

God for preserving you from the dangers of the night, and beg of Him to protect you and keep you from doing wrong.

Elly did as she was bid, and then Hannah washed her face and smoothed her hair, as she did almost daily for her, and shortly after they both set off to the convent school together.

Mrs. Noonan allowed her girls to go to school alternate weeks. She always kept one at home to help her, and to learn household work, as well as the occupation by which she supported them.

"What makes you so late to-day with the milk?" said Mrs. Noonan, to the slatternly-looking Nancy, when she appeared.

"'Tis not my fault, ma'am; I had the cows down before six; but she wouldn't trust me to milk them, to be sure, 'till she was to the fore herself; but she was obliged to do it in the end.

"No wonder she should suspect you, girl," said Mrs. Noonan, producing the sugarstick; "not only did you steal from your mistress yourself, but you corrupted her, poor child."

Nancy turned pale. "She sees worse doing, after her own mother," said she; "'twas only a drop of milk I gave to a poor creature."

"That doesn't make your sin less, girl. You were a thief; you broke the seventh commandment by giving what did not belong to you without leave. I must send your mistress word of it, if you don't tell her."

Nancy cried and intertreated. Her character was gone: Mrs. Mannix was such a woman, she would expose her everywhere. But Mrs. Noonan could not consent, and at last Nancy produced the money she had got for the milk from her pocket, and promised faithfully she would return it with the rest of the proceeds of the can of milk.

Seeing distrust in Mrs. Noonan's face—for, of course, she could not trust her—she left the money with Mrs. Noonan. Now Mrs. Noonan was afraid to send it to Mrs. Mannix, fearing the use which might be made of it; and all she had to do was to send it by Norry Cahill to Richard Mannix, and to say it was left by some girl as restitution, without telling her name.

Alas! the train of sins that Mrs. Mannix was responsible for by indulging this terrible vice. Some days after the foregoing incidents Elly was sitting on a stool by Mrs. Noonan, as the latter clear starched—"What is the matter, Elly? you look out of humour," said Mrs. Noonan.

"I'm just thinking, Mrs. Noonan, that my mamma will go to hell," said Elly.

"On! Elly, don't say that: it's very wrong to say that of your mother."

"Sure, Mrs. Noonan, you told me that any one that would curse and swear would go to hell, and nowhere else," said Elly; "didn't you, ma'am?" said she, as Mrs. Noonan did not speak.

It is often easier to answer a philosopher than a child. Mrs. Noonan was in a dilemma; she could not lessen Elly's sense of the punishment awaiting the violator of the second commandment; she could not make Mrs. Mannix an exception to the punishment, and yet it was dreadful to tell the child that her mother must go there.

CHAPTER XI. "Ellen, my child," said Mrs. Noonan, "you know the fourth commandment of God says, 'Honor thy father and mother.' He does not say, 'if thy father and mother are good;' so He means to have us honor them, whatever kind they are—not that He means to have us do wrong if they do it, or do anything wrong to please them; but He does not wish us to judge our parents. If they are bad He will punish them Himself. So never talk of your mother, only pray to God to make her good if she does what is wrong."

It happened a few nights after this conversation that Ellen was saying her prayers, as she sometimes did, to her father. She had been taught at the convent school, and by Mrs. Noonan, never to go to bed without saying her prayers, and frequently she might be seen running from one parent to another, interrupting them in the midst of a squabble, exclaiming "Who'll hear me my prayers, and let me go to bed?" and neither of them often in a state to listen to or direct the innocent prayers of their poor child.

When as we said, she was repeating her prayers to her father, her mother's curses ringing in his ears. It was no wonder she thought of Mrs. Noonan's injunction to pray for her mother, that she might be made good.

"Listen to that," said her father, "how your own child is sensible of what you are."

