

chivalrous ideas, that vivacity and warmth of heart, which have at all times distinguished her. I shall one day leave to my eldest son, Patrick, this magnificent sword. It shall be for him, as it is for me, a new pledge of those close ties which ought to unite him for ever to the noble country of his ancestors.

MARSHAL MACMURDO.—As soon as the Marshal had finished speaking he and the numerous general officers present crowded around the sword and examined every inch of it, expressing all the time their admiration of it. It was, they said, magnificent. They asked for explanations of the various emblems, and every part was described to them to their entire satisfaction. The Marshal himself seemed in the highest spirits, and expressed again and again his admiration of the sword, and his sense of the goodness of his compatriots in Ireland. The members of the deputation accompanied by a young officer, brother-in-law to the Marshal, were taken in an open carriage through the camp. After this they were entertained at a splendid dinner, at which were about thirty officers of high rank, the Marshal himself presiding. Tents had been prepared for the deputation, and they were urgently requested to remain at the camp till Monday, when they would have an opportunity of witnessing a grand review of the troops and a sham fight in imitation of the taking of the Malakoff; but the deputation excused themselves, and departed at about ten o'clock from the camp to the town of Chalons (distance about fifteen miles), in the same carriage in which they arrived. The evening was most happily spent. Amongst the general officers present were General O'Farrell, General de Clonard, and Commandant Dillon, officers of Irish descent and strong Irish sympathies. The deputation consisted of a Dublin Catholic clergyman, P J Leonard Esq., Geo. Sigurson, Esq. M D, and T D Sullivan, Esq. John Mitchell who had only a few days previously arrived at Paris from America, and who was kind enough to accompany the deputation, was also present, and had an honoured place at the banquet. There is no time to say more, as the post hour is at hand, but the events of that pleasant evening shall have a few words on another occasion.

