

ORANGE INTOLERANCE.—What is to be done in order to avoid teaching the susceptibilities of the Orange men? Music, wondrous, extraordinary, persons, unless the music played be two or three old hum-drum tunes, the sight of a green bough in the hands of a man nearly gives them dysentery—a flag any one's hand into convulsions—unless, indeed, the colour be orange and be further ornamented with a blue sash and a green bowtie, as "To hell with the Pope," and "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory" processions, unless of Orangemen and purples on the way to Orange lodges; fill them with alarm—what is to be done with them—how are they to be protected? Why, of course, there are the police—many are the duties they have to perform, but the first and greatest of these is certainly to protect from insult the delicate feelings of the Orangemen. This at any rate is the opinion held by that portion of the force which is located in Bandon. They have lately brought to trial a number of persons who had been concerned in a proceeding which gave so severe a shock to the nerves of the Bandon brethren that two or three of the most promising among them have not yet been pronounced out of danger. The thing occurred in this way:—One of the Cork temperance bands is in the habit of making on fine Sundays, a pleasure excursion by rail to Bandon. The excursionists arrive there at about half-past eleven o'clock, but lest their music might in any way interfere with the devotion of persons who may then be attending Divine service, they never begin to play until about half-past two. Then they march about and through the town, carrying with them the flag of their temperance room, which is a white flag, with a green border, and a harp in the middle. On Sunday, the 19th of September, they were engaged in this manner, when the police, seeing clearly the awful criminality of the course they were pursuing, interfered, and solemnly demanded and carefully wrote down the names of the musicians—every one of them—trumpeter, oboe, flute, triangles and all—and forwarded a statement of the case to Dublin Castle, from whence they received an order to go on with the prosecution. Accordingly on Saturday last the case was proceeded with. Mr. Filding Green, County Inspector, resident in Bandon, swore that he saw the crowd—that he heard the music—that it was not bad music either in his, Mr. Green's opinion—not bad music played by not party tunes—and that no opposition was offered to the progress of the band. Mr. Green said that some persons had green boughs in their hands. Children naturally run on all such occasions, and pluck green branches to carry in their hands; it is so in all countries, and even if the practice were peculiar to Ireland, one would think it would only show a commendable taste; but the disreputable eye of Orangeism discolours all it looks on. Mr. Green, however, had more to say. Some of his people were very much jostled—as people always are in a moving crowd, and Mr. Green's toes were frequently trampled on, though he would not say it was done purposely. Mr. Green feared in his tender soul that the "procession" might give offence, and Mr. Green knew not but disturbance might possibly arise. Such was the evidence against the members of the Cork temperance band, and on such grounds did a majority of the Bandon magistrates decide on taking informations, requiring bail, and sending the case for trial to the next Cork Assizes. We are inclined to think the Orangemen of Bandon will not receive much consolation at the Assizes, but nevertheless all honour to Inspector Green for his extraordinary self-possession and courage on the memorable 19th of September. It is not every man who would venture to ask the names of a temperance band in the open air on a Sunday evening; it is not every man who would walk coolly up to a B flat clarinet under such exciting circumstances. How did he know but he might receive a mortal stab from the trombone?—how did he know but he might be blown away from the bell of a French horn? Inspector Green deserves a medal! We feel certain the Bandon Orangemen will decide on presenting him with such a token of their esteem, and will immediately advertise for plans and specifications. We submit two, to be early in the field. 1. Material, bees-wax and brown paper, size, 8 inches in diameter: on one side the immortal name "Green," on the other the eternal date "19th September." 2. A pewter spoon, hung by an Orange ribbon; a suitable inscription in the concavity.—*Nation*.