"She never would say it if somebody did not tell her," said Mrs. Mannix; and when Elly rose from her knees her mother shook her and asked her was it Mrs. Noonan told her to say that?—and her father told Elly not to tell who desired her, and Elly would not, and her mother beat her, and Mr. Mannix beat his wife then, and Mrs. Mannix said Mrs. Noonan should not dare meddle with her, and that Nancy told her how she was interfering about her cows and milk, and then there was uproar in the house, and such were the home teachings of poor Ellen; and it is only surprising, notwithstanding the religious instructions at school, and the example of the little Noonans, and the homely counsel of their mother, that Ellen did grow up a nice, well-principled girl.

may be, little luxuries, of which she had so long deprived herself; but William's steady conduct and sober habits were her best comfort and reward. Many a time he was brought up to the graceless youths of the parish by their parents; but if they judged themselves candidly, they must have felt, at least, in most instances, that bad example at home had been the primary source of the bad conduct with which they reproached their ill-starred offspring.

By the well-disposed among her neighbors Mrs. Noonan had long been regarded with the greatest respect, and her opinion looked up to. Their former hasty prejudices vanished: her good sense, the care she took of her family, and the general rectitude of her irreproachable life, could not fail at last to find appreciation with those whose good opinion was worth having. Hannah and Sally Noonan had grown healthy, good-looking young women. It was really delightful to see so much good humor and sense, and self-respect, in the expression of their faces; and they were so superior to any foolish vanity about their appearances, and dressed so sensibly and in keeping with their position.

Ellen Mannix, too, had grown to womanhood, and was a very pretty, interesting-looking girl, intelligent, modest, and gentle, with many winning ways; but alas! too much sensitiveness for her unhappy position.—She had not the equable, cheerful temper, and helpful mind of Sally and Hannah Noonan; her spirits were variable, the balance was seldom nicely preserved, the scale was generally too light or too heavy, a natural effect on a sensitive mind of an unhappy home.

And why, as curious and unwise reasoners, we may ask, were such sensitive feelings given to one who had so much to try them? Ah, who may attempt to interpret the mysterious workings of Providence, or question its wisdom?—And in Ellen's case we may reasonably hope, that her sufferings for time might have been her salvation in eternity. Her mother had become irrationally intemperate, and almost the only happy hours of Ellen's life were spent by Mrs. Noonan's hearth, or somewhere in the society of her good children. As she grew old, and became sensible of the disgrace and disadvantage her mother's conduct was to her, she felt it painfully, and shunned any allusion whatever to it; yet sometimes she would burst suddenly into a flood of tears, though seemingly the minute before the gayest of the group at Mrs. Noonan's fireside.

At home Ellen performed her duty well, with occasional exceptions: by Mrs. Noonan's advice she contrived to look after household matters there, and to lessen at least the waste and bad management. Her own room she kept scrupulously neat and tidy, and endeavored to keep something like order in the general apartment; but again and again she gave up in disgust the fruitless efforts to establish comfort or peace;—yet when her mother was ill, she attended her so carefully and affectionately, and she was so happy any day that she was sober, which, alas! was seldom. It was very rare indeed that Ellen was disrespectful to her mother, and only when her patience was put to the severest test, and then she felt so unhappy and heart-sick, when provoked to say anything disrespectful to her.—Such was Ellen, despite her many disadvantages, and she was a great favorite with Mrs. Noonan and her daughters, and more than a favorite with William, who loved her with all the fervor of his warm, manly heart; nor could he well tell when the attachment had begun, for he could not remember the time when he was not fond of Ellen Mannix. Yet he never talked of love to her, or paid her those foolish compliments which some young men think necessary to pay to girls they admire.

