

power, as scandalous and heretical, so far as Church authority was concerned, and, after referring to the authority which he himself possessed, of which the coroner held in his hands was the type and emblem of a crozier, put into his hands, not by a riotous mob—not by man or any human authority—but by the Vicar of Christ, and by the Holy Spirit who appointed the Bishops to govern the Church of God...

CHRISTMAS CHARITIES IN GEASHILL.—We copy from a morning contemporary the report of a coroner's inquest held last week at Geashill, King's county, on the body of a poor woman named Dolan, the circumstances attending whose decease had caused a feeling of horror and indignation throughout the locality where it occurred. The verdict of the coroner's jury indeed attributes the death of the poor old creature to "natural causes," but the report avers that on this point the jurors were very far from unanimous, and if the evidence published guided their judgment, we should not be disposed to doubt the truth of the averment. Alice Dolan was an aged widow of seventy-nine years, having only one surviving relative, a daughter, who resided with her, both living in great poverty, but not as absolute beggars. But though not a common mendicant, the aged widow was in the habit of getting occasional help from the charitable neighbors who knew her, and who felt for her forlorn and wretched state. On the Saturday before Christmas day old Alice, it seems, had called on a few of those charitable Christians who were wont to aid her with their benefactions, and had received some trifling presents. She went into the house of a Miss Carter, to whom it appears she was familiar, and asked for "a bit of sugar," which perhaps she would have obtained but for the intervention of no less a personage than Mr. Stewart Trench, J. P., agent of the Geashill estate, which is the property of Lord Digby, a wealthy absentee landlord. Mr. Trench happened to be passing by at the moment, and appears to have overheard the application for the Christmas gift, which his strict mind instantly converted into a breach of the vagrancy laws. Miss Carter seems to have made no complaint on the contrary, she told the policeman subsequently that "Alice Dolan was a decent old woman, and that she had no complaint to make of her;" but Mr. Trench constituted himself plaintiff, sheriff, and judge, and resolved to enforce the law against the recipient of Christmas charities. It seems almost incredible that any man in the position of a gentleman, and, above all, one holding the commission of the peace, could, in such a case, have acted as the witness at the inquest state Mr. Trench to have done. The crime, a sickly old woman, asking for a bit of sugar to sweeten her Christmas tea, appeared so heinous in his eyes, that nothing less than instantaneous arrest, summary trial, and immediate execution would satisfy his sense of what was due to the outraged laws of this Christian country. Old Alice was taken in flagrante delicto. Mr. Trench pulled a copy of the Gospels out of his pocket, swore Miss Carter thereon, and asked if it were ails the delinquent had begged of her? Of course, a bit of sugar, or even "a cup of cold water," given for Christ's sake is "alms," so that the legal crime was easily established against Alice Dolan. Thereupon Mr. Trench proceeded to pass sentence, and on the spot, in the street, ordered the poor old creature to be sent to spend Christmas week in Tullamore jail, distant some nine miles. According to the sworn statement of the policeman, who, at Mr. Trench's order, took her into custody, Alice Dolan was, at that moment, better fitted for the hospital than for the jail. At the time when she was charged by Mr. Trench she was near falling, and only for my assistance she would have fallen. Sub-Constable Patrick Payne. Late in the evening she was sent off on an ass's cart from Geashill to Tullamore, with two policemen walking as an escort beside her. The march must have occupied four or five hours, as an ass's cart is a very slow conveyance, and for these four or five hours the aged woman lay exposed to the severities of a mid-winter night, almost without covering or shelter. Almost, but not quite, for one of the policemen, pitying her miserable state, took off his own coat and wrapped it round her. The man whose act of humanity relieves this sad tale of heartlessness and suffering was Sub-Constable Payne. When the cortege reached Tullamore jail, old Alice had to be lifted off the cart, being, in fact, almost in a dying state. The constable swore at the inquest, that on her way from Geashill to Tullamore she complained she was dying, and said she was sure she would not leave the jail alive. "If myself," continued the humane policeman, "knew very well she would not live long, for I observed her eyes quite glassy. Still she is put through the usual jail routine, is clothed in the prison dress, bundled into a cold cell, and left without food till next morning. Her daughter, hearing she was in jail and dying,