ORANGE MANIFESTO.—The *Downshire Protestant*, which may be regarded as the official *Gazette* or *Monitor* of the Irish Orange Society, has just put forth an article which gives the coup to any expectation that might be entertained by certain of Lord Derby's followers as to the probability of the Confederation yielding to gentle Ministerial pressure, and by dissolving, relieve their friends from an embarrassing alliance. There is no chance whatever of so agreeable a consummation; and, if any still hope for it, let them read the annexed portion of the manifesto referred to.—"That the dissolution of the Orange Society is desired in certain high quarters we have very good cause to know. We can see many reasons why such a dissolution should be desired by the same parties. Coquetry with the Popish party will not be profitable while there is a powerful Orange organisation possessing great electoral influence in Ireland, and upon the favor of which certain members of Lord Derby's Government depend for their seats in Parliament. We are almost tired of writing, but John Bull is sometimes rather dull and stupid—the *Orange Society* is not merely an anti-Riband, but an anti-Papal organisation; and therefore it will exist, as it has existed, utterly irrespective of Lord Derby's or any other Government. Lord Eglington is an amiable nobleman. We believe that he sincerely desires the welfare and prosperity of Ireland. But, that there may be no mistake made, and no time thrown away that might be better employed, we clearly, emphatically, and distinctly declare that no act or acts of Lord Derby's Government can or could induce the Orange Society to betray the cause of Irish Protestantism by dissolving itself. And we desire it to be understood that this declaration is not the mere expression of individual sentiment, but the concerted expression of the fixed and unalterable determination of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland and of every Orange lodge in the kingdom. Plain speaking is sometimes desirable. It will save the Derbyites a world of trouble if the subject of the dissolution of the Orange Institution be dropped for the future. We believe that the bare suggestion of such a thing by the Government of Lord Derby would array against that Government every Orangeman in Ireland; and as we by no means desire, notwithstanding its shortcomings and misdoings, to see that great occurrence, we venture to offer the foregoing suggestion to the earnest consideration of all those who do not wish to see the Derbyite Government antagonized by the Protestants of Ireland. There is plenty of work for those Derbyites, who are also good Protestants, to do. Let them oppose Maynooth, protest against Popish Reformatories, and demand the withdrawal of Popish chaplains from the army. All these have been supported by Lord Derby's Government, we grieve to say; and thus an additional reason has been afforded by the Government of Lord Derby for the continuance of the Orange Society.—The Orange Society will dissolve one day we may, however, promise; and that will be when there is no Popery."

DREW'S MORALITY AND PHYSICAL BEAUTY.—There is, it appears, in the town of Downpatrick an Institution called the Downpatrick Auxiliary to the Protestant Orphan Society. Of this institution the Rev. Dr. Drew is a shining light: we need give no further evidence of its character and merits. At a recent meeting of the 'Auxiliary,' the Doctor, who, though not a man-midwife, boasts his distinguished skill in 'the handling and dandling of babies,' treated his hearers to a dissertation on the effects of evangelical Protestantism in improving the physical beauty of the human race. We may pause here to wonder why this 'reverend' old gentleman, at his extreme age—for the whitening hand of time is on

his head already—is suffered by his friends (if he have any)—to seize on every public occasion of delectating with such questionable morality on that dangerous subject, female loveliness. It has not escaped our memory now, at an Orange tea drinking here in Belfast, we had to protest gently against the broadness with which the poor old man dilated on the 'rosy cheeks' and 'white bosoms' of the young matrons and maidens who surrounded him. That sort of indecency is not permitted even in the 'screaming farces' of the theatre; and really, if there be any code of delicacy in the 'cloth,' his 'reverend' brethren should endeavour to persuade the jolly oldjoker of Sandy row to give up that rather free style of discourse. The more youthful of his hearers—whatever may be said of the 'used up' old ones—can hardly be improved in morals by such warm allusions to 'woman's beauty'—to cheeks, and lips, and eyes—to white bosoms and rounded shoulders. Whatever may be the condition of the Doctor's moral vision, everybody knows that his physical organ of sight is not remarkable for its straightness; the beauty-loving 'divine' looking as if he had been practicing all his life how to squint round the corner of Durham street to watch the doings of 'Popery,' and a certain physiognomist named Lavater says queer things about the tendencies of individuals whose faces are ornamented by what our Printer's Devil calls an *italic eye*.—*Ulsterman*.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHAPLAINCY DISPUTE.—The Irish Presbyterian for the present month contains some pungent remarks upon the not very creditable controversy at present raging in Ulster with respect to the chaplaincy question, and the conduct of the General Assembly in relation thereto. After alluding to the recent proceedings in Belfast, already noticed in *The Times*, the Presbyterian remarks:—"When the Government announced their intention of appointing and supporting a number of Presbyterian chaplains, it is humiliating to find a rush made for the appointments—a regular scramble—even before the negotiations had terminated. The struggle for the appointments very soon assumed a political aspect, so that two political parties in the General Assembly were speedily arrayed against each other, and the struggle resolved itself into the question of their relative strength. There is a great outcry on the part of some, as if the independence of the church were at stake. This is all sham. It would be far nearer the truth to represent the whole affair, so far as the Assembly has been convulsed by it, as a contest for 10s. 6d. a day between two political sections of the General Assembly. It is now highly probable that the appointments have been altogether forfeited, and that General Peel will look in some other direction for men to take spiritual oversight of Presbyterian soldiers. We hope this will turn out to be an erroneous impression, but it is one very generally felt. It is somewhat singular that during the whole discussion of the subject the material part of General Peel's letter was never gravely taken into consideration,—that wherein he requested the Assembly to recommend individuals unconnected with party politics."

