sickly children frequently die. The sole of the foot was now curved into the shape of a bow; the great toe and the heel being brought together as near as possible. Take a jujube and double it till two points of the lozenge nearly meet, and you will see what I mean. This is done very gradually. The bandage is never slackened—month by month it is drawn tighter—the foot inflames and swells, but the tender mamma perseveres—as the bones and tendons accommodate themselves to the position constrained by the bandage so it is drawn tighter. At last the ball of the natural foot fits into the hollow of the sole, the root of the great toe is brought into contact with the heel. The foot is a shapeless lump. The instep is where the ankle was, and all that is left to go into the slipper and to tread the ground is the ball of the great toe and the heel. This is the small foot of the Chinese woman—a bit of toe and a bit of heel, with a mark, like a cicatrice left after a huge cut, running up between them. Two of the girls were yet suffering great pain, and their feet were hot and inflamed, but in the eldest the operation was complete. She had attained to the position of a small-footed woman, and her feet were quite cool, had no corns, and were not tender to the touch. One of the mammas, influenced perhaps by a little liberality in the article of rice money, intrusted me with a Chinese *mystere de toilette*. Sometimes, it seems, when a woman is expected to have to do hard work, her toe and heel are not drawn so tightly together as to produce the true "small foot." To disguise this imperfection upon her marriage day she has recourse to art. A piece of cork, shaped like an inverted sugar-loaf, is strapped on to her foot, and the small part goes into her slipper and passes for her foot. Thus are we poor men deceived! While we are gossipping about small feet the old lady's burial procession comes to an end. It would be hissed at Astley's, and would be regarded with blank astonishment at the Princess's, but it is very successful at Shanghai. The opium broker has done his duty as a good son. If he keeps his two years of mourning properly, and if none of his wives should commit the indiscretion of having a child within two years, commencing from nine months after this time (for the present Emperor is supposed to owe all his misfortunes to an unfortunate accident of this sort), he will be esteemed a very respectable man for evermore.

The Bund resumes its normal state, and the "Ah ho's" are again in full chorus. What shall we do next? It is half-half 1 o'clock, tiffin time at Shanghai. You have made your calls on arriving here, and your cards have been duly returned, so you are free to go and come at tiffin time in all their hospitable hongs. No lack of good dishes or of pleasant iced drinks at a Shanghai tiffin. Where the junior partner, with his *emyloyes* of silk inspector, and tea-taster, and book-keeper and clerks, holds a separate mess, the allowance from the house to that mess is never less than 50 Shanghai dollars per month per head, or something more than £200 a-year to each *emyloye* for the table alone. We may enter boldly. There is no chance of finding people making shifts with small commons in China. There is a great charm in European society at all the ports. Everybody is able, and is, indeed, obliged to have a lordly indifference to expense. They cannot control it, and they must let it go. There is no struggling and contriving to keep up appearances. The profits are large and the expenditure is great—*laissez aller*.

