

nowing Malthusianism through the empire. It has preached the "doctrine of devils" four times a year for the last twenty years with an energy which is not to be surpassed, and this pertinacity has not been without its fruits. The gentlemen "connected with the press" have read the *Review*, borrowed its Malthusianism, and moulded it into leading articles in every city in the monarchy. Miss Martineau has blended the poison with her actions, and Chambers with his *Edinburgh Journal*. It has come out in the form of *Monthly Magazines*, *Household Words*, and *Family Herald*, "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks, Vallambrosa." Through all these and a thousand other mediums the people have been told that their miseries are attributable to their numbers—that edible provisions cannot keep pace with population—that great nations, such as that of China, prevented famine by killing children. The wretched readers who take these hints, and have acted on these suggestions, have been hanged or transported, while the tempters who suggested their acts have been held in honor.

About thirty years ago the laborious classes entertained the preposterous notion that the increase of machinery was prejudicial to their interests. They have been taught the contrary. They are now too enlightened to believe this. They know that it is really the increase of men which makes them poor, and accordingly, instead of breaking machinery, as they used to do, they kill their children, as Mr. Wakley complains. St. Peter assures us that the Epistles of St. Paul contain many things which the unlearned and unstable "wrest to their own destruction." What is true of the writings of St. Paul is still more true of the immoral publications which preach Malthusianism, such as *Chambers's Journal*, and the *Edinburgh Review*, and the three-halfpenny trash which trade in literary poisons. It is, meantime, a great triumph to periodical literature, and very useful, beyond all question, to manufacturing capitalists, that infanticide has been substituted for the breaking of machinery. This change is the result of literary industry and the march of intellect, and that increase of schools, that knowledge of reading without which literary productions cannot reach the popular mind. It is a great victory; and though Mr. Wakley is dissatisfied, the Whigs, and particularly Lord John Russell, are highly pleased. Flesh and blood are cheap, machinery is costly, and we are indebted to "our best public instructors" for the revolution in the public mind, which has produced the present state of things, in which murder is prevalent, and steam engines safe.

It was monstrous to break machinery which cost money—it was a heinous mistake, which was entertained by the common people within our own memory, and was cherished by legislative assemblies a few centuries back. But we have grown out of that ignorance now, thanks to "education." We have been improved out of our prejudices against machinery, and a time will come, no doubt, when we shall be improved out of our prejudices against child murder. Infanticide is a crime according to law, but in the eyes of philosophic political economists it is doubtless a virtue. The countrymen of Cato and Confucius killed their infants, and why should not enlightened Englishmen?

If they do not, it will not be from the want of education. The Protestant press teems with publications which must sooner or later place British Protestants on a level with Pagans. An Irish contemporary assures us that the number of "absolutely vicious newspapers" sold yearly in England "is eleven millions seven hundred and two thousand. Infidel and polluting publications," he continues, "have a yearly circulation of 10,400,000; periodicals of the worst class 520,000." It is by this sort of reading that Lord John Russell hopes to improve the moral character of the English poor.

The Protestant poor are diligently taught to read in order to enable them to peruse the Bible, but having acquired that art they neglect the Bible and read those polluting publications. In one of these religion is inculcated by showing that electricity is the true deity; another inculcates Christianity by proving that Christ never existed; a third facilitates morality by teaching young women how to make away with children without loss of time or hindrance of business. The advantage of these publications consists in their simplification of philosophy. Locke's doctrine as to the material nature of the soul is stripped of the ambiguity and clumsy English of the original. They are superior to Locke, as they express plainly what he dimly hints at.

They give us the philosophy of Gibbon unencumbered with the amplification of that distinguished unbeliever. Parson Malthus's work is very costly, but you get in the treatise on "painless extinction" the pith of the Parson at the small charge of one penny. In another treatise the crabbed philosophy of Hobbes is stripped of its abstractions and rendered intelligible to the humblest intellects. Here we have the marrow of David Hume, and there what Martin Luther permitted to the rich, a plurality of wives, strongly recommended to the poor. The worthlessness of Protestant literature is an old complaint. Would to Heaven it were only worthless. It is ruinously mischievous. Wherever it flourishes, we have, as in New York, "Free Love Societies," and, as in England, "burial clubs," which give Mr. Wakley that excessive occupation he mourns over.