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHAPLAINCY QUESTION.—One of the Belfast papers (*The Mercury*) gives a prominent place to the subjoined statement:—"We understand that the Government has repudiated altogether further dealing with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, and has conferred the privilege of nominating candidates for the vacant chaplaincies on the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. Such, we have reason to believe, is the course that has been adopted, and we need not say that we regret it. The appointments are now lost to the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, and headstrong folly is alone to blame for such a result."

IRISH RAILWAYS.—The *Evening Post* contains the following statement:—"Good dividend-paying Irish securities, as well as Government funds, are improving in price; and we may remark that Dublin and Kingstown stock has experienced a still further advance; the Quarter-shares (£12 10s paid) having reached £23, exclusive of the dividend, at the rate of £9 per cent just paid. At the present price of the Quarter-share, the value of the old £100 share of this company is £184 ex. dividend. The Dublin and Kingstown is, to be sure, an exceptional stock; but it is our conviction that other Irish lines would, before long, pay a dividend of 9 or 10 per cent, if the evils now so much complained of, in the shape of imprudent competition, and unwarrantable meddling one line with another, were effectually got rid of."

The following appears in the *Limerick Chronicle*:—"We have been informed by very reliable authority that at the assembling of Parliament Government will recommend giving to Galway a grant of £50,000, as the first instalment of the sum needed to construct the breakwater, if the commissioners now inspecting Galway should report favourably of it as a harbour of refuge. The total required for the purpose will be £150,000, and, owing to the influence of the Lord-Lieutenant and Irish Attorney-General with the present Cabinet, both exerted for Galway, but most of all owing to the energy and enterprise of the Galwegians themselves, the entire amount will be advanced out of the Imperial exchequer, and that, not as a loan, but as a grant, free and for ever, the Lord is determined on helping those who seem disposed to help themselves. The people of Limerick deserved no help from any one, because there was no disposition on their part to aid themselves, and, with all the advantages of their superior position, their apathy leaves them in the background, while Galway is fast going ahead. That the packets from Galway will prove a paying speculation the following facts are good omens:—The amount of passage money paid in the last steamer, the Pacific, was over £3,000, and in one of the second-class packets, which arrived at Galway a short time ago, nearly £2,000 was produced by the passenger traffic alone, being, as in the other case, exclusive of the freight for conveyance of merchandise. The receipts of the Midland Railway have been vastly increased by the arrival and departure of American packets at Galway. The company is in a most flourishing condition, and they propose to continue their line of railway down to the dock. In order to insure a character for punctuality, the steamers start precisely at the appointed hour; and the other day the packet was several miles at sea before the Custom-house officer had her papers cleared out, and was obliged to return in a small boat."