hastens to Tullamore, but with brutal rigor is refused permission to see her. At this time the old widow was evidently in a dying state. The priest was sent for, and after the minister of religion had prepared her for eternity she is dismissed from jail, on rather carried out, and placed on a rough cart, and sent away to die at home. The story of her death and the inquest held on her remains will be found fully related in another page. It is a sad tale, such as must fill Christian hearts with pity and indignation. It is a tale of real life in Ireland, a 'freside story' for Christmas 1861. What does Mr. Trench think of it? What do the Catholics of Ireland, who have been taught to regard the poor as the members of 'Jesus Christ, and in whose eyes almsgiving is a duty and an obligation, think of it? What will the humane people of England say to this specimen of Irish justice, which would be well nigh incredible if the facts were not sworn to. Let them read this story of Christmas charities in Geashill and cease to wonder that bitterness of heart should not exist towards English law amongst the mass of the Irish people. Let the Irish Executive inquire, as it is bound to do, into all the details of this afflicting case, and if the facts be as they have been sworn to, let them show Mr. Trench that he has no authority to proclaim or to enforce martial law against decrepit widows even on the estates of his absentee master. We have had dismissals from the magistracy—let the Lord Chancellor see, whether or not the conduct of Mr. Trench casts no slur on the commission he holds from a Sovereign whose late affliction must make her heart feel for the widow and the orphan.—Dublin Telegraph.

The Committee of the Ballinasloe Relief Fund have published an address to their subscribers, which is intended as an answer to the letter of Lord Clancarty. It shows the extreme difficulty of getting at the truth in matters of fact in this country where party spirit, whether political or religious, comes into operation; and it also shows, I think, what would be the immediate consequence of adopting the plan of out-door relief for which some persons contend. The committee say "they have observed with regret the appearance in the Times and several of the Irish press a copy of a letter received from the Earl of Clancarty, declining to contribute to the Poor Relief Fund." This letter, they affirm, demonstrates, without intent, that the extent of the distress prevailing in that town was unknown. But the Committee have lifted the veil, and revealed a scene of "pinning, private, wasting war" which is truly appalling, and they exhibit the plain fact as "a warning to the incredulous." They have discovered, by careful inquiry, that out of a population of 3,500 there are 1,700 in a state of actual destitution; that is, about half the inhabitants of one of the most prosperous towns in the West of Ireland are ready to accept public charity. This is about the proportion of the population which the most intelligent and experienced witnesses at the late Poor Law inquiry in the House of Commons stated would be always demanding rations if the system of out-door relief was adopted. Incredible as it may appear, the committee assert that "over 400 heads of families, averaging at least four to each, seek public relief, being equally destitute of raiment, fuel, and food. Out of this vast aggregate of human misery," they selected 160 families of "the most extreme cases" to whom they distributed meal and coals.—Times Correspondent.

The Cork Reporter gives the following description of Sir John Arnott's undertakings.—"Sir John Arnott some time since intimated his intention of carrying out a magnificent system of relief to the poor of Cork, by undertaking upon a large scale the establishment of a bakery, a soup kitchen, and brewery. The establishment combining all these operations is carried on at St. Finn Barr's brewery, Fitton-street. The soup kitchen is a square brick room, containing an immense boiler, opposite to which, at the other side of the apartment, are three large iron pans, capable of containing 150 gallons of soup each.—To the rear of the kitchen is a very comfortable room for serving out the soup to the public. The bakehouse is at present in course of construction, and promises to be a very extensive building. The bakehouse alone will occupy a space of 32ft. in breadth by 63ft. in length, and will contain six enormous ovens, the largest ever introduced into this city. Their immense size may be imagined when a space of 5ft. in length by 32ft. in breadth will be allotted to them. Every care has been taken to insure the comfort of the millers and others employed in the baking establishment, and no expense has been spared by Sir John Arnott in completing the building so as to be able, as soon as possible, to give a good substantial loaf to the poor at a nominal price. The necessary arrangements for the completion of the brewery are also rapidly progressing, and the concern promises to be one of the best establishments of the kind in Ireland. Upwards of 150 men are daily employed on the premises."

