

pinest of these foreign artisans—as we have seen that our country was becoming less a blessing to humanity, depressed and degraded, than to the Anglo-Saxon States, we may be ready to welcome the poor foreign laborer with a more humane and a broader charity, feeling that both were placed by Providence to be of good to each other.

PROTESTANT LITERATURE.

(From the Tablet.)

Lord Mulgrave, in one of his books, considers it a lamentable thing, that while the education of the poor is an object of legislative, and, indeed, universal solicitude, very little attention is given to the education of gentlemen. He does not call in question for a moment the importance of paupers, or the propriety of educating them. Far from it. Yet he thinks the class which furnishes landlords and grand jurymen, sheriffs, and members of Parliament, is not less deserving of attention. If literary culture facilitate the production of shoes, he fancies that intellectual attainments would improve the framing of laws. This opinion is advanced by the noble writer with hesitating deference. He is by no means certain that he is right. He apprehends, apparently, that to enlighten the heads, rather than the lower members of society, might be denounced as a relic of the dark ages and Popish barbarism. Yet he is evidently reluctant to part with the idea. He summons courage to assert that, while a teeming press swarms with treatises on popular education, and showers compendiums and periodicals on the poor, a short treatise on the reading of an M. R., some attempt to remove the gross ignorance of grand jurors might not be altogether useless or unfruitful. Though to an enlightened age like ours such ideas must appear eccentric and antiquated, they are not absolutely peculiar to Lord Mulgrave. Bulwer somewhere tells us that he knew a young borough member who seriously and laudably determined to educate himself, to qualify his mind for legislation by carefully reading the historical romances of Sir Walter Scott. But such contracted notions evidently belong to Popish ages. In the blaze that illumines society now-a-days they wither and expire like sickly exotics. They are not fit for our times. They might do very well in those dark and ignorant ages, when Tasso wrote his "Jerusalem Delivered," or Corneille composed the "Cid," or Calderon filled Spain with melodious verse. But they cannot survive in the days of telegraphs and steam-engines; and accordingly they have never taken root in the public intelligence. It is not the upper classes; it is the lower classes, who have little or no time for reading; that must be diligently taught to read; and as the inevitable result we have, instead of the Tassos, Corneilles, and Calderons, a deluge of trashy publications constantly showering from the press. Literature has assimilated itself to those who read it. The press produces only what will sell. Knowledge, they tell us, is the medicine of the mind. They might have added that the public resembles a patient for whom the doctor prescribes, not what will cure him, but what will please his taste. Let us see what this is. The course of the reading-Protestant poor of England has been lately elucidated. It appears that the number of absolutely vicious newspapers sold yearly in England is 11,702,000. Infidel and polluting publications have a yearly circulation of 10,400,000. Periodicals of the worst class, 520,000. The circulation of innoxious publications is less extensive by several millions. The Protestant poor are diligently taught to read, in order that they may peruse the Bible; but, having mastered the art, they read in preference those vicious newspapers and polluting periodicals we allude to. One of these publications is written to prove that electricity is the true deity; another that Christ never existed—a third facilitates infanticide, showing how children may be killed without the loss of reputation or hindrance of business to the perpetrator. Locke's doctrine as to the material nature of the soul is fully developed in these infamous publications; they say what he hints at—they are superior to Locke. They give us the opinions of Gibbon, without a trace of Gibbon's ambiguity. In buying these you get for a penny what, in reading Gibbon, you get for a pound. Parson Malthus's works are very costly, but in the publication on "painless extinction" you get the pith of the Parson at the small charge of a penny. In one of the difficult philosophies of Hobbes is simplified, stripped of its abstractions, and rendered intelligible to humble capacities. In another we have the marrow of Hume. A third publication fervidly recommends to the poor what Meezer and Martin Luther permitted to the rich—a community of wives and goods. Such pamphlets are more Protestant than the Protestants themselves. This truly popular literature proclaims war against the bank and the shop as Luther did against the monastery and friary. It does not decry liberty, but it hunders against what is still more valuable—private property. It says, in the words of Martin Luther, "Search the Scriptures." Bigamy is nowhere prohibited in the Scriptures. These Protestant publications—which could only exist among Protestants—which could sweep away property, morality, religion, and even God, must not themselves be swept away. This for burning these infamous publications that the Redemptorist Fathers are to be dragged like culprits into a court of justice. But it is very natural that Protestants should defend that which is the natural spawn of Protestantism. Protestantism was always the same. The worthlessness of Protestant literature is an old complaint. Would to God, it were only worthless. Protestant literature is ruinously mischievous. Wherever it flourishes we have, as in New York, "Free Love Societies," or what is, if possible, worse, "bu-