APPROPOS OF THIS SUBJECT, THE GALWAY VINDICATOR.—Just come to hand, announces the arrival there of Captain Washington, R.N., one of the Commissioners appointed by Government to inquire into the subject of harbours of refuge.—"Last night, by the mail train at 10.12 p.m., Captain Washington, R.N., chairman of the commission to inquire into the subject of harbours of refuge, arrived in Galway. The other commissioners are expected by train to-day. At 10 o'clock this morning Captain Washington was called on by P. M. Lynch, Chairman of the Harbour Commissioners, who was very kindly and cordially received by him. S. U. Roberts, Esq., county surveyor, was then introduced, and Captain Washington expressed a wish that Mr. Roberts should afford him his assistance and information during the day, and it was arranged that they should go out in the Vesper at 2 o'clock, to examine and take soundings in the bay, and test the correctness of the carefully-prepared and elaborate plans submitted by Mr. Roberts. Captain Washington then informed Mr. Lynch, the Rev. Mr. Darcy, Mr. P. A. Fynn, and one or two other gentlemen who waited on him that he would be most happy to meet some gentlemen connected with the Harbour Board who could give him information on the subject of his inquiry at the Railway Hotel to-morrow. There will be no public court of inquiry held, but we have reason to believe that Captain Washington is disposed to enter on his inquiry with a degree of earnestness which will leave nothing undeveloped in relation to the natural resources and immense capabilities of the harbour of Galway."

With regard to the sailing of the next steamer for America the *Vindicator* says:—"We are enabled to state that the Pacific, Captain Thompson, which will

sail hence for New York on the 12th inst., is likely to carry out the fullest number of passengers she can accommodate, and that will not be a few. Two days ago it was ascertained that all her second-class berths were engaged, and it was necessary for the managing director here to telegraph to the agents at the different ports not to book any more second-class passengers. The first cabin berths are nearly all taken, and third-class filling up with extraordinary speed. The preparations for her sailing are going on with rapidity and business-like system, under the direction of Captain Thomson, the efficient marine superintendent of the line, who, without the appearance of any bustle, is doing an immense amount of work, such as the occasion requires. Yesterday the Vulture steamer arrived from Cardiff with 800 tons of coal, and though it was blowing a whole gale of wind, Captain Thomson managed during the night to get 250 tons on board of her, and the remainder of her coaling will be completed this evening. Among the passengers who are going out by the Pacific will be Viscount Bury, accompanied by Lady Bury and suite. We have heard that the noble lord goes out on a special mission connected with postal arrangements between Great Britain and America via Galway route. While we were in the office to-day five first-class passages were taken, and among them was one for the Rev. Michael Curley, the respected and patriotic parish priest of Louisville, county of Mayo, who goes out to America, with the sanction of the Archbishop of Tuam, to collect funds for the completion of his Cathedral."

COMMAND OF THE IRISH CONSTABULARY.—Although not officially announced, it is pretty generally understood that the responsible appointment of Inspector-General of the Irish Constabulary has been conferred upon Colonel Woods, who has for some time filled the post of Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General to the Forces in Ireland. Sir Duncan McGregor's retirement on full salary dates from October 1. The selection as his successor of an Englishman, perfectly free from all local party feelings and prejudices, is creditable to the Government of Lord Derby.

IRISH HARBOURS OF REFUGE.—In consequence of petitions to Parliament from the municipal body and Harbour Commissioners of Drogheda, for the construction of a safety harbour at Skerries, in the county of Dublin, the Royal Commissioners, now on their tour of examination, closely inspected and took soundings in the Bay of Skerries. The Dublin Chamber of Commerce have expressed a decidedly favourable opinion with regard to the conversion of Skerries into an asylum harbour, and strong representations have been made to the Government to assist in diminishing the marine disasters so frequent along the neighbouring coast. It was in this dangerous locality that the Tayleur was lost, with 290 souls, in the month of January, 1854. The competing localities on the northern coast are Carlingford, Skerries, Portluth, and Clogher Head, but the latter is believed to be out of the race. On the southern coast the choice, it is surmised, will lie between Waterford and Wexford, on the south-east.

The *Times* has the following upon "The Education Question" in Ireland:—"It is currently reported that the Home Secretary (Mr. Walpole) is about to pay a visit to Ireland, and that his arrival here may be expected almost daily. In anticipation of the event all sorts of rumours have been set afloat touching the object of the right hon. gentleman's Irish mission, but the prevailing notion seems to be that it has some mysterious connexion with the vexed question of education, pure or mixed—that is, strictly scriptural or national. The friends of the former system are said to be in high spirits, and sanguine hopes are entertained—now that the right men are in the right place—that a settlement of the great educational difficulty is only a question of time. A settlement, in this instance, means a division of the Parliamentary grant, a portion to be handed over for the use of the Church Education Society of Ireland. Let this be conceded, and, as a matter of course, the complaints of Archbishop Oullen and the Ultramontane Romanist party cannot be passed by unheeded. They, too, must have their share of the spoil; and then down comes the whole fabric of mixed education, to be followed by a revival of those sectarian animosities which flourished in such luxuriance about the time that Mr. Edward Geoffrey Stanley filled the post of Irish Chief Secretary."

