

Judgment on the application to admit the State Prisoners now in the jails of Cork and Kerry to bail was delivered in the Court of Queen's Bench on Wednesday, and it amounts to this—that the prisoners are to remain in the dungeons until the next assizes. Thus are those young men to undergo previous to trial an imprisonment extending from the commencement of last December up to some time in the coming August. This is as it was expected to be. From the vindictive manner in which those proceedings were conducted from the first, it was easy to foresee that there would be no relaxation even for an instant of any severity against the prisoners which it was in the power of the Crown to exercise. The English garrison in Ireland will do its worst in all cases where its existence is supposed to be menaced. That fact is patent. We doubt, however, that it will terrify the Irish people—a people who have braved something more than the penalties of "Treason-felony" for devotion to their native land—it will not terrify men whose forefathers went unflinchingly—proudly—gladly, to the battle-field, to the block and the gibbet for the cause of Ireland. Thus runs the lesson taught to Irishmen by the Phoenix prosecution—"All you who are dissatisfied with the rule of England over Ireland, but who fear to encounter the legal machinery England has prepared for persons who dare manifest such feelings—Stand aside! and keep your own peace; eat, if you can find where-withal, and sleep, and eat and sleep again; and so let your lives wear away in tranquillity; but do not venture to shake the nerves of the English government by offering any objection to its supremacy in Ireland. All you Irishmen who would shrivel up with terror before the oratorical battery of England's Attorney-General for Ireland, who would be awestruck by a sight of the wigs of England's judges, who would be astonished at the sight of a cold-blooded perjurer in English pay, who would quail before a well packed jury, who would be struck with grief and repentance if sentenced to death or exile for the "crime" of seeking liberty for your native land—that "crime" for which the world honours Washington, and sings of William Tell and Hofer—that "crime" for which Ireland cherishes the memory of Tone, Emmett, and Fitzgerald—Stand aside! For should you dare to commit so great an offence against the majesty of the English people, such awful sights as may meet your eye, such terrible things may befall you! We do not think the prisoners whom the Crown is so careful to keep in confinement are such men. If they set deliberately about the commission of that great "crime," probably they calculated the risk, and took it, and their country will know what to think of them; if, on the other hand, they did not contemplate it, and are wholly innocent of the offence, the country will in that case too know how to appreciate the late proceedings. In either case their fate, in all human probability, is decided. No one in Ireland can now entertain a doubt as to what will be the issue of the proceedings against them. They pass forthwith from amongst the passive herd of English-governed Irishmen, and take their places in the long succession of brave men who have suffered for Ireland. They ask no pity from their fellow-countrymen, and no cowardly wail should be raised over them.

"Wake them not with woman's cries,  
Mourn the way that manhood ought,  
Sit in silent trance of thought."

James M'Conn, the schoolmaster of Duudalk Jail, was on Friday committed for trial at the summer assizes, on an alleged charge of having a copy of the Ribbon oath in his possession. He was admitted to bail.

GREAT FIRE IN BELFAST.—On Sunday morning the premises of Messrs. Dobbin and Co., North-street, were discovered to be on fire, and as the contents of the warehouse consisted of oils, drugs, &c., the flames spread with rapidity. The manner in which the fire originated cannot be accounted for. The amount of property consumed is said to be between £6,000 and £7,000 worth, all of which is fully covered by insurances.