riat clubs." It is for attempting to nip these institutions in the germ (for they have their birth in Protestant literature) that the Redemptorists are to be prosecuted. Such institutions like the literature that gave them birth, are as odious to the Reformers. It is full three hundred years ago since John of Leyden established in the beautiful Germany a society like that of the Redemptorists in New York.

Lord Palmerston seems anxious to snatch from the flames publications which prove that what is vulgarly called God is really electricity. He seems desirous of preserving from destruction a periodical which maintains that Our Divine Redeemer is a myth, that property is plunder, and marriage an immorality. Lord Palmerston is not alone in this crusade against virtue; the whole Protestant press joins in the view halloo, they denounce with fury the well-merited combustion of these books of the brotbel. This is very excusable. If it were not for the Socialism of the sixteenth century—were it not for bigamy, polygamy, and the violation and denunciation of property; there would be no such thing as Protestantism.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

TESTIMONIAL AND ADDRESS TO THE REV. JAMES CONWAY.—The Catholic inhabitants of Newtownlimavady presented the Rev. James Conway with a purse full of sovereigns as a token of their esteem for him, and regret at his removal to the parish of West Ardrav. The presentation was accompanied with an eloquent address. [We insert the above with much pleasure, recollecting the virulent persecution this zealous Clergyman has suffered at the hands of a bigoted Orange clique, countenanced by the oratorical display of a Catholic Attorney-General.]—Tablet.

The Right Rev. Dr. Derry states the appalling fact that, in the parishes of his Lordship's diocese the population which in '41 was five thousand, now numbers only two. How murderous the misrule that could suffer or cause this enormous extinction.

ARMAGH BOROUGH ELECTION.—The final close of the poll gave Mr. Bond a majority of 37. The defeat of Mr. Miller was quite unexpected, as his friends had good reason to believe, almost from the start, that his election was a matter of certainty. The correspondent of a Dublin (Conservative) paper writes as follows:—"Mr. Miller was supported by the Protestant electors of the middle and artisan class, as well as by many of the gentry; while, owing to the influence exercised by the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon (through whose interference General Rawdon was withdrawn), the Catholics voted for Mr. Bond, who was also supported by his Grace the Lord Primate. Sixty-nine electors remain unpolled."

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC GOVERNMENT.—Patsonstown has again been the theatre of a deliberate outrage against the Cross of our Lord and Saviour. A few days after the first sacrifice, the symbol of redemption had been replaced upon the Convent wall, and it was believed that not even the blindest fanaticism would molest it again. But this was a mistake. When night fell, the miscreants came once more, and defaced it—as they probably would the Saviour himself, like their antitypes. And what steps have the Catholic law-officers of the Crown been taking to prevent a recurrence of this shocking outrage?—Pshaw! Wasn't it only a convent—a mere Popish Convent? Wasn't it only a Cross—and the Cross is decidedly Popish? What would you expect, then, from the law officers of a Government which (as the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen observes) has "always been opposed to Catholicity?" Besides, Mr. William Keogh has had quite enough to do in setting Father Petcherine in the felon's dock. Pleasant it is, decidedly, to have Catholics in office—for the white-chokered fanatics; at all events; for observe how it sweetens the sacrifice of this troublesome priest. Alas, for the large-hearted Missionary, who left his quiet home on the shores of the Euxine, to "teach all nations" the Gospel of God; at this very moment, men are "trying" him for Bible Burning!—Nation.

PROTESTANT JUSTICE.—A few poor fishermen in Stradbally, Co. Waterford, were lately summoned for fishing on Sunday, thereby violating the Sabbath. It appears they were in extreme destitution, principally in want of bait to go to sea, and a quantity of sprats making their appearance in the bay, they asked permission of the Rev. Mr. Power to avail themselves of this opportunity. Knowing their poverty, he complied with the request. But the law of the land was violated, and Colonel Beresford, one of the magistrates trying the case, said that in England they would be severely punished for such a crime, but that as they pleaded guilty, he would fine them only one shilling each, with costs!