THE MISSING PACIFIC.—The following was received at Lloyd's on Thursday: hopes were expressed that the steamer referred to may turn out to be the Pacific. "Pigeira, March 24.—The Skipwith, Captain Ryan, arrived here, in coming off the Newfoundland coast, fell in with the distance of 200 miles from the land, and saw the lights of a steamer in the ice. Mem.—The above vessel left St. John's Newfoundland, on the 13th February."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Ossory, and the Right Rev. Dr. Delaney, Bishop of Cork, have set out on their journey to the Eternal City.

THE JESUIT MISSION IN THE WEST.—ERECTOR OF A CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL IN LOUGHREA.—The Mission of the Jesuit Fathers, which has been conducted during Lent in Loughrea, terminated on Monday. The labours of the missionaries, Revs. Dr. Haly, Father Dwyer, and Father Fortescue, have been crowned with the most signal success. After the termination of the sacred offices of the day, a meeting of the principal inhabitants and gentry of the neighbourhood was held in the sacristy of the parish chapel, for the purpose of appointing a committee and entering into subscriptions for the erection of a cathedral suitable for the accommodation of the large population of this most extensive and Catholic district. The chair was taken by the Right Rev. Dr. Derry, Bishop of Clonfert, who stated the objects for which he had called the meeting. A committee was formed, and after a few resolutions had been proposed and seconded, a subscription list was opened, his lordship heading it with the sum of £100. James Smythe, Esq., Masonbrink, also gave £100. Several other subscriptions were at once handed in, and before the proceedings terminated nearly £1000 was subscribed.

The Redemptorist Fathers in Limerick are about commencing their new convent and church on Mount St. Alphonsus, the site of their present temporary church and residence. Already specifications are called for from builders and contractors for the convent which will be first built. The convent will cost about five thousand pounds, but the buildings are to be of a plain and substantial character.

MINISTERS' MONEY.—The petition against this obnoxious impost, signed by the Mayor, town council, and 6,500 citizens, was forwarded to Mr. Fagan, for presentation in the House of Commons.—*Cork Examiner*.

REJOICINGS FOR PEACE.—The Belfast *News Letter* mentions that there were great rejoicings and fireworks, &c., for the Peace, in Belfast, Carrickfergus, Ballymena, Lisburn, Lurgan, Portadown and Armagh. This is to be taken *cum grano satís*, and only to be understood of a portion of the people. The following sentence of our contemporary in reference to Belfast on the day the news arrived is indicative of the strong undercurrent:—"The news did not greatly surprise the people. The town was unusually quiet during the early part of Monday. There was little excitement." The rejoicings were evidently got up to order.

THE SLOB LANDS OF LOUGH SWILLY.—On Saturday last (says the *Derry Journal*), Mr. McCormick, the eminent contractor for public works in the North of Ireland, completed the construction of the immense embankment which he has thrown across Lough Swilly, from the main land near Farland Point, Burt, to the island of Inch. By the closing of this embankment, no less than 4000 acres of land will be reclaimed from the Lough, and changed into valuable farming lands.

SADLERISM.—It has become a question which of the brothers Sadler, John or James, was the more guilty in the affair of the Tipperary Bank. The proceedings before Master Murphy on Tuesday inextricably involve both parties, and prove that fearful lies were the dying words of the suicide. The unfortunate depositors have sustained a further disappointment, for up to the examination of Messrs. Morogh and Kennedy on Tuesday, it was believed that the Bank had obtained mortgages on the estates purchased with the overdrawn money. Such was not the fact. Mr. Norris's part in these transactions is not yet unravelled. In short, no one can tell when all will be unravelled, or where these revelations are to end.—*Nation*.

Even Catholic Ireland seems to be somewhat affected by the Sabbatarian delusion. While our grave English magistrates are forbidding grown men to be shaved on the Protestant "Sabbath," their worship of Dungarvan put forth a delusion on the subject of the pegtops of little boys, who, we are told, are both fined and have to pay the costs of the important proceedings, for using their innocent toys on Sunday. The prediction of the *Globe*, that we should soon arrive at a *reductio ad absurdum* on this subject is surely in course of fulfilment; for Scotland itself can hardly produce anything more ridiculous. A young English lady who visited that "highly favoured land" (as its children deem it) some time ago, was told by her hostess that she would not be answerable for the consequences if an "ungodly tune" were played on the Sabbath, and the profane strains were heard in the streets; so great would be the shock on the Presbyterian mind.—*Cor. Tablet*.