OUR DUTIES.—In England there is a cry for a citizen soldiery and a general arming of the people. Rifle clubs in every town and village are recommended, and as much in the way of training and drilling as the present defective state of the law will permit. The Times is loud on the subject, and the whole press of England is of one mind as to the propriety of an immediate popular armament. Letters are making their appearance in all the papers suggesting and advising various modes of raising and arming volunteer corps. A writer signing "The Horn of Chace" proposes regiments of hussars, armed with sabres and revolvers, another writer proposes rifle clubs in each parish or township; having regular practice on stated days, and giving prizes to the best marksmen. The Spectator says the elite of the population should be armed and trained, and the volunteers so raised should be made a permanent institution of the country; the Liverpool Albion advocates the formation of rifle club without loss of time, and says that fortunately there is a nucleus in Liverpool with which to start. "The few gentlemen," says the Albion, "who have for some time been enrolled under the title of the Liverpool Volunteer Corps, and whose efficiency has been endorsed by military opinion, are entitled to the thanks of the public for the good example they have set." At Birkbead a circular, calling on the people to form a rifle club is being extensively signed. The parties, whose names are affixed to the document, declare that they feel "deeply sensible that the time has arrived when individual efforts are absolutely necessary to be exerted, as well as Government measures, for the defence, if not the actual safety of the country." And they further say:—"Without entering into the subject whether the existing state of continental Europe is such as to warrant our preparing ourselves for the worst, we would respectfully submit that the use of the rifle as a weapon of defence has been notoriously neglected by Englishmen, and while every adult of every nation in Europe has been trained to the use of arms, we are most deplorably ignorant of their use, and consequently would be placed at a great disadvantage if obliged to defend our home from an invading foe. But, supposing no higher object is in view than the manly, healthful, and amusing exercise of the rifle practice, we trust this appeal will meet with a ready response, so that this our Wirral Rifle Club may soon muster its 300 members." So all through England runs the resolve to prepare for that day of danger, which all believe to be near at hand. Is Ireland, in this great crisis to remain supine and unconcerned? Are not Irish interests too at stake in such a time as this? Are the lives and properties of Englishmen, the honor of their families, and the independence of their country more dear to them than similar considerations are to the people of Ireland? Have our people been dragged with any villainous compound that they should only dream and sleep, or rub their eyes, and look on like idiots, while every nation around them resounds with the bustle of prudent preparation, or glows with energetic action? Are there in Ireland men capable of standing forward to defend their own homes and families, or are there only a crowd of cowardly, cold-hearted creatures, who must leave that work to be done by such English militia regiments as England may please to spare for such a purpose? Men of course there are, yielding to none in manly spirit, inferior to none in their sense of national honor, second to none in their love and reverence for all that patriots and Christians hold sacred—men who will not abandon their manly rights or abdicate that post of honor which they should occupy to Englishmen, sent amongst them by the English Government, and having no interest in this country or its affairs further than the earning of their hire from their English employers. Those men have no duties to perform, duties which they cannot neglect for a day with credit to their own character. The first of these, according to the unmistakable pro-

nouncement of public opinion is, to arm—to procure good weapons, learn to use them, and keep them for purposes of national defence. The gross stupidity, and the cowardly policy of our rulers have led them to throw every possible obstacle in the way of popular armament, even in England; and the effect is that they have to-day for subjects—speaking from a military point of view—the most ignorant, awkward, and cowardly lot of people in the civilized world. A squad of French or Prussian schoolboys would clear any field of twice their number of whiskered subjects of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria in a very short space of time, and it will be long, even supposing the English government now to commence an endeavour to correct its mistake, ere anything approaching to a military spirit can be awakened in the hearts of the grubbing, plodding, manufacturing people of England. In Ireland the restrictions placed in the way of military knowledge and military practices have been still more stringent, but they have not produced the same effect. Every one knows that even the most trifling approach to anything like military marching in Ireland is looked on with suspicion by the English authorities, and often prevented. It is but a few weeks since a number of children who used to amuse themselves by walking together—for we cannot call it "marching," in as much as they made no attempt to "keep the step"—in the vicinity of this city, playing on a tin whistle and beating the remains of some old kitchen utensil to serve the part of a drum, had their proceedings gravely reported to the Castle, and received from the officials of the government a caution to discontinue the practice on pain of prosecution! Nevertheless the spirit of our people is essentially military, and a defensive army might be raised and brought to a state of efficiency in this country in a shorter space of time than that in which a like work could be accomplished in any other country similarly circumstanced. Now all authorities agree in stating that the time has arrived when the people of these countries should put themselves in a position of defence, and, therefore, we call upon our countrymen to do, and do quickly, as much as they can legally do, towards that object. They cannot—until the law is altered—train and drill, but, except in a few districts which are under proclamation, they can procure arms, and, individually, learn the way to use them; and in all parts of Ireland people are at full liberty to procure and make themselves acquainted with military books. These things should be done without delay. Where the law permits it, no man, at least no house, and particularly no father's house, should be without a serviceable fire-arm, but persons who cannot procure such a weapon on account of its cost, should supply themselves with some other that will be within their means. This, in the present position of affairs, is a duty which they cannot neglect unless at their great peril.—Nation.