THE VOLUNTEERS—NO IRISH NEED APPLY.—We have seen how the British minister and the Irish Secretary have refused to sanction the enrolment of Volunteer Corps in Ireland, on the grounds that, if Catholics and Protestants were drilled and armed they might wage a religious war against each other. This we consider a mere pretext. We believe it would have quite a contrary effect—would, in fact, put an end to Orange violence. Perhaps wily old Palmerston apprehends this, and fears Irishmen would become united. At present several districts in Ireland are most unjustifiably kept outside the pale of the constitution, while there is not a city or county in England so circumstanced, although crime is ten times more frequent there, and generally much more revolting in its features. In those districts proclaimed in Ireland—proclaimed as a consequence of Orange violence—is there, we ask, an honest *bona fide* disarming of the people carried out? There is not. Unfortunately for the peace of the country the magistrates are generally members of this vile, unchristian association, and their certificates are quite sufficient to enable their humble brethren to retain possession of their deadly weapons, while the Catholics are as uniformly disarmed. We cannot, therefore, give the authorities credit for even honest intentions, although we are quite of opinion that arms placed in the hands of Catholics would have a moral influence in restraining Orange Violence more potent than martial law. Admit it just, however, to refuse permission, in proclaimed districts, to organize rifle corps, is that a reason why all the rest of Ireland, and that is nineteen-twentieths of it, where Catholics and Protestants live amicably together should be refused? Since it is at present forms an integral portion of the United Kingdom, ought it not to be prepared to protect itself if an invader landed on its shores? The idea, if seriously entertained, of drafting over English and Scotch volunteers to meet him is preposterous. They might find enough to do to protect their own shores, but did they venture across to Ireland, we have grave doubts about the cordiality of the reception they would meet. The conduct of British troops in Ireland in bygone days has left some rather unfavorable reminiscences as matter of history. Once again we say that this aroused fear that Catholics and Protestants would turn their arms against each other is a mere sham. Do they do so when they stand side by side in the ranks of the line? Do they do so in that splendid force, perhaps the finest body of men in Europe, the Irish constabulary? Do they do so in the Irish militia regiments? They do not. It seems, when ranged side by side and a duty to discharge, they begin to know one another, and forget bygone feuds. We saw some weeks ago, in the *Norfolk Chronicle*, a notice of the departure, after a twelve months' location, of the Donegal militia, on which occasion a public entertainment was given them. "Never," says our contemporary, "has a regiment been so popular in this neighbourhood; never has a body of soldiers left Yarmouth so much regretted. They have delighted our citizens season after season with inspired and tasteful music, their departure has been a perfect oration." After a column of eulogy, the article concludes by stating that the men, almost without exception, behaved in a most creditable manner, since they arrived there, and were guilty of no disorderly conduct." This week we are further gratified to find that the artillery of gallant Tipperary has been feted in London and held up by the *Times* and *Globe* as a model regiment. The *Times* says "there is a freshness of look, a breadth of shoulder, and a roundness of limb about these Tipperary men seldom seen in other bodies of equal numbers." In cleanliness of dress, and appointments, and upright martial carriage, they are not exceeded by any corps whatever; and he concludes with the admission that, at the departure of the Tipperary Artillery, in number 700, not a man of them was under the influence of liquor. We are gratified, indeed, to find the elements of the rank and file of these corps are composed of they belong to the humblest grades in society. They had, however, the material of which Irish gentlemen and soldiers are made, and their conduct forms a gratifying contrast to the crime and insubordination of the English militia regiments. We were somewhat amazed by an article in that pretentious organ of British opinion, the *Saturday Review*, written with reference to the motion of Colonel French for leave to introduce a bill to authorize the embodiment of Irish volunteer corps. The writer thinks loyalty not yet active enough in Ireland to warrant the passing of such a bill. He repeats the hackneyed story of Ireland's present prosperity; but thinks Mr. Maguire was injudicious, when advocating the motion of Colonel French, to allude to the Volunteers of Eighty-two. In reference to this, the writer says the Volunteers of '82, when raised, showed a good front against an enemy that did not appear. Does the fellow intend this as an insult to Irish valour, or a witicism? If the former, we assure him it falls quite harmless, if the latter, we think he is as deficient in wit as was the Rev. Sidney Smith's imaginary Scotchman, who needed his head split open and wit introduced, before he could appreciate a jest. He goes on to say that the Volunteers of '82 made their organization subservient to political purposes (not a doubt of it), and were found decidedly embarrassing to the Executive. Who dares that they had just cause to do so? not even the writer in the *Saturday Review*; for he says, "all the wrongs which afforded a solid ground for disloyalty have long since been redressed." This contrast then of the glorious Volunteers of '82, who refused to lay down their arms unless wrongs were redressed, which offered a just ground for disloyalty, in the opinion of even the *Saturday Review*, this, then, is the reason why a volunteer organization is refused to Ireland. We pardon a great deal of absurdity in the *Review* for this admission. It helps us to tear

the mask off British statesmen, and exhibit them in their true colours. It prevents them from getting credit for candour in the reasons they assign for refusing this organization to Ireland.—*Irishman*.

