad as hell can make it," a poor girl cried and fell. In reporting the excitement which followed, the preacher said, "God is doing His work in that individual."

When the sermon closed I obtained admission to the room to which this girl had been carried, pursuant to the arrangements announced by the preacher.—The room was small, and very narrow, and stuffy—no air, no water was there. A most pitiable sight I never saw. This girl was about fifteen years of age, or perhaps a year or two older; her frame was weak and thin, her small hands stained and ground with hard work, her skin delicate and transparent, her hair and eyelashes long and dark, her neck marked with scrofula, with a highly intellectual face, seldom seen in her class of life, except in weakly girls, and now made painfully interesting by the unearthly expression of cataleptic hysteria; every movement of the head and hands, every expression of the countenance, every moan was markedly hysterical. She had previously been struggling and screaming; she was now quiet, her lips sometimes moving, but inaudibly; she had spoken of the devil catching souls to throw them into hell, crying, "Away, you snuff have mine!" just the last impression made upon her falling mind.

I learned that this was the third attack that this poor girl had had in a short time, each being more severe than the former; so readily does the habit grow. I could have wept to see this sad disease superadded, in the name of religion and of the Holy Ghost, to a poor weak frame, a scrofulous habit, and a life of toil.

She was seated on a form, reclining in the arms of a coarse young man, about twenty years of age. He was no relation of hers, being ignorant of her name and residence. He seemed employed for the purpose, and related with apparent glee that before we came in it had taken all his strength to hold her in her struggles. In this small room, and gathered closely round her, were eight or ten young women, some of whom, perhaps all, had lately been hysterical, and two or three young men (not related to her) of whom one at least had been lately hysterical too.—No elderly woman was there; nor any elderly man, except one who came in once or twice for a few minutes during the hour we remained there.

Just opposite, and touching her, sat a girl who had gone through the same kind of conversion two days before, and was now crying hysterically, but quietly. She was well dressed for a mill-girl, having silver bracelets and several rings on her fingers, notwithstanding her so recent conversion.

The young man who held the patient, and who seemed quite used to that employment, grinned with professional pleasure as he exhibited to us the points of the case, and explained his treatment.

As there are few persons so qualified as Archdeacon Stopford to speak on this subject, we conclude with another page from this most instructive publication:—

During some hours I was employed, for two or three months at a time during some hours each night, in bringing to the women on the streets of London the appeal of Christ to such as they. Such employment leads to a terrible kind of knowledge. I learned of a system of temptation of inconceivable villainy as to its objects, rendered happily imaginary in its especial sinfulness by the villany of its agents.—Much of my practical acquaintance with hysteria was gathered in this employment. No class of women is so subject to hysterical influences; I have found none more accessible to an appeal to religious feeling; but in a great number of cases, I have found that awakened religious feeling in them will irresistibly become hysterical. I never found such cases the most hopeless; and the reason is evident: the destruction of the last remnant of moral self-control and moral resolution cannot be a source or a means of reformation, but rather destroys the last hope of it.

As the result of experience of this kind, I feel bound to give the most solemn warning, and to enter the most solemn protest, against proceedings which fill the streets of Belfast at late hours of the night with hysterical young women, in company with hysterical young men. I dare not enforce my warning, lest I reveal the means of incredible outrage. In the name of all that is sacred in women I call for a reform of what every policeman in Belfast sees to be indecent and wrong; but of which few know the danger as I do. This consideration alone affords grounds sufficient for banishing hysteria for ever from religious revivals.