We have to-day, says the Galway Vindicator of 5th inst., the melancholy duty of announcing the act of self-destruction by an unfortunate plover named John Coyne, who for the last ten years had abandoned his faith, and became, for a consideration, infinitely less than that received by Judas Iscariot, the emissary of superstition into the Irish Church Missionary Society. The wretched man on Wednesday shot himself with a double-barrelled pistol upon a heap of stones in the ruins of an old forge, at Bushy-park, about two miles from Galway. An inquest was held on his body next day, and a verdict of "accidental death" returned. The following letter was found by the Police-constable on the person of the deceased, and was read by him in his evidence before the Coroner at the inquest:—"Rev. Sir—Once more I embrace this present and most favorable opportunity of addressing your reverence with these few lines, hoping that your reverence might agree to my request, which is, to give me as much money as will bring me to England. I intend to go this afternoon, and I have not as much as one shilling to bring me. As for striving to get on the Irish Church Mission again, I do not want to get on, and during the period that I have spent on the Irish Church Mission, I was kept on a most miserable salary; still I might pull on for some time only for Mr. Ryder, who is the cause of my destruction. I am sure I have said a good deal on that matter before, so that I need scarcely remark that Mr. Ryder made a real infidel of me, and I came to the conclusion that he is one himself, from all the persecution I have suffered from him since I had the misfortune of coming under him. Your reverence said to me on Saturday that you did not forward the note I sent you to Dublin to Mr. Eade. I am sorry for not doing so, but still I have full time to write to the Rev. Mr. Eade concerning the matter. I went to some rounds about the house that I am in at present in getting a room there which was ten shillings out of my pocket. My mother also brought thirty shillings from me, so that I am left in a poor condition, so that if your reverence will favor me so far as to give me as much as will bring me out of Errismore, it would be a favor to me. As for striving to get on the Mission again, if I could get it back I would not take it, for I am on the mission this six years and a-half, and during half that term half starved and not able to support myself, so that I have no advantage by being on the Mission, no more than to turn myself to some other work. I was better off when I was an Irish teacher at 12s. a month. No more at present, but hoping that your reverence will give me something to bring me away, I am, your humble and most obedient servant.

"JOHN COYNE, Errismore, Daily Hill  
(Signed) THOMAS HANSLAN, Constable."

THE CORMACK SISTERS.—Our readers remember the case of the unfortunate Cormacks, who were unjustly hanged for the murder of Ellis. Their sisters have been left destitute. A correspondent of the Tipperary Advocate writes:—"I am glad to be able to inform you that a subscription has been at length set on foot here in behalf of the sisters of the ill-fated brothers Cormack, and with the view of enabling them to emigrate to America, to a still surviving brother and sister, that have been for some time settled there.—Ever since the melancholy death of their brothers, it was intended that such subscription should be raised for them, but as long as there remained any hope of obtaining an investigation into the foul and execrable means whereby the legal murder of those doomed men had been accomplished, it was thought well to defer it, in the hope that they might be afforded the consolation of seeing their brothers' memory redeemed from the foul stain of murder cast upon it by the verdict of a packed jury at Nenagh, and the late actors in that terrible drama exposed and punished. All hope of an investigation would seem now to be abandoned on every side, and it is time, therefore, that something should be done for these poor, broken-hearted, and desolate sisters. Immediately after the execution of their brothers, their house was razed to the ground, as if to erase every vestige of their memory from the land, and they, the sisters, were obliged to take refuge in some of the wretched hovels in the suburbs of our town, where, sorrow-stricken and oppressed, they have been endeavoring to eke out a miserable existence ever since. And were it not for the kind encouragement and assistance given them by the good nuns of the Presentation Convent, aided by the charity of the priests and people of the town, their faith should have been wretched indeed. Their case, therefore, is a hard and truly painful one, and it is hoped they shall not now appeal in vain to the charity of a sympathizing public.

