

THE HOLY ALLIANCE.—Under the above striking head the *Kermagh Reporter*, one of the most rabid Protestant journals in the kingdom, thus deals with the Pastoral letter issued on the 24th inst. by the Roman Catholic prelates that perhaps ever met in this country assembled the other day in Dublin, by command of His Holiness the chief patron of the church educational claims, and solemnly condemned the national system. They insist upon denominational grants, that is, sectarian grants, to be devoted to the purpose of bringing up the youth of Ireland in bigotry—the *summum bonum* of all priestcrafts. This demand of the bishops is what the Church Education Society has been all along insisting on; it is what the blundering eloquence of Mr. Whiteside has been so frequently employed to enforce. We call it blundering eloquence out of respect to the gentleman, for he very grossly misrepresented the National System, and if that misrepresentation was not a blunder it must have been wilful—which we cannot believe. We cannot believe either that there has been any secret compact between the Church Education Society and the servants of the Pope; and yet the facts of the case are startling. It was not till after the coalition at the last general election between the friends of the Church Education party and the priests that the Roman Catholic bishops raised the same cry as the Church Education Society. It is known that Cardinal Wiseman employed his influence to return Church Education members to Parliament; and now, just after that election, by orders of the Pope the Irish Roman Catholic bishops pronounce with solemnity and power in favor of the Church Education scheme. 'Down with the National Board!' cries the Pope. 'More power to your Holiness!' says the Church Education Society. 'Secular education!' cries the society. 'Amen!' says the Pope. What is the meaning of this harmony, this startling alliance between Orangeism and Popery? We used to think that Popery was almost entirely confined to England—that the Established Church in this country was really Protestant; but this singular combination with the Ultramontane party may well give rise to doubts.

AREA OF LAND UNDER GRAIN CROPS.—The following is an extract from a lengthened notice of the prospects of this year's harvest in Ireland, published in the *Northern Whig* of yesterday. The statistics thus supplied are curious and not without some interest.—It is very remarkable that, up to the present year, the area of Ireland's grain lands has not reached that attained in 1847. For four or five years succeeding that season the value of wheat and oats had receded to a ratio value under the remunerative point, the natural results of which was to cause large tracts of soil, previously kept in corn, to be thrown out in grass. From 1853 and onwards the prices arose, and since that date farmers have been in receipt of very fair prices—three of those seasons ranging at high rates for all descriptions of agricultural produce. The year of famine, succeeding that in which the potato crop was almost entirely swept off, showed a breadth of 3,200,000 acres of land under wheat, oats, barley, beans, and peas in Ireland. Last year the same cereals occupied only 2,750,000 acres, showing a decrease of more than half a million acres when compared with the area of 1846. We are to take into account that, while the potato lands of the one season only amounted to 282,000 acres, those of the last year reached 1,150,000 acres. Admitting, however, the increased growth of this favorite esculent, the great falling off in grain-growing, under a series of favorable years of market values, seems most unaccountable. The Irish farmer has been rising in circumstances, having been able to cultivate his lands on more scientific principles. Through drainage has been largely carried out; useless fences have been thrown down for the purpose of enlarging fields; a superior class of cattle is raised, and the habits of the cultivators exhibit marked improvement. Remarkable, however, is the fact that, with such satisfactory evidences of material progress, there should be lessened area of land under the plough. Ireland's soil is not inferior in productive capabilities, even for wheat, to that of any in the world; and for oats, potatoes, and such crops, it is unequalled. The richest lands of Ohio do not average 20 bushels of wheat to the acre. Canada barely comes up to the same point. France produces about 15 bushels, and Russia averages rather less.—Ireland's wheat lands average about 30 bushels to the acre; and yet out of her twenty million acres of surface the total of last year's wheat lands did not cover over 550,000 acres, and the oats fell over two millions of acres. Thousands of the finest of Ireland's people are annually crossing the seas in search of new homes, leaving behind them mines of wealth, which only require the hand of labor to bring into rich productivity. Out of the gross area of land there should be at least 5,000,000 acres in cereal and root crops, thus adding to the proceeds of agricultural riches an annual amount exceeding that of the golden treasures of the South Pacific.

