

therefore, with some curiosity that I picked up a large, round, well-bleached skull lying on the ground. What particularly interested me, however, was the great beauty and regularity of the teeth; they were all perfect, and as evenly ranged as if they had been prepared to decorate the widow of some advertising dentist. Led by an idle impulse, which I could not then or can I now account for, I pulled out one of the grinders put it into my waistcoat pocket, and carelessly throwing down the skull, returned to the inn.— Having partaken of tea, accompanied by some excellent muffins, I went to bed, and being fatigued with my journey, soon fell asleep.

I had slept for some time, but how long I cannot tell, when I was suddenly awakened by the door of room opening. In stalked a tall figure dressed in black, with a white neckcloth; his head was large, nearly bald, and he wore a pair of gold spectacles. In his hand he carried a silver candlestick, bearing a lighted candle, and advancing to my bedside said in a menacing voice and manner, 'Why did you rob me of my tooth?'

'My tongue suddenly became paralyzed; I tried to speak, but could not utter a word. 'You have taken my tooth,' continued the figure; 'and now take your choice. I'm not of a revengeful disposition, I don't want to say or do anything uncivil; but one of two things I must have, and that instantly—your life, or the best tooth in your head! So look sharp and take your choice.'

'The extremity of terror restored my voice. 'Would it not do, sir, to restore you your own tooth again?' I gasped. 'No, no!' replied my visitor, shaking his head until the gold spectacles slipped down to the very point of his long nose; 'I think I am a very good-natured fellow to give you your choice so which will you part with—your life or your tooth?'

'My tooth?' I exclaimed, in agony; and instantly the apparition, with as much dexterity as if he had been a dentist, introduced a forceps into my mouth, and nearly extracted a fine sound molar tooth. Look here, continued Ellis, opening his mouth, 'see the cavity it has left.'

'There was indeed the space where a large tooth had been extracted, and I remarked that it was the only one deficient in the entire range. 'Well,' continued my friend, 'that was not all. The fellow pocketed my tooth, and then said— 'Now you must promise on your honor as a gentleman, that you will preserve my tooth as long as you live, and make provision that after your death it shall be carefully interred with you. If you don't—' And with a menacing gesture the proprietor of this departed as he came.'

Ellis opened the little round box, and showed me carefully enclosed in cotton, the redoubted tooth. I really knew not what to say; it was certainly very difficult to refrain from laughing but my poor friend was so evidently in earnest, that I merely remarked— 'It was a pity the good spectre was not satisfied with resuming his own property, for really his tooth is so exactly the same size and shape as your others, that I think it would have exactly filled the cavity.'

'It was strange,' said Ellis, without noticing my remark, 'that after such an agitating occurrence I fell asleep, and slept soundly until late next morning. I awoke, feverish and unrefreshed, and returned home as speedily as possible.— Ever since that time my health has slowly but surely declined; not perhaps outwardly, but I know and feel that my hour will soon come, and the dread of that fiend's vengeance will embitter my dying moments, unless you, my old, tried friend, will promise to see me buried in T— churchyard, and with your own hand to place this miserable tooth in my coffin.'

What could I do but promise? The case was one of decided monomania—argument and ridicule, both of which I tried, only served to make poor Ellis angry, and he was thoroughly determined not to see a physician—a measure which I urged on him strongly.

I remained with him for a few days, and had the pleasure of leaving him, as I trusted, in better health and spirit than when we met; and I hoped that his absurd fancy, as I deemed it, would soon pass away. I was therefore greatly shocked when, about six weeks afterwards, I received a letter from his old housekeeper, telling me that her master had died somewhat suddenly, but requested with his dying breath that I should be sent for immediately.

Need I say that I hastened to obey the summons? Very mournful it was certainly, to enter the silent cottage where I had lately met a warm welcome from my poor friend. A physician was in attendance, and pronounced that death had resulted from disease of the heart. He, the clergyman of the parish, and Ellis's solicitor, were all, at my request, present at the opening of the will. After having disposed of his trifling property in legacies, the document went on to request that I, whom he styled his beloved friend should have him decently buried in T— churchyard, and follow in all matters connected with his interment the instructions previously given to me.