WRECK IN DUNDALK BAY.—The French Chasmeare Bonellis, bound for Belfast from Bayonne, with Indian corn, was driven ashore in our bay on Wednesday evening, close to where the wreck of the Mary Stoddart, wrecked in April, 1858, lies. The crew took to the rigging, where they were lashed when passed by the Earl of Erne steamer, they refusing to quit the wreck. About eight o'clock Mr. Henry M'Dermot, managing clerk to the United States Vice Consul, accompanied by another clerk, a young Frenchman, Henri Renaud, also in Mr. Caraher's employment, and four Blackrock fishermen, namely, John

Mathews, Patrick McKeon, Patrick Smith, and Francis Prendergast, put off in a yawl from the Blackrock, in the midst of the gale, and succeeded in taking the crew, consisting of the master, two sailors, and two small boys ashore in an exhausted state, the boatmen having to carry them in their arms to place them in Mr. Caraher's car, which was in attendance to convey them to a place of warmth in Mr. Carroll's public-house, where they were carried during the night. On Thursday they were removed to Mr. Caraher's business house on recovering their strength. The small boys were nearly dead when taken ashore, and one of them is still very much swollen in the hands and feet. Mr. Carvill, the newly appointed French Consular Agent, arrived in Duudalk yesterday and will of course, take charge of the crew. The vessel still holds together, there being three feet of water in the hold. Messrs. Caraher and Co. have placed a watchman on the wreck. If the weather moderates the vessel, it is hoped, will get off after being lightened. The brave fellows that rescued the crew at the peril of their own lives, there being eleven people in the small yawl, besides the trunks, luggage, &c., of the poor Frenchmen, deserve the greatest praise. The poor little French boys actually kissed the boat on being placed ashore.—Duudalk Advertiser.

Loss by the POMONA.—The Pomona, Captain Merrybaw, left Liverpool on Wednesday morning last at 5 a.m., for New York, with a crew of forty men and three hundred and ninety-seven passengers, chiefly third class. There were thirty-four children and seven infants. She got away with a fair wind. At 4 p.m., she passed Holyhead. Many of the passengers and a portion of the crew retired to their berths early, but a large number, more cheerfully inclined, congregated together, and sang and danced to the music of a fiddle and a pipe. At midnight the wind increased, and the ship lay to under close reefed topsails. A revolving light was made supposed to be Tuskar, and the ship was squared away on a westerly course. Very soon afterwards the vessel struck on what proved to be Blackwater Bank, and the sea made a complete breach over her. About ten on Thursday morning, the fore and main masts were cut away, the ship rolling heavily at the time. Two boats were got out but they were soon swamped.—About 1 p.m., she washed over the bank, when the best bower anchor was let go, but it was found she was sinking fast. At 1:30 p.m., the long-boat was got out, into which the cook, steward, boatswain, and three others scrambled; she upset, and four of them were drowned. The third mate (who has furnished the above account, fifteen of the crew, and three passengers (Lees, Reilly, and Taylor) left the ship at 2:30 p.m., in the whole boat, and landed near Blackwater. The remainder were all drowned, when the ship went down at her anchors. A long account of the catastrophe is contained in the Wexford Constitution of Saturday. It states that the ship went on the bank some seven miles off Ballyconigar. The passengers, half clothed, ran on deck. A wild scene of horror ensued, but the crew obeyed the captain, some degree of order was restored, and the pumps were manned. The gale continued to increase. In the course of the morning an attempt was made to launch the life-boats, but they were stove in and their crews drowned. In this fearful state of suspense they remained till toward evening, when the ship, which had till then remained firm on the bank, slipped off by the stern into deep water, and commenced rapidly to fill. The whole-boat was then launched, and a number of the crew and passengers rushed into her. The captain in the hope of being again driven on the bank, let go the best bower anchor, but all his exertions were fruitless, and though more than forty men were working at the pumps, the water gained upon them so fast that in less than an hour she sank. The captain and first and second mates remained on the sinking ship, the only officer in the boat being the third mate, Stephen Kelly, who succeeded in reaching the shore, in company with eighteen others of the crew, and three passengers, five being washed out in their passage from the vessel. In the meantime the intelligence of the dangerous situation of the vessel had been brought to Wexford by some of the coastguards, and steps were immediately taken by the collector of customs to render assistance. For this purpose a steaming tug was kept ready for many hours, but it was not till daylight on Friday morning that the wind moderated sufficiently to admit of her leaving the river, and then it was too late. Little of the wreck was to be seen when the steamer arrived at the spot, only the mizzenmast being above water. From this was taken the colors, which were lying when the vessel went down, the last sad memento of the departed. On visiting the shore in the neighborhood of the wreck at a later hour on Friday, nothing whatever was to be seen of the vessel, very little of which was washed ashore. On the beach at Ballyconigar, however, were found the lifeless remains of several of the unfortunate passengers, which were removed to the boat-house near there to await an inquest. Among those saved there are only three passengers; and of the seamen preserved there are several who are Irish, a number of the crew being natives of that country. The cabin passengers, all of whom were lost, were Mrs. Paxton, son and daughter, Mr. Montgomery of Waterloo road, Liverpool, Mr. Fox of New York, and Mrs. Hicks. We were informed on Saturday by a gentleman, Mr. Allen from Wexford, that when the vessel sank, the shrieks of those on board could be heard on the main land.—London News, May 4.