Tiffin, however, is a bad habit, if we can keep out of it. Let us rather stroll towards the city and trust to chance for a light lunch. "A'Lin, get a Coolie and follow us with some dollars and some cash"—the rascal wouldn't carry a string of copper cash himself to save his father's tail. It is a long stretch from the English settlement to the Chinese city. We must pass through the French concession in front of Mr. Conolly's hong, wherein that gentleman, with exaggerated Shanghai hospitality, has just taken in a distressed Singapore tiger, whose roaring attracts a crowd of Chinese around his gates. A Chinese city is no novelty to us who have journeyed together through so many of them; but a festival day always has some objects of interest.—In Pekin the "Board of Rites" busies itself about many things; and among others it sets apart two days in every month as the days upon which alone marriages can take place. To-day is one of these days, and in consequence thereof several gorgeous palanquins, like miniature Lord Mayor's coaches taken off their wheels, and containing ladies all splendid in jewels and gold, are passing through the narrow streets. These ladies have jewelled crowns upon their heads, and veils of strings of pearls falling over their faces, and embroidered satin tunics, and fans of gold tissue. They are going, properly accompanied, to their new homes. One of them is just entering the house of a distiller with whom I have some acquaintance. We shall be welcome; let us go in. The house is decorated for the fete. It is hung with lanterns inside and out. The courtyard is full of relatives and hangers-on; and at the gate is the comprador, who receives the money offerings of the visitors; the principal room opening upon the courtyard is prepared for the feast. Lanterns are hung from the ceilings, a small joss house with candles and incense before it is at one end, and in the middle is the table on which stand the small basins of sauces and sliced shellfish, and goose flesh and sweetmeats, and cakes, which are the precursive appetizers to a Chinese dinner. The bridegroom (the son of the proprietor) is lounging on a chair in his shirt-sleeves smoking; the bride is gone up to her chamber, where she is sitting on her nuptial couch and receiving her guests. We may go up if we please, but it is less trouble to wait and look about us till she comes down. We crack a joke or two with the bridegroom, and he retires to put on his gorgeous array, and then the bride appears followed by her retinue of bridesmaids, and escorted by an old woman, the go-between who has made up the match. We present ourselves in due form, and the bride, who, in spite of her high crown and embroidered tunic and trousers, looks nervous and twitchy and slightly convulsive, just as she might if her name were Brown and if we had accosted her at the door of the vestry room of St. George's, Hanover-square, returns our salutation and would like to pass on. But such is not *selon les regles*. The duenna insists upon our admiring the beauty of the headdress and the thickness of the embroidered satin whereof her tunic is made; but, above all, she *will* pull up the trousers to exhibit the faultless proportions of the little feet.—They are marvellously small. A flea couldn't find room to hop in that slipper. "Chin, chin!" let us be off. There is another decorated dwelling on our way, but it is a cottage, and presents a different scene. Three men are drinking samshu at table, while the bride, dressed in her borrowed bravery, sits on a barrel in the most distant corner, alone and unnoticed. To-morrow and for ever more she will be a beast of burden. Perhaps, however, she will, in the fulness of time, create her own distractions. A few years may probably see a crowd of mangey brats, exhibiting every form and species of cutaneous complaint, fighting and yelling over their rice basins, and, aided by the mother's shrew voice and the grandmother's croak, making their neighborhood unbearable.

Such a family lived opposite to my bedroom window at Ningpo. From early cockcrow to sun-down the screams and shrill cries were unintermittent. The nuisance burst into being all on a sudden; but, I found on inquiry, that it had existed in its present aggravated form about two years before, and was then cured. After many vain remonstrances an English merchant complained to the Toutar. Next day the lord of the house was sent for to the Prefecture, and being suspended by the thumbs received 40 blows of the bamboo; he was then dismissed with a warning. When that respectable housekeeper returned disjointed and macerated to his dwelling he went in and shut his doors about him.—What happened in the bosom of that family no man may know; but thenceforth the rice was eaten inside the house, and the screams did not vibrate in the street. When I heard of this I thought I would try what a threat of the Toutar would do: so I sent my boy down with a message. He returned with the air of an envoy who has failed. "Well, what does the woman say?" "She talkee no care—last moon husband dead."

We must on, it is not pleasant to linger in the streets of a Chinese city. The porters jostle you, and the palanquins push you aside, and the smells assail you. The French Jesuit, to whom a compatriote applied to send her specimens of all the finest scents of China, rather exaggerated when he replied, "Alas! Madam, in China, there is but one scent, and that is not a perfume." There are many scents, but with the exception of the white blossom wherewith they scent their teas none of them are perfumes.

We bustle our way through the narrow streets. We pass the temples and the yamuns, unentered, for we have seen a hundred such before, and we reach the tea gardens of Shanghai city. These are worth a visit, for they are the best I have seen in China. A Chinese garden is usually about 20 yards square, but these cover an area of ten acres. It is an irregular figure flanked by rows of shops, rudely analogous to those of the Palais Royal. The area is traversed in all directions by broad canals of stagnant water, all grown over with green, and crossed by zigzag wooden bridges, of the willow pattern platemodel, sadly out of repair, and destitute of paint. Where the water is not, there are lumps of artificial rock-work, and large pavillion-shaped tea-rooms, perhaps 20 in number. Here self-heating kettles of gigantic proportions are always hissing and bubbling; and at the little tables the Chinese population are drinking tea, smoking, eating almond hardbake or pomegranates, playing dominoes, or arranging bargains. There are interstices also of vacant land, and these are occupied by jugglers and peepshow men. From the upper room of one of these teahouses we shall have a view of the whole scene, and A'Lin will order us a cup of tea and some cakes for lunch. The jugglers and gymnasts below are doing much the same kind of tricks which their brethren of England and France perform. M. Houdin and Mr. Anderson would find their equals among these less pretending wizards. I am told that those peep-shows which old men are looking into, and laughing, and which young boys are not prevented from seeing, contain representations of the grossest obscenity. Here is a ventriloquist who, attracted by our European costumes at the casement, has come up to perform.—"Give him a dollar, A'Lin, and tell him to begin." That dirty, half-clad wanderer would make another fortune for Barnum. He unfolds his pack, and constructs out of some curtains, and immediately a little vaudeville is heard in progress inside. Half a dozen voices in rapid dialogue, sounds, and movements, and cries of animals, and the clatter of falling articles, tell the action of the plot. The company from the tea-tables, who had gathered round, wag their tails with laughter, especially at the broadest sallies of humor, and at the most indecorous *denouements*. In truth, there is no difficulty, even to us, in comprehending what is supposed to be going on in that little room. The incidents are, indeed, somewhat of the broadest—not so bad as the scenes in our orthodox old English comedies, such as *The Custom of the Country*, for instance, or *The Conscious Lovers*; but still they are very minutely descriptive of facts not proper to be described. The man's talent, however, would gain him full audiences in Europe without the aid of grossness.