The first vacancy which occurred in Mrs. Noonan's little circle was caused by the marriage of her daughter Hannah; and a very eligible match it was.—Mrs. Noonan had a cousin living some ten miles from the city. She was married to a small farmer, and having become weak and delicate, she sent for one of Mrs. Noonan's daughters to look after her house and children until she got stronger. Mrs. Noonan never permitted her daughter to go a visiting until they had grown up, and their habits and principles had been thoroughly formed. She had now no uneasiness in permitting her daughter to go from under her own care, and Hannah's activity and cleverness gained the greatest admiration for her in her cousin's household. Among the occasional visitors there was a young man of excellent character, with a well-stocked farm. As he was considered a keen, sensible fellow, he was always put down as one that was looking for a wife with a good fortune; indeed, many of the independent farmers about were anxious to make a match with him, but it so happened that he was not once pleased with any of their daughters to take one of them in marriage. He was now agreeably surprised in the city girl. The prestige of a city girl in his class in the country is generally that of a ten-drinking, fine lady, with airs. Hannah Noonan was nothing of it. She certainly took tea for her breakfast at home, since they were able to afford it, and it would be well for many farmers if it was only that harmless beverage that was indulged in by their wives and daughters;—indeed, it commonly happens that when they do possess the lucky taste for a cup of tea, they have to take it stealthily, and as if it were a crime; and silly and shortsighted is the husband who denies his wife so innocent a luxury, if he can possibly afford to give it to her. It is one of those vulgar prejudices which is not alone stupid, but often very mischievous in its effects. Neither Hannah's complexion or nerves seemed to have suffered the slightest injury from the indulgence; her hands were as strong from constant useful exercise as any country damsel's.—She could milk a cow, and make and print butter and spin, and make bread, and cut and make a shirt, and darn stockings, as well as any girl, and better than most; and she had so much order and system in every thing she did, and withal she had not a bold, confident manner, which is often an unpleasant accompaniment to cleverness.—indeed, there are some who think a quiet, unassuming demeanor quite incompatible with it.

With such solid acquirements, and able to read distinctly, and write a good round hand,

Hannah from the city—or its suburb, which was much the same thing—plainly dressed, without any gaudy ribbons, or flowers, or finery, was yet looked on almost as a curiosity at her cousin's. Edward Martin, our keen, sensible young farmer, saw, and took a great fancy to her, but he did not tell anybody. The only fault he thought Hannah had was being a little stiff and stand off; but it did not seem to make him like her the less. Perhaps it was such an unusual failing among his fair acquaintance, that the variety pleased him. No matter; he came so often to her cousin's, that her friends began to talk, and Hannah to blush, as the young farmer himself would sometimes do, when he came without any very palpable excuse.

(To be continued.)

STATE OF EUROPE.

Unless the nations of the Continent be destined to a disappointment more bitter than any that has yet befallen them, the present year will be the era of their future political annals. It seems now hardly to be doubted that the reconstruction of Europe on the basis of nationality and affinity, which was three years ago the dream of enthusiasts, is now the policy of statesmen. Not that any Sovereign or his Minister would of himself have taken the unity of Italy or the reconstitution of Poland out of the realms of Utopia. It is not the place of the rulers to originate; even foresight is much less common, and perhaps a less valuable quality, than one might be disposed to believe. But, while the great ones of the earth are content to watch the winds and currents and eddies, and every winding of the shore, the full stream is bearing them on to a region which a few have described in the distance. In a few years, possible, the whole Central Europe will be as much transformed as Italy, and people will look back to the present time as the dawn of a day long expected by a number of suffering races. While Hungarian magistrates are declaiming in terms which a few months since would have sent them to a fortress, while Servians and Croats are fraternizing with the once intolerant Magyar, while the Imperial Government accepts the humiliation of reporting to the Diet the abdication of Ferdinand V., thus recognizing the illegality of all that has been done for 13 years, the Emperor Alexander publishes the new Constitution of Poland.

At first sight the Czar seems to have capitulated very easily. The Poles have certainly not extorted the concessions now made to them. The Emperor Nicholas would have put an end to the Warsaw demonstrations without a second thought. A population dressing itself in deep mourning and assembling to sing hymns in memory of some citizens cut down by cavalry would have been looked upon by him with the utmost contempt. If the malcontents had no muskets, or lead, or saltpetre, they would be welcomed to the sympathies of Europe, and every man would soon have had time to meditate on the justice of his cause, as he walked alone through the well-patrolled streets without daring to exchange a word with his neighbor. We must conclude that a powerful influence has acted on the present Czar when he is so readily and ostentatiously liberal. What could that influence be but the conviction that national independence has become necessary for the tranquillity of every people? Alexander, with a disposition less obstinate than that of his father, and sobered by the calamities of 1854, sees that Poland subjected to such a Government as his father instituted can never be at peace, and, if discontented, must be a cause of weakness to the whole Empire. Accordingly, he has granted a Constitution, of which the object is to make the country more Imperial while less Russian. A people of several millions, belonging to the Romish Church, having their own language, their own traditions, and a character which is very different from that of the Muscovite, cannot be fused into the Russian nationality, but it may be welded to the Empire. These high-spirited, warlike, excitable Poles, with a turn for French manners and civilization, can never be made one with the obedient religious peasantry of the Russians. But the Czar may gain by the very defeat of his schemes. It may prove to his advantage that Poland has been intractable and not to be transformed. The Treaties of Vienna recognized his family as Kings of Poland.—The moderate among the Poles desire this settlement to be strictly carried out, and will be content with the Russian Emperor as the King of their free constitutional country. So a Constitution is given them, and it remains to be seen how far the nation will be conciliated by their Sovereign's advances.