The following form of Petition to Parliament has been suggested for adoption by Catholics, but it may properly be signed by liberal Protestants also:—

"The humble Petition of the undersigned inhabitants of

"Showeth—That your Petitioners are informed that an effort is now making to procure the repeal of all laws whereby temporal provision is made for religious teaching and worship in Ireland.

"That these provisions include the glebes, endowments, and temporalities now enjoyed by the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Communion in Ireland; the tax called Ministers' Money, the grant to the Theological Professors of the Presbyterian College, Belfast, the Regium Donum, and the Statutory Endowment of the Royal College of St. Patrick at Maynooth.

"That at the same time an agitation is actively pressed forward to obtain the repeal of the Maynooth Endowment without removing the other legal endowments above enumerated.

"That your Petitioners consider the Maynooth Endowment as a poor and incompetent compensation for the property of which the Catholic Church in Ireland has been unjustly deprived, and that while they would gladly see the whole of the above provisions impartially abolished, which they sincerely believe would tend to the tranquility and prosperity of Ireland and to the good of religion, they confidently pray your Honourable House not to consider any proposal for the repeal of the Maynooth Endowment, until the temporalities of the Church in Ireland, including the sacred edifices, tithes, lands, and endowments, have been taken from the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal communion, and the unjust tax called Ministers' Money abolished.

"And your Petitioners will ever pray."

ENNIS ELECTION.—The Attorney-General has been elected for Ennis without opposition.

A fresh candidate for Athlone has been announced in the person of Mr. John Ennis, Governor of the Bank of Ireland, and Chairman of the Midland Great Western Railway. Mr. Ennis is enormously wealthy, has large landed property in the county of Westmeath, is in politics a Whig, and in religion a Catholic. He is, however, not very popular with the Liberal party in Ireland.

A local paper says:—"A painful incident occurred at the Leitrim assizes. Thomas O'Hagan, Q.C., was seized in Court with a sudden and alarming illness when in the act of addressing the jury. It is to be hoped that it will not prove serious, but grave doubts are entertained. Mr. O'Hagan has held a brief in every record tried on the circuit during this protracted assizes and has been quite overworked. There is no man at the Irish bar more deservedly popular than this eloquent and gifted gentleman. His kindly and unassuming manners, and his sterling honesty command the esteem and respect of all who come in contact with him. To be struck down in a career in the meridian only of its brilliancy would be looked upon as little short of a national calamity by a very large portion of his fellow-countrymen.