"Ho lai"—"fire, there." Shall we light a cheroot and stroll about? Don't make too sure, Mr. Bull, that the gentleman in the mandarin cap, who is holding you by the button and grinning in your face, is saying anything complimentary about you. In a journey up the country a fat Frenchman, who had equipped himself in an old mandarin coat, a huge pair of China boots, and a black wide-a-wake, was leaning upon a bamboo spear, while his boat was being drawn over one of those mud embankments, which serve the purpose of our locks. He also was very much flattered at the politeness of an old man who prostrated himself three times before him, and chin-chin-ed him. Unluckily an interpreter was present, who explained that this old man took our French friend for the Devil, and was worshipping him in that capacity according to Chinese rites. In fact, the Frenchman in his antique disguise rather resembled a Chinese idol. But ask the French Consul at Shanghai about this; he can tell the story better than I can.

Some of the best shops of Shanghai city open upon the tea-gardens; some resound with the buzz of imprisoned insects and the song of caged birds; there are "curio" shops, where are to be seen antiquities of dynasties long anterior to the Christian era, carefully wrought by living hands; there are caricatures of the English barbarians, one of which I cannot refrain from buying; there are carvings in bamboo, very inferior to Canton; there are shops for fans, and embroideries and silks, decidedly inferior to Ningpo. There is also the studio of a portrait painter, not probably a dangerous rival to Lamqua, of Macao. There is loud talking in that studio. A Yankee captain is inspecting a portrait of himself, which has been painted at a contract price of some $20. The Yankee is a man about 40, with streaks of gray in his bushy hair and beard, with a slight defect in one eye, a large nose, and a pockmarked face. Yet, withal, thanks to his affluence of hair and an expression of jaunty determination and devil-may-care go-aheadness, he is a manly-looking fellow. He is looking ruefully, however, at this counterfeit presentment of himself which is to go to the girl of his heart at New York. It is a most laughter-moving caricature of all the salient points of his physiognomy. The Yankee swears that it is no more like him than hickory nuts are like thunder. The artist has produced a small looking-glass, which he places beside the portrait, and, pointing to the gray hair and the squinting eye and the pockmarks of the portraits, and then to the present originals from which they were copied, says triumphantly at each verification, "Hab got? Hab got? Hab got? How can make handsome man spose no got handsome face?" Let us leave these parties, for there seems likelihood of a hot dispute, and, arming ourselves with another cheroot as a defence against bad smells, retrace our steps through the city, and out at the east gate.

We are again upon the Bund. The sun is down, and the European population are taking exercise in the short twilight. The merchants and their wives are returning in carriages or on horseback from their ride round the racecourse, or are walking; the missionaries and their wives are riding up and down on their ponies. The shadows grow deeper, and you can scarce recognize your acquaintance as they pass.