THE IRISH QUESTION AND ITS ENEMIES.—*L'Opinion* of Turin is annoyed because the rest of the Italian contemporaries advocate the Irish question. It considers that there ought to be no Irish question when Irishmen are allowed the exercise of their religion and are admitted to Parliament and to serve on juries. *L'Opinion* considers that these are quite privileges enough, and cannot conceive that there is anything more to be asked for. This ardent advocate for Italian liberty cannot see that there is occasion for liberty anywhere else, and above all places in Ireland, where we have the liberty of an English Constitution. But it rejoices that under its influence we, barbarous population that we are, are improving, and in time may come to be of English sentiment, and send no volunteers to aid the Pope, whose people suffer so much. This is "the head and front of our offending," no doubt, and the obstacle which prevents the flow of *L'Opinion's* sympathy westward; but it may be of use just to see how far those privileges are of any value to Irishmen upon which *L'Opinion* sets such importance. The Established Church in Ireland draws an enormous revenue from the country—a revenue which creates eternal pauperism amongst the people—a revenue which is of the most odious kind because its purposes are directly against the feelings and religion of the population, who do not believe in the teachings, in the ministry, or the creed of those who receive it. Its episcopal revenues alone amount to the enormous sum of nearly £200,000 a year; the glebe lands of Ireland are worth £120,000 per annum, the property of the minor ecclesiastical corporations amounts to £57,000 per annum, and these are the least items in that large ecclesiastical establishment which is the greatest anomaly upon earth, the church of the Protestant minority of Ireland, which never was and never will be the church of the Irish people. Over and over again, in other times, the Irish population have arisen against its odious imposts, and so often has their blood been poured out by the standing army kept in the country to support it, so often have men been butchered, so often have they been cast into prison and their lives forfeited, or their freedom lost, for the sake of the Protestant successors of the fishermen of Galilee. The Irish Protestant primate alone receives six thousand pounds per annum more than the sum which is allowed by the government of Catholic Belgium for the support of the archbishop, bishops, and priests of that country, together with the seminaries attached to their sees. As they are granted only £17,000 per year, whilst that venerated Protestant apostle, and his crop, wrings out of poverty-stricken Ireland a sum of £23,000 per annum—enough to support the whole College of Cardinals! This is one of the special arguments for the Irish Question, which *L'Opinion* can consider at its leisure. The Irish representatives have repeatedly brought it before the British House of Commons in vain; and what can be the value of representation whose efforts are of no force to overturn so gigantic a wrong? Hence the Irish people set no value on their representation in a British Parliament. But there is one great arena of happiness which we possess—that of trial by jury; there at least oppression cannot wrong us; behind that impenetrable shield no unenvied weapon of justice can reach us; there at least we are safe, provided we submit to the laws. We will give an illustration which will be our case for *L'Opinion* on this subject. Daniel O'Connell always inculcated respect for British authority in Ireland. The name of every other great popular leader was touched with disaffection. Grattan was accused of it, so was Curran, Daniel O'Connell was not. That man, the greatest and most profound lawyer of the day, did every act in accordance with law. But the government determined to put him down; they determined to sacrifice him to their cause of injustice. They gave him a trial by jury, and excluded every Roman Catholic from it; they placed only upon that jury, either their political partisans or persons actually receiving emolument from the Castle; of course there could be no doubt about the consequences; the government played with loaded dice and they won their game. They showed the people how far they would respect the Constitution and its laws—and so much for trial by jury in Ireland. Though that trial was afterwards set aside, still the Government effected their purpose—and so the people of Ireland place faith in trial by jury no longer, wherever the interests of the country are concerned. These are the pet points of *L'Opinion*, Turin, and we have disposed of them with a few very simple facts—very simple, indeed—but rather strong, and to Irishmen rather ugly facts. The present condition of Ireland is a violation of an English treaty, which guaranteed to her the right to make laws for herself—another very ugly fact. That violation has only been preserved through sixty years by coercion. One of the earliest acts of the British Parliament was a martial law—an insurrection act. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended in 1800, the year of Union, and an act for the suppression of rebellion in force; in 1801 it was continued, in 1802 it was renewed, in 1804 it was renewed; in 1806 we had the insurrection act, in 1810 and 1815 it was renewed. In 1825 there was an act for the suppression of dangerous associations—but why go on? the very last act relating to Ireland, passed in the English legislature, was a coercion act—that is, one depriving us of the very fundamental right of freemen—leave to carry arms for self-defence, and yet men will prate of the blessings of a British Constitution! England entrails Ireland by injustice; she can only hold her in her bondage while she does so. To rule she must coerce. And Ireland will be coerced just so long—and no longer—than her people will submit to it.—*Irishman*.

THE DUNBOYNE PEERAGE CASE.—This claim to an Irish peerage, which, after the summing up of Sergeant Burke, and the observations of the Irish Attorney General, has been decided by the House of Lords in favor of the claimant, the Right Hon. Theobald Fitzwaller Butler, now 14th Lord Dunboyne, is in many respects a remarkable case. The barony of Dunboyne is a creation dating as far back as the time of Henry VIII. The last lord of the main line, John, the 12th baron, was before succeeding to the title, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork. On becoming a peer he turned Protestant and married. He died without issue in 1800, and left a portion of his estate to Maynooth College. His widow survived him 60 years, and died the other day, aged 95, just as the present claimant's case was being decided. The present successful claimant, whose father assumed the title in 1800 on the 12th lord's death is now confirmed as 14th Lord Dunboyne, and is the representative of this ancient branch of the Butlers of the House of Ormonde. His lordship's brother, the Hon. Henry Butler, is member for Canterbury, on the moderate Conservative interest. Another brother was Sir Edward Butler, of Harfield, Bants, Lieutenant of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, who married a granddaughter of the 12th Marquis of Winchester, and died 1858. Lord Dunboyne's oldest son married, last June, the only daughter of Colonel Clifton, M. P. of Llanillo Monmouthshire.—*Court News*.