The late season was so bad as to have utterly ruined the potato crop, and to have nearly destroyed the cereal crops, so that a famine threatens to ravage the entire western district of Ireland. Already have subscriptions been raised to procure fuel for the poor there, as the terrible rains of last year have so saturated the bogs as to have converted them into lakes, where neither man nor beast could enter. An eccentric Englishman, in the person of the Chief-Secretary, on hearing of the threatened famine, took a tour through Connaught and the north-western portion of Ulster, at the rate of a hundred miles a day, upon an outside car, and then he declared that no distress existed, because he didn't see it. How could he, and if a stranger were to come over to this country, to ascertain its condition, its various resources, and the manner of the people, and were he to shut himself in a railway carriage and go from north to south, what knowledge would he gain, except from those who his companion? How could he gain the information he sought when he had locked himself up in a species of travelling box, and shut out from his view what would reveal to him the information he came to seek? We have at the head of the Irish Government a noble man who has, on every opportunity given to him, congratulated the people of Ireland on their increasing prosperity, and his evidence of that increasing prosperity is the statistical accounts published quarterly of the increase of bullocks and sheep and pasturage. Now, there is not more than one-half the population in the country that there was the year the potato crop first failed. Still the increase of four-footed animals makes up for the destruction or expatriation of five millions of God's creatures in the estimation of that sleekest of Anglo-Saxons, Lord Carlisle. One can imagine that he must chuckle with delight on reading of the departure of the peasantry of the country, and the placing in their stead John Bull's favourite quadrupeds. He evidently must enjoy this vein of thought, for what would be the meaning of so frequently congratulating the country on its prosperity, when the contrary is the fact? Now we are strongly inclined to think that this Yorkshire Lord holds the same opinion with Sir Robert Peel on the state of the west of Ireland, for he did not endeavour to ascertain whether distress existed or not. Not he; he would prefer his castle enjoyments to looking after the wants of the poor of this country. On Monday a deputation from the Dublin Corporation waited on this representative of imperial legislation in Ireland, with an address requesting the assistance of the government to aid the distress that prevails in the west. He received the deputation with that bland smile of his so capitulating to flatteries, and after the address had been read, he simply told the deputationists not to mind the people of the west; that a very slight scarcity of fuel prevailed, which the generosity of the country were generously providing against, and that the poor-law is sufficient to meet whatever distress exists. To one respect we feel delighted at such an answer being given, for it has revealed the cold, sordid mind of its utterer, and the

non-existence of that sympathy which he has always pretended to have for Ireland. The answer also tells the people of Ireland that they can expect nothing from the Whigs but Arms, Acts and extermination laws; and that so long as Ireland remains subject to the sway of England, she can hope for no amelioration in her state. It is a most singular fact, that, while in other countries the people are prosperous, Ireland alone is subject to all the horrors of famine—starvation, with its concomitant privations, and is only to be compared to the 'unfortunate' ryots of India, who were up to the latest accounts, famishing in countless numbers. What a contrast to the low sneering reply of Lord Carlisle's action of the American Congress, which has passed a vote to relieve the distress in Connaught. The Americans are enduring the horrors of civil war; their trade is reduced, and they have to support heavy taxes to meet the demands on their resources, yet they can spare time to express their sympathy for the sufferings of our poor, and funds with which to purchase supplies to meet their wants. Even in New York a large subscription has been opened, and many thousands of dollars have been subscribed by the Irish and other citizens of the empire city. Have not the Irish people a right to be thankful for enjoying the blessed rule of Saxon England? And have they not a right to be loyal, and to don mourning for a deceased German Prince? They certainly are loyal, but only to the traditions of their race. They sympathise—but with the Americans for the afflictions which scourge them—they mourn—but for their kindred who have fallen in defence of the Stars and Stripes.—Drogheda Argus.