The interment took place without the occurrence of anything worth recording; but, after it was over, I felt so wearied and dispirited, that I resolved to take up my abode for the night at the comfortable hotel at T—. After dinner I was suddenly attacked by my old enemy— toothache; and the pain, resisting all usual applications, became at length so excruciating, that, starting up in a sort of frenzy, I inquired for the residence of the best dentist in the town, and speedily found myself in his study. Whether it was the effect of reaction after the rapid exercise I had taken, or the well-known curative influence inherent in the atmosphere of a dentist's house, I know not, but the pain was suffering gradually abated; and when the operator entered, I felt almost inclined to make a civil retreat without putting his skill to the test.— However, on second thoughts, I considered it as well to lay my case before him, and try to obtain some soothing nostrum which might stand

me in stead on future occasions. I therefore told him how I had been affected, and casually mentioned my having come a long journey that morning, and its melancholy cause. 'Ah!' said the dentist, thoughtfully, 'you came from E—, in Devonshire. The name of that village is associated in my mind with a curious incident which occurred to me some three or four months since.'

Now I happen to have a decided hankering, whether natural or acquired after strange stories; and my curiosity being excited, I begged the dentist to have the kindness to satisfy it. Seating himself opposite to me, he immediately complied, and began in these words:— 'One night, between three and four months since, I was aroused, near midnight by a loud knocking and ringing at the door. I was just about to step into bed, and my servants having long before retired to their rooms, I hastily resumed my clothes, and answered the summons.— An elderly gentleman with a military air then entered. There was an odd, staring look in his eyes, but he told me, in a perfectly coherent manner, that he was suffering from dreadful toothache, and wished to have one of his grinders extracted immediately. Of course, I ushered him into this room, placed him in the patient's chair, and proceeded to examine his jaws. I don't think I ever saw a finer or more regular set of teeth; not a vestige of decay could I perceive in any of them; and the one which he pointed out as the offender seemed to me perfectly free from disease. However, he insisted so strongly on having the tooth pulled out, declaring that his comfort, nay, his very life, depended on its being done, that I consented, though most unwillingly, to reform the operation, and in a twinkling the tooth was out.— Having paid me my fee, the patient deliberately wrapped up my tooth, put it into his pocket, rose, and wishing me good night, was about to depart, when a suspicion which arose in my mind caused me suddenly to thrust a lighted candle close to his eyes. They never blinked; the pupils were fixed and distended; in fact, to cut the story short, my visitor was fast asleep, and in a fit of somnambulism had left his bed, and caused me to extract his excellent tooth. As he still continued in the trance, and it would have been dangerous to arouse him suddenly, I prevailed on him to allow me to accompany him home. He made his way with unerring accuracy to the hotel; and the gates happening to be open for the reception of the occupants of a night-coach, I saw him to his room without attracting observation.

'On inquiring after him next morning, I heard that he had left by an early conveyance for E— in Devonshire. I looked attentively at the dentist. He was a tall man, dressed in black, with a white neckcloth; his head was large, nearly bald, and he wore a pair of gold spectacles, which had a trick of slipping down to the point of his long nose whenever he shook his head, which he did pretty frequently.

'Did you ever ascertain,' I asked, 'the name of your visitor?' 'Yes,' replied the dentist. 'He took the blank part of a letter from his pocket, and tore off the corner to wrap up his tooth; the remainder he dropped on the carpet, and it bore the address:— 'Capt. H. Ellis,—th Regiment, E—, Devonshire.'

Here, then was the explanation of my poor friend's monomania. He actually died the victim of somnambulism. And such was my first adventure as executor of a will.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF THE VERY REV. PHILIP DOWLEY.—This esteemed and venerable Provincial of the Congregation of the Mission in Ireland died on Sunday morning, in the 75th year, at St. Vincent's, Castleknock. The Very Rev. Dr. Dowley (who was a native of the Diocese of Waterford) was for many years Senior Dean of the College of Maynooth, the Junior Dean at the time being the late Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, the subsequently Archbishop of Armagh. He was extremely zealous in the discharge of his duties, and had the happy talent of combining the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*.