THE LATE CATASTROPHE IN CORK.—The following details of the late dreadful accident in Cork are supplied by the *Examiner*, which reached this morning:—"One of the most appalling and terrible accidents which probably has ever become matter for detail in a newspaper, and certainly the most disastrous that has occurred in Cork as regards the loss of human life, within the memory of the oldest person living, took place on Saturday night in this city, shortly after the hour of 12 o'clock. At that time, and for some hours previously, "a wake" was being held on the body of a child about two years old, the son of a man named Patrick Sullivan, a cooper, residing in a place called Penrose's-lane, a lane running off the North Main-street, and connecting the latter with Duncan-street. We believe there are few but those whose hard lot it is to live in the wretched lanes which branch off either side of the North Main-street who have the slightest conception of the misery, the squalor, and unmistakable signs of dilapidation and decay which encompass the visitor on every hand. With breath scarcely sufficient to admit more than a single passenger, and much too narrow to permit of two persons walking abreast, the houses, dirty, dingy, and apparently for many years past going rapidly into decay, generally rise to the height of three stories on either side of those miserable alleys. In the front room of an upper story in Penrose's-square the friends of the father of the deceased child assembled on Saturday night to the number, it has been stated, of 40 or 50; and, after visiting the place yesterday, how they succeeded in finding room for such a number in a space so utterly disproportionate it is difficult to understand. It is stated that the usual kind of entertainment which is provided on those occasions was being indulged in, when suddenly one of the visitors exclaimed that "the floor was sinking." Sullivan, the father of the deceased child, who was standing with his back against the door, said "that could not be, as there was not there sufficient to bring it down." He had scarcely uttered the words when, without further warning, crash went the floor, and one appalling terrific shriek from all assembled showed that they fully realized the dreadful fate that awaited them. Down came the living weight, crushing and smashing everything that interfered to arrest its fearful descent, and carrying the first floor completely away, the entire mass of human beings, men, women, and children, timber, beams, bricks and mortar, and whatever articles of domestic furniture the house contained, were also precipitated on the basement story into one hopeless, inextricable mass, in which the dead, the dying, and the comparatively uninjured lay piled on each other to the depth of five or six feet. A cry of horror arose from those whose faculties were not completely paralyzed, which was quickly taken up by the persons outside, and an alarm was at once spread that the unhappy inmates were all destroyed. Constable Carey and two of the men belonging to the Tuckey-street station were quickly on the spot, and a vigorous effort was made to force the door and lower windows, but the pressure from inside offered a resistance that could not be overcome. A ladder was procured, and on opening one of the upper windows a picture of human suffering and agony and death was presented which it is utterly impossible to describe. By this time a large body of the police force had arrived, and a number of active and intelligent citizens were also present and rendered valuable assistance. By a vigorous exertion the door and lower windows were forced, and steps were promptly taken to rescue the sufferers from the mass of rubbish, bricks, mortar, and other materials in which, it might be said, they were literally embedded. In directing and personally assisting in this work of mercy efficient and valuable assistance was rendered by Sub-inspector De Gernon, chief of constabulary in this city; Mr. Maguire, M.P., the Mayor, Drs. Sandham, Callahan, and Allen, together with Head Constables Crowley and Roe, and Constables Carey, Meagher, Phelan, and a large number of constables and civilians. When the bodies had been extricated and conveyed into the street, it was found that eight were actually dead, and several others expired before medical aid could be applied. A considerable proportion of those in whom even a glimmering of life appeared were taken to the North Infirmary, where, having been previously made aware of the catastrophe, Drs. Bullen and Finn were prepared for their reception, assisted by the medical residents of the infirmary, Messrs. William Roche and Rice. At an early hour yesterday morning it was ascertained that the entire number of persons killed amounted to 19, of whom six remained at the North Infirmary, five had been removed to the Bridewell, and eight had been taken to their various homes by their friends. It has been ascertained that there are 19 other persons who are more or less wounded, and some of whom remain at the North Infirmary, and others are treated in their own homes.

"I WILL BE A MARTYR."—At the Petty Sessions, Kilmole (Co. Clare), 24th ult., Rev. Michael Meehan preferred a charge against William Denny, Bible-reader, for the use of language intentionally to excite plaintiffs to a breach of the peace. The Rev. gentleman stated on oath that he had been seven years the Parish Priest of Carrigaholt; that on the 11th of this present March defendant, who was accompanied by another (both being perfect strangers to him), came up as he was walking near the police barracks, and at once said to him, in a very excited manner,

"You're the Parish Priest. This is an infamous parish of yours; I have been kicked and abused in the parish; and you teach them to do so from the altar." The Rev. gentleman then said—"This is a parish of a remarkably peaceable character. The police-office is just at hand, come and lodge your complaint there; it is the proper place, and I will give every aid to the police to make out who struck you, but do not stigmatise the parish." The Bible-reader, instead of minding what the plaintiff said, continued to use most provoking words, such as "False Church of Rome—your treacherous Church," until they all came up to the police-barracks. Then he called on the police, only one policeman was there, the others were on duty, firing at a target; the plaintiff told all that the defendant had said to the one policeman, who said he could not stir from the barracks. Denny then said, "I don't want police." Plaintiff replied, "If you were kicked as you stated, tell me where and by whom, and I will aid the police, and go myself and make out the offender." "I don't want you nor the police," said Denny. "Then," said the Priest, "it is quite clear you were not kicked at all; and why did you insult me and my Church?" The people then crowded round him, and he said to the Priest, "You want to mob me." "No," said the Rev. gentleman, "I want to protect you, and to protect the peaceable character of the parish." The defendant then loudly, in the presence of the policeman, cried out, "False Church of Rome, treacherous Church of Rome." The Parish Priest warned the people not to touch him, for that was what he wanted, and that they would only be playing his game by doing so. After vaporing away for some time against the Church of Rome, &c., he walked away. The people enjoyed the sport most peaceably. The indignation, which the Parish Priest checked at the beginning, turned into loud laughter at the foaming, disappointed Bible-reader, who sought in vain for a bit of martyrdom. This is nothing new. Swift describes "Jack as delighting to sit in the gutter and get himself kicked by the bystanders, that he might behold himself under persecution. The heroine in "Rob Roy" will not allow her knight to chastise the impertinence of the pettifogger. "I will have no assauls and battery on Mr. Jobson. I am not in sufficient charity with him to permit a single touch of your whip—why, he would live on it for a term at least." The Carrigaholt Jobson is named Denny, and the Rev. Michael Meehan is really too hard upon him. We wonder a Priest should show so little charity. How is the poor man to live unless he can get a thump to report now and then? A kick, perhaps, might do. But to look so sharp after the parish that he can report no converts, and then refuse him an occasional beating! how in the world does this stony-hearted Priest think that poor Mr. Denny is to get his bread? Mr. Meehan seems bent upon showing that Priests are as relentless as they are represented even by Protestant tradition. He grudges the poor humble Bible-reader so much as a kick or a cuff.—*Weekly Register*.