THE NEW ORGANISATION.—We do not wish to be understood as desirous to dictate to the parties who have taken the lead in the National movement now in course of formation; neither will we permit anything in the shape of dictation, at their hands to pass unnoticed. Some of them we hold in the highest estimation—others we would rather not particularise; but all shall have credit for honesty of purpose, and more, if merited. Our conviction is, that the life of every popular cause is freedom—freedom of will and of feeling in all hearts engaged therein, as in the sentiments and declarations put forward. If one man tells us that tenant right, and it alone, is all that Ireland requires to make her happy; another, that a complete reform of the many abuses connected with the representative system; a third, the reclamation of waste lands and a liberal code of the fishery laws—we say go on and prosper. You are not all we could wish, but you have a right to choose your party; only act it well, and keep your ill humor for the enemies of liberty. Let not small men—unknown, unfledged politicians—spurious mushrooms in the field of agitation—act the Thersites, or take up valuable time in talking of the advantages of cultivating the society of pikes and muskets. These weapons in their proper place would, no doubt, be beautiful arguments, but in the mouths of braggarts they are anything but seemly. Without doubt, there cannot be a greater madness than to strive to make men act with uniformity in all things. There must, of necessity, be a diversity of opinion where many deliberate; and all that can be expected is a mutual desire to approximate as near as possible to that advice which appears the soundest and most practicable. We submit, then, that in preaching nationality, there is no good can be derived from venomous attacks on any who profess allegiance to the National cause. Let recognition, in God's name cease. This will be the surest bond of union for the many. Confidence in each other's honesty of purpose will easily counter-balance the petty differences of detail, and ultimately lead to a fusion of all hearts in one enthusiasm, when all hands, mayhap, shall be devoted to the common cause, and high and low alike be brothers in victory. Year after year do not our trading politicians—sinking their differences for individual interests—conive to nestle in the sunniest spots the pleasure grounds of power contain, doing the work of the enslaver and receiving the reward? Why should not our patriots bring as much virtue to bear on their councils as these corruptionist bring of vice to bear on their plans? Surely it cannot be more difficult for good men to combine than for evil men to conspire.—Cuslebar Telegraph.

THE DERRYMACASH AFFRAY.—At the Lurgan Quarter Sessions, on Monday, before Hans Hamilton, Esq., Q. C., Chairman of the County, and a full bench of magistrates, the traversers in this case, against whom bills of indictment had been found at the last Quarter Sessions, having been called on their recognisances, and being placed in the dock, Mr. Lowry, Q. C., one of the crown prosecutors for the county, attended specially by the directions of the Attorney-General, and applied that the indictment so found should be transmitted for trial to the ensuing assizes for the county, upon the ground that, although the Court of Quarter Sessions had jurisdiction to try the case, it had been the constant practice in this country for the last quarter of a century to send such cases, whenever they involve questions of politics, to the superior tribunal; that this case, which arose out of the unfortunate affray at Derrymacash, on the 12th of July, 1860, in the immediate neighborhood of Lurgan, had caused at the time great excitement there; that that excitement had been kept up to a great extent, free from political bias on the one side or the other; not to the present moment; and that it could scarcely be expected that a jury could be had in the neighborhood. This had been so much taken for granted at the trials which had taken place at the two succeeding assizes, at which the case was already investigated, that not only had all jurors from the neighborhood of Lurgan been set aside on those trials, but even jurors from the town of Portadown, at some greater distance from the place of the affray; and that, inasmuch as the subject had been already investigated at assizes, it was manifest that the further investigation of the case should not be withdrawn from that tribunal. Mr. Lowry then referred to several circulars of the Executive Government, commencing in 1837, and renewed from time to time by successive governments, including one from Attorney-General Napier, directing the magistrates at petty sessions to send all cases for trial to the next tribunal competent to try them, except in the cases arising out of party disputes, which were directed to be returned exclusively to the assizes, for the purpose of showing that the present Attorney-General, in desiring that these cases should be returned to the assizes, had merely followed in the footsteps of his predecessors, but as by no means controlling the discretion of the court, if, under all the circumstances of the case, it was of opinion that the case could be more properly investigated at the sessions than at the assizes. Mr. Sheels, the attorney for the traversers, on being called on by the Court to say whether he had any objection to the application, stated that, on the contrary, he thought that the Assizes was the proper tribunal for the trial of the case. Mr. McMechan, on behalf of the private prosecutors, was proceeding to object to the application and to state his reasons why some of the cases at least ought to be tried at the Quarter Sessions, when the Chairman interrupted him saying, he would be happy to hear him in support of the application made on behalf of the Crown, but that as the Crown, who were the proper parties, had taken the conductor of the case into their own hands, he did not consider the private prosecutor at all entitled to object to the application made on behalf of the Crown, which, in his opinion, and in that of the entire Bench, was a most reasonable and proper one, and should, therefore, be granted; and he directed an order to be made accordingly, and that the parties and the several witnesses should be re-bound to take their trial at the ensuing assizes.—Northern Whig.