A fire, attended with lamentable loss of life, broke out on Sunday night, about half-past eleven o'clock, at the house of Mr. Woodroffe, vintner, Island-bridge, Dublin. On the discovery of the fire, messengers were despatched to the different stations, and the engines of the police, fire brigade, and the barracks arrived very shortly after the outbreak; but the flames had got the mastery, and though the most exertions were made to rescue the inmates, seven in number, only three were saved. A number of men of the 13th Light Dragoons, the police, fire brigade, and men of the Sun Fire Office, commenced pouring a stream of water upon the burning edifice—the gallant fellows of the 13th supplying their own engines with buckets from the river—and by their combined efforts soon succeeded in getting the fire under, though, unfortunately, unable to prevent a sad loss of life.—Mrs. Woodroffe, her daughter, and a little boy falling victims to the flames. A young woman, who threw herself from the window had her leg broken and her head dreadfully contused. A girl and boy were rescued by the efforts of the neighbors. Two brave young fellows of the 13th rushed into the still burning ruins, and brought out Mrs. Woodroffe's charred and mutilated body. It is needless to add that the house was burnt to the ground, and the houses on each side were much injured. The police, brigade, and men of the 13th Light Dragoons and Guards acted in a most praiseworthy manner.—*Dublin paper*.

THE ENGLISH MISSIONS.—Amongst the manufacturing districts of England perhaps there is not one in which are to be found a greater number of poor Irishmen than in Leeds and its immediate neighborhood. The venerated and venerable Bishop of Beverley, ever anxious for the welfare of the flock confided to his charge, and rendered remarkable by his Christian love and paternal tenderness for the poor of this country who had gone to earn their bread in the land of strangers, seventeen years ago, appointed the Rev. Edward O'Leary as the pastor of Dewsbury, in which at that time there were about four hundred Catholics. The zealous Priest worked with a heart-felt earnestness for the spiritual welfare of his poor countrymen, though deprived of the world's goods, still rich in faith, and at present in Dewsbury his congregation numbers over two thousand. For the purpose of completing the new schools, and erecting a suitable place of public worship in Dewsbury, the Rev. Mr. O'Leary is at present in Dublin to solicit the aid of the humane and generous. He has received the sanction and the subscription of his Grace the Lord Archbishop, and bears with him the following letter from the Lord Bishop of Beverley:—

"TO THE WARM-HEARTED AND GENEROUS CATHOLICS OF IRELAND."

"My Friends,—Rejoicing to learn that you have passed from the years of famine and times of distress to days of prosperity—as I deeply sympathized with you in your adversity, so I congratulate you on your prosperity. Emboldened by your changed circumstances, I humbly presume, for the first time in my life, to appeal to your well-known charity in behalf of 2,000 of your poor countrymen and fellow-Catholics in my diocese, who are destitute of a suitable chapel wherein the faith of St. Patrick may be preached to them. Their respected pastor, the Rev. Edward O'Leary, will explain to you the great and pressing wants of his flock, too poor to erect a commodious suitable temple wherein they can assemble. Appealing to you in behalf of these poor Irish Catholics, I feel confident that my appeal will not be made in vain."

Your attached faithful friend,
JAMES BRIDGES, Bishop of Beverley.
York, 29th August, 1858."

