

anything that could be said to add opprobrium to poverty. The inhabitants of the few houses we entered were, no doubt, existing upon very scanty subsistence, but in every case they appeared anxious to preserve polite manners and to be clean in their dress. In the Rue de la Roche, No. 2, we entered a lodging-house, kept by a clean, pleasing-mannered woman, and as all her lodgers were out at work we walked over her establishment. The rooms which were about eight feet seven inches in height contained, nearly touching each other, from three to five double beds; for each of which she charged ten sous a night, or 2s. 4d. for each sleeper, (in London the charge is usually 4d.) Each room had one window, and we found every one wide open."—*Head's Fagots of French Sticks*, i. 114-118.

Now when we remember that England is beyond comparison richer than these Continental States, and that the earnings of our laboring classes are far higher than those of the same classes either in France or Germany—higher even in reference to the price of the necessities of life; and that we are accustomed to regard ourselves as standing at the head of European civilisation, and as having pursued a more enlightened social policy than other nations; there is much in the contrast we have noticed that should startle us into inquiry and reflection. What are the causes of a phenomenon so painful and discreditable to us? As a general rule the laboring poor abroad are more respectable in their character and mode of life than their analogs in England—not certainly cleverer, not better workmen, not made of more sterling stuff, than most of the class with us, but still leading generally a more decent, worthy, satisfactory, social existence; their peasants are more contented, better mannered, less boorish, and (when unexcited) less brutal, and more comfortable, though often with fewer of the raw materials of comfort; their artisans are steadier, soberer, more cheerful, more saving, and more sensible than ours; and even their very poor, destitute, and forlorn are less wretched, less squalid, less absolutely abandoned and despairing than ours. Why is this? And when we thus come to the results of our opposite notions and proceedings in matters of social policy, is there not reason to suspect that, even if the ultimate and average verdict be given in our favor, we may not be so wholly right nor our neighbors so wholly wrong as it has hitherto pleased us to imagine. There must surely be something good and imitable in a system under which, while there is no more poverty, misery is less frequent and less extreme than in our free, prosperous, and energetic land.

A second cause, and perhaps the most frequent and the most powerful of all, in producing the contrast we have noticed in the aspect of French and English poverty, is the more habitual sobriety of the laboring class on the other side of the Channel. The vice of intemperance, or where it does not reach that point, the custom of indulgence in spirituous liquors, so unhappily prevalent in our country, may not only do much to account for whatever is peculiarly afflictive and disreputable in the condition of our poor, but is the one main reason why, in spite of our general prosperity, this class has not risen to a height of comfort, ease, and opulence unparalleled in the old world. As is well known, our working classes yearly waste in the purely mischievous enjoyments of the palate a sum equal to the whole Imperial revenue—a sum which, if suffered to accumulate, would soon render them capitalists; if invested in annuities or savings banks, would secure them against the day of reverse or incapacity; if judiciously expended, would raise them at once to a condition of comfort, respectability, even of luxury, and if they desired it, of comparative leisure. A cessation of this expenditure would be equivalent to raising the earnings of every poor man's family throughout Great Britain, by £10 a year, or four shillings a week. But this would be the smallest portion of the saving. The whole habits and mode of life of the individual would be regenerated. The home would become happy; the whole domestic circle would be a scene of peace instead of strife. There would be few filthy dwellings, few neglected children, few of those scandalous cases of wives half-murdered by their drunken husbands, which now disgrace every police court in our cities. It is impossible to overcolor or exaggerate the change which that one circumstance would make. All who have had to do with the poor know how directly, how inevitably, how rapidly, a habit of drinking, yielded to by the head of the family, changes poverty into destitution, squalid means into squalid wretchedness, a home into a den. The French artisan comparatively seldom gives way to this dreadful vice, and seldom, therefore, incurs the sordid misery which is its inevitable consequence. He is often, generally, much poorer than his English brother; his fare is scantier; his house is smaller; his bed is harder; but he rarely aggravates these privations gratuitously by sensual indulgence; seldomer still does he cast these privations on his wife and children, while living in wasteful intemperance himself.