It is difficult as yet to form a judgment as to the extent of these changes. Certain it is that the Constitution is not such as would satisfy a community of the English race, but still it is not every people which, like our own, insists on freedom of election and speech, or denounces the interference of Government in local matters. In Poland a Council of State is to be formed, in which the notabilities of the country will sit side by side with the heads of the various departments and some of the chiefs of the Church. There will be district and municipal councils, the members of which will be elective. A Commission distinct from that which has the care of other internal affairs will preside over Education and all subjects connected with the Church. On the whole, these measures may be pronounced liberal. They are such as the Poland of Nicholas never could have dreamt of, and by a frank acceptance of them, and by steadily working them, the people may in a few years obtain as large a share of power as any Continental community enjoys.—Warsaw is at the present moment so much excited that no one can tell how far the new Constitution certainly does not shine by the courtesy with which he announces it to foreign Powers. Whatever may be the opinion of his imperial master or himself, there was no necessity to tell all the world that the Emperor was willing to excuse the conduct of the Poles, although, "in face of the disorders committed in the streets, a more severe appreciation would have been justly merited." Such language cannot but irritate the people, and lead them to criticize reforms which seem to have been made in good faith and with a sincere wish to benefit them. At present the discontent of the capital has by no means subsided, although the Government endeavours to conciliate, and has made many changes amongst the officials, removing those most obnoxious and replacing them by Poles of the patriotic party. Should, however, the leading men of the Moderates prevail, and bring the Polish Constitution into action, it seems probable that its development will be rapid enough. We have seen how, in France, a few weeks have sufficed to turn an acquiescent and cowardly Legislature into a powerful engine of opposition, and it may well be believed that the Council of State, with its Polish nobles and bishops, would be even less tractable than Napoleon's Senate. The Russian Emperor himself does not seem to contemplate finally, for he promises "such improvements as experience may suggest."

But there is another consideration not to be passed over.—Poland is not entirely Russian. The two great German Powers each received their share of the spoil, and now the delegates from Posen sit in the Russian Legislature, while Galicia shares the sufferings, the agitations and the hopes of the Austrian provinces. What if it should prove that Alexander in making himself the Constitutional King of Poland has not forgotten the will of Peter the Great? Why should he not conquer by the championship of liberty as well as in the name of paternal government or Christian orthodoxy? To unite the severed provinces to the rest of the country would be a fine stroke of policy. If Posen and Galicia are aroused by the spectacle of a constitu-

tional kingdom, with Warsaw for its capital and the chief men of Poland for its governors, no free State in Europe can oppose the reunion. To keep Poland dismembered through jealousy of Russia would be a policy which no Government could avow. What we have to hope for therefore is, that if Poland succeed in enforcing its national claims, its success may be so complete as to lead to entire independence of the Russian Crown. Such a consummation would be as satisfactory to France as to ourselves; it would, indeed, realize the dream and atone for the error of the first Napoleon. With Poland independent Austria would be delivered from a province which makes her a sycophant of the Czar, and Prussia, exclusively German, would increase her influence in Europe by giving a better direction to her energies.—London Times.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE NEW CENSUS.—LETTER OF THE BISHOP OF KERRY.—The subjoined circular has been addressed by the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty to the Clergy of the diocese of Kerry:—