QUEEN ANOTHER THING.—The people of Ireland and the people of France will note the consistency of the English organs which praise up Garibaldi and his rebel bands, and vilify in the foulest terms an Irish patriot who attempted to free his country from a yoke more cruel than any that ever pressed on any part of Italy. It is the old story—"Rebels at Cork are patriots at Madrid." Smith O'Brien failed in his endeavor, but no more truly brave man, and no better cause ever triumphed or was defeated; no purer character than his ever appeared in the ranks of patriotism. To be pertinaciously slandered by the scribes of the English press, is only what we must expect from such quarters. He is not unused to such treatment. But we trust the Author of the Irish Question and the gallant people of France will

take notice of the truculent ferocity with which the journals of England assail every Irishman who ventures to express his approval of that brochure, or dares to speak aloud his wish for friendship and sympathy between France and Ireland.—*Nation*.

THE LATE COLONEL W. H. HAMILTON.—In some of the London papers of March last appeared, among the obituary intelligence, a brief but highly interesting narrative of events in the life of Lieutenant-General J. Devereux, who died on the 25th of February at 47, Bedford-street, Mayfair, at the advanced age of 82, whose struggles through life were ever in the cause of liberty; many who have read that narrative must have done so under a sorrowful reminiscence of one who was Devereux's staunch friend, and no less eminent, from his youth till the day of his death, for his able efforts, both at home and abroad, in the great cause of civil and religious liberty. This was Wm. Henry Hamilton, Esq., Colonel under the same Government with Devereux, and in the field on the staff of the immortal Bolivar. He did not lay aside the sword till he saw the independence of Venezuela established, when he was appointed in a diplomatic capacity to Caracas, and subsequently Envoy to Washington, where the late Mr. Clay gave him a hearty welcome. At Baltimore he wrote both for the press and the stage, and was invited to settle in that city should he return from Venezuela, when affairs of importance compelled his proceeding there some time in 1826; but he died not far from Bogota, and we believe that some 50,000 or 60,000 dollars then due to him by the Government of Venezuela remains so to the present day. Colonel Hamilton's career, like that of his friend Devereux, was early blighted by rebellion in their native country, Ireland. Descended from that branch of the illustrious house of Hamilton which took the unfortunate though loyal side of politics under Government at the battle of the Boyne; his ancestors, nevertheless, settled in the north of Ireland, and were held in esteem by the first and second Barons of Enniskillen, the latter of whom thought so highly of young William Henry that he employed him in raising men for a yeomanry corps, but having successfully opposed some rabid doings of the Orange party in his native town, Enniskillen, the Earl withdrew his protection and acquaintance, which might be termed intimacy.—(Madden's United Irishmen, 3rd series, vol. ii. p. 210)—whereupon he quitted the scene of his ill-starred triumph, and in the Temple, London, devoted himself to the study of the law, and having kept his term, was called to bar; but the state of Ireland at that period rapidly drew him into the vortex of her troubles. Two or three years previously he had married a daughter of Captain John Russell, whose gallant father is made just and honorable mention of in the volume before quoted. This marriage brought Hamilton into close connection with his wife's uncle, Thomas Russell, and all the leading men who took the same fatal side of politics in 1798 and 1803, and from the latter period till the death of Pitt in 1806, he was a state prisoner and when liberated, he became Editor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, in whose columns he never ceased to do battle in behalf of the Catholic and Liberal cause till with Devereux and the Irish legion which he assisted to organize he left for South America in 1819-20, lamenting the absence of his only son, Johnstone Hamilton, Deputy-Commissioner of Ordnance, doing duty at Vizagapatam, of whose fate in India his parents were, at that time, ignorant; and they died without knowing that, however dark were his early prospects, he is now a major and high on the Ordnance Staff of her Majesty's Madras Army, an honorable illustration of "the romance of life."—*Dublin Evening Post*.