The Harvest work, says the *Tyrone Herald*, has already made considerable progress, and under the most favorable influences of the weather. A bright sun every day brings to perfection the crops, and cheers the laborers in their exertions at cutting down the ripe portions. Barley and oats are falling in every direction, and to all appearance the corn is of an excellent quality. A short continuance of this weather will see the larger portion of the grain crops ripe and gathered in. In other particulars of farmers' work progress is to be noted. The various tuberoses sowings are all rapidly advancing to perfection. The fears entertained relative to the safety of the potato appear to be dissipated. When the early crop had been affected, and when the leaf commenced to wither under the operation of disease, the fear was that all should go, that neither early or late would be safe. But these fears have proved groundless, as, in the digging of the late crop, so far as it has yet proceeded—and we have seen some of it going on—the exception is a diseased tuber. The public mind is very buoyant, and we trust grateful at this prosperous state of things vouchsafed by Providence.

The weather for the week, says the *Clonmel Chronicle*, has been propitious for the reaping of the late sown cereals, and the harvest is now nearly all cut down in this locality. The yield in wheat is fully an average one, but in oats, especially where soil on low sandy soils, has proved very deficient. Barley is a fair crop, and turnips and mangolds are turning out well. The genial and refreshing showers, with alternate sunshine, have much improved the appearance of pasture and after-grass, which look so rich and luxuriant as they ever did under the invigorating glow of sunny June. The potato crop, we regret to state, much damaged, and the fall blight is still extending, but a large quantity of it will be saved this year. The tubers in early sown varieties are quite sound, and we have never known them to be of finer quality, or so thick in the soil.

The Mayo Constitution says:—"A large portion of the oats, wheat, and barley crops has already been cut down, and the harvest in general this season promises to be the earliest we have had for many years past.—The crops which have been reaped, nor, we understand, of an average yield, and the grain full and of a superior quality. The injury inflicted on the potatoes by the blight has been most irregular, in some localities the crops being very slightly damaged, whilst in other places the injury is considerable."

The weather has been very fine during the past week, says the *Sigo Independent*, which has been taken advantage of by the farmers generally, the grain crops being cut down in every direction. The accounts from all quarters of the country are most cheering. The only crop rather deficient in quantity is the hay, which is not near so abundant as last year; we have heard farmers say that they refused £3 10s. a ton for the new crop. All the other crops are large, and the markets generally are low.

PROSPECTS OF SMALL FARMERS.—The *Dundalk Democrat* has the following timely remarks:—"The harvest is now nearly over, and after an impartial survey of the crops, and looking to the state of the markets and the prices given for corn, we believe most of the small farmers will be able to pay no rent at all this year. They crop their land mostly with barley and oats, and in all the poorer lands in the country there will be scarcely half a crop to reward their toil. Some barley and oats on the foot were sold by auction in this district lately, and they realized only about four or five pounds per acre.—They grew upon land of an average quality; so we may conclude that in poorer districts not more than four or five barrels per acre will be obtained by the landlords. We heard a small farmer telling a pitiful story in the corn market on last Monday week, and we fear that his is not a solitary case. He stated that he gave £5 rent for an acre of ground, in the coarse way, in which turnips had grown last year, and cropped it with oats, and the produce was only four barrels. This, at 12s or 13s per barrel, would pay for no more than the labor and seed, so the poor man has lost £5 by the transaction. There are thousands of acres in the lower barony of this county, and for thirteen miles between this town and Newtownhamilton, and across the country from that to the town of Monaghan, the corn crops on which would not pay more than the cost of seed, labor, and taxes; and if the poor people be called on to pay rents, they will be driven to ruin. We, therefore, appeal to the landlords who own this vast district of country, on behalf of the poor tenants.—We think they should not be called on to pay any rent this year, for the simple reason that they are not able to meet such a demand, as their crops are barely sufficient to preserve their own lives, and keep them from starvation. Rents have been well paid during the last five or six years, and when, owing to the want of rain, the earth has refused to yield its usual abundance, we think it is one of the 'duties of property' to let the poor small farmers, for this year, go free. Let us hope that the landlords will take the question into their serious consideration, and resolve to act in a liberal and kindly spirit towards their tenants."