A prosecution for riot, took place at the Rathleale Quarter Sessions on Monday. The riot was alleged to have taken place at Pallaskey, in the county Limerick, in June last. The rioting consisted in

tearing down the placards of the Society for Irish Church Missions, and assaulting not only the Rev. Mr. Waller and his Scripture readers, but the police, who endeavoured to protect them. Some of the accused had emigrated since they were arraigned; and 12 of the traversers, girls from 15 to 20, were discharged by the Crown, at the suggestion of the Court, as being too young; though the report says that most of them, judging from their impudent looks and sneering grimaces, were likely to have been the most guilty of the lot. Twelve women were then arraigned for riot and assault. Numbers of witnesses having been examined, and an attorney having addressed the Court in defence of the prisoners, the county judge (Mr. Tighe) charged the jury. He informed them that Mr. Waller was the primary cause of the riot; because he attempted to introduce a religious or theological discussion into the village. But that would not justify the riot, which was not denied. He said "the evidence clearly established to his satisfaction that there was a very serious breach of the peace, and that the prisoners at the bar were guilty of the riot which took place. He would ask them in mercy to the prisoners to arrive at some conclusion in the case, to prevent them from being obliged to come there a third time." The jury who remained for several hours shut up, could not agree to their verdict.—Times Dublin Correspondent.

The Baron de Camin was to have lectured in the Town-hall of Enniskillen on Wednesday night, the subject being the Inquisition. Some of the town commissioners complained of their chairman for giving the use of the hall for such a purpose. Before the appointed hour a large and excited crowd assembled in the street—the Protestants determined to hear the lecture, and the Roman Catholics equally determined that they should not have that gratification. The commissioners were divided as well as the multitude, and entered into the contest with great spirit. Four of them stationed themselves at the foot of the stairs leading to the hall, declaring that the lecturer should not enter except over their bodies. The other commissioners vowed, by the freedom which is dear to Protestants, that he should enter and deliver his oration. The crowd, meantime, continued to increase in the streets, and became very noisy. In the midst of the confusion the courageous lecturer was smuggled into the hall. As the crowds increased they assumed a more menacing attitude, and a serious breach of the peace was apprehended. Consequently a number of the constabulary and about 40 soldiers were brought to the spot. Mr. Henry Echlin (a local magistrate) read the Riot Act, and ordered the police to clear the entrance to the hall. While doing this two or three of them were struck by persons in the crowd. The *Foranagh Reporter* has not told us how it fared with the lecturer afterwards, for a reason which reminds us of the primitive times of the provincial press. The editor says,—"I remained for an hour in the hall; but as it was publication night with us, and as the lecture had not then commenced, we could remain no longer." The probability, however, is that there was no more disturbance.—Times Correspondent.

THE ESTABLISHMENT IN IRELAND.—The Established Church in England hold in a glebe and see lands 801 969 statute acres; the estates of Trinity College comprise 199,573 acres; the charter and Royal schools lands in Ulster occupy over 20,000 acres; and in addition to these enormous possessions, the rental value annually wrung from an already overburdened community amounts to 360,000l.—*Freeman's Journal*.

We read the following absurd paragraph in *Sunderland*. What can it possibly mean?—"At an early hour on Monday morning the inhabitants of Nenagh were attracted by the appearance of a large American flag, floating from the round tower in the centre of the town. It had the Stars and Stripes on one side, and the Sunburst, Harp, and Shamrock on the other. It was well executed, and evidently come from America for the occasion. The police had word that several such rebellious flags were hoist through Tipperary and the adjacent counties. It being a holiday and fair day in Nenagh, the crowds who witnessed this flag were large. The emissaries of rebellion must have expected war as the result of the news in Tipperary that post. The police took possession of the flag, and had it carefully sent to the authorities at Dublin Castle, who should look sharp after this district, in the event of a war with any country."