An inquisition was held on Saturday by John Thomas Brynrigg Esq., coroner, on the body of a female, lying in the boat-house at Ballyconigar. The Coroner proceeded to examine the several witnesses, who proved that the vessel was described on Blackwater Bank about five or six o'clock on Thursday morning, 28th inst., distant nine miles east, or thereabouts, the wind blowing E.S.E., with strong gales, and occasional showers. The density of the atmosphere sometimes hid the vessel from view. The body of the female under inquiry was found some time previous to the discovery of the vessel. It was observed from shore that the vessel's masts were cut away about eight, a.m. Large numbers of people were assembled on the beach, but any attempt to launch a boat would have been unavailing, about two or three o'clock the boats were despatched making for the shore, which were watched with the most earnest concern by those on the beach, and which providentially—indeed almost miraculously—succeeded in reaching it, where prompt assistance was rendered to those who were so fortunate as to escape from the destruction which seemed almost inevitable. One of the boats arrived before the other, and landed twenty-one men, of whom, seventeen were seamen and the remainder emigrants. They departed instantaneously except one man, who waited to see the result of the other boat, as it had just overset, and of six persons which it contained four sank, and the remaining two struck out for the shore, which they succeeded in reaching, though almost exhausted. The last boat had its side much fractured in launching but the leaks were stopped by blankets and the water bailed out with cans. One of the witnesses deposed that many of the seamen had their faces mutilated, that they had blackened eyes, and that traces of blood were visible on the clothes of one. Of the two who were saved from the overset boat, one was the boatswain, and the other an ordinary seaman. The following is the narrative related by Philip Mulcahey passengers' cook:—He deposed that he left Waterford on Friday, the 22d inst., for Liverpool, and there succeeded in obtaining an appointment as passengers' cook on board the emigrant ship Pomona, 1,400 tons, Charles Merrybaw, master, bound for New York, having on board a general cargo and 372 emigrants, and the crew consisting of thirty-three sailors, two mates, a doctor, two stewards, and a carpenter. They sailed at one o'clock on Wednesday, the 27th, and the captain remarked from the wind being so favourable "that they would reach New York in seventeen or eighteen days." The wind was blowing high on Wednesday night. He (witness)