We (*Tuan Herald*) are gratified to announce the rapid progress that is being made in the construction of the Athlone and Tnam Railway. The ability, energy, and efficiency of the engineers employed upon the undertaking are discernible from the marked advancement of the works. The erection of the terminus is also fast approaching completion. We may, therefore, confidently anticipate to hear the ring of the engine's whistle in our town before very many months elapse.

LARGE SHAL OF MACKEREL ON THE SOUTH-EASTERN COAST.—For some days past immense quantities of mackerel fry have been noticed along the northern point of the coast of Wexford for a distance of several miles, extending from Courtown harbour to Blackwater, numbers having been thrown up by tide. But on Sunday, Aug. 28, the seaboard presented a most striking appearance, being literally alive with these fish, both large and small; the large ones seemed evidently to be preying on the fry, as there were numbers of dogfish; and at Paulinoff, where they appeared most numerous, a very large conger-eel was also making a rich harvest, being in full chase, and quite distinctly seen securing several. There were quantities taken and offered for six-pence a hundred, but no one seemed to care for them. The large ones were a good size and in good condition. Fish of every description have been quite at a discount in the neighborhood of Wexford since the melancholy loss of the Pomona; and whether a foolish prejudice, or otherwise, still of that most disastrous loss of life has been to deprive in a great measure the poor fishermen in the neighborhood of their principle means of earning a livelihood, no one likes to use the fish caught on this coast.—*Irish Times Correspondent*.

A MOVING BOG.—One of these extraordinary occurrences which we are rarely privileged to chronicle, has occurred at Ledwithstown, between Ballymahon and Kenagh, in the County of Longford. A few days ago might be seen in that vicinity a beautiful lake, in extent about a mile, which offered amusement to the inhabitants of the surrounding district, in the fishing season; but now, in the wisdom of Providence, nothing more picturesque than a bog meets the gaze. Last Sunday morning, the bog by which it was bounded on one side was observed by two men who were on the lake at the time, to crack in several places at once, and come at a brisk pace into the middle of the water. Since then it has continued to move onward at the rate of about a foot in the twenty-four hours. Numerous visitors have favored this freak of nature with their presence, and all concur in saying that the bog has actually changed places with the lake, while the latter has usurped the place of the bog.—*Id.*

DEATH OF JOHN KELLY, THE SPONNER.—On Friday this individual, whose performance the public of Belfast have become pretty well acquainted with since the 1st of December last, died of consumption, at his parents' residence off Cromac-street. The disease first developed itself when he occupied a cell in the Belfast goal.

At Colloge street police office, Dublin, three elaborately dressed individuals, literally blazing in jewellery and bijouterie, and decorated in the extreme of fashionable negligé, who gave their names as A. Burke, of Beehive, Britannia, City road, London; George Watson, and John Johnson, were committed for trial for an attempt to defraud an American gentleman, named James White, out of a sum of £95, by fraudulent betting. They had got £15 out of their victim, but, on the appearance of the detectives on the scene, one of them handed it back.

We regret, says the *Tyrone Constitution*, to state that on Thursday the 18th August, Mr. John Nugent of Carranranney, near Cortin, was accidentally shot, under the following circumstances:—Deceased had been handling a gun which was in the house, and in doing so rested the end of it on a chair; the gun slipped and on his attempting to draw it out the hammer came in contact with the side of the chair, and discharged the contents of the gun into the body of deceased, near the shoulder, shattering the collar bone in a frightful manner. The sister and cousin of the young man were present. He was removed to the County Infirmary in this town, but mortification having set in, he expired on Wednesday last.

Among the excursionists to Arran, last Thursday, was a dog, the property of Mr. Owen Begly, of Prospect-hill, Galway. On the return of the *Vesper*, the poor animal—either through the unfeeling act of some person or by accident—was precipitated overboard at twenty miles from land. Mr. Begly thought the dog was lost, when, to his surprise, next evening, the noble creature reached his master's house, having made a swim of twenty miles in some hours.