THE ULSTER ORANGEMEN.—Orangedom is frantic on account of the Act passed in the recent session, prohibiting the exhibition of party emblems, &c. The wrath of the Derry Orangemen against their member, Captain Peel Dawson, knows no bounds. They are denouncing him in large placards as a traitor to their cause, and in several places these placards are carried on boards attached to poles.

A CHOICE SPECIMEN OF REVIVALISM.—If ever there was a model of the sort of persons whom "Revival" preachers would describe as a converted or renewed man, it was William Magill, from the famed locality of Sandy-row, Belfast, who appeared before the police court yesterday for assaulting his wife. This prisoner's discourse might have imposed on any congregation of revived young women congregated in an ill-lighted tabernacle at midnight; but it did not impose on Mrs. Magill, who appears to be one of those sensible persons who hold that true religion cannot exist with an entire separation from decent behaviour. Divines, however, are particular in telling us that actions are good or bad as they proceed from good or bad motives. The motives which led William Magill to beat and hate his wife were most evangelical; according to his own account, which in the case of a converted man, is regarded as far better evidence than mere facts can be. Here is the accusation brought by Magill against his injured wife. A more unctuous indictment surely was never heard in a court. William is evidently fully graduated in the slang of the saints. His words fell from him with the genuine twang—"I can deal with every other man or woman in the world of God but my wife, and I can't bear with her. She won't let me teach the children the catechism, nor she won't join with me in family worship to the God that loved us before the foundation of the world. She won't bow down with me in the morning, and in the evening she won't join with me in prayer." In really beautiful contrast to this man's sickening excuse for his wickedness, how refreshing are the words of truth spoken by his wife—how compassionate and forgiving to her worse half—"Your worship, it is drink has brought him to what you see." This must have impressed every one present as it did Mr. Tracy (with the exception of the husband, who proceeded with his jargon).—"On the island we pray, sixty of us, under the broad —, with a plank over our heads, and she won't join with me when I go home." Now, let it be observed that all this sort of talk might have come off with acceptance in another locality where the atmosphere was not so cool as it is in the Police-court of Belfast, presided over by Mr. Tracy and Dr. M'Gee, and the praise of Mr. Magill might have by this time been in all the "Revival" churches. The cure of godly wife-beaters, if they can be cured, depends entirely on the character of the doctors into whose hands they fall.—*Northern Whig*.

PAPERS REMOVED FROM ENGLAND TO IRELAND.—In the year ending the 25th March, 1860, no less than 2,859 persons were removed by magistrates' warrants, from England to this country, 2,047 being adults and 812 children. Liverpool has the pre-eminent merit in casting no less than 1,540 of these creatures upon this country, and in the vast majority of instances the steamers land them in Dublin, thus bringing a most undue pressure upon the ratepayers of this metropolis. The general sum paid to each poor person on his removal from Liverpool is the munificent contribution of sixpence or a shilling to begin the world anew, and we give a few instances of this liberality: Michael McDonnell, supposed to be born in Tipperary, landed in Dublin, and given sixpence before being put on board at Liverpool. James Chambers, a native of Sligo, left at Dublin with three other members of his family, and handed two shillings for all, on being deported from Liverpool. How he and they were to reach Sligo on this allowance may be rather difficult to solve. John Burke, born in Limerick, and deposited in Dublin with sixpence, to return to his original locality. Mary Farragher, a similar victim to reach the distant county of Sligo. Hundreds of as gross cases may be adduced, and the facts may be gleaned from the columns of a return just issued by order of the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Hennessy.—*Dublin Morning News*.

It is announced that the Marquis of Lansdowne is to be elevated to the Dukedom of Kerry.

ILLICIT DISTILLATION IN IRELAND.—Accounts from the North state that the demoralizing trade of illicit distillation is on the increase in several districts there. Donegal, as of old, leads the way in the manufacture of the forbidden potheen. The particulars of the capture of a still on Saturday last are given.—*The Northern Whig* attributes this last Ulster revival to Mr. Gladstone's advance in the duty on Irish spirits.—*Times Dublin Correspondent*.