The frightful accident recorded elsewhere places upon us the duty of again saying a word or two about "our local celebrations," and we venture to hope that neither the Apprentice Boys nor their friends—and it is the latter whom we especially address—will be offended with the few remarks which we intend to offer. We are not going to reproach them. In presence of the melancholy facts narrated in another column, reproaches would be both cruel and unnecessary. Nor shall we remind them that their peculiar displays, tending as they do to promote sectarian hatred, are clearly forbidden by an Act of Parliament which the Apprentice Boys openly defy. No, no. We appeal not to their loyalty, not to their respect for the religious sensibilities of others, not to their veneration for the law, not to their fear for its punishments—we appeal to that feeling of humanity which is common to us all. What we want to know is this—do they mean to persist in displays whose history has been marked year after year, by the most shocking sacrifice of human life? That is the question which, in the name of humanity, we put to the Apprentice Boys and their injudicious friends. The time has come when an answer to this should be demanded in no mincing accents. If anybody wishes to learn the reason why, let him look back along the track of blood left by these displays during the last fifteen or twenty years. We all remember the celebration in which poor Fleming was blown into pieces on the City Wall. His comrades could only recognise his mutilated remains by the clothes the victim wore. By the same explosion, another man, Orr, was crippled for life, and Mr. Platt, a third, rendered permanently blind. When one has to state facts like these, it is enough to tell them plainly. There is no need to dwell on the misery which falls to the wives and families of the sufferers, or to moralise on the awful calamity of a sudden death. Coming on a few years more, we have another celebration, and another explosion. A young man named Riley loses his eyesight, and a companion, McDavid, receives serious injuries at the same time. Three years ago, the Apprentice Boys bring out their cannon during the viceregal visit, and two men, Hamilton and Bradley, are sacrificed to the display. The gun explodes prematurely, the two die in consequence. The proper interval having apparently elapsed for another catastrophe, we had it last week at the fireworks. David Canning has his leg cut off, and in three hours is a corpse; Bernard Ferry has his face smashed as you would chop a piece of butcher's meat; and Henry Clifford has his eye torn out, and in a couple of days his wretched widow and five orphans follow his dead body to the grave. How many deaths in all? Just another word. The bye laws of the Corporation expressly give the power of preventing the exhibition of fireworks, the burning of effigies, and the firing of cannon, whether in the streets or on the city walls. In fact, none of these things can lawfully be done without magisterial permission. Shall we say anything more?—*Derry Journal*.

GREAT BRITAIN. Increased exertions are still continued at Woolwich to supply munitions of war to the British possessions in North America. The screw steam ship *Spartan*, Captain Wiggins, at the Arsenal, T. pier, has shipped 300 tons of 100-pound Armstrong shot and shell, 50 tons of medical stores, 100 chests of muskets, and a large amount of beds and bedding, hospital-clothing, and stores, and general necessaries for the garrisons of St. John's, New-Brunswick, and Halifax. The *Wisebach*, a screw steam

of heavy tonnage, yesterday arrived alongside, awaiting a berth to ship for the same destination.—*Times*, 14th ult.

RECOGNITION OF THE SOUTH.—The *Liverpool Post*, referring to recent speeches, &c., says:—"That Ministers intend to recognise the independence of the Slave States may now be admitted; for, in addition to Mr. Gladstone's insinuation, we have the fact deliberately stated in the *Edinburgh Review*, just issued. The article is probably written by Sir G. Cornewall Lewis; and, while it denounces men and manners in the South, it declares, that the independence of the Cotton States is merely a question of time; and the time is not remote, unless the Federalists accomplish some great work within the next three or four months."

The recognition by this country of the independence of the Confederate States of America cannot, under the pressure of circumstances, be much longer postponed. In deference to the urgent entreaties of Lord Russell, Mr. Gregory and other supporters of the Southern cause, reluctantly withdrew their motions in Parliament on this subject, and the last session was allowed to close without any debate upon the right of the new republic to be received into the family of nations. The subject, however, is now ripe not only for discussion, but for immediate decision, and on the reassembling of Parliament it cannot fail to command the early attention of both houses, along with the collateral topic of the illegality of the blockade.—*London Herald*, Jan. 10.

REMOVAL OF IRISH PAUPERS.—At the Guildhall Police Court on Saturday the following "deportation" case came before the presiding magistrate:—Beckett, the relieving officer of the West London Union, appeared Mr. Alderman Humphrey on a summons, charging him with refusing proper relief to an Irish pauper named Bridget Connor, and her two orphan children. He also attended to ask the magistrate to pass an Irish pauper, named Twiss, to her native country. Connor has been in England 27 years. She had come over when she was five years old, and had married a soldier. The other woman (Twiss) had married an English sailor, who had died on his way out to Calcutta. She had been in England 20 years. The first woman had two children, and the latter three. The women complained that they were starving, and had been refused relief. The relieving overseer Beckett, said they had sixteen similar cases, and unless the magistrates signed the order for their passing, he and his brother officers would be surcharged all the expenses of their keep by the poor law auditor. Alderman Humphrey said neither he nor his brother aldermen sat there to do the dirty work of the guardians of the West London Union, and it was disgraceful to attempt to send these poor creatures to Ireland after an absence of 20 years, and where they knew no one. He should refuse to make an order for such a purpose.