From the Lenten Pastoral of His Grace the Archbishop of Armagh, we make the following extract against Ribbonism:— 'We must also avail ourselves, dearly beloved brethren, of this occasion to denounce once more the evil of Ribbonism, which, we are sorry to say, still exists in a portion of this diocese. At the same time, the number of parishes in which it is to be found is so small that we feel it necessary to offer an apology to our people for calling their attention thus generally to the existence amongst us, and to the character of Ribbonism. It is the cause of such frightful spiritual ruin to those who are unhappily engaged in it, that we deem it of great importance to appeal to the charity of all our Clergy and people to aid us by their prayers in our efforts to put it down. The Ribbon Society being most wicked in the means which it uses to carry out its secret purposes, is under the ban of religion, debarred its members from the use of the Holy Sacraments, and holds them in the bondage of sin and iniquity. It may therefore be truly designated an invention of the devil for the destruction of souls; and those who propagate it are the ministers of Satan in the unholy and diabolical work of ruining the souls of their brethren. And what we say of the Ribbon Society is equally applicable to all secret societies having the same end in view as the Ribbon Society, and seeking that end by the same means, no matter by what name they may be called; for the mere change of the name detracts nothing from the wickedness of a society, however much it may impose on the ignorant and unwary. And it is for the purpose just mentioned, that the crafty heads of these societies have recourse to this artifice of changing the name, whilst all the wickedness of the original society is preserved under the new appellation. We may observe here that such wicked craft has been at all times one of the marks of the work of Satan, from the day when by his craft he induced our mother Eve to transgress the command of God in Paradise. In the history of her fall we may also see where the district masters and parish masters of those wicked societies whereof we speak, learned their lesson when they tell their wretched dupes 'not to be frightened from the society, because the Bishop and the Clergy denounce it—' that notwithstanding all they say and have said against it, its end is good, its means honorable, and its results satisfactory. They have learned to speak thus from their head master, when he persuaded Eve not to be alarmed at command of God, not to dread the death, which she was threatened; telling her that she would not die,

but would become in knowledge like unto God. We treat those wretched men, who labour to propagate such societies, to have pity at length on their own souls, and the souls of their brethren—to abandon their work of iniquity, return to their duty, and endeavor by their own example, and the other means within their power, to bring back to the right path those whom they had astray. We even command them by virtue of the authority, which God has given us, to do this, as we command all to obey our voice, when we warn them against all connection with these wicked societies; and let none say that it is only our command, and therefore not of great importance; but let all remember what Our Lord says when addressing those whom he sent to preach His Gospel, and in them addressing us their successors: 'He who hears you, hears me, and he who despises you, despises me.'—Luke x., 10.