THE HARVEST.—The *York Examiner* of Monday, in order to give as comprehensive a review as possible of the state of the crop in this country, publishes a large mass of information, procured from authority of reliable correspondents. According to the *Examiner*—"This resume embraces almost every part of the country with the exception of part of the eastern coast line, with regard to which we are unable to say that it has more than partaken of the general impression. It has suffered only in one respect, that is the increased rot of the potatoes. In this respect it has been throughout the most unfortunate part of the country, but even yet we are happy to say that it has not quite reached to the same degree of destructiveness as in past years."

THE HARVEST.—Up to Thursday 13th ult. the weather was splendid for harvest work, but on that day and Friday there was a gale of wind from the South-west and rain fell up to a late hour last night. To-day, however, has been fine, and a large quantity of corn on ledge, has been bound and stooked in good order. We trust the weather will continue favourable, as a great quantity of corn is still standing.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

REVIEW OF THE BRITISH CORN TRADE DURING THE PAST WEEK.—Another week's fine weather has done wonders for the country. The process of ripening has gone on a rapid rate, and much grain now stands in shocks in the fields, with every prospect of its being gathered in moderate condition. More haste, however, than was desirable has already been evinced in bringing the new wheat to market, the condition being mostly too bad for milling purposes, with weights varying from 56lbs, and less per bushel to 63lbs, but this weight is rare. As a whole the crop seems likely to turn out much better than was expected, and this is the case with other grain; but no improvement can be reported as to the state of potatoes, either in this country or abroad. It is well that foreign imports of wheat have lately been liberal, as to the stock of old English is much below the required quantity for mixing; and as both the yield as well as quality is likely to be under an average, there must be a continuous demand. Nevertheless, now should the produce be forced on markets, a temporary depression is very probable. Already the beneficial change and the appearance of new samples have produced a lower range of prices through the country—say about 3s to 4s. per quarter on the average, with difficult sales and whether the decline shall be stopped or increased will be determined by the weather.

Certain maw-worms in the parish of St. Luke's, Chelsea, are very indignant that one of the clergy from the oratory at Brompton should now be officiating as Catholic chaplain in the workhouse of St. Luke's, Chelsea. They have written to the Poor Law Commissioners on the subject, and the reply has, as the *Yankees* say, "riled" them not a little. The Commissioners state that any inmate or inmates of the Chelsea or any other workhouse in the kingdom who desire the spiritual assistance of a Catholic clergyman are to have it, and that any board of guardians refusing the rev. gentleman admission will be guilty of an illegal act. A portion of the London press (the most ignorant and venal of it) is endeavoring to make capital out of the doctrine of the commissioners, and foremost amongst them is a daily organ, the property of a couple of Jews, and which may be regarded as the organ of the Hebrews of the metropolis. This miserable rag attacks the fathers of the oratory with the foulest scurrility, and talks about "damage to our Protestant institutions" although the rag itself is Hebrew, which despises and blasphemes every phase of Christianity. It also abuses the portion of the Chelsea board of guardians who protest in the name of religious liberty against the attempt of the majority to prevent the poor Catholic inmates of the workhouse from obtaining the spiritual consolation to be derived from the presence of a chaplain of their own creed.

A STEAMER FOR GARIBOLDI.—There is at present in the Tees a trim-built screw-steamer, which has furnished the quidnuncs of the district with subject matter for gossip. The craft, which is rather a graceful specimen of naval architecture, is reported to have been purchased for the Italian deliverer, and is about to sail for the Mediterranean with "tourists" for Sicily. This "tourists" affair is undoubtedly what the late Daniel O'Connell would call navigating a steamer through an act of Parliament—rather a clever feat than the one of which he used to boast—of driving a coach and six through one. The agents of Garibaldi in Liverpool have purchased for the sum of £9,000 the steamer *Combrin*, formerly belonging to the Cunard line. The sale was effected through Messrs. Paton and M'Nichol, of Liverpool.

THE PROTESTANT MINISTRY.—Such is the scarcity of candidates properly qualified for orders in Ireland, that some of the bishops have been obliged to ordain gentlemen who failed to pass the divinity examination in the University of Dublin. It is to be hoped that this very objectionable proceeding, which is perhaps necessary at the present moment, may not be turned into a precedent, as, although it may be in some respects convenient it will surely in the end injure the efficiency of the Irish clergy.—*Clerical Journal*.