The estate of the late Mr. Maurice O'Connell, M. P., has been sold in the Encumbered Estates Court. It contained about 2,200 acres of land in the county of Kerry, held by lease of lives renewable for ever and convertible into fee farm grant, producing a net profit rent of £186,03d, and it was purchased in trust for £2550.

AGRICULTURAL OPERATIONS.—The weather for the three weeks has been unusually mild for the season; indeed there are few who recollect such a favourable opportunity for agricultural operations in autumn. The husbandman has no excuse who has omitted either ploughing for spring or sowing of seeds. It is gratifying to observe that a large amount of wheat has been sown, and that the potatoe crop—but little affected with disease—has been saved, and stored all over the country. Verily the farmers' prospects never were brighter. —Ballinacree Star.

THE WHEAT CROP OF 1856.—A Limerick paper states that one-third more of land in the south of Ireland is laid out for wheat this winter than in the time of the late war. The high price for corn is again converting the pasture fields into cereal tillage.

EXPORTATION OF POTATOES.—The Northern Whig says: "For some time past our quays have been literally crowded with carts of potatoes, brought into Belfast from the surrounding country for export. Six vessels were sent off yesterday, loaded exclusively with potatoes. Of these two were for Cardiff, one for Plymouth, and one for Swansea; and the Matilda, 101 tons, and Faugh-a-Ballagh, 129 tons, were despatched direct for Malta, where their cargoes will, probably, form part of the reserves for the victualling of the Crimean army during the winter."

The return of the extent of land in Ireland under tillage in 1855, just published by the Registrar General, enables us to see the effect of the first year of war upon agriculture. This, however, is strikingly different from what might be expected, the increase on the whole being only one-twelfth of the entire. The increase in the previous year having been 27,293 acres, or no quite a thirtieth of the entire. The increase in the present year, which appears at the same time, may more properly be referred to the general improvement of agriculture than to any immediate effect produced by the war, which would naturally show itself in the quantity of grain raised. With the exception of Cork, and one or two of the smaller counties in the north, there is an increase of wheat through every county in Ireland. In Galz, however, there is a large increase in Cork, though not in the other parts of Munster, while in Leitrim there is a decrease, a fact being probably the greater stimulus given to grazing in the latter province by the demand for stock. In the aggregate, wheat has increased in the proportion of one-twelfth, and this crop has not merely taken the place of others; because there is also an increase in the green crops. Agriculture is proverbially slow, and in this case may not be attributed the unexpectedly slight influence which it seems to have experienced from the war; for though there is an absolute increase in tillage, still the rate of progress is less than it was in the year immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities. However, though the extent of tillage has not very much increased the quantity of money which present prices pour into the pockets of the farmers is of course enormous. —Cork Examiner.

With respect to the order of Redemptorists, of which the Rev. Father Petcherine is so distinguished a member, the Newry Examiner supplies the annexed information:—"The patron saint of this order is St. Alphonsus Liguori, as the patron of the Jesuits is St. Ignatius of Loyola. In name and in constitution the order is not unlike that of the Jesuits, the Jesuits being missionaries of education, the Redemptorists missionaries of repentance. But they are more ascetic than the Jesuits; they abstain entirely from flesh-meat and strong drinks, their only food being vegetables and bread, with an occasional indulgence in fish as a luxury on festival days. They are supported exclusively by the voluntary contributions of the faithful; but some of them are said to have brought considerable fortunes to the order. They are an order of priests whose ministry was much needed in Ireland; for, though every parish has its own priests, the people of each parish are too well known to their own clergy and too familiar with them to be as ready as penitents are supposed to be, and ought to be, to reveal to them their shortcomings, perhaps their crimes. Hence the Catholic gentry, with rare exceptions, never went to confession at all. They were daily in free and easy intercourse with their local clergy, they sat at the same table with them, attended the same political meetings with them, and entertained what must be admitted to be a very natural reluctance to make a clean breast to them. Here was a serious bar to the practice of piety. In large towns there was a partial remedy in the presence of the Franciscan or other order of regular priests, but parishes in general are too poor to support more than their local clergy. For this evil a complete and perfect remedy has been provided in the order of Redemptorists, who are strangers everywhere, and to whom the greatest and vilest sinner can therefore kneel down without shame to confess his crimes. It is a member of this meek order of penitents that rabid fanatics are now persecuting for the pretended crime of burning old Bibles which Protestants themselves daily put to vilest uses. The object of this persecution is a convert from the Greek Church, and a humble, unpretending priest."

