

remedy for the disorders of the time ; and the salt of the earth will never be wanting, when the corruption of human nature requires it to be applied."

'A Protestant clergyman, whose church was in the neighbourhood, was a guest at the house of that upright and excellent man, the Duke of Leinster. He had been staying there three or four days ; and on Saturday night, as they were all retiring to their rooms, the Duke said,—' We shall meet to-morrow at breakfast.' 'Not so,' (said our Milesian Protestant,) 'your hour, my lord, is a little too late for me ; I am very particular in the discharge of my duty, and your breakfast will interfere with my church.' The Duke was pleased with the very proper excuses of his guest, and they separated for the night ; his grace, perhaps, deeming his place more safe from all the evils of life for containing in its bosom such an exemplary son of the Church. The first person, however, whom the Duke saw in the morning, upon entering the breakfast-room, was our punctual Protestant, deep in rolls and butter, his finger in an egg and a large slice of the best Tipperary ham secured on his plate. 'Delighted to see you, my dear Vicar,' said the Duke ; but I must say as much surprised as delighted.' 'Oh, don't you know what has happened?' said the sacred breakfaster—'she is not well.' 'Who is not well?' said the Duke : 'you are not married—you have no sister living—I am quite uneasy ; tell me who is not well.' 'Why, the fact is, my lord Duke, that my congregation consists of the clerk, the sexton, and the sexton's wife. Now, the sexton's wife is in very delicate health ; when she cannot attend, we cannot muster the number mentioned in the rubric ; and we have, therefore, no service on that day. The good woman had a cold and sore throat this morning, and as I had breakfasted but slightly, I thought I might as well hurry back to the regular family dejeuner.' 'I don't know that the clergyman behaved improperly ; but such a church is hardly worth an insurrection and civil war every ten years.—[Rev Sydney Smith.

General Intelligence.

The *Kerry Examiner*, a political paper edited by a Catholic, animadverted in very severe language on the conduct of Geary and his announcement at Belfast. In consequence a suit was instituted against the Editor by the Rev. Gentleman. It came out on the trial, that Mr. Geary had not made the statement, that 800 Catholics had turned Protestants with their Priest in Dingle. This had been said by one of his friends. He had simply said that a priest in Dingle and 800 Catholics had become Protestants. And he showed that by going over the country around Dingle for a considerable distance, and counting back for some dozen years the number of adhesions to Protestantism thus found, might be about what he stated !

On the trial, the *modus operandi* of the mission was gone into. The Correspondent of the *Cork Southern Reporter* says :

"It was in truth an extraordinary history, and, as such, deserves to be placed on record and obtain as much publicity as possible. I have heard since I came here, and from truth-telling persons, accounts of the "system," and its operation, at which you would shudder ; but for the present all I can say is, that I won't lose sight of them. Such was the demoralizing effect thus produced, and such the moral debasement resulting from it, that on one occasion, when, as it would appear, the funds were running short, and consequently the supplies were also shortened, that the "converts" (most inappropriately so styled) became dissatisfied with the treatment that they were getting, and fifteen of them absolutely joined in a written application to another proselytising minister at Milltown, in the same county, a Moravian or Baptist, to know how much he would give them if they left the Parson and Protestantism, and went over to him and his doctrines."

We give the deposition of one of the witnesses concerning his own conversion to Protestantism.

John Power was called, and came on the table. He was a most singular looking being, wrapped up in an immense old freeze coat, and from his language and demeanour evidently very ignorant, but from the way in which he related his story I should say it bore all the impress of plain, unexaggerated fact. When sworn and told to sit down, he squatted himself crosslegs, after the Turkish fashion, on the table, amid roars of laughter, was placed by the crier in the witnesses' chair ; and told to answer the questions put to him. I give you his examination in his words. He was examined by Sir Colman O'Loughlin, but it was found necessary to give up putting questions to him "say his say" after his own fashion. Here it is :

I live in Dingle when I'm at home ; I'm a fish joultin' ; I go to Mass now, but I went to Church for a spell, in regard that I got something for it ; the way that happened was this. I was coming from Kharney uv a night and hurrying home ; I drove my horse too fast, and he died ; that left me idle for a while 'till I'd earn the price of another. Well, I was walking up the street one day when I came across one of the Soupers that used to be reading the Bible for Gayer in the houses, wherever he'd be let ; what are you doin' says he ; nothin' says I ; well, says he, would you go to work if you got it ; I would to be sure, says I ; very well, says he, go up to Mr. Gayer's yard in the morning, and fall to work there—what's the hire, says I ? Ten-pence says he ; well, away wid me in the morning, and I was set to work filling a load of manure ; in the course of the day Mr.