And now, Mr. Bull, it is time to go in and dress for dinner. I hope during our day's stroll I have given you some notion of the city and settlement of Shanghai, which, if you are a wise man, and open up the Yang-tse-Kiang, will be a most important place both to you and to your descendants for many a long generation.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Narrow Escape of the Right Rev. Dr. Durcan.—On Sunday, 6th December, whilst the Right Rev. Dr. Durcan, the Bishop of Achonry, was addressing the congregation in the old chapel of Ballaghaderrin, almost the entire of the ceiling of the sanctuary dropped down. His Lordship saw by accident some sign of what was about to occur, and instantly ran off the altar and flung himself across the rails. Had he not done this almost as quick as thought the diocese of Achonry should have to lament the untimely death of its pious, zealous, disinterested, and truly beloved Bishop. Blessed be Almighty God for this escape, and may He inspire the charitable public to contribute to the erection of the new church at Ballaghaderrin, the words of which, though far advanced, are now suspended for want of funds.—*Tablet.*

Observance of Holidays.—The people of the county Wexford, desirous to promote the better observance of holidays, have come to the understanding of not attending fairs and markets on those days. The markets are to be held on the days previous, and the fairs on the days subsequent to the holidays. We need not say we feel much pleasure in making the above announcement. It shows that the holiday observance movement has not been adopted in a moment of temporary enthusiasm, and is not destined to be what is called "a nine days' wonder," but that there is a practical resolution abroad to make it permanent and effective. Our advertising columns today show what the spirited people of Gorey are doing on this subject, and their example will, no doubt, be generally followed.—*Wexford People.*

The Vice-President of Maynooth.—The *Freeman's Journal* supplies the subjoined account of an escape from the tender mercies of Italian bandits of the Very Rev. the Vice-President of Maynooth and some Irish gentlemen travelling in his company:—

"Some three weeks since we noticed in this journal the departure from Ireland of the Very Rev. Robert Pfrench Whitehead, D.D, vice-president of the Royal Catholic College, Maynooth, and of his relative, Mr. Maurice C. J. Blake, eldest son of Mr. Valentine O'C. Blake, Tower-hill, county Mayo, *en route* for Rome. By letters which have just been received by some friends in town it appears that at Marseilles they were joined by a bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Connolly, by two priests, the Rev. Mr. Carroll and Rev. Mr. O'Brien, and by a young gentleman named Mr. Lucas, an ecclesiastical student, who was on his way to Rome, with the intention of becoming a clergyman. All as *voyageurs* took their places on board the steamboat, and arrived safe at Civita Vecchia, but as they journeyed onwards they experienced an adventure as unpleasant as unexpected.—When about midway between Civita Vecchia and Rome the carriage in which the party travelled was suddenly attacked by a gang of villains, who robbed the whole party of large sums of money, and took a valuable gold watch and chain from Mr. Blake, who had a miraculous escape from being shot dead by one of them. The letters referred to furnish in substance the following details of this perilous occurrence:—When the party arrived at Civita Vecchia it was too late for them, by the time their luggage had been searched and examined, to engage their seats in 'the diligence' for Rome. They met there a gentleman and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. Harper, who were similarly circumstanced. Unwilling to stop for that night at Civita Vecchia, and anxious to pursue their journey, they all agreed to take a special carriage and proceed direct without any delay. It was however, 12 o'clock before (having made the necessary arrangements) they were ready for starting. There is a small village named 'Palo,' just half way between Civita Vecchia and Rome. Here the driver of the carriage stopped one hour and a-half in order to feed his horses, and 'the party' meanwhile dined at the inn, and just at 6 o'clock p. m. resumed their journey. When about four miles beyond the village a banditti, consisting of seven in number, and armed with bludgeons, pistols, and knives, jumped on a sudden from behind the hedge which fenced the road, and in a moment stopped the carriage and seized the horses. Mr. Blake was sitting in front with the driver; the rest of the party were in the coupe. When the attack was made the driver immediately threw himself down on the ground and there remained. It is the general belief of the party that he was himself implicated with the others in the affair, which would seem to have been concocted during their stop at Palo. One of the gang then struck Mr. Blake a slight blow on the left arm. On this Mr. Blake drew a stiletto which he happened to have with him, and sprang upon the fellow, when another of them instantly discharged his pistol at Mr. Blake's head, but most fortunately it missed him, the ball having passed just close by the crown of his travelling cap. Mr. Blake then pursued his assailant, who ran from him about 20 yards down the road, but another of them aimed with his bludgeon a tremendous blow at Mr. Blake's head, which he parried off with his right arm. Mr. Blake then took up two stones in order to defend himself, and retreated back to the carriage hotly pursued by the whole of the gang, who now surrounded him and dealt a blow on the right arm, a blow on the right shoulder, and a blow on the right temple, which felled him to the earth quite insensible. The banditti then robbed him of a valuable gold watch and chain, and, having rifled the whole party of all the gold and silver they could find upon them, decamped. The party having raised up Mr. Blake, yet in a state of perfect insensibility, and having placed him in the carriage, proceeded onwards in the direction of Rome. As many false versions of this (happily not tragical) occurrence may appear in the public papers calculated to alarm the family of Mr. Blake, we feel most happy in being enabled to state, upon good authority, that Mr. Blake was in a short time perfectly restored, and, with the party, arrived safely at Rome, where, in company with his very reverend friend, Dr. Whitehead, he is now enjoying the beauties, the curiosities, and the antiquities of the Eternal City."