The English Government has not been fortunate in its war with Russia; disgrace has fallen upon so many of our great men, and there is in consequence a certain amount of soreness; which must have vent in some direction or other. There are no Protestants in difficulties within the jurisdiction of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and Exeter Hall itself dares not venture upon the Emperor of the French for his punishment of the Whigs who have been "idolising" the Christian religion. It is a very hard case, for the English public are not unlike the Pagans of Rome, they must have their pinnet of civilities; the big loaf and somebody to insult. Little boys get extremely savage and menacing in their gestures when a bigger than they keeps them in order. So it is with us now; we are more or less kept in subjection. Russia employs our physical strength, and Louis Napoleon teaches us good manners. The "situation" is a hard one; but we must make the best of it; and as soon as we can get out of our Russian troubles, two to the Papal See and the small potentates of Italy. Meanwhile an event has occurred in our immediate neighborhood which proves a veritable boon. We cannot beat Gortschakoff, but we can harass the Rev. Vladimir Petcherine. The Government has caught a live Russian, with whom the state of war is chronic; never to be interrupted by a truce, because he is a Priest. What a comfort to Mr. Monsell I, for the useless shells he sent to the Crimea, he has his revenge at last. The munitions of war sent out proved in some instances more fatal to our own men than to the Russians; but now there is no mistake; a real Russian, beyond all doubt, has fallen into the hands of the Government, and if he escapes with a whole skin, it will not be the fault of the Catholic law officers of the Protestant Crown. We shall be soon consoled for our losses at the Redan; we have a Russian and a Priest ready for our dogs of war. The Right Hon. William Keogh is her Majesty's Attorney-General, and according to common report, a Catholic by education and profession. He has directed the prosecution of a Priest for burning the Protestant Bible; which is at best a mutilation of the Holy Scriptures, for several books are omitted. It is, however, known to be an uncharitable version; and dangerous to read. This book is said to have been burned, or even given orders that it should be burned. Mr. Keogh, if he be sincere in his profession of Christianity, must believe that the Priest has done no wrong; and yet he prosecutes him for blasphemously burning. See. The Catholic layman punishes the Priest for doing what, supposing the Priest to have done it—can be nothing less than duty; for it will require greater authority than that of the English Government to prove that we may not with a good conscience burn immoral books, provided the owner consents, or destroy a false and untitled copy of the sacred writings. If it could be shown that the alleged Bible burning had been effect-

ed with a view to insult Protestants, to show contempt for them, and still more, if there were anything in the act which could be construed into disrespect for the Holy Scriptures as such, there might be some justification for the conduct of the Attorney-General. But nothing of the kind can be shown; the bonfire was made for the express purpose of relieving good Christians of certain books which they were not justified in reading. The books were not stolen from Protestants, or torn by violence from their owners; they were voluntarily sent by their proprietors for the express purpose of being destroyed. One thorough Protestant suggests that they might have been sold and used for waste paper; that is a highly commercial suggestion; but is using the Protestant Bible as bags for tobacco, tea, or candles, a more respectful usage than that of burning it at once?—Tablet.

THE SOUPERS CONVICTED OF PERJURY.

(Abridged from the Ulsterman.)

The peripatetic ministers of evangelical soup, who have been the cause of so much disturbance in the peaceful Glens of Antrim, are again labouring zealously to get up a little bit of cheap and easy martyrdom for the edification of the soft-headed fanatics who subscribe their silver and gold to the funds of the huge sham, "The Irish Church Mission Society." They roam about the highways, scattering their tracts on every side, entrapping stray wayfarers into angry polemical discussions that sometimes end with a blow, or tempting little children to fling mud at them; and thus enabling them to make a pitiful story of the sufferings they endure "for the truth's sake" at the hands of a stiff-necked and unruly generation. It is really wonderful—considering the obnoxious character of their functions, and the strong temptation they offer to a warm quick-tempered people; ardently attached to their faith, to lay violent hands on these revilers of it—it is really wonderful how completely these soup missionaries have failed to trump up anything like a tolerable case of martyrdom, to provoke anybody to do serious violence to them, and thus give an opportunity to themselves and their backers to raise a py through the country.