ROGUES UNMASKED.—The Rev. Mr. Webster, Rector of St. Nicholas, Cork, is an honored man to-day throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. The hearts of honest people are moved by grateful feelings towards him; they regard him as a public benefactor, as one who has done a good deed in the interests of truth, and forwarded the cause of morality, of decency, of Christian charity. He has won for himself these golden opinions, he has done this useful work by the noble protest he has raised against that abominable hypocrisy which, under the name of 'the Irish Church Missions,' outrages the very first principles of the Christian religion, insults the most cherished feelings of the Irish people, and produces nothing but strife and hatred, and duplicity, and meanness, and a degree of irreverence, profanation, and downright blasphemy which no rightly constituted mind can think of without a shudder. No Catholic needs to be told that these 'Church Missions,' with their 'controversies' and their 'converts,' are, for the most part, a disgusting sham, and are, as far as there is in any reality in them, a cruel and unprovoked aggression on the most defenceless classes of the population. They are maintained in this country partly by the energies of a number of restless spinsters who cast their nets for husbands among the male patrons of the society, but chiefly by a number of lay and Clerical knaves who have a money interest in the continuance of the imposture. They are supported by funds obtained on false pretences from English fools and fanatics; they are worked by an agency largely composed of the lowest dregs of society, fellows without character or conscience, vagabonds well known to the police before they made the acquaintance of the 'missions'—and since 'Conversion' the system never effected; an unthought change in the religious profession of any man is never procured; one conscientious recruit to the ranks of Protestantism it never brought over. But it certainly has broken down the virtue of some hungry people; it has laid hold of a few wretched men of worthless character and bad habits, and made them worse; it has snatched up some poor ragged orphans and brought them up Protestants, by means which have been equally effective if employed in favor of Mahomedanism. All this is what Catholics well know: it is what some just-minded Protestants here, ere now, admitted and strongly deprecated; but rarely, perhaps never has a Protestant Clergyman come boldly out with such a complete exposure of the whole villainy as has been furnished by the Rev. Mr. Webster in the letter which we this day publish. 'If it were necessary,' says the rev. gentleman, writing to the secretary of the 'Missions,' 'I could give instances where the ordained agents of the Irish Church Missions paid Protestants to pretend they were Roman Catholics at your controversial meetings, and at these very meetings to call those very ordained agents the hardest names! What a shameful and sinful fraud is here revealed! What a conscious degradation must be theirs who act the hideous lie before the face of Heaven! Surely, no man with the feelings of a true Christian in his heart could fancy that God would look with approval on that monstrous falsehood, that gross violation of the great principle of truth! But on such atrocious criminality—on lying, and hypocrisy, and swindling—in the entire system of proselytism in Ireland based and built. 'I could tell you of a school,' continues the Rev. Mr. Webster, 'of which it was reported that there were eighty Roman Catholics in attendance, when the fact was, not a single Roman Catholic ever entered the school, except some five or six wretched children who were sent from Dublin by the Irish Church Missions Society.' Is not this horrible? Why, no penny showman, no peddling cheat, no vender of quack medicine ever lied so recklessly and unscrupulously as those proselytising missionaries. Let us quote again from the testimony of the Rev. Mr. Webster:—'I could tell you of a report made by one ordained agent, that he had made fourteen converts from Romanism to a certain locality, and who had to acknowledge, when I inquired closely into the matter, that these fourteen persons did not belong at all to this locality—that they had been brought there by this agent himself from distant places, and lodged in a schoolhouse, and then represented as converts from the locality, where they had been supported for a few weeks.' And again:—'I could tell you of agents who were known to be charged with drunkenness, and other vices who entered in their reports that they were persecuted, when they merely got into oracles in their drunkenness, and who were in spite of the parish Clergyman, retained in their offices.' Who is at the head of such a society as this—who is its inspiration, its presiding genius! The evidence, all the marks and tokens clearly point to 'the Father of Lies.' It is utterly impossible that such a plant as the Irish Church Missions can produce good fruit. Men do not gather figs off thistles or grapes off thorns. Religion is not spread or fostered by such black arts as those of the proselytizers in Ireland. The results produced are a trouble of conscience among the hungry families for whom the bribes of the 'missions' have attracted, strife and hatred in the neighborhood, irreverence and blasphemy among the protégés of the mission, and some horrifying scenes when Death lays his hand on the miserable sinners who, for the bribes of the 'mission,' had played false to God and man. The Catholics of Ireland look on the system with horror and abhorrence. Not only their religious feelings, but their sense of honor is outraged by the disreputable mode of attack employed against the faith of the poorer classes of their co-religionists. They wonder much how it happens that respectable members of the Protestant Church do not more resolutely set their faces against the scandalous system—and a grievous wonder it certainly is. But we have on that account to be all the more grateful to the worthy Clergyman in Cork who has, with so much honest indignation, denounced the whole base imposture, and who, knowing the truth, has told it openly, thereby shaming the devil and the rogues who work the Irish Church Missions.

TAXATION.—ESTABLISHED CHURCH IN IRELAND.—The taxation of Ireland is now a favorite topic with many of our public men and public bodies; but, so long as England holds the public purse, it will, doubtless, prove a question of much difficulty. At the same time it is well to show our grievances and insist upon our rights. No matter how we may make out our calculations, we are sure that Government will endeavor to defend their position, and try to prove that this poor country is not unequally taxed. Ireland being in a hopeless minority between English and Scotch members, we fear our chances of redress—especially on points in which the fatal act of Union is concerned—are but slender indeed. But there is one crying grievance—one monster taxation—namely, the revenues of the Established Church in Ireland, which no Government can defend, if the Irish people speak out, and speak out boldly against it. Some two or three years since Lord John Russell said, in his place in Parliament, that it could not be defended. There are, according to the last census, only 680,000 members of the Established Church in this country, and yet 4,480,583 Roman Catholics