was compelled to retire out of the galley to avoid the spray which was dashing in, and to seek shelter at the stem of the ship, and was there about one hour when the ship struck, and a quantity of ropes, loose chains, &c., were hung upon him by the rolling of the vessel, but she again righting, these were thrown off, and he escaped uninjured, and repaired to his hammock, where he remained about two hours, and at four o'clock on Thursday morning returned on deck, being disturbed by the raking of the vessel.—As soon as he came on deck he heard the captain say to the chief mate, "the ship is lost." He (witness) then descended into the storeroom, where the passengers, who now seemed aware of their perilous situation, were in a state of indescribable terror. He sought to encourage them, and held out hopes in which himself could not participate. He immediately re-ascended on deck, accompanied by some of the passengers, who, acting from his orders, repaired to the pumps. Many of the female passengers came on deck, while the greater part remained below, awaiting in dreadful anxiety the melancholy fate which stared them in the face. The weather stars were cut on one side, as also two masts, which went overboard. The ship was at this time making water fast. A boat was next lowered, containing the name of the ship, expecting to attract the notice of any passing vessel. Some of the sailors were employed in "canting over" a fragment of the mast, and witness, going to their assistance, and three of his fingers broken by the timber. The captain continued to issue orders to the crew, who were prompt in obeying them. The captain preserved great calmness, but the chief mate seemed desirous of abandoning the vessel. At this time witness heard that a boat containing six sailors had put off for the shore. He continued to work at the pumps till about eleven o'clock, when he noticed the crew launching another boat. Witness listened to their assistance, and leaped second into her. Soon as the crew entered the boat they pushed her out with an oar to prevent any others from entering—the butlocks being then crowded with passengers, half stifled with fear, from the impending danger—from the inevitable ruin which awaited them. No sympathy was dealt out by the crew, who seemed concerned for themselves alone. This last boat had not long put off when the vessel with all on board sank into the yawning abyss, which opened its gaping jaws to swallow the multitude of poor creatures, whose feelings at this moment can be better imagined than described.—Little more requires to be told. Mulcahey landed safely, where he was welcomed with true Irish hospitality, and received amidst a sunshine of smiles and an ocean of tears—smiles for the deliverance of those who effected their escape, and tears—tears of genuine and heartfelt sorrow—for the fate of those who were left on board. Mulcahey is a native of Farnham, near Cappoquin. Soon as his deposition was taken, a subscription was set on foot by a humane and benevolent gentleman, Dr. Carten, who attended as Admiralty agent, and before leaving he received a liberal donation from the gentlemen present, which exhibited the sympathy which was entertained for the poor sufferer. After having examined five witnesses, the coroner addressed the jury, who after due deliberation returned the following verdict:—"That the deceased female, No. 1, now lying dead in the boat-house at Ballyconigar, came by her death by drowning. We are of opinion that she was a passenger from the emigrant ship Pomona, that was wrecked on Blackwater Bank, on Thursday, 28th instant. In recording this verdict we must express surprise that with a most favourable wind and tolerable weather that this ship should have gone so much out of her course. We have no proof of drunkenness, but most heartily we condemn that portion of the crew which deserted their passengers, occupying the boats to the exclusion of women and children. We respectfully call for a further inquiry by the Lords of the Admiralty, and recommend in future that seamen surviving the loss of their ship ought to be detained until due inquiry be made into the particulars of the case."—Wexford Independent.

GREAT BRITAIN

Government appears to be taking proper measures; and Mr. Disraeli very patriotically informs the Emperors of France and Russia that, while they will probably be bankrupt in the third year of a war, we shall be able to go on merrily for 20 years, and leave off with an appetite. With equal good sense, he lets them know that we are not simply a European race, or a European Power, or simply the member of an old and wide-bound world. We belong to the New World as well as the Old; and whatever Time takes from us in the Old World he gives us in the New.—Suppose a war such as the last; suppose it is as long; at the end of twenty years we are the chief of a mighty American and Australian Confederation.—Mr. Disraeli throws out these very suggestive hints for Imperial ruminations. We thank him for doing so, though we think he has damaged his good advice by the value he sets upon Colonial Confederations. At all events, he has damaged his consistency, for it sounds very like a gratuitous insult to those very peaceable and inoffensive members of society, the Emperors of Russia and of France, to tell them we are prepared to fight them twenty years running, though they cannot last three, all the time that the very idea of a quarrel, Mr. Disraeli says, is a Stock-Exchange of the Evening Mail.—Times.