ALLEGED "ILLEGAL PROSESSION"—A YOUNG SQUIRE NEST.—At the Courtbill petty sessions, on Saturday, the following case was tried before Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Clements (Leitrim Rifles) Ashfield Lodge; William Murray (Chairman) Coombhill; S. R. Moorehead, Port-William; Edward McArthur, Coombhill; and John Veerers, R.M., Ballyborough, who attended specially, although he appeared to be in very infirm health.

Head Constable William Harrison v. Thomas McCabe and others.—The defendants were charged with having, on the night of the 1st of August, inst., tumultuously assembled, and, with flags and music, formed an illegal procession, and marched along the public road, through Benwill, Droomrobbill, &c., playing party tunes, and, with noise and cheering, did disturb and annoy the inhabitants of that locality, whereby the public peace was endangered.

Head Constable Harrison conducted the prosecution. Mr. Edward McGarran, attorney (who had come special from Dublin) defended the parties accused.—The proceedings were instituted under the

provisions of Vic. 13, cap. 2. The prosecution created great interest amongst the inhabitants of Courtbill and its vicinity, as evidenced by the crowded state of the courthouse. There were seven witnesses examined for the prosecution, all of whom gave the defendants good characters for being peaceable, orderly and well conducted neighbors. There were no witnesses produced for them.

William Geno (who is bailiff over Bellemont Forest estate) was the first witness produced and sworn, the substance of whose evidence was to the following effect:—On the evening of the night in question, between nine and ten o'clock, he saw a procession composed of boys and girls: some of them were little boys, and others of them were grown up young men; they had two tin flutes, or whistles, upon which they were playing; they also had a tin can by way of a drum (laughter), which they were beating; they also had two poles upon which there were some things by way of flags; one was white and red and the other green; thinks there were between thirty and forty in number, including the girls. He then identified eight or nine of the accused, including three or four very little boys, who were present on the occasion.

Cross-examined by Mr. McGarran—Was not the least alarmed by the procession, as he conceived it to be only a foolish freak of children, boys and girls; never heard of the Phoenix Clubists' trials; the flags might have been greater pocket handkerchiefs for aught he knew; never saw one of them in his knowledge; there was a green bough on the top of one of the flags; so little did he think of the matter that he would never have noted the matter a second thought were it not for Head-constable Harrison and a party of the police coming to his house a few nights after and inquiring about the matter from him; is no great judge of music, but would know it when he would see it—(laughter)—the tunes they played were "Patrick's Day" and "White Cockade"; all the persons that he knew were present at the procession are of good character, peaceable, industrious, honest and well-conducted.

Isaac Geno (son of the last witness) was the next witness for the prosecution.—He corroborated the evidence of his father, and, in cross-examination by Mr. McGarran, he added that the tunes they played were "Patrick's Day" and the "White Cockade"; understood that the latter tune had been considered a party tune, but did not know whether it was so or not; there were children, old women and young girls in the procession; one of the latter caught hold of him by the arm, and wished him to go along with her, but did not do so; he then identified nine of the defendants as having been at the procession; neither himself or any person else were, he believed, annoyed or alarmed by the procession, as others took on the same day of the month in the two preceding years: thinks it was done to commemorate the great green walk, which took place in 1847.

To a question from Head Constable Harrison, he said he never was at an Orange walk.

Head Constable Harrison—I am sorry for it. The evidence of the five other witnesses was immaterial, save that all gave the defendants good characters, and all swore that they were not the least alarmed or annoyed by the procession. The case for the prosecution having closed.

Mr. McGarran, on the part of his clients, made a very eloquent appeal to the bench, and denounced the proceeding as a paltry, low, and disreputable prosecution; got up by an interested party, who were evidently anxious to stigmatize the inhabitants of one of the most peaceable districts in all Ireland to subvert some sinister purpose; for the legislature never contemplated for a single moment, when enacting the illegal processions act, that its penal provisions should be enforced against a few children—boys and girls—walking, or, if you will, marching along an old bye-road, to amuse themselves of a summer evening, playing upon a couple of tin whistles and an old tin-can as a drum, with a couple of old pocket handkerchiefs stuck upon the tops of two poles by the way of flags, which gave offence to no one. He then alluded to a case tried before Chief Justice Monaghan at the late Dublin Commission, where a procession passing through Rathmines, having a full military band with them, assaulted a policeman for interrupting them; when, on ascertaining the nature of the case, his lordship stated that the party accused could not be tried under the illegal procession act, and ordered them to be at once discharged.