in Ireland are saddled with an impost of £800,000 a year for the maintenance of this Church, which, according to Mr. Bernal Osborne, M.P., in his unanswerable speech of last Session, 'was founded by Tudor violence, and perpetuated by Puritan tyranny.' It was a fraud, though he admitted it to be one of a pious character.' In Ireland Catholics, who are the less wealthy, though the most numerous portion of the community, support their own clergy and their own Church—so also do the Society of Friends, the Methodists, and other denominations of Christians. This being apparent to everybody, it is not just and reasonable to expect that the members of the Protestant community will support their Church and clergy in like manner? Why should they be an exception? Are they not by far the most wealthy members of society? Have they not the vast majority of the broad acres of the land? The entire cost of the poor laws of Ireland come to £84,627 a year, or £114,373 less than it costs to support a church for 680,000 members. Should not the revenues so misapplied go to the support of the poor of the country? Now that the Government is drawing to its end, and a general election fast approaching, is not the present a most suitable time to agitate this question, and to get up petitions against the impost from every parish in the land? The Liberal and Catholic papers of the metropolis should, we think, be up and stirring in the matter.—*Waterford News*.

The *Daily Express* announces that the Earl of Charlemont will be the Lieutenant and the Custos Rotulorum for the county Tyrone, and the Earl of Gosford for the county Armagh.

A correspondent of the same journal reports a horrible murder by a ticket-of-leave man named Cagley at a place called Kilmacola, about seven miles from Cavan. Thirteen years ago, when a lad, he had lived with a female named Peter Reilly. He called at the man's house on Friday evening and was hospitably received. In the night he called up the farmer, stating that he had seen a light outside and could not sleep. Reilly went to him to know what was the matter, when Cagley stabbed him, inflicting a mortal wound. Reilly's wife coming to the assistance of her dying husband was stabbed also. She was not killed, but she is not likely to survive. He left the house without doing any more mischief. An alarm was immediately raised, the constabulary were quickly in pursuit of the murderer, who entered the Virginia Station and surrendered himself to the police. He has been lodged in Cavan Gaol, a verdict of 'Willful murder' having been found against him by the coroner's jury. While formerly in Reilly's employment he had the misfortune to lose an arm, in consequence of being bitten by an asp, and it is supposed that he committed the murder through revenge for the injury. He was only a fortnight out of goal.

REPRESENTATION OF WESTMEATH.—It is confidently stated in well-informed circles that John Ennis, Esq., son of the hon. member for Athlone, will, on the first opportunity, offer himself as candidate for the representation of Westmeath, with every prospect of being the representative of that independent county.—*Freeman's Journal*.

ROBERT AT STRADALLY CONVENT.—On the night of the 20th instant an entrance was effected by some party or parties unknown through the kitchen window of Stradally Convent. The next morning a desk, which had been taken, was found in the garden. It had been forced open, and some silver spoons extracted from it. Papers, which it had contained were scattered about close to the spot where the thieves had left it.—*Limerick Express*.

THE CASE OF THE MAGUIRE.—The *Morning News* of Saturday last said:—On tomorrow the voice of Catholic fervor shall be heard denouncing the justice of a Catholic cause, and claiming common equality of rights for Catholicity in this island—appanage of the British Crown. In the Hall of the Young Men's Society there shall be gathered, under the presidency of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, an assembly which will be the representative of the desire of justice and the repudiation of calumny, which is the strongest sentiment in every heart moved by the spirit of the Faith that Ireland keeps. The case of 'The Maguire's minors,' is now familiar to the public. Covered with the coarse apparel of sectarian malignity, or the finer sarcasm of more cunning enmity to our religion, the Rev. Mr. Keon, in connection with that case, has had his name prominently placed before the public view. It is thus that the meeting of to-morrow still holds his name forth as the watchword of its assembly. We shall demonstrate beyond dispute, that neither in character nor in purse shall he suffer, whilst there are Catholic hearts in Ireland—whilst there are hands to guard, or means to share with him amongst us. With such a purpose is called together the assemblage of to-morrow. With such a purpose it ought to be a triumphant demonstration. No labor has been spared to make it such. Let the people go to their duty, and violence may grow, and bigotry grumble, but the reptiles will be smothered and impotent. According to this announcement a meeting was held last Sunday, at which Alderman Reynolds, and The O'Donoghue, and Mr. A. M. Sullivan attended and spoke. The chair was filled by the Archbishop of Dublin the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen.