PROTESTANT "INDIGNATION."—A correspondent in the *Times* is vastly indignant that the Sisters of the Convent of Mercy at Swinford, in the county Mayo, should have sent her a circular letter, explaining that they "visit the sick and dying poor of their neighborhood, and impart the blessing of a good education to a large number of destitute children;" and, finally, requesting in the most courteous terms, that, with a view to assist them in their benevolent labours, the lady in question will have the kindness to purchase a few tickets for the raffle of a very handsome gold watch. The price of the tickets is a shilling each, and the Sisters, after promising that if the lady will be so good as to buy them, she shall have "a continuance of their grateful prayers, as well as of those of the poor whom she may enable them to relieve," and concludes with the remark, "that should the tickets be declined the Sisters respectfully request to have them returned." This communication, though it is impossible to imagine anything more inoffensive, has excited to frenzy the philanthropic lady to whom it was addressed, who forthwith sends it off to the Thunderer, that by him it may be exposed to the scorn and execration of the Protestant public. It is to be regretted that before taking this course the fair Samaritan did not take the trouble to make a few inquiries respecting the fiscal affairs of her own Church as well as those of the Church which she is so desirous of holding up to ridicule. Had she done so she would have discovered that there is a reason, and a very intelligible one, why the ladies of the Swinford Convent are, in their zeal to relieve the poor, compelled to have recourse to such expedients as the raffling of their own gold watch. The explanation is very simple—it is, that the revenues of the Catholic Church, which is the Church of the people, have been fraudulently and forcibly appropriated by a hostile sect which includes little more than a fraction of the population—while the Irish people are in many districts of their country worshipping in thatched chapels, or in the open air—while their priests have a stipend oftentimes inferior to that of mechanics and domestic servants, all while the nuns are obliged to sell their watches to relieve the necessities of the dying poor, the Church of the small majority holds possession of 100,160,211 statute acres of glebe and see lands, exclusive of chapter and royal school lands, which, in Ulster alone, are upwards of 20,000 acres. In addition to all this, the same Church is in receipt of a tithe-rent-charge amounting to £360,000 per annum. The Protestant Archbishop of Armagh receives £14,000 a year for doing nothing, while the nuns of Swinford have to raffle their watch for the support of the poor. It would have been well for the cause of Christian charity, and well, too, for the interests of common justice, that G. B. had acquainted herself with these facts before sending her indignant letter to Printinghouse-square. There are some other circumstances which she would have done well to have learned if she have not heard of them, or to have remembered them anew if she have. It may be new to her to be informed that scarcely a week passes that the Catholic householders of London do not receive by post some printed paper from some Protestant clergyman, entreating their assistance in the building of a church or the carrying out of some proselytising project. It was but the other day that the writer of these lines was pursued to the watering place to which he had repaired for a few weeks' relaxation by a letter from a person who is at this moment engaged in the notable project of building a church at Kilburn with funds raised exclusively by gratuitous offerings of postage stamps! Some millions of stamps have already been collected, and the reverend gentleman is still laudably engaged in an attempt to increase his store. C. B.'s memory may also be nudged on some other little matters. It will probably surprise her to learn that she cannot cross the threshold either of Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral, without paying twopenny at the door, and that it costs several shillings to inspect the latter edifice. Finally, it will amaze her to be informed that church-rate levies are going on briskly, and that the incumbent of the episcopal church in Gray's-inn-road, made a famous razzia the other day, which was productive of sad mishaps to certain dissenters residing in the parish. While such things as these are going on, the poor nuns of Swinford might surely be allowed to raffle their gold watch in peace.—*Freeman*.

Statistics are generally avoided as uninteresting; but with regard to Ireland, any facts proving the increasing prosperity of that country must always be received with favour. A return has just been issued, showing that since the establishment of the Encumbered Estates Court, five years ago, estates have been sold under its operation to the extent of £23,100,000; of which sum no less than £20,000,000 in round numbers was paid by Irish purchasers to the number of 8,258, the purchasers of all other nations numbering only 324. So that "Saxon" capital and "Saxon" speculation has been almost a myth compared with the energy and enterprise displayed by the Irish. The rapid passages, too, made by the Lever line of packets between New York and Galway is attracting the general attention of the mercantile world; and the *Daily News* says it is not improbable that an application may be made to Government for money to extend this service.—*Weekly Register*.