But connected with this greater sobriety, and operating in the same direction, is another cause of the superiority of the French poor man. He is by no means always better educated, but he has nearly always, whether from nature or training, a degree of taste and imagination of which our poor are sadly destitute. These qualities give him, in however straitened circumstances, life, may be, a fondness for the embellishments and amenities of life, which makes him strive against squalor to the very last. He refuses to accept an utterly unornamented and ineligible existence, and because he is pinched, overworked, and even almost destitute, he does not see why he should also become thoroughly hopeless, spiritless, and degrading. Much of this aesthetic superiority, no doubt, to original difference of constitution; much of it may, we believe, be traced to peculiarities

of education. The French peasant is probably in general as ignorant as our own; but in what education he does receive there is mingled less that is merely rudimentary and mechanical, and more that is imaginative and refining. This is still more the case with the German and the Swiss. They have less of the alphabet instilled into them, but more of music, poetry, and the sentiments of poetry. Altogether, the temperament of the laboring class on the Continent, while sometimes more excitable, and sometimes more homely and stupid than in England, is nearly always more poetical. One fact has always struck our attention very strongly in Paris. In the worst dwellings of the poor—we do not mean the haunts of the actually vicious and criminal, but in the wretched attics, seven or eight stories high, quite in the roof, and with little light, which must be fearfully close in summer, and painfully cold in winter—we almost always see the little window not only ornamented by a coarse muslin curtain, but adorned with flower-pots, or boxes of cress, or mignonette, or some humble vegetable, and evidently tended with the utmost care. There will never be absolute-despairing squalor, however great the poverty, where there is this love of flowers, this passion for fragments of simple nature.

How rarely do we find among our town poor this cherishing of flowers and green plants! And how invariably, when we do find it, is it a sign of a comparatively refined disposition, and hopeful and easy circumstances!

The same difference of character in the two people manifests itself in other ways. An English artisan will spend any extra earnings in adding to his comforts or luxuries—a French one in purchasing another ornament. The cottage of the Englishman will often be better furnished and more comfortable; but everything in it will be for use, not show. The Frenchman will have fewer chairs, a less solid table, and a poorer bed; but he will probably have a bit of a mirror, or an ornamental clock. He will have scantier and very inferior crockery, but is nearly certain to have a fragment of Sévres China on his chimney-piece or chest of drawers. He will feed much worse in order that he may look somewhat better. There is something of the swell, and something also of the decayed gentleman about him. He will live in the poorest garret, and on the scantiest crust,—food and lodging which the English artisan would scout,—in order that he may drink his *cava sucrée* and read his journal at a decent *Café*, or take his wife and children a walk on the boulevards, or in the Tuileries gardens in respectable attire. The desires and expenditure of the Englishman may be for the more solid good; but we doubt whether the preferences of the Frenchman are not far the surer guarantee against sinking in the social scale. The love of the latter for holidays and gay days, we hold also to be a wholesome safeguard, even though sometimes carried a little too far. These festivals are something to look forward to, something to save for, something to enliven and embellish an otherwise monotonous existence. Man's nature, requires these breaks and brighteners to keep up its elastic spring; without them he becomes dull and spiritless, or gross; he cannot without injury to both soul and body live on work and sleep alone; to keep up heart, to maintain cheerfulness through the dull routine, the daily repetitions, the hot and dusty thoroughfares of this world's ordinary lots, some of these gay, stirring, enlivening "solutions of continuity" are imperatively needed. We, in this country, have far too few of them; and it is not easy to say how much of the depth to which poverty allows itself to sink is owing to this paucity.

"Lord, help us poor people!—and that's my defence—

If we'd nothing to trust to but wisdom and sense!"

"Riding through Normandy one beautiful Sunday evening, I overheard a French peasant decline the convivial invitation of his companion. 'Why—no, thank you,' said he, 'I must go the *guinguette* for the sake of my wife and the young people, dear sirs!'

"The next Sunday I was in Sussex, and as my horse rambled by a cottage, I heard a sturdy boor, who had apparently just left it, grumble forth to a big boy swinging on a gate: 'You sees to the sow, Jim, there's a good un; I be's just a going to the Blue Lion, to get rid of my missus and the brats—rot 'em!'—"*Bulwer's England and the English*.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

For the Catholic University of Ireland, there is in bank a sum of over £500,000.