At the conclusion of his address, the magistrates retired, and, after remaining in deliberation for a considerable time, returned into court, when the chairman announced their decision to be that Owen McCabe, Thomas McCabe, Thomas Leary, and Charles Reilly be fined in the sum of 2s. 6d. and costs, each. The rest to be discharged.—*Dublin Freeman*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

HERSEY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The London *Churchman* says dolefully:—"The Prince of Wales, who is at present sojourning at Holyrood palace, has, as was only to be expected, been following the examples of his royal mother, Queen Victoria, in attending the Presbyterian Kirk in Edinburgh. It is sad, indeed, to think that such inconsistent disregard of the distinctive features of Episcopacy and Presbyterianism are to be thus perpetuated in our royal family."

Many of the English Church and State organs are indulging a loud and furious latration at the recent Pastoral of the Irish Bishops. The bay of the *Times* is rather modified; but the *Herald*, the *Standard*, the *Morning Post*, the *Mexico*, *Pinto Advertiser*, and others of that sort, such as the *Manchester Guardian*, bark away brutally, and make up a coarse, intolerant and intolerable chorus. Those bay and bull dogs will by and bye, when certain events are in progress, deposit their tails in the proper places, and spare their throats the strain put upon them. As for our Irish Church and State barkers, they of course are not silent; but their expression, as becomes the bond slaves of British Masters of hunting hounds, is only half whine and half howl, with a share of sharp snarl. The baying, barking, whining, howling, and snarling are of great value, for they are awakening universal attention to the Bishops' Pastoral—and a great sign of it is that the Irish Liberal Members are preparing to meet in Dublin, to advance the measures the hierarchy proposed.

Few or no policies of insurance have been taken out on the Great Eastern at Lloyd's, the underwriters being generally unwilling to transact any business until the completion of the trial trip. Almost the only reason assigned for this course is the possibility of the vessel not getting safely out of the Thames.—*Times*.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—The day is now fast approaching when the great question of the success of this noble vessel as a kind of ocean railway will be finally set at rest. This afternoon is the last occasion when the public will be admitted on board, as the whole of next week will be entirely devoted to getting ready for sea. The works that yet remain to be completed are, generally speaking, matters of minor detail, all of which, however, will require a certain time for execution, though not more than three or four days of next week will be amply sufficient to accomplish. Among the other things that have yet to be done are making the necessary openings in the bulkheads to coal into the bunks over the boilers. Watertight doors have also to be put to the openings in the main tunnels running fore and aft the ship from the engine-rooms. The capstan deck forward has also to be planned, the entire deck caulked, and an access made to the bearing for the screw shaft.—Some kitchens have to be fitted up, and cooking ranges fixed, and several of the cabins to be painted and furnished. Accommodation is also ordered to be prepared for 450 passengers to dine in the 80 feet saloon aft. Several berths have yet to be fixed, and 150 additional sofas provided. The yards have also to be crossed and the sails bent, and the steering