Alderman Humphrey has steadfastly refused to do the dirty work of the West London Union, in passing paupers for transmission to Ireland because they happened to be born there, although they have lived for twenty years and more in England. Unhappily it is still law that such persons are liable to be sent "home," as it is termed in mockery, in reality to a place where they must be strangers, without relatives and without friends. But although that liability exists the law leaves a just discretion to the magistrate before whom application for such a warrant of removal must be made. That discretion will of course be variously used according to the character of the magistrate: what we are anxious to bear witness to in this case is, that Alderman Humphrey used his discretion well. However much it is to be desired, we can scarcely venture to hope that the magisterial bench throughout the country will be able to rise to the same elevation of humanity and sense of justice towards the poor. The facts of the case will bear this out. Beckett, the relieving officer, brought before the bench a woman named Twiss, with an application that the alderman should sign the order to pass her to Ireland. This woman was indeed, born in Ireland, but she was brought to this country when five years old. She has lived here ever since—some twenty seven years. Her husband is now serving his country in the army, and she gets no assistance from him. She had been passed to Ireland once, about four years ago, and returned because, as Alderman Humphrey observed, she could do nothing there after being away nearly all her life. It is impossible that this woman can tell what union or parish in Ireland she was born in, so that even on the ground of the law of settlement, any union of English parishes is equally as much bound to support her as an Irish union. She therefore ought not to be sent to Ireland, and so the alderman thought. The relieving officer had, indeed, something to say on behalf of the union he represents. It supports the three children of this woman at Hanwell schools, at an expense of 10s. a week for each child—a sum for which they ought to be kept in luxury, and receive a superior education. Alderman Humphrey, however, would neither send the mother back to Ireland, nor send her to prison for the crime of having returned to this country after she had been before deported. Then, says Beckett, "The board will not give her any outdoor relief." To which the alderman replied, "Then she must go into the house." "The board will not take her into the house," retorts the relieving officer, so called obviously on the *locus non prope* principle, because he won't relieve. "Then let her die of starvation in the streets," says the alderman, by way of putting the alternative, "and you will see who will have to answer for the consequences." This, no doubt, would be the strictly right and legal course for the matter to take; since the beautiful principle of English law is, not to prevent, but simply to compensate for, injuries after they are inflicted. To let a poor woman, without friends, die of starvation in the streets might be considered a cheap and easy way of raising and settling a question of responsibility of this kind; but the woman Twiss herself, who stood by listening to the argumentation between the bench and the officer, may be excused a little if she uttered an emphatic, although silent protest against the practical conclusion suggested. The other case was of Bridget Connor, an Irishwoman and her two orphan children who had summoned the officer for refusing to relieve her. This woman's husband was an Englishman; she was married in London, and has lived here twenty years. The union won't relieve her because she refuses to be passed to Ireland. Her distress, denied by the officer, is proved by the fact of her summing him to grant relief. In this case, too, Alderman Humphrey was firm, and Beckett took his departure from the court with a piece of sound and humane advice from the magistrate, namely, to take back the woman with him, give them the proper amount of relief, and not to bring such cases before him again. It is surely time this atrocious law were abolished, when we find an alderman of the city of London protesting thus in the name of humanity and justice against the cruelty that may be prepared under it, and refusing to do the "dirty work" which it authorises. That Irish labourers, falling destitute shortly after coming to England, should have a claim only for temporary relief and a passage back to Ireland, seems under the circumstances of the two countries reasonable enough. Otherwise, hordes of pauperism, bred upon the estates of neglectful and selfish Irish landlords, might be cast upon the rates of English unions, for support. But that persons born in Ireland, yet who have lived and earned their bread in England for twenty, fifteen, ten, or even only five years, should, on falling into destitution, be liable to be sent back to a country to which they have practically become strangers; and on refusal to go to be denied relief there where they have spent their youth and strength is so unjust and so inhuman, that nothing save the fact that they are only Irish paupers who have been subjected to it could have led to that insensibility to the shocking cruelty of the system which Alderman Humphrey, to his honor, has entered his emphatic protest against.—*Star and Dial*.