THE CULTIVATION OF FLAX IN IRELAND.—A vigorous attempt to introduce the cultivation of flax is now being made in several parts of the South of Ireland. A few days since we published an interesting letter from Mr. Maguire, who seems to be the permanent Mayor of Cork, and who has used his influence in that capacity for the laudable purpose of awakening industrial enterprise among his fellow-citizens. The example of Cork has been followed by Limerick, and at both these capitals of Munster joint-stock companies for the growth of flax and the promotion of flax manufactures have now been set on foot. A similar movement is going on in the county of Tipperary, and as the lists of shareholders are being rapidly filled up, the experiment is likely to receive a fair trial. An experiment it must of course be, for flax not only requires, like other crops, peculiar conditions of soil and climate, but is, perhaps, more liable than any other to fluctuations in demand, and therefore in price. This arises chiefly from the formidable competition with cotton which it has to sustain—a competition which can hardly be said to exist in an equal degree between any two other natural products. Iron and wood may rival each other closely as materials for shipbuilding, but after all, the use of both are so manifold that neither can seriously affect the position of the other in the market. It is otherwise with two fabrics which are almost exclusively applicable to the very same purposes. If the price of cotton were to rise but a very little further, and that of linen were but a very little reduced by improvements in the process of manufacture, the civilized world might return for the time to linen shirts and linen sheets. As it is, the greater durability and, as some think, the greater cleanliness of linen is beginning to be set off against its cost, and it will be some time before cotton, even at sixpence a pound, can regain its former ascendancy. The great argument employed by Mr. Maguire and the speakers at the Limerick meeting is drawn from the experience of Belfast. The prosperity of that city is comparatively modern, and has been materially accelerated by the formation of a similar society. Mr. Maguire says that the first flax-mill was erected but thirty-four years ago, and the Association dates from the year 1841. Within this limited period Belfast has made strides which can be compared to the development of Liverpool. Measured by the value of its imports and exports, by the tonnage of its vessels, by the number of its mills, by the scale and elegance of its public buildings, by its population, and by the evidence of comfort among its inhabitants, it is the second, if it be not the first city in Ireland. Mr. Maguire testifies from personal observation to the strides which it has made within the last five years, and describes in roseate colors the moral and

social effects of wealth and progress. The merchants of Belfast, too, are well disposed to give a helping hand to their struggling brethren, and actively encourage the production of flax throughout the South of Ireland. At present Ulster grows a hundredfold more than Munster, although the acreage under cultivation in the former is but a third greater than in the latter. All this seems to promise well, assuming that the land is equally suited to flax in both provinces, that equal patience and skill are brought to bear on its preparation, and above all that the margin of demand is and will continue wide enough to ensure remunerative prices after the field shall have been so largely augmented. It is due to the gentlemen who have lent their names and subscribed their money to this patriotic undertaking to acknowledge the thoroughly practical tone in which they discuss these questions. They do not deny that the idea is rather forced upon them by the desire to provide employment for the idle and the destitute, and to check the stream of emigration, than suggested by purely mercantile calculations of profit. Colonel Dickson especially warned the farmers against expecting too large a return, and it was agreed on all hands that it would be better to begin gradually. In fact, the variations in the estimates both of the quantity and of the value of the flax that could be raised upon an acre were so great as to show the need of caution in these anticipations. It is quite true, however, that Great Britain is capable of consuming much more she now imports from Ireland. As it is, the chief part of our raw material comes from the Baltic, and the United States for the same reason draw their supplies from the same source. Mr. Taft did us no more than justice when he assured the Limerick meeting that 'there was no prejudice in England against Irish manufactures.' So far from it, we had much rather be customers of Ireland than customers of Russia or Belgium, provided we can get the same quality on the same terms. For our own part, we entirely agree with an opinion expressed on the same occasion, that the want of manufactures, throwing on the land almost the whole burden of maintaining the population, is one of the greatest misfortunes of Ireland. The climate is notoriously unfavorable to cereal crops, and no other crops except those which like flax, attract and create manufactures, furnish employment to a large number of laborers. Even such wages as can be given in flax mills, will not always deter Irishmen, who are being 'bought up' by America, at the rate of £150 a head, from crossing the Atlantic. Still, the mere sight of factories working independently in all seasons of the year, and of agriculture conducted on scientific principles and under skilful superintendence, with a steady view to the supply of a permanent demand would be an unwelcome spectacle in many parts of Ireland, and could hardly fail to rouse a new spirit among the peasant and small farmers. It is upon this that the advocates of the 'flax movement' rely, and we think they are justified in their confidence, provided they will be content to proceed cautiously. The first step is to teach the farmers the best mode of growing flax, to erect steeping and scutching mills, to provide seed of the best kind, and so forth, and we are glad to observe that it is to these objects that their efforts are being directed. It is a good sign that Mr. Smith O'Brien's well-meant offer of a £50 challenge-cup for the best flax crop in his own district was not too eagerly welcomed at the Tipperary meeting, and that the error of supposing that you can beneficially stimulate any branch of industry without demonstrating it to be profitable was clearly pointed out and admitted. It is not impossible that some economists may be disposed to shake their heads at a commercial enterprise which does not spring directly and solely from commercial motives. No one can deny that such doubts are but too reasonable. The system of bounties and protection has proved so fatal in times past, and deranged the natural operation of economical laws so ruinously, that the least approach to it may well be regarded with apprehension. In this case, however, no improper interference with those laws appear to be contemplated. What is destruction to their operation is the incessant tampering with some one of the forces which, if left to act freely, would result in a proper equilibrium of trade. But there is nothing whatever sound in the co-operation of a number of gentlemen for the purpose of starting an undertaking which no individual is bold enough to attempt, though the hope of profit may be the smallest of their motives. The test is in the result, not in the intention of the movers, and if Ireland should learn its capabilities as a flax growing country through their disinterested exertions the whole empire will be gainers. The real danger, if we must confess our own misgivings, lies in a different direction. We are not so much afraid that flax will be over-cultivated as that the good advice of Major Gavin will be soon forgotten; that noblemen, gentlemen and farmers will not 'pull together' so cordially or so long as he would have them; that Ireland may again fall to 'talking about the affairs of Italy and Poland' instead of minding her own business; that provincial local, and party jealousies may spring up, and the destructive instincts of faction may choke the good seed of commercial fellowship. The spirit of self reliance and the spirit of discontented dependence—the principle represented by Galway—such are the alternatives between which Ireland must take her choice before she can attain the prosperity in store for her.—*Times*.