apparatus to be fixed in place and tested. All these items seem to make a vast amount of work yet to be done, but this is so only in appearance. Almost all these details belong to different departments, and all can be going forward without hindrance at the same time. If it was necessary, not the least doubt is felt that as far as these matters are concerned the ship could be made ready for sea in from 24 to 36 hours at furthest. The new steering apparatus will, perhaps, take a few days to fix and regulate. This simple, but most ingenious invention is due to Mr. Langley, the shipbuilder of Deptford. By means of this Captain Harrison, or the officer of the watch on the bridge, will be enabled to steer the ship by a signal indicator with as much certainty as if he guided the wheel himself. A small illuminated dial, with a moveable index, is fixed on the bridge, in front of the officer of the watch, and connected with another of the same description in front of the men at the helm. Moving the index finger of the machine on the bridge to port or starboard moves the index of the machine before the helm at the same time, so that not a second is lost in putting the helm hard up or down.—In the same manner the rudder itself is connected with another small dial before the helmsmen, which tells by its index that they have exactly obeyed orders, while this again communicating with a similar machine on the bridge shows the officer of the watch the instant his commands are executed. The movements of the latter dial being, of course, being regulated by those of the rudder, the officer on duty has always the helm, as it were, under his eye, and can detect if the men suffer the vessel to deviate a quarter of a point from her course even for a second.—The apparatus, moreover, possesses another advantage, and that is, that simply moving over the index finger to hard a port opens up two red lights on the port side, and by turning it to starboard a double green one is similarly displayed. Thus small vessels are afforded every facility for getting out of the monster's way in her impetuous rush over the deep. Crossing the yards and bending on the sails will be commenced on Monday. Like the wooden masts, all the yards have been furnished by Mr. Ferguson, and they are probably the finest spars of the kind which have ever left that gentleman's yard. With all sails set the total spread of canvas will be about 4,800 square yards, and with a strong breeze on the quarter this would suffice without any other aid to drive the Great Eastern through the water at the rate of some 15 knots an hour at least. It is not anticipated, however, that she will ever require much assistance from her canvas, or that sails will be hoisted with any other view than that for which they are generally used in fast sailing steamers, namely, that of making a strong draught down into the engine-rooms and funnels. All the arrangements now making on board the ship are with the view of starting her on the morning of the 3d proximo. On that date, at a.m., she is intended to leave her moorings for the first time. Four powerful tugs will take charge of her—two towing ahead and two pulling astern. The latter are thus placed to help the gigantic vessel to turn in those sharp angles of the river which occur just below Greenwich Hospital and just above Blackwall; the Great Eastern herself will also be under steam in her public engines, which, if occasion requires, can be turned round to assist the tugs. From Gravesend to the Nore the aid of the tugs will be merely nominal, if used at all. At the Nore two or three days will be consumed in adjusting compasses and filling in with coal. The latter will bring her down to a fair seagoing trim,—that is to say, a little over ten feet deeper in the water than she now appears. The slightest possible addition will be made to her present draught of water till the Nore is reached. From the Nore she proceeds under easy steam to Portland, and receives her passengers for the first trial trip, returning afterwards to Holyhead, from which harbor she starts on her real trial trip to Canada on or about the 15th. The number of visitors who have inspected the vessel during this week and last has been very large, the amount realized by the company on the