UNIVERSITY CHAIRS.—The appointments to five Chairs in the Catholic University have this week been formally announced. We had the pleasure of anticipating several of them, and we congratulate the University upon so splendid a commencement to its staff as they present. Referring to a not unwholesome prejudice which has for some time more or less prevailed, lest there should be a too great precedence given to strangers in the University, we are at once struck by the fact, that of the five present appointments, four are Irish—and not mere Irish, but Irish of the Irish, and pure Sephardim of the Celts. It would not be easy, anywhere between Mecca and Nauvoo, to mistake the nationality of such names as these—O'Reilly, Leahy, Curry, and MacCarthy—not forgetting the Milesian Euphony of Flannery. The Rev. Edmund O'Reilly, D.D., is to take the chair of *Dogmatic Theology*. It is enough to say of Dr. O'Reilly that for years he filled with surpassing ability, the first chair of Divinity in the College of Maynooth. Two years ago he retired from that distinguished rank to become a novice in the Society of Jesus. We are sure it is only a sense that the work before him is both arduous and holy that has led him forth from the cloister again. The chair of *Exegesis* is allocated to the accomplished Vice-Rector of the University, the Very Rev. Dr. Leahy, and in these two valuable appointments we have the nucleus of the Faculty of Theology. The three other appointments announced are in the Faculty of Arts. The first of them is not merely a most excellent appointment—it is the best

possible appointment that could be made. The chair of *Archæology and Irish History* is to be filled by Eugene Curry. Other men have now and again given their leisure to the literary monuments of our forefathers—but this is one who has lived his long life,

"In converse sage with the Brehons grey,
and the deathless Chiefs of old."

There are no two men now alive—we doubt did there ever live—having the same profound and particular knowledge of Irish history, philology, and antiquities, as John O'Donovan and Eugene Curry. To their devoted labors we owe almost everything that has been done for Irish Archæology within the last twenty years; and, please God, the great work they are now engaged on, "The Laws of the Brehons," will not be their last. We think with a grateful pleasure of the *Ollamh Curry* surrounded by a band of Irish Students in a College, that shall yet be more thronged than Armagh, and more learned than Bongor, and where his name and his labors shall never be forgotten. The chair of *Poetry* is well bestowed upon our gifted friend, Denis Florence MacCarthy. The readers of the nation need not to be told of the exquisite grace, harmony, and humor of his numbers. We may safely declare that Ireland could not produce one better fitted for his post—not alone because he is the first living lyricist we possess, but because his mind is steeped in the rich poetical literature of the great Catholic lands, and Tasso and Calderon are familiar to him as Shakespeare and Pope. We welcome Mr. Allies, of Oxford, to the Chair of the *Philosophy of History* with a true Irish *cead mille faile*. We have every reason to hope that a science which has been solely adorned by the truly Catholic intellects of Balmez, Montalembert, de Maistre, and Audin, may receive large accessions from his acumen, devotion, and learning.—*Nation*.

It is stated on good authority, that the Jesuits will shortly assume the ownership and management of Thurles College.

At a time when the most unprecedented efforts are being made to undermine the religion and disturb the faith of our people—when proselytism uses the vilest means to attain its execrable end—at such a time the glorious spectacle of Thursday was peculiarly cheering to the Faithful of the diocese of Ardagh, 819 children of both sexes confirmed in one day in one parish, 802 communicants upon the same happy occasion. Never, blessed be God, was the Catholic faith more firmly rooted in the Irish heart than it is at present. The wretched system of proselytism, wickedly exaggerated by its interested promoters, has completely died out with the cessation of that which was its only sustenance—famine. We cannot speak of the "decline and fall" of proselytism in Ardagh; there it had neither temporary success nor existence. We cannot, however, avoid connecting such triumphs and manifestations of Catholic faith as Longford witnessed on Thursday with the indications which reach us from all parts of the kingdom, of the undying fidelity to the true Church of the people of Ireland.—*Midland Counties Gazette*.

The Dublin trade reports for the last week exhibit little variation from the previous one, business altogether being "very quiet." Under the influence of genial weather the prospects of the harvest are most cheering and even hay which had suffered materially, has much recovered. At the Corn-Exchange the consequences naturally are "lower prices and longer visages."