TRIBUTATION GUMMING.—The Rev. Dr. Cumming has published a new book and some prophetic poems, in an advertisement, in which he styles himself, "Author of *The Great Tribulation Coming on the Earth*." Dr. Cumming, by his own account, would seem to be a very ill-natured person; but let us hope that his machinations will be frustrated, and that his malevolent hopes will be disappointed by the non-arrival of the calamity which he appears to anticipate so confidently as to call himself the author of it. At least we may trust that he will inflict upon the world no greater tribulation than a great bore.

Our old acquaintance, the "Baron" de Camin is prevented for the present from exciting breaches of the peace, and insulting the peaceable Catholics of this country, having fortunately become an inmate of Spike Island. Where is his companion, Lucy Wood, the "Baroness"?—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

THE WELSH AND THE GREAT EASTERN.—On Sunday evening last, when it became known that the 'big ship' had arrived at Milford Haven, those of the Milfordians who were at chapel seemed to be struck with a panic; they all rushed from the different places of worship leaving the ministers to preach to empty seats. A very short time after the people had 'bolted,' the preachers rose and followed, thus presenting the curious spectacle of the flocks guiding the shepherds in the way they should go.—*Plymouth Journal*.

The accounts which reach us of the harvest, from different parts of the country, are, in the main, excellent. In almost every instance the yield turns out to be better than could ever have been anticipated.—*There will, at all events, be a fair average crop.*

A commercial traveller passing through Weston, near Bridgewater, seeing a sign over the door with this one word, "Agorsdrene," he called to the woman to inquire what she sold, when she did not sell anything, but that "Agues" were cured here.

MORE PROTESTANT SECTS.—The Rev. R. T. Reach, himself an schismatic, writes to the Propagation Society from Prince Edward's Island:—"We are overrun with schisms of every name. We have the 'McDonaldites,' or 'Kickers,' the 'Knockites,' or 'Soft-shell Baptists,' the 'Briantites,' or 'Bible Christians,'

AN ENGLISH "FAST DAY."—The natives of the sister isle are a very God-fearing people, and they never at any time, when their duty goes against them, lose the opportunity of weeping in sackcloth and ashes. Now the duty of England it is well-known is Mammon, at whose golden shrine they worship with all the sincerity of faith which distinguishes an eastern man when praying before his idol.—England has abandoned the religion of God for all those mundane rewards which a devotion to this world is sure to bestow; but in thus departing from the religion which once gave her the name of "Merrie England," she has steeped her people in vices which degrade them to the level of the brute creation. As a nation steeped in wickedness the English surpass all other nations in the world.—That this is the fact we have only to refer to the statement, which has never been contradicted, that there are fully a quarter of a million of persons living in London alone upon the fruits of crime, while the number living in squalid poverty is enormous. Yet England prides herself upon being the most civilized country in the world, while, at the same time, the mass of her population are steeped in the most hideous barbarism, akin to savagery. Very recently a scene was enacted in London, which, for grossness, obscenity, and everything that could make it degrading, has only been surpassed by a similar scene, the execution of the Mannings in London.—Those miserable wretches gained a notoriety for the horrible murder which they had committed, as up to that time so revolting a crime had not started the minds of the public. Youngman, who was executed on Tuesday week, seems to have gained a notoriety by his four-fold crime, as he was attended to the scaffold by over twenty thousand of the ragabonds of London; in fact as many as could get within a sight of the gallows. So interesting was this man's death to those blackguards that a large number of them came from a distance and took their places in the vicinity of the gall the night before, so that they could not be balked of the sight they were desirous of enjoying. Imagine persons remaining out all night in order to witness the death struggles of a fellow-creature—how horrible to think of. Yet only in England can wretches be found who revel in the destruction of their fellow-creatures. The scenes of depravity witnessed at the execution in front of the Horsemonger lane gall, were certainly revolting in every degree; they degraded human nature to the lowest level, and exhibited the frightful state of ignorance, misery, and sin, into which the lower classes in London have fallen. There is something appalling in the morbid tastes of the English people for the lowest class of spectacles. Think of people who, from their appearance hold an advanced position in society, paying large sums of money to witness a fellow creature dangling by the neck in the air, as he writhes in the agonies of death. What minds can such a people be possessed of who treat a wretched criminal's execution in the same light as they would an acrobatic exhibition, or a dramatic performance? Yet, such is the case in England; and to the credit of humanity must we say that only in England are the people to be found who are so depraved in their tastes. With the refuse of the population in England—and we include the respectable, well-dressed portion who enjoy such spectacles—a day of capital punishment is a "fast day," a day for disgusting revelry.—*Drughda Argus*.