For the last two centuries we have, on an average, been at war one year out of every two. We have considerable results to show for it. Banners in a few great churches, and eight hundred millions of debt. After all we much doubt whether the map of Europe would have been materially different, if we had never meddled at all. Like most other evils, this interference in continental affairs has been a direct result of our Protestantism. William of Orange owed his throne to the Protestantism of England, and to William of Orange England owes this fatal delusion.—Henceforth let us renounce it. Let Queen Victoria be not a first class European sovereign, but *ultra orbis Oceanum*. We have an illustration of the possibility of such a position in the United States. What distance has done for them, our insular position, supported by a fleet and by internal strength will if we please, do for England.—Weekly Register.

YORK MINSTER.—We are a Protestant people, and have a secret, uneasy conviction that painted windows and traceried capitals are inventions of the Scarlet Lady. So, abiding in Salems and in Bethels, we give up our beautiful cathedrals to the obscene influence of vergerdom. There is nothing more melancholy indeed than to observe such a building as York Minster, once glowing with a lively faith (such as it was), and crowded with worshippers, now lying waste and empty, and at the best but a rare show. In vain have we endeavored to detect any where about its precincts those "drowsy felicities" of which Mr. Ruskin speaks as being some among the results and the compensations of a modern cathedral establishment. There is the drowsiness indeed, but nowhere the felicity, unless we are to include in that term the sordid delight of a hungry verger over the abstracted siphon. The noble pile, the patient labor of centuries, which was the centre and object of many a good man's faith, and the product of the best art of a province—the cathedral of which Roger the Good laid the crypt, and Archbishop Thoresby built the choir, Archbishop Melton the nave, to which the Percies gave the wood, and the Vassors the stone, and every good citizen and Yorkshireman contributed something, if only an honest prayer or a pious ejaculation—the minster, like all his brethren, exists solely for a show and a means of aims—the solemn, grandest, pitiablest of shams.—Westminster Review.

The death of the Duke of Leeds is announced in all the papers of Friday. They abstain from adding, what we are happy to be in a position to state, that he died in full communion with the Catholic Church, to which he was lately admitted by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Beverley.—Weekly Register.

The Parliamentary elections were nearly concluded. The Times foits up the returns, showing a Ministerial gain of only 19. The Herald claims 28.

The aggregate of all the vessels of war now in course of construction at the several English ports is twenty-seven, mounting in all 1,574 guns, and 15,010 horse power.

We understand that the Government have issued an order for 60,000 rifles and 60,000 bayonets.—Chronicle.

NOT AT ALL PARTICULAR.—At Ipswich, lately, the Church carried off, for church-rates, a set of dish-covers and a table out of the kitchen. At Blandford, she possessed herself of two carts; and at Bishop Auckland, of a cart-horse and waggon. At Hook Norton, she regaled herself with beans and bacon, besides putting her hand into a shopkeeper's till.—The Liberator.