Killarney, March 27, 1861. "REV. AND DEAR SIR,—May I request that on next Sunday you will advise your flock to return full and truthful answers to the persons charged with taking the census. We all know that on these occasions the people endeavor to conceal the number of their families through the dread of evictions or of some penal enactment, or on account of their deep-rooted belief that nothing but evil can be intended by those in authority. Assure them that the census is taken for no sinister purpose; and that a correct knowledge of the state and number of the population is eminently useful for the furtherance of those designs which tend to their benefit. In the discharge of our pastoral duties we frequently experience the advantage and convenience of the tables of population which the census gives us. They are of immense value in carrying out the great work of education, and every other social improvement. Impress on them that concealment of their true number can only tend to exhibit their weakness, and, at the same time, to hide their wants, and that in this as in all other things, it is the plain duty of a Christian, and the best policy, to tell the truth.—I am, Rev. dear Sir, yours most faithfully in Christ,

"J. DAVID, Bishop of Kerry."

HOLY WEEK IN CHILDEEN, CONNEMARA.—When one witnesses these recurring instances of the faith and piety of people, he is strikingly reminded of the soap myrmidons who have lavished falsehood in attempting to blacken the character of the people of Connemara to propagate their odious fraud. Surely those who contribute to keep smouldering the embers of the proselytizing fire are sorely misled if they rely on such wicked and unheard of calumny. And for proof of what I here assert let any interested in this so-called "mission" come and he will see that Catholicity, and it alone is the religion of Connemara. He will see, large as our churches are, half the congregations constrained to kneel in the open air consequent on the inability of affording accommodation inside to the countless numbers who come—not for any temporal advantage—but to supplicate the Throne of Mercy to secure an advantage to remain eternal, which the realization is their chief and primitive consideration. He will learn that the grand and solemn observances of the Church, which I have here feebly endeavored to describe, are diligently observed, and he will see what the community of the saintly Sisters of Mercy are doing for the poor of Connemara. And as I came thus far from the charitable portion of the community I would humbly solicit some aid for the furtherance of the great and good works doing by the sisterhood in this place. I have already trespassing too far on your space to enter into any account of the many works of charity they have performed; but being after just building a magnificent house for an orphanage, which rivals the convent in size and beauty, I think it too bad to omit enumerating it. This house is now roofed in, and must, by its erection, have exhausted their means. Every Catholic knows the advantages accrued by the poor rising generation in having such a house of protection, and I hope, with humble confidence, they will render this one of Connemara a helping hand. Reverting again, to the slanders disseminated by the hirelings who say that vast numbers here are withdrawn from the True Fold, I avail myself of this opportunity to acquaint the public that these unprincipled men import some "squatters" to our district, with a view, no doubt, of putting them down as "through going" Connemarians, in order to give a colour of truth to their wholesale lies. Well, the position of society these "squatters" now occupy does not redound to the "respectability of the system;" nevertheless, these squatters constitute its very essence—they are a few of the very lowest class of cobblers and tailors, whose *Pater Noster* is in communion with those who pay the most for a pair of brogues, or the readjustment of a cast-off garment.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.—We give in another place a tolerably full report of a national demonstration, which was originated by a number of Irish gentlemen in London, with the view of celebrating the time-honoured festival of St. Patrick. A letter was read on that occasion from an Irishman who deserves the sympathy of those who loved the cause for which he suffered, and who commands the respect of those who most fiercely opposed him and his cause. That letter was written by William Smith O'Brien. It was characteristic of the writer. Every line breathed love of country and fidelity to her interests. It was written as well with the heart as with the pen. And yet we find in that letter the following passage—words of mournful accent—wrung from a sorrowing spirit:—"I am myself at present one of the most unpopular politicians in Ireland, because I implore my fellow-countrymen not to place their hopes of salvation upon the caprice of a foreign despot, or upon the embraces of a selfish step-sister, but to found their aspirations for national prosperity and national greatness upon the manly vigour and self-reliance of the Irish nation."