The Irish banks return for last month shows a decrease in the note circulation of £405,232; and in the bullion of £102,777.

An electric cable, lost in the Irish Channel off Portpatrick a year ago, has been recovered by Captain Hendey, in the Monarch Steamer. It is sixteen miles long, and weighs 100 tons.

The Old Lunatic Asylum, Cork, is to be a Government prison for the confinement of convicts under sentence of transportation or of penal servitude.

INSOLVENCY OF A LATE MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.—Mr. John Patrick Somers, late M. P. for Sligo, applied at the insolvent debtor's court, London, on Friday, to be discharged under the act. The insolvent, who had been in the prison since the 8th of March, was ordered to be discharged forthwith.

The payments from the Encumbered Estates Court last week were large.—£97,000.

The *Nation* says that Mr. Whiteside has been reluctantly compelled to postpone his meditated coup upon Convents. Mr. Napier had moved the adjournment of the debate upon the "Property Disposal Bill" to the 12th July; with the remark that it was not intended to proceed with it this session.

THE IRISH CHURCH AS "BY LAW" ESTABLISHED. The discussion upon the Established Church, for which the country is indebted to Mr. Sergeant Shee, M.P., is adjourned until the 5th of July; when the Irish Catholic members will, we trust, prove that the learned member for the county Kilkenny has but given expression to what is an universal feeling in Ireland, when he sought to expose this monstrous wrong, and to lay bare this unparalleled iniquity. As long as there is permitted to exist in Ireland a Church Establishment, which so far from inculcating the religion of the people, is an enemy to their faith, so long will Ireland be regarded as the most cruelly treated, and the most monstrously misgoverned country in the world. What we feel most grateful to Mr. Sergeant Shee for is—that he forces the consideration of the national, the religious wrong that is done to us as a nation of Catholics, by the perpetuation of this Law Church Establishment amongst us. His scheme of reform is open to dispute, but no man can look at the evil of the Church Establishment in itself, and the numerous evils that it entails upon the people, without being thankful for the opportunity of again shaming those who still uphold it, by exposing its ill-acquired wealth, its wrongfully obtained property, and its badly applied riches. Mr. Sergeant Shee seeks not for all that this—A Catholic nation—has a right to demand—the utter removal from the midst of its people of the Juggernaut of heresy. Christianity has been despoiled to enrich an idol, and it is a matter of indifference to us what may become of the wealth that has been thus desecrated, so that the idol itself be overthrown. Our Church has prospered, though its altars have been robbed, its lands taken away, and though its priests have been martyred, and its exalted prelates have had a new Penal Law fulminated against them. The Law Church of Ireland is the permanent grievance of Ireland; it is the cause of all its calamities, and the source of all its persecutions.—*Dublin Weekly Telegraph*.

PROSELYTISM IN THE POORHOUSE.—The Workhouse is of late becoming a favorite arena for the display of that indecorous zeal which invariably distinguishes the Modern Missionary. Two or three days ago, a little girl about four years of age, named Essie Canton, was found wandering about the city. A young lad brought her to the police-office, and made the declaration necessary to secure her admission to the North-Dublin Union. There were only two Guardians—Captain Lindsay and Mr. Argins—present at the admission Board, and the child could not be admitted without the sanction of three. While waiting for a third party Messrs. Arkins and Lindsay endeavored to ascertain her religion, as it was necessary to know whether she should be registered as a Catholic or a Protestant. The child at once made the sign of the Cross and repeated the Lord's Prayer and Hail Mary, in such a manner as to convince them that she had been educated a Catholic. Mr. Cusack, the Chairman of the Board, arrived soon afterwards, however, and decided that the child should be registered as a Protestant, because such was the provision of the law in every case, where it was impossible to ascertain the religion of the parents! The other Guardians, of course declined to submit to this interpretation, and the matter was referred to a full meeting of the Board. At this meeting Captain Lindsay—himself a Protestant—declared that "the peculiar signs made by the child, and the manner in which she repeated her prayers, gave the most remarkable and complete evidence that she had been reared a Catholic; and it also showed that her parents or guardians had been most anxious and had taken extraordinary pains about her religious instruction." After a long debate, however, seven of the Guardians voted that she should be registered according to the decision of Mr. Cusack; and though the other seven voted in accordance with the answers of the child herself, they were defeated by the casting vote of the Chairman.—*Nation*.