IMPUNITY OF CRIME IN ENGLAND.—On no theme have English legislators and English journalists torn their passion more vehemently to tatters than on the alleged impunity with which agrarian murders were perpetrated and concealed in Ireland.—Persons, as these writers and speakers aver, who are fully cognizant of the whereabouts of the murderers—persons who can, if they so choose, furnish ample evidence regarding the time, place, and circumstances connected with such murders, not only refuse to give the information which it is known would lead to the detection and punishment of the offenders, but they actually consider it wrong and dishonourable to take any step calculated to betray the murderers into the hands of justice. We need not say that, although there are peculiar circumstances connected with the commission of agrarian crime in Ireland, which will to a great extent account for the reluctance felt to aid in the apprehension of the criminal, the sweeping allegation of connivance and concealment made by our maligners in England is, as usual, an unscrupulous exaggeration. But granting the statement to be in part true, the fact is not denied even by these very traducers of Ireland and the Irish that agrarian murders—others are unheard of amongst us, save once or twice in an age—even agrarian murders have been of such rare occurrence in Ireland during the last few years, that the judges of the land have, so far as trials for murder were concerned, held an almost continual holiday on their various circuits. The reverse, however, of this state of things exists on the other side of the Channel, and whilst cases of crime—murder especially—are almost unheard of in Ireland, they are of daily, nay, hourly occurrence in England. But what is more fearful and alarming still, the perpetrators of a large proportion of the crimes committed remain undiscovered, notwithstanding the numerous police force, with all the other means and appliances of detection at the command of the administrators of justice in England. Within the last month, for instance, no less than three of the most atrocious murders on record are known to have been committed, without a clue having yet been discovered to lead to the detection and punishment of the miscreants by whose hands the unhappy victims were sacrificed.—*Dublin Telegraph*.

The revivals in Scotland are becoming blasphemous farces. The *Dundee Argus*, (a Presbyterian paper), gives the following "wind-up" of one of those melancholy scenes at the Corn Exchange of that town on Sunday evening:—"And what followed after the great hulk of the people had separated was more calculated to awaken disgust in the minds of all sensible religionists, than to extend the usefulness of the movement. Those who remained numbered from 200 to 300 individuals, and were, with the exception of a mere fractional part, young men and women. The time of 'I love Jesus' was common to the Methodist meeting-houses, and the singers wearing that serio-comic expression of countenance which plainly indicated feelings working, without directly opposed to the work in which they were engaged. The gentlemen who had presided upon the platform were not to be seen, with the exception of two, who appeared to relish the performance mightily. Possibly the others had anticipated the quality of the after exhibition, and had wisely retired. After the singing an address was presented, throughout the delivery of which the speaker had frequently to appease the fidgetiness of the audience by assuring them that he was 'right to a close.' Benediction again pronounced, the audience rose and anew commenced the before mentioned air, after the same half serious, half-comic manner, and 'slowly and solemnly' marching along the aisles, continued singing till the whole had reached the street. While the people were retiring an unmistakable giggle was apparent upon the features of at least three-fourths of the people, many of the worshippers now and then suddenly ceasing their counterfeit song of praise, and giving vent to an evidently uncontrollable burst of laughter which had taken possession of them. A scene nearly similar to the above took place on Sunday evening here in the Victoria Theatre, where a 'converted miner,' Richard Weaver, formerly known in the prize-ring as 'Undaunted Dick,' preached a most extraordinary sermon under the auspices of the eccentric and Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noels. Psalms were sung to Polka tunes, and hymns to some of the very lightest of bacchanalian songs—a system which seemed to please the crowded and not over-sober audience amazingly. Alas for such religion!

A new mode of dispersing mobs has lately been discovered, and it is said to act "like a charm." The mode is to pass round a contribution box.