admission fees being upwards of £4000. Early on Wednesday morning the Prince de Joinville made a minute inspection of the vessel, and expressed his opinion that she was one of the most wonderful specimens of engineering and scientific skill that human ingenuity had ever constructed. Speaking of her general equipment the Prince expressed an almost equally strong opinion in favor of Mr. Tritman's anchors, and said that he attributed the safety of several French vessels-of-war which were anchored off the coast of Algeria in a tremendous gale entirely to the use of smaller anchors of the same patent. The Grand Duke Constantine is expected to visit the ship early next week. An immense number of applications for berths during the trial trip have already been received by the secretary of the company, with a proportionate number for cabins during the voyage to Canada. All the nonsense that at one time pervaded the public mind about the vessel being too large to be safe has apparently long since disappeared, and in its stead has sprung up a confidence in her strength and speed, which, though great, is not an atom more than the noble vessel really deserves. In truth, all the objections which were at one time made to her were only the same old stories which have been used every time these 10 years against every large vessel in turn, and any time these 1,000 years against improvements of all kinds, from burning sea coal to lighting the streets with gas, or crossing them with locomotives. The grumbling mechanical objections of nautical men of the old school exploded months ago, and the doubts of those who feared her as a commercial success seem to be fast going along with them. One of the of the great complaints under this head used to be that the Great Eastern would at least require a month or six weeks to coal. Well, it is now seen that her steam cranes can coal her in the extent of 10,000 tons in less than 48 hours. Another great objection with the opponents of large ships was, that this one could never get a cargo, or, if she did, it would swamp the market to which it was consigned. When these arguments are fairly weighed against the extent of our trade with the East, and its gigantic annual increase, they appear literally almost absurd.—Even as late as 1851 steam communication with China and other parts of the East was in its infancy. There was then only one mail service a-month. In 1852 this was made a fortnightly communication, and now, although there is one a-week, the demand for steam freight and passage is very greatly in excess of the supply. In 1851, when this new system was originated, the trade to the East in outward tonnage only amounted to 452,852 tons, or nearly double that amount to 945,503 tons, or nearly double. The value of this export trade has increased in the same short interval in the same immense proportion, being now with Australia £10,000,000 per annum, and with India £18,000,000, exclusive of bullion. The export trade with China from this country does not so correctly indicate its true value, as much of the tea and silk is paid for by the cotton and opium sent from India. Yet the value of the silk and tea imported from China is, like the Indian trade, double now what it was in 1851, and is probably little under £16,000,000. If, then, the trade with the East generally has increased at this tremendous rate in seven years, when railways were not commenced, what may not fairly be anticipated when the fast progressing lines are completed in India, Ceylon, and Australia, and when the new treaties with China and Japan begin to bear fruit? The monthly clearance of vessels to the East are about 80,000 tons, so that vessels like the Great Eastern leaving England once a-month could only carry one-tenth of the existing trade, and probably not more than one-fifth of what it will be in a couple of years hence. But six Great Easterns would be necessary to enable one to leave England once a-month, and as yet we have had only one Great Eastern afloat, or even thought of.—With such plain facts as these, what becomes of the objection that a ship which can do the long sea voyage to India in 30 days will not get a cargo? As to swamping the markets of India, China, and Australia, with 8,000 tons, which is only the cargo of one