Smith O'Brien on Self-Reliance.—On Wednesday evening Mr. W. S. O'Brien made his first appearance as a public lecturer before the Limerick Mechanics' Institute of that city; and right well did Mr. O'Brien discharge the duty which devolved upon him as the speaker of the inaugural address for the session of 1858. His remarks upon the various topics which he brought under the notice of his audience were mostly characterized by sound sense, and by an avoidance of all reference to the Utopian schemes which had hitherto formed the staple stock of those patriots who had traded extensively upon Irish grievances and their remedy. Self-reliance, in Mr. O'Brien's view, should be the beginning of the moral revolution which would raise Ireland from a state of mere provincialism. "Instead," he justly remarked, of considering what we can do for ourselves, we are always inclined to inquire what can others do for us?" And by way of illustration he observes:—"I shall add only one word or more, by way of exhortation to the young men of this country, for the purpose of endeavoring to induce them to abandon the habit, which unfortunately prevail, to a great extent, of seeking to obtain situations under Government. This habit does not exist so much among the working classes as among the middle classes and among the wealthiest ranks of society. Such a disposition of mind tends much to degrade the character of this country and to check the natural energies of our people. I am confident that it would be found upon inquiry that for every appointment under Government conferred upon an Irishman there are at least 20 competitors. If this be the case, it is manifest that upon the occasion of each vacancy nineteen persons must be disappointed; and these nineteen persons are for the most part induced to hang on relying upon a vague hope, in a listless state of expectation, instead of exerting their natural energies to make an independent position for themselves in the honorable occupation of industry or commerce. This system of expectancy tends also to degrade the character of our public men. It is well understood at the Treasury that patronage is given only to those who are prepared to offer an equivalent for it in support afforded to the Government of the day. How is it possible, then, that a representative can maintain his Parliamentary independence if he be constantly urged to solicit situations for his constituents? These remarks do not, however, apply to a system of promotion dependent upon "competitive examination. If such a system could be universally established and acted upon with integrity, the acquirement of a situation under Government would be honorable to the successful person, and even those who might fail would have had the advantage of an educational preparation which would be highly useful to them in whatever path of life they might subsequently choose. But I fear that we are still far from the establishment of a system of promotion which would depend wholly upon merit; and I speak not with reference to changes which may possibly hereafter occur, but with reference to what actually exists. Few living men have mingled with so many different grades of society, or have seen so many vicissitudes of life; and this experience has taught me that moral worth and intellectual prowess are not the exclusive inheritance of any particular class. On the contrary, I am convinced that there is often to be found in the breast of an industrious mechanic more of genuine dignity than inhabits that of the haughtiest peer.—I have dwelt in lordly mansions and in thatched cottages, and this experience has convinced me that genuine happiness is as often to be found beneath the lowly roof as in the regal palace. Among the men that I have known who have obtained the highest success in a professional or commercial career the greater part have been the architects of their own fortunes; have owed everything to their own abilities and perseverance. I am able, therefore, to speak in terms of encouragement to the young mechanics who have done me the honor to ask me to address them to-night, and to assure them, as well as the classes to whom fortune has been more propitious, that both individual advancement and national greatness can, under the blessing of Providence, be secured only by cherishing the manly sentiment of self-reliance. We ought not, indeed, to reject the co-operation of those whose sympathies we are entitled to claim. On the contrary, I have endeavored to show to-night how many useful objects might be promoted by the combination of those whose interests are identical; but we ought to practice the habit of considering, not what might be done for us by others, but what we can do for ourselves. By acting upon this principle the inhabitants of Ireland have it in their power to make this country a realm whose name shall be mentioned with honor throughout all ages and among all nations of the earth. Since we cannot erase from our annals the pages which tell of dissension, and suffering, and degradation, let us at least pray that our posterity may hereafter enact and record a history that shall realise our fondest aspirations."