Peter the Hermit, in his crusade against the Saracens, did not raise the population among which he came to a higher fever of exaltation than did Father Matthew—and all in behalf of water. Extremes sometimes meet, and here was exaltation, rollicking, whisky-drinking Ireland gone mad in favor of tea and lemonade! In Dublin, Limerick, Waterford, &c., even in the cold Protestant North, the whole population went out to meet him as he came, and he swept converts into the fold of temperance by the hundred thousand at a time. In that land of controversialists, and at a time when party spirit ran remarkably high, it is a most extraordinary testimony to the purity of his life and the unsectarian nature of his mind that he was welcomed by all classes and by the bitterest religious enemies with the same enthusiastic accord. For once this poor Friar was enabled to knit together the discordant elements of Irish life, and to move vast multitudes to a pitch of enthusiasm bordering upon frenzy without causing the government one moment's uneasiness or alarm. But while the temperance cause was thus prospering without a check, the clouds were gradually gathering over its apostle. It was impossible for one man to conduct a movement which would have taxed the energies and resources of a powerful association without involving himself in debt, especially Father Matthew, whose chief pleasure in life was in giving. At the very time he was making the most prodigious exertions in the cause of temperance, the black horseman Care was ever riding behind him, filling his mind with anxiety, and depriving him of rest at night, and all for the sake of the public good. 'My heart is eaten up by care and solicitude of every kind,' he once exclaimed at a festive meeting at Cork, and the hour of his deepest bitterness was not far off, for while publicly administering the pledge in Dublin, he was arrested for the balance of an account due to a medal manufacturer, the bailiff to whom the duty was intrusted kneeling down among the crowd, asking his blessing, and then quietly handing him the writ! The moment the fact became known steps were taken to relieve him of his difficulties, and to a certain extent this was done, but he was never thoroughly free of debt, and it was only by generously appropriating the annuity of £500 per annum granted to him by Her Majesty from her Civil List to pay the heavy premiums on the insurance he made upon his life that he was saved from the slur of leaving behind him heavy debts incurred purely in the temperance movement.—*Id.*

A man named Andrew Magee, employed in Mr. John Carr's spinning mill in Killyleagh, Co. Down, was thrown under a large fly-wheel and killed on the spot, his back having been broken.