TIPPERARY AS IT IS.—The Tipperary Union Farming Society held its annual meeting on Saturday, and was followed by the usual dinner in the afternoon. Major William Henry Massey—a candidate for the county upon a late occasion—presided, and in proposing the toast of "The Lord Lieutenant and Prosperity to Ireland," thus spoke:—"It is certain that we have been going ahead during the past few years; and, though as a free people we do not yet occupy the position we are entitled to, we are treading the path steadily towards it. What an instance of this can be adduced in this very locality! I remember the time, not many years ago, when, in this town, were were supporting 2,000 paupers in the poor-house; and now that vast number has dwindled down to something less than 400. I speak under the correction of Mr. Ryan, the respected vice-chairman of the union."

Mr. Ryan.—The present number is 350.
The Chairman.—What a blessed falling off from 2,000 to 350; and this is not the only proof of the progressive condition. We see every day instances of the increasing interest in making improvements manifested by the farmers; and I do say, without at all meaning to introduce politics, if they get only fair play from the landlords that Ireland will before long present the appearance of a luxuriant garden, productive of immense wealth and importance to the country. (Loud applause.) Speaking of the landlords, I must say that I am sorry to see that they are not here among us this evening; and I would tell them they should not be above coming here among us, their humble friends (applause); if we are good enough to pay them their rents fairly and honestly, they should be grateful enough, and show sufficient interest in our welfare, to meet us here and mingle with us at the social board; however, theirs is the principal loss; we have all partaken of a good dinner, and are now determined on spending a pleasant evening. (Hear, hear.)

Subsequently, in proposing the health of Lord Derby, as the President of the Tipperary Farming Society, the gallant chairman observed:—"The Premier of England, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, is a great statesman, though I differ from him on many points, but the best of all we can say for him is that he is a good landlord. (Applause.) I was never better pleased than I was with an observation of his when a number of gentlemen waited on him as a deputation in reference to the tenants of Ireland. When he was told that some of the landlords took advantage of the improvements made by the tenants in building, &c., to put them out of their place and reap all the benefit themselves, he said, 'Who did that? He was told, 'some gentlemen.' 'Gentlemen?' said he—'they were no gentlemen!'

GREAT BRITAIN.

It is stated in well informed circles that the present fortifications are to be greatly extended, that the whole line between Carlisle Fort and Rother's Tower is to be almost one continuous battery, and that Spike is to be made impervious to assault or bombardment.—*Cork Examiner*.

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.—On all hands it seems to be agreed that we shall have to pay for Gherbourg. People who condemn the anticipated liberality of the House of Commons and those who applaud it, concur in regarding the sacrifice as inevitable. The national susceptibility is touched in its most sensitive part.—We have been challenged to rivalry in a province in which we do not admit an equal and can scarcely tolerate the presence of a second. As the wealthy father of a family, when he sees the wife and daughters of a neighbor starting a new equipage or giving a fête of unprecedented brilliancy, spontaneously recognises the display as a draught on his own purse of the means of maintaining a competing splendour, so it is with the treasures of Great Britain. They would perhaps, have been glad to shut out the sight if they could, but, having consented to look at it, they cannot affect ignorance of the obligation which it imposes. It is easy to say that the keepers of our national resources would not be so keenly alive to the promptings of emulation as they are if the expenditure of their own money were in question. We apprehend, however, that a little study of the motives by which men are influenced in the conduct of their private affairs, will show that there is no justification or the laud. The occasion is closely analogous to those which, in daily social life, upset all the calculations of the prudent, and cause Shylock himself to look at his ducats only as available means of purchasing the service he requires. We are hit in a sentiment, the tenderest and most cherished feeling of our bosoms. Every drop of blood in the body corporate rushes to the defence of the sensitive point in which it has been wounded. If we are not powerful beyond all comparison on the water which surrounds our island home, there is nothing left that is worth living for as a nation. That this should be our relative position has been—at least ever since the destruction of the French navy in the early years of the century—assumed more or less consciously as an axiom. National economy only begins after our maritime supremacy is secured. Intentionally or otherwise, the Emperor of the French has touched our weakness acutely. The manifestation of a disposition on his part to contest with us a superiority on the seas, which we believe to be inherent in England, is only one degree less startling than would be a claim to a portion of the Queen's dominion. This is an emergency to which considerations of economy are felt not to apply. Our energies at home and abroad are in the habit of regarding us as a tendency towards pugnares interference in foreign politics; and we may sometimes, especially in moments of tax-paying difficulty, feel inclined to admit the justice of the remonstrance. But no remonstrance with which we may be inspired by discovering that we have been meddling with what did not greatly concern us, at the cost of paying the expenses of our clients as well as our own, will enter our hearts towards an attempt to deprive us of an essential element of our national dignity and strength. A suggestion of this kind is the premonition of power in the British Channel, a formidable proposition to which is made in the establishment of Cherbourg. Hence, that mixed sentiment of pride and fear, which people are in the habit of ascribing to when they resist an intrusion upon their own domains, is powerfully aroused, and will make itself decidedly heard and felt in the discussions on the naval and military estimates for some little time to come. Few people may think there is ground to apprehend any immediate design of trying conclusions with us on the sea; but our capacity of resisting such an attempt ought not only to exist, but to be above suspicion.—Those Members of Parliament who meet their constituents, according to custom at this period of the year, are evidently well aware of the spirit of the country, and understand the work which it will cut out for them during the ensuing session. Whenever the exigencies of party controversy allow them to suspend for a moment the edifying discussion of the respective beauties of progressive Conservatism and Conservative progress, they turn with practical zeal and earnestness to the question of the national defences. This question will, they clearly discern, have to be undertaken, and the more coolly and deliberately it is discussed, the cheaper and more effectual will be its performance.—*Manchester Guardian*.