IS JOHN SADLER ALIVE?

To the Editor of the Nation.

Sir—There are many fine things written, as well as spoken, in jest; and as I have been seriously considering the case put by your able and erudite correspondent, "R. W. A. of D.," I can come to no other conclusion but that the suicide of John Sadler, on Hampstead Heath, was a mere delusion and attempt to swindle us out of our senses, as palpably as he did out of our money.

"Self-murder most foul, as in the best it is; But this most foul, strange, and unnatural."

There was a very imperfect identification of the body, by a single witness, at the inquest; and so qualified was this solitary evidence, that it in no degree rebuts the presumption of the deceased not being John Sadler at all!

For the deliberate verdict of twelve Englishmen on their oaths, after listening to a sound exposition of the law and attending circumstances, we should have the most unfeigned respect; but as to the inquiry of a coroner's jury in the case of an extraordinary death, very little reliance or importance can be attached to it. This is really the opinion of some of our most able jurists, and of the present Lord Chief Justice in England. I beg to refer to the case of "The Queen v. Medhurst," tried at the Central Criminal Court, in London, April 13th 1839, where the Attorney-General (Sir John Campbell), for the defence, and in the course of his address to the court, spoke as follows:—

For the inquest of a coroner's jury, in a case of extraordinary death, I have no respect at all. The constable gets together whom he can first find, no qualification being required in the jurymen. They meet amidst the fumes of an ale house. Whatever rumors have been spread in the neighborhood respecting the fate of the deceased they have heard; and the more horrible and improbable such rumors are, the more apt to believe them. To calm their imaginations, they are by law required to view the dead body, with its convulsed countenance and ghastly wounds, before they begin their investigation; and the coroner, who ought, as judge, to explain to them nice legal distinctions, and to enlighten their understandings by a clear development of facts, may be a low legal practitioner, unqualified for such duties, or a person wholly uninitiated in law, who has been elected to the office by popular acts, and who seeks to inflame the prejudices of the jury instead of allaying them. In extenuation of the recklessness with which a verdict may be pronounced by such a tribunal, I should mention that the jury and the coroner are not aware of the solemnity or consequence of the act about which they are employed. Nor is this to be wondered at; for I believe I may positively assert that in the annals of the administration of criminal justice in this country, there is not a single instance of a conviction for murder on the finding of a coroner's inquest. In the vast majority of instances the instrument is quashed for gross informality; and if there be any ground for the charge, an indictment for murder is found by a grand jury.

Surely, sir, it is not upon the judgment of a tribunal so constituted, and with such insufficient evidence before it of identity, we are bound to consider John Sadler as deceased. He has gone, no doubt, a long journey, like kindred spirits before him, but not to that

undiscovered country, from whose bourne

No traveller returns.

Rest assured of that, Mr. Editor, and let all depositors, turn with what confidence they may possess from the judgment of Jack Straw's Castle, on the death of that other inquiry of Straw now being carried on with the most solemnity and consequence of the Winding-up Act.

A. V. A.