"I am myself at present one of the most unpopular politicians in Ireland." When we read these words for the first time, we felt an emotion of shame and humiliation. We felt saddened and depressed. What a rebuke is unconsciously pronounced in these words! What an involuntary condemnation of fecklessness and ingratitude! The worst enemy of the Irish race could not have pronounced a more stinging satire than is conveyed in this simple sentence, written not in anger but in sorrow. But why unpopular? Why is he unpopular, who risked all that man could risk in his country's cause? Because he gives advice that is not palatable—because he warns against that which he believes to be madness and folly—because he tells his countrymen not to place their faith in a quicksand, a pit-fall, a snare, a delusion. Because he implores them to banish from their mind the pestilent frenzy which sees a liberator in a despot, and a saviour in one who mounted to power over bleeding corpses and violated oaths. This is the magnitude of his offence; and this advice, this warning, this counsel, which he, of all men, has the right to give, and give with authority, shuts from the memory that sentence of death and those years of exile which were braved and endured in the cause of the country! When will we become tolerant of each other's opinions? When will we learn to see good rather than bad motives in each other's conduct? When will we commence to entitle ourselves to that fulness of freedom for which we occasionally strive? As yet, we cannot boast that we are entitled to it; for were we so to boast, the answer might be read in the words of William Smith O'Brien, the convicted prisoner of Clonmel, the exile of Van Dieman's Land—"I am myself at present one of the most unpopular politicians in Ireland."—Cork Examiner.

AN ENTUSIAST.—We find the following letter in the *Dublin Morning News*:—"Paris, March 28.—Sir,—I beg to say that I, an Irish girl, had the good fortune to hear the admirable sermon, or discourse, by the great Bishop of Orleans, on the 25th instant, in which he completely exposed the base tyranny and hypocrisy of the British Government towards the Irish people and others under their control. On leaving the church, I put my humble donation in the purse held by the Duchess of Magenta; at the same time I cried 'Vive le Roi de France, Marshal MacMahon,' to which her Grace made a most gracious bow, smiling with feelings of pride and gratitude."—G. L.

THE IRISH CHURCH MISSION.—FALSEHOOD UNMASKED.—The editor of the *Connaught Patriot*, Mr. Martin O'Brennan, has taken up with energy the task of refuting the mendacious assertions of the proselytizers. It seems that a meeting was held the other day at Leeds at which a Mr. Bardsley, a Protestant clergyman, said:—"At the recent confirmations by the Archbishop of Tuam, out of 297 persons confirmed, 240 were converts from the Church of Rome, and he believed that the Bishop of Ripon was not all exaggerating, when he stated that more than ten thousand converts had been made in Tuam by means of the society." In consequence of this statement Mr. O'Brennan wrote to the *Leeds Mercury*. We extract the following from the correspondence which has appeared on the subject:—"Before I proceed to refute the false statement of Mr. Bardsley, allow me to make your readers understand how utterly unqualified he was to address an audience. He spoke of the Archbishop of Tuam—meaning, of course, a Protestant Archbishop. Now in fact, and in law, there has been no such dignitary since the death of Doctor Trench. Strange orator, this Mr. Bardsley, to be ignorant of so simple a fact as the title of Lord Plunket, who is only a suffragan Protestant Prelate. As to the gigantic falsehood of '10,000 converts'!!! from the Church of Rome in this town, I am prepared to prove that this moment, there is not one adult ratepayer in Tuam, who has gone over from Catholicity to Protestantism—that there is not one dozen, including men, women, and children, here, who, being Catholics, are now Protestants; here, who, being a single resident family of old standing, who, being at any time Catholics go now to the Protestant church of Tuam—that there are not altogether in this town 200 Protestants, not counting the dependents of Lord Plunket, constabulary and itinerants—that, including all, there are not more than about 250 of that creed in Tuam, taking in even two miles all round it—that not fifty of these being rate-payers, are disinterested in being Protestants, but that most of them are more or less influenced by worldly considerations, and that within the corporate boundary of the town there are only about 4,388 inhabitants of all creeds, not calculating the 226 inmates of the workhouse. What, then, becomes of the immense lie, as regards the '10,000 converts in Tuam?' What of the 240 converts at confirmation by the (Protestant) Archbishop of Tuam?"