Thomas Tole, formerly belonging to the 7th Royal Fusiliers, who so basely deserted to the Russian enemy while serving in the Crimea with his regiment, arrived at Chatham Barracks yesterday, from Manchester, the city in which he was captured, in charge of a strong escort, and is now safely confined in the guard-house, in charge of two sentries, until he is brought to trial by court-martial, at Chatham Garrison, where the depot companies of the 7th Fusiliers are stationed, the head-quarters having been ordered to India soon after the return of the regiment from the Crimea. The prisoner, on being marched through London, was handcuffed to a soldier belonging to the escort to prevent any possibility of his escaping. He appears to be about 25 years of age, and is a native of Ireland. As soon as it became known at Chatham Barracks that he had arrived, a number of the troops turned out to catch sight of him as he was being conveyed to the guard-house, many of them expressing their contempt for him in no measured language. Several incorrect statements have appeared respecting the base desertion of the prisoner. The authorities have ascertained that he left the English lines in company with a comrade named Moore on the night of the 22d of March, 1855, and immediately joined the Russian force, at the same time given them what proved to be highly valuable information respecting the position of our forces. The same night, between 11 and 12 o'clock, a column of Russian infantry rushed upon our men in the advanced trenches, bayoneting and killing a number of men of the 7th Fusiliers and 34th Regiment, Captain the Hon. Cavendish Browne, 7th, being killed, and Lieutenant Colonel Kelly, 34th, severely wounded and carried off prisoner,—the number of killed and wounded being upwards of 50. Although taken at a great disadvantage, the men of the 7th met the unexpected assault with undaunted courage, and drove the Russians back at the point of the bayonet. After the conclusion of the war Tole, being afraid to return to England, remained some time at St. Petersburg, and afterwards proceeded to New York, where he remained until a few months ago, when he returned to Manchester, but was shortly afterwards recognized by a police constable who served in the 7th Fusiliers at the time the prisoner deserted. Owing to the difficulty experienced by the authorities at the Horse Guards in preparing the necessary evidence to support the charge against the accused his trial is not likely to take place for some days. Tole's companion, who deserted at the same time with him, did not live to return to England, but is stated to have died a few days after joining the Russian army.

A Clergyman writes to the *Times* to say that magical delusions are much more prevalent than is commonly supposed. In the 72nd canon of the Church of England it is provided: "That no minister shall, without the license of the Bishop of the diocese, under his hand and seal, attempt, on any pretence whatsoever, either of possession or obsession, by fasting and prayer, to cast out any devil or devils, under pain of the imputation of imposture or covetness, and deposition from the ministry." Hook's *Church Dictionary*, page 294. This canon is still in force. Again, it is well known that many of the leading literary men in the metropolis consult the "spirits" by means of "table-turning," and place implicit confidence in the answers returned by the "rappings," &c.