large vessel to each place, the idea is simply ridiculous. Persons are apt to forget when they speak of the India and China market, that it means supplying the wants of 200,000,000 of people, and that two vessels like the Great Eastern always loading and going backwards and forwards as fast as they could run would hardly supply those markets with necessaries and printed calicoes alone. The only question that has now to be solved is that of her speed. A few days more will settle this; and if the ship only realizes what the least sanguine of her admirers expect, the Great Eastern will prove a triumph as great in a commercial point of view as she is already in an engineering and scientific one.

The result of Smethurst's trial has not brought to the minds of the public a persuasion of legal conviction, which ever may be the opinions entertained as to his actual guilt. It is difficult to believe him innocent, and the forms of British jurisprudence have pronounced him guilty. On this presumption, there arises another instance of the growth of poisoning amongst us; a disquieting symptom of our social state. For the character of our race, for the honour of our country, we would gladly, were it possible, conceal such a fact from the gaze of mankind. Its occurrence too, adds another to those awkward objections with which we are met point blank, when we parade so confidently, before the eyes of foreigners, the superiority of our institutions, or our national morality. Nor are the facts of the case itself, black as they are, half so damaging as the inferences and the suggestions it has called forth. This hideous blot should never have first seen the day in our columns, but now that the *Times* has lent its briarean power to divulge throughout the world a picture of British society so terrible, that if an enemy had done it men would have called it calumny, we may, perhaps, be excused if we contemplate the fact with awe; and that, too, from our own point of view.—Most of the circumstances have been given in our own columns. Thirty-one years ago Thomas Smethurst (subsequently a successful medical practitioner), then a youth of twenty-one, was married to his present wife, she being at the time forty-five years of age. In the very year of his marriage he was a prisoner on some petty charge, in Horensonger-lane Gaol, where he now lies awaiting his execution. According to his own statement on his trial, he had ceased from medical practice for the last six years, during which period he had lived as an independent gentleman; and had travelled with his wife. She had brought him no fortune, and whether the means he evidently possessed had been realized in professional practice or not, we are ignorant. During last winter, the Smethursts were residing in a boarding-house at Richmond, where also lived a middle-aged single lady, named Isabella Bankes. Miss Bankes was possessed of the sum of £1,740, and a life interest in another sum of £7000. An acquaintance sprang up between Mr. Smethurst and Miss Bankes, which soon degenerated into a criminal intimacy. A separation took place between the husband and wife, and to hide the scandal, a false marriage was celebrated between the guilty parties at the parish church of Battersea, on December 12th, 1858. Early in last April, Miss Bankes, who had previously enjoyed good health, sickened; and on the 3d of May she died. Smethurst attended her, with all appearance of affectionate assiduity, and called in other physicians. It was the symptoms they observed which first fixed suspicion on him, and their evidence and that of other scientific men procured by them has brought about his conviction. In court, and subsequently he has protested his innocence with the strongest asseverations. Assuming the convict to be guilty—and the moral certitude, whatever may be thought of the legal evidence, can scarcely be doubted, that he turned the other way—the case is perhaps one that presents some features of blackest atrocity than any that has in our day been made public. A young woman, yet one not previously depraved, places her affections on a man, for whose sake she casts off not only the trammels of such religion as she may have professed, but all regard to those conventional proprieties which, especially for the sex and sect, exert a scarcely less potent influence over the mind. To secure (as she supposed) the attachment of him for whom she had sacrificed so much, she consents to brave the terrors of the law by involving herself, wilfully and knowingly, in a criminal act. Having received this last proof her attention, Smethurst basely murders her for the paltry attainment of the few hundreds she possessed, and murders her by a protracted agony of the cruellest suffering; during which, as if to cap the climax of heartless ingratitude, he prevails on his unsuspecting victim to make a will, and to bequeath with her dying hand whatever it was in her power to bequeath to her murderer and pitiless destroyer. He procured the attendance of a solicitor to make this will in great haste, on a Sunday, and from instructions which he gave in his own handwriting. It was stated on the one side at the trial, and denied on the other, that he prevented the access of nurses and relatives to the sick lady. No medical treatment appeared to exercise the slightest control over the disease, and the unhappy lady expired, completely worn out with suffering, the autopsy showing that the intestinal tissues had been almost totally destroyed. Prior to her death Smethurst was in charge of the police, on the charge of poisoning. He was apprehended suddenly; his house was searched; and although no poison came to light, a drug was found the possession of which has tended almost equally to fix guilt upon him. This is elaborate of potass, the effect of which is said (but not proved) to be to eliminate any drug so effectually from the system, that its detection after death is rendered impossible. The Judge summed up strongly against the prisoner, the jury followed his lead, and the Sheriff of Surrey was desirous to see execution done on the prisoner on Tuesday week. Regarding him, then, as guilty, what language can be thought too strong to characterize the atrocity of his crime? And taking it as a representative fact, why will not slubber at the insight which, like the lurid flash at a dark night, it affords us of the secret horrors of society? The *Times*'s remarks referred to above are as follows:—

"Who can hope to penetrate into the mysteries of this great town? Who can tell what is passing in any one of the dull uniform rows of houses of which London is made up? . . . Could the secrets of all hearts be opened, could the hidden deeds of all be known, we should be surprised indeed at the state of the society in the midst of which we are living. It must not be supposed that the elements of the highest tragedy are wanting in the London of 1859. . . . We are, however, slow to admit the possibility of undetected tragedies in families which are to all appearance passing their lives respectably. But when we come to consider the frightful play of human passions, . . . when we think of the opposing interests, which prevail in families, and of the countless facilities for escaping detection, it would seem impossible that there should not be much more actual crime of the darkest dye than is ever brought to light. The history of individual criminals, and still more of systems of crime which have been in the end detected, seems to warrant this foregone conclusion. How many victims had Palmer sacrificed before he was crowned his terrible performances by the murder of Cook? How long had the Essex poisoning flourished before the system was discovered? By analogy we may conclude that the detected crimes of secret murder, especially of poisoning, are but samples of countless undetected crimes of the like nature. The science of poisoning seems now to have been brought to so high a point of perfection that its operation baffles the eyes of ordinary observers. . . . Our secret murderers carry out their designs with a skill and a nicety which almost set the subtlest tests of our most eminent chemists at defiance. It is to be feared that in the humbler classes of society there are many cases of slow poisoning which are not watched with the same diligence and well-trained eyes as was this one of Miss Bankes."