In reply to an apologetic letter from the Editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, Mr. O'Brennan says:—"You say I did not meet the statement of Mr. Bardsley fairly? It is the diocese and not the town of Tuam that is referred to. I challenge you to the proof that the speaker used the word 'diocese' in the speech, as published in the *Mercury*, and surely you would not expect that I would take the language otherwise than it appeared in print. But if I conceded that the speaker by a sort of mental reservation, meant the diocese—not the town—your partiality for him will avail him nothing, as in the entire diocese there are not 10,000 Protestants, including even 'converts.' Again having made this large concession, I may be told by 'I did not meet the statement fairly,' it was all Connaught Mr. Bardsley meant, as the province was at one time subject to the Protestant Prelate of Tuam. Now in all this province, if we don't take into account Sligo, Ballinacree, Inverness, and the dependents on Protestant clergymen—there are not 10,000 Protestants."

THE APRIL MEETINGS AND THE CATHOLIC FRATERNITIES AND SOCIETIES.—There are gloomy and dispiriting rumors of a deplorable falling off in the signs of war required for carrying on the operations of the Church Mission Societies, and other associations of a kindred character. The treasurers, with eyes upturned and looks agnost, find a beggarly account of empty boxes looming in the distance, instead of the abundant inflowing of the mammon of unrighteousness which was wont to be so liberally contributed for so-called righteous purposes. Heathens and Jews, Papists and Pantheists, must henceforth be permitted to rush headlong to perdition as rapidly as they did ere Evangelical Alliances and Bible Societies were known, unless the gullibility of their patrons and supporters can be aroused once more, and the hat, when sent round as usual, be plentifully replenished with their pious benefactions. Meanwhile, however, in proportion as the societies funds are dwindling away, the lungs of its members would seem to be losing more of their strength and vehemence, witness the columns upon columns of turgid and canting clap-trap with which their mediums of the press have pestered the public during the present week. According to the pious frauds which they seek to palm on their dupes in the shape of annual reports, these confederated associations have converted one-half of the civilized and uncivilized world to Protestantism, and the other half is only waiting to embrace that infallible and accommodating creed—nothing being wanted to complete this great work but the generous responding to the eloquent appeals made to the bigotry and intolerance of long-purged synagogues, dotting downagers, duped devotees, and fanatic ravers against Rome and Romanists.—*Dublin Telegraph*.

SECRET SCISSORS.—Nothing is more certain than they originated in Ireland, as a means of resistance to the oppression of the Orange lodges. On this point the evidence collected by the late Henry Grattan in his memoir of his illustrious father is conclusive. If they are to be got rid of at all, it must be by just and equal government, combined with the influence of religion. The preaching of a mission has often rooted this monstrous evil out of a district in which all other means had been tried in vain.—*Weekly Register*.

The *Dublin Evening Post* says:—"It is stated that the office of Crown solicitor for the Munster circuit, held by the late Sir Matthew Herrington, will be divided into three parts—Cork and Limerick separate, Clare and Kerry together. We have heard names mentioned, but as far as we can learn, nothing has yet been determined. A contemporary estimates the income from the office for the whole circuit at 4000*l.* a year. It might have been so at one time, but of late years, we are told, the duties have been discharged for a salary of 1500*l.* a year. We suppose, if the office be divided, each of the new Crown solicitors will receive salary of 2500*l.* a year."

A FIT TOPIC FOR DUBLIN FINANCIAL REFORMERS.—In the April number of the *Financial Reformer*, we find the following *moreover*. We trust to see some of the stormy speakers of the Dublin corporation turning their attention to this point:—"The Chief Secretary for Ireland (salary 4,000*l.*) and the Under-Secretary (1,000*l.*) must be terribly extravagant with coals. They have respectively allowances of 425*l.* and 375*l.* per annum 'for fuel.' If they spend it all for coals they must make a way with 1000 tons yearly; or rather more than 200 18 cwt. per diem—supposing the price to be 15s per ton."

ANCIENT IRISH STATUE.—The other day a young man, being engaged ploughing in a lean field, perceived a peculiar small hole beneath a wall which he turned up and found concealed in a small case of stone, a statue of curious composition, resembling that of one of Ireland's Chiefs of old. It is of exquisite workmanship, and as if clothed in the richest armour.—*Wexford Independent*.