PROTESTANT SLANDERS.—There exists a certain society, framed expressly to counteract the work of the Oratory of St. Philip, which, by calling to the subject the attention of the neighbourhood, it has, we believe, materially promoted. These worthy gentlemen held a public meeting a few days back, and expressed extreme soreness because the Oratorian Fathers refused to controvert with them, or in any way notice them more or less. The chair was taken by Mr. Colquhoun, who explained that "popery" was the cause of the present war. Major Powys loudly complained that collections were not made in Catholic churches toward the funds of his "Central Association for the Wives and Children of Soldiers." Our readers will not have forgotten the detailed statements which we have given of the misappropriation of that fund under the direct connivance of the Major himself.—Neither, we will be bound to say, has he; for a zealous Catholic had our article reprinted in a separate form, and distributed it at the door of the Orphan Asylum at Hampstead, of whose board of management the Major is chairman and absolute dictator, on the day of the solemn opening of the Asylum by the Prince Consort. That article contained in detail charges as unpleasant as were ever made against a British officer, but Major Powys thought it more prudent to let them pass in silence. After this, most men would have held their tongue on that subject, but Major Powys snatches the first opportunity of calling attention from a public platform to the fact that collections were not made in the Catholic churches in support of that very fund. Some men's courage is of a peculiar kind—wonderfully daring with regard to infamy, whether or not it may be as to danger. Major Powys is readily entitled to a Victoria Cross. And yet he was eclipsed by a subsequent speaker, Mr. Weldon, who calls himself Reverend. The rank of the American practices secures itself from attack by its insupportable stench, and Mr. Weldon's inventions are so filthy that respectable men cannot expose their falsehood. On this occasion he related a fiction which, if it were not too filthy to be repeated, we could from circumstances show to be not only false, but impossible. He charges one of the Oratorian Fathers with crimes which even the law of England would most severely punish; proof of which he professed to have in his own letters, but protecting himself from prosecution by avoiding names. This poor creature probably belongs to the class condemned by the foolishness of their own imaginations to the alternative of filthy words, or total silence, and to whom at the same time silence is impossible. They are reduced by their own fault to the condition of the poor girl from whose mouth fell a viper and a toad, every time it was opened. The only use such men can do their kind is to afford an awful warning of the possible degradation of human nature. But there is another person responsible for all this defamation and filthiness, whose conduct is of more consequence than that of a poor creature like this Weldon. By the special favour of the Duke of Wellington, it was delivered in his Grand Academy school. Now, this noble Duke ought to be aware that his position is peculiar. His it ever occurred to him that he is a Duke and a Knight of the Garter, endowed with princely revenues, and we know not how many honors, not for his own services, but for those of another? For our part we have always felt the second holder of such a title as his to be a real object of commiseration. In a few generations it will be different. A few dukes like the second will effectually dissipate the tulo of glory which was cast around it by the first, and any disgraceful example may sound as natural in a Duke of Wellington as it does in a Duke of Marlborough. A peak of dirt most likely will be thrown upon a great name sooner or later, but it had better not all be thrown at once.—The present holder may be unable to rival the exploits of his father but it is not too much to ask that he should behave a little like a gentleman. *Melton's oblige*,—and the Duke of Wellington should not take himself and his palace a nuisance by offering it as a field for Weldon to publish filthily calumnies against men who (to say nothing of their higher claims to reverence), are at least as good gentlemen as his grace, and who have the misfortune to be his neighbours.—Weekly Register.

England, happily, while praying and labouring for peace, and taking even too hopeful a view of European affairs, has not wholly omitted the steps necessary to make her intervention respectable. We are too well aware that occasions might arise when not only honor, but safety itself, would be at stake. What those occasions are it is needless to describe, for no man in his senses would neglect the means of self-defence if the whole neighborhood were in arms. For several years successive Governments, while at variance on most points of home policy, have agreed on the necessity of keeping up all our defences, and even steadily augmenting them.—That forethought has been too well justified by the present deplorable outbreak of long-smothered hostilities. It is now necessary, every sane Englishman must feel, to proceed more vigorously and unreservedly in the work of preparation. No time should be lost, no money should be spared, no punctilio should be allowed to interfere. The surface of European society has been undermined with secret treaties and private understandings, and we know not where the treacherous soil may not sink beneath our feet, wherever we turn. The British public, then, will rejoice to hear that on Saturday a Royal Proclamation was issued, offering a bounty of £10 to able seamen willing to enter Her Majesty's service, with the intention of recruiting ten thousand additional seamen. Steps have already been taken to urge this appeal with personal explanations, not only in the quarters frequented by sailors in the eastern parts of this metropolis, but also in Liverpool and other great ports, through the agency of the officers for the registration of seamen. As the engagement is now for a very moderate period, and the service may now be called comfortable, healthy, and even profitable, compared with most others open to this class of men, we can hardly doubt that the invitation will be responded to. At first sight the persons to object are merchants and shipowners, threatened with the withdrawal of seamen from the mercantile service to that of the Queen. But we beg to suggest to them that their property will be the first to suffer in the event of a war; that nothing will contribute to peace so much as the naval supremacy of this country; and that the success of our means for the protection of our shipping is an element in the calculation of every underwriter. The instant it appears that our ships of war are not numerous enough, or sufficiently well manned, to do the police of the seas and keep the enemy in their ports, the penalty will fall upon the British trader in the shape of enormous premiums for insurance. No doubt, a high bounty is open to objection, as, indeed, are most of the measures necessary under the pressure or the apprehension of war. As in the case of the Militia, though in a less degree, it may lead to a certain amount of fraud, and occasionally to the admission of men not worth the money; but men we must have, and it is best to name at once the price to which we are ready to go.—Times.