It is now stated that there is no intention of sending any portion of the English militia to Ireland.

STATE OF THE COUNTY LONGFORD.—At the last assizes and quarter sessions the Lord Chief Baron and our (Longford) Assistant-Barrister respectively congratulated the assize and quarter sessions grand juries upon the peaceful state of the county Longford. The approaching sessions and assizes will, we are happy to say, exhibit calendars as light as those which earned, upon the occasions we have mentioned, for Longford the marked commendation of Chief Baron Pigot and Mr. O'Hagan. The exceedingly silly, if it were not extremely wicked, system of Ribbonism has completely died out. The unceasing efforts of the Lord Bishop of the diocese and his Clergy have mainly contributed to bring about the present most gratifying state of affairs—agrarian crime, every species of crime of an aggravated character, is unknown in Longford. Peace and order now universally characterize the county. We are happy to find that the executive, worthily appreciating the present orderly and peaceful condition of Longford, has, within the last week, relieved the baronies of Longford, Ardagh, and Granard, from the ban so long imposed upon them, under the Crime and Outrage Act.—*Midland Counties Gazette*.

IRELAND AND FRANCE.—The members of the Royal Dublin Society constituting the committee of manufacturers have been engaged during the week in the discussion and arrangement of preliminary details in connection with the Exhibition at Paris next year. There appear to be rather sanguine expectations that the artistic skill and industrious resources of Ireland will be credibly represented in the French Exhibition. Among the Dublin trades which have already commenced to prepare for the purpose are the coach-makers, the woollen manufacturers, the stocking hosiery, the cured provision trade, the embroidery and sewed muslin trade, the ironmongers, the upholsterers, gun-makers, &c.—*Nation*.

EXPORTATION OF POTATOES FROM IRELAND.—It is stated that a large trade continues to be done in the exportation of potatoes from Belfast to England—a branch of commerce which last year was regarded with any feeling but that of favor by the laboring classes in Ireland. The *Belfast Mercury* says:—"It would be within the figure when we state that since November last not less than 1,000 tons of potatoes each week on an average have been shipped from this port to various ports in England. Every one of the 16 or 17 steam-boats which run between Belfast and Liverpool, Fleetwood, Morecombe, London, and Bristol in the course of the week, has more or less of her cargo consisting of potatoes, and there is besides a number of schooners regularly engaged in the trade."

New potatoes are selling in Galway market at 1s. 4d. per lb.

Potatoes are selling at 8d. per stone in Gort market, and oats at more than 1 guinea per barrel; hay, £3 10s. per ton.

EMIGRATION FROM THE WEST.—The work of depopulation is still progressing. It is really serious to contemplate what the results to the country may be. Every cheap train takes away its quota of emigrants. Nearly 300 left at the Ballinasloe station during last week. Nor does it appear that there will be any decrease in the tide of emigration, as letters with remittances continue to arrive by every mail, from those already across the Atlantic, calling on their friends to follow them. We are afraid that neither the landlords nor the government are fully alive to the importance of the movement which is now thinning the inhabitants of the west.—*Western Star*.

WATERFORD.—The Mars left our quay on Friday evening, bearing over 200 of our athletic hard-working population to the "far West." We regret to hear that the neighboring landlords are getting rid of their tenantry.—*Waterford Chronicle*.

CONK.—There are five more passenger vessels on the berth in this port for Quebec, taking out 560 emigrants.

GALWAY.—It is truly astonishing to witness the ceaseless flow of the population who on each successive day are taking their route through the small towns of Moylough and Mountbellew.—*Packet*.

We (*Nation*) select this touching story—one of the numerous melancholy episodes in the history of the Celtic Exodus—from a Belfast journal:—"A letter was read at the meeting of the Belfast board of guardians on Wednesday, which produced a profound feeling of commiseration towards the writer of it, a man named Cunningham. Some time ago this man left Limerick, and settled in New York. He was unable to bring his wife and family with him; but, as soon as he had saved £23 he remitted it to enable his wife and two children to join him. The woman and her children, unfortunately for themselves, selected the ship Guiding Star, at Liverpool. It will be recollect-