At the trial which took place at the Coshinval Petty Sessions (Wednesday, the 21st ult.), the magistrates on the bench were Messrs. Delachour, Crommelin, Dobbs, and Hartwell. Two Bible-readers appeared to prosecute a young man—a quiet-looking, good-tempered fellow he was—for assaulting them. One of the prosecutors, named M. Lavery, has already gained some notoriety in other cases of a like nature; a small, bilious-looking fellow. The second "Souper," a rather better-looking fellow, luxuriated in the "Popish" southern name of Corbett, and stated that he had one time followed the trade of a weaver, which honourable industrial calling he had given up for the less reputable vocation of soup missionary.

The court was crowded chokeful by an eager and excited audience; and in the immediate vicinity of the bench were Mr. Dunsen, the Protestant Rector of the parish, and Mr. Irwin (or Irvine), the "Missionary Curate," or local commander of the Soupers. A tall young man of prepossessing appearance, who gave his name as Donald O'Lynn (though whether any relative of that ilk, so famed in Irish song, did not transpire), stood forward, charged with having assaulted the two gentlemen so anxious for harmless martyrdom.

James M. Lavery, the small Souper referred to being sworn, said—As we were coming down the Clough road, William Corbett and I, on Friday last, about half-past two o'clock, just as we had passed Widow M. Auley's barn, Mr. Corbett was struck with a turf till it broke on his shoulder. (A laugh.) After that two men followed us down a good length of the way, keeping inside the field and stoned us. One of these men I don't know, but this man here (pointing to the accused) is the other. I was struck with one stone, but I don't know from whom the stone came. When we had gotten down near Denis M. Auley's, the stoned house, the stones were coming fast around us, and we turned back to see the persons who were throwing.

A voice from the bottom of the court—It's little danger you were in, (laughter.)

Mr. Crommelin—Put that man out; I will have anybody committed who interrupts the court. Constable, where are your policemen?

Constable—There are four here, your worship; the rest are down at Red-bay, at ball practice. (Laughter.)

Mr. Crommelin (warmly)—Ball practice! They should be here in court, attending on us. Go and order them at once (exit constable.)

Witness—While we were standing looking at them a stone nearly struck me on the face, till I got jumped out of the way! (Laughter.)

The witness was then cross-examined by Mr. Russell, and after considerable hesitation swore to the identity of Donald O'Lynn as a man who had thrown stones at him. In the course of his evidence it came out that a warrant in blank had been granted him by the magistrates then on the bench to apprehend somebody; the name of the prisoner he subsequently filed in, after he was caught. The witness also made the following admissions:—Did I not see the man named James Reilly?—Yes. Did you not, on a former occasion, swear against a man named John Walsh, a placid, decent-looking gentleman, that he assaulted you?—I did. And did you not swear a similar oath against a man named James Reilly?—Yes. Were you believed?—Some might believe, and some might not. Was it not distinctly proved that John Walsh was at Londonderry at the time?—It was sworn so, by his witnesses.

And the case was dismissed?—Yes.

And was it not sworn that James Reilly was five miles away from the place where you said he assaulted you?—They swore many things. And was not this case dismissed too?—It was. And you are equally sure that O'Lynn was one of the men who threw stones at you, as you were in the case of Reilly and Walsh?—I am sure as far as my eyes can judge.

Mr. Russell—That will do; you may go now.

William Corbett, sworn, gave similar testimony as regards the stone throwing and identity of O'Lynn. Did you ever hear of wolves in sheep's clothing?—I read of them in the Bible. And you and Mr. M. Lavery went to do or die together?—We did. (A laugh.)

And some good-natured fellow struck you with the softest piece of turf he could find? (Laughter.) It was not so soft, for it broke my skin.

What! the bear-skin?—No; my bare skin was outside. (A laugh.)

Your bare skin? You don't say so. Sure that was