The Dublin Police.—A rather curious discussion has been going on here for some time relative to the police force of Dublin, a body which, heretofore, our "loyal" journals were in the habit of lauding to the skies. It was commenced by the *Daily Express*, a journal which is laboring hard to earn the character of a startler. You know what a horror of the very name of a Jesuit is entertained by Protestant old ladies and by many of their co-religionists of the ruder sex. In their estimation, a Jesuit is a something nearly as impalpable as a ghost, but cunning as a serpent: he may be here, there, anywhere; he is ever busy, day and night, in the dark and in the light; he may be checked, disappointed, defeated, but he is patient and is never discouraged;—he falls to his work again as if nothing had happened, and that work is—annihilation of all the Protestants and the utter smash of the British constitution. You may guess then the positive fright caused in several amiable families, when the journal above mentioned announced one fine morning that the Jesuits of Dublin, whose local habitation is in Gardiner-street, had got the greater portion of the Dublin police force into their hands! After this, what might not follow.—The *Express* declared it would not be a very astonishing thing if the whole of the Irish police should some day revolt after the manner of the Sepoys.—Several of the Orange papers took up the tune, and raised it to a storm. Then the *Freeman's Journal*, which some parties here jocosely call "defender of the faith," came out in defence of the police, and said the Catholic portion of the force was by far the best of it. The Orange papers reply that the very contrary was the fact, though indeed the Catholics were the party most encouraged and promoted, in fact there was scarcely any chance of advancement for loyal Protestants and Orangemen, so completely had the whole organisation, up to the highest of the officials, been imbued with the spirit of Jesuitism.—Wrong there, says the *Freeman*; Protestants are promoted, but have to be dismissed again, so incompetent and disorderly are they; besides, the principle of competitive examination is now adopted in the higher departments of the police force, and if Catholics go up faster than Protestants it is because they are better fitted for the positions. The enraged Orangemen reply by giving a list of the various crimes and misdememeanors committed within a certain time by Catholic policemen. The *Freeman* gives a short summary of the delinquencies of the Protestants. Between the two the character of the force has not been raised in the estimation of the public. —*Dublin correspondent of the Irish American.*

"Religious Equality."—Four weeks ago his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin addressed a letter to Lord St. Leonards, in which he adduced his grounds for want of confidence in the administration of the Fund now being raised for the alleged purpose of succouring what are termed Indian sufferers. The manner in which that letter has been dealt with by the British Press of England and Ireland, supplies an instructive lesson, which we hope will not be altogether thrown away upon the Catholics of this country. The commonest rules and courtesies of controversy have been thrown aside, and the most shameless subterfuge, falsehood, and misrepresentation, unscrupulously resorted to. It will be observed that a favorite manœuvre with those parties is to get up a great amount of noise, start an irrelevant issue, and, feigning to make a great fight upon it, endeavor to draw off attention from the real subject of dispute. For our own part we have declined to be fooled by such a subterfuge, and decoyed into the grand shambattle got up for the sole purpose of leading the public off the scent. The trick has, however, partially succeeded, and lo! for four weeks an incessant clatter of wooden swords has been substituted for debate upon the merits or demerits of the Archbishop's case! But what in reality was the subject of the conflict? *Mrs. Kirley's present creed!* A point which his Grace never raised at all, and which can have no effect whatever on the case he has incontestibly proved.—We have been entertained with a clamorous altercation upon a paltry and irrelevant cavil, while the gravamen of the Archbishop's argument is allowed to be ignored. The real question at issue is whether *the children of Catholic soldiers* have been exposed to proselytism, or put upon *an equality* as regards their religious instruction with those of Protestant soldiers. Have the children of the Protestant soldier—educated as Protestants during his lifetime—been put to schools where "the teaching is *Catholic*?"—Have the children of the Catholic soldier—educated as Catholics during his lifetime—been placed in schools where "the teaching is Protestant." Is the Catholic soldier in India obliged to support orphanages where the teaching is Protestant? Is the Protestant soldier compelled to support orphanages where the teaching is Catholic? *These* are the questions which the Archbishop raised, but which are most completely ignored and evaded by his adversaries. The changes of religion made by a soldier's widow, sane or insane, is not what concerns us. The question to be determined, as regards the young Kirleys, is not what religion the mother now chooses to profess—but to what religion did the father, Sergeant Kirley, belong; and in what religion did that soldier expect and desire that his children should be educated. It is not denied that it was with him, up to the time of his death, a subject of the keenest anxiety that his children should be well instructed in their religious duties as Catholics. Mrs. Kirley is now a Protestant, we are told. Protestant, Mahommedan, or Hindoo, it does not affect the charge against the Commissioners. But when we come to look into even this question of Mrs. Kirley's Protestantism, what do we find? That the wretched woman—as proved by numerous affidavits appended to the Third Edition of Dr. Cullen's Letter—professed herself a Catholic in the lifetime of her husband, and frequently approached the Sacraments! That Mrs. Kirley is *now* a Protestant only proves the Archbishop's case, and shows how well-founded were the suspicions of Catholics as to the proselytising tendencies of the Patriotic Fund officials. And now a grave consideration is forced upon us by observance of the insolence of tone which has characterised the language held towards the Archbishop in the entire of this controversy. From the "Commissioners" down to the vulgar pedant of Kilmeague, we behold an intolerable assumption of arrogant superiority, and a studious endeavor to insult or offend. Common courtesy has not been vouchsafed to one who certainly has exhibited throughout this controversy the lofty and dignified language and bearing of a scholar and a Christian. Is there a Catholic in the land who can peruse without a reddened brow the language in which the Archbishop is addressed by even the meanest and lowest of his assailants! How long, we ask the Hierarchy and Clergy and People of this Catholic nation, are we to tolerate the system which is the source of all this insolent arrogance and affected superiority? *Who and what are they*, these men who do not fear to hold this language towards the Prelates of the Irish Church? Men who revel in the plundered wealth of the Catholic Churches and Monasteries of Ireland—men whose return for millions of the People's money is daily insult of the People's faith—a miserable faction whom we ourselves feed, and fatten, and cover with fine clothes, that they may thus, when it pleases them, spit upon and revile us. Too long have they played this audacious game, when a moment's reflection must have shown them that the days of the ascendancy of a few over the millions were gone by for ever, and that all that is necessary to pull the 'Establishment' to pieces was an united and vigorous effort on the part of the Catholic Hierarchy and People of this country. We tell them that the state of things from which they derive their arrogance and assumption must come to an end—that it exists at this moment by mere sufferance—that it will be dragged to the dust just so soon and whenever the Catholics of Ireland are stung out of the slavish lethargy—the abject, creeping, crouching subserviency—which is now at once their weakness and their shame.—*Nation.*

The Galway constituency has stood its trial for bribery and corruption, and a verdict of guilty has just been recorded against it by the special jury of Commissioners. We cannot say that this verdict is unsupported by evidence. On the contrary, the evidence of corrupt practices at the last and former elections in Galway has been more than abundant. The guilty parties themselves have avowed their guilt, which, it appears, was a matter of public notoriety in the town. A professor in one of her Majesty's colleges was the chief agent of bribery at the last election—certainly a remarkable coincidence to those who believe that these colleges were instituted to corrupt the Catholic youth of Ireland, and to destroy their faith and morals. What would be said if a professor of the Catholic University, or even a fellow of Trinity College, had been detected in such disgraceful and criminal conduct? Why, all England and Scotland, as well as Ireland, would ring with the story from end to end. But the mission of the Government colleges to corrupt seems to be tacitly recognised, and, when one of their professors is found doing the dirtiest work of Government, it seems almost a matter of course. It may well be said that truth is stranger than fiction, for the imaginations of the most strenuous foes of the Godless Colleges never pictured a professor acting as a bribery agent at elections.—*Tablet.*

The increase in the price of land in Ireland is a fact well deserving public attention. When the Encumbered Estates Court first commenced proceedings the estates that went through the Court brought from 12 to 15 years' purchase. Now we find from the sale of the late Marquis of Thomond's property that land is bringing from 20 to 30 year's purchase. The Clare estates, producing a net actual rental of £4,000 a-year, and valued at £5,000 a-year, have sold for nearly £125,000, which is nearly 25 years' purchase upon the valued, and 31 years' purchase upon the actual rental. The Cork estates, producing a net rental of nearly £4,800, have sold for £111,000, which is about 23 years' purchase.—*Times.*