

Mick is a "made man." He has a bible stands before the focal Parson; denounces Rome gets his dinner—returns in high glee with his associate—is lodged well for the night to shield him from the fury of the Priests. And he is the fourth taken care of lest he might "be persecuted." Every succeeding hour makes Mick a most resolute Protestant. His admiration of the new religion is partly ungovernable. He must find a vent—in baldersdash. As his "condition" betters itself his religious love augments. But, not to anticipate that part of the subject, we will only say he is supplied with the necessary cash to convey him to London, where he duly (in his patron's cast-off clothes) with a proper letter of introduction to the Mission's superintending Parson. His qualities are ascertained in a twinkling, and the "new hand" is forthwith handed over to a practised "Reader," with whom he is duly "told off" for the round of visits appointed for the next week.

There he is then, after one month's country "probation," quite a "transmogrified" clod-hopper, strutting on the metal bridge "as proud as a peacock." "I have no doubt that his thoughts when I noticed him were "at home." What would they say now? They who heard his loud "ho!" and saw the "fire" on his dirty feet, and pitied him shivering in the cold. And she who had spurned him, what would she think of his "fine leathers" now that he was no longer nasty, dirty, foxy Mick, but Mr. Mick, if you please. To be in Dublin! was that not thought grand? but to be dressed in broad cloth, wearing mittens on the ugliest hands, and polished brogues encasing feet that were heretofore innocent of shoes; and "a hat and crape on it," was not that "the thing?" He was at once the gentleman. Poor smitten Mick! But more than all, was it not a splendid boast to be able to say that you "shuck hands with parsons," and sat in the same room with "lades and gentlemen." Then to be a Bible reader, might you not suppose that he deemed that the summit of his ambition. There, reader, you are sadly mistaken; neither Mick nor his confederates can ever bring themselves to be proud of their office. How it is so, let who will tell; but that it is so I am perfectly satisfied.

Mick has been punctual at the place of appointment. All new comers are. The "old hands" know better, and take their time. After about an hour's delay, his superior makes an appearance. He has been five years at the business, and although his origin and the origin of his connection with the proselytising trade have points which closely resemble the chief feature in Mick's history, still he shows, now, none of the slightest traces of the past. He has become "the least bit" refined! He is costumed more to the purpose than poor Mick; but presents not a more agreeable person. His manner is not stiff, perhaps, and he can set about his work in a practised unembarrassed way. Mick greets his "brother" with a kindly familiarity, which is met in a patronising, "my good fellow," sort of fashion. Mick must be made to see that he has not yet attained "position;" and the severe countenance of his present colleague warns him that he must consider himself "at a distance." Nearer mind, Mick will himself some day reach the "eminence." Cheering consolation! The old hand pulls forth his note-book. Mick having been furnished with a like instrument, imitates a good example. Put up your book, Mr. Mick, until it is needed—that is, until he tells you to use it. He obeys, but in a flabby mood. The "old hand" merely desired to put down the place of meeting and the time, doing justice to Mick's punctuality, but taking no note of his own failing in the same quality. Their journey, for the day, is appointed to confine itself to the quay walls. It is begun by the "old hand," ordering Mick to unfold and distribute his Handbills. Mick relieves his pocket of a large packet, and they "move on." Every passer-by is treated to one of these insulting announcements, which Mick has to scatter about, and now and then a dozen or two drop on the pavement or into the basket of an apple woman or other street side standing. They still move on, the old hand looking out for prey—the young one bent to do the bills' justice. There is a poor orange woman standing on the pathway. Something must be done. She is taken in hand. "My dear Roonman Catholicick," begins the "old hand," and forth at "Roome" he flings his filth. This poor woman may happen to be a Protestant; but that does not matter much. He talks a little to her, gets quizzed for his pains, and perhaps scoffed at or scolded. That is quite enough to justify "a note." They go aside, and Mick is permitted to see the "old one's" version of that "most interesting conversation with a respectable female;" after which he writes his own account, aping as clearly as he can the manner of his companions, and honouring his imagination. One prey is thus "hooked," and another is at once sought after. There is a fellow fishing over the wall. He will do. "A fine day for sport, ain't it?" "Yes." "Fishing isn't so bad neither. Ye know about the Holy Scriptures' 'lusions to it on many a many a place." "Yes." "But isn't it likely that sun persons fish to kill sows an sum to cure um?" "Yes." "The preests o' Roome, for 's ample, they teaches lies, an fish in dirty waters." Then follow scriptural quotations in abundance. "I tell you what, master Jumper," quoth he on the wall, at length, "yowl be after baying my hook in your eye if you don't look out, and shut up your gab." They take the hint, and the nearest public-house in their way, when that interesting event is penned somewhat thus: "Met a most respectable Roonman Catholicick fishing [time and place as particularly given as any man of the police could give it]; talked away a good start; intelligible man he seemed; at first listened quite quiet; quoted for 'im from [the every text really quoted, and many more are named]; did not budge a bit till a preest cum the way—thin he took violence to his side an gev uz sick a set too—be threatened that af we didn't cut, he'd skiver uz on the spot—we re-monstrated grately, an he took it in his head to lift the fishing rod, manning to make the hook bit uz af he cud—me thin ran off, the impression seemed good." This note fully enlarged upon, and the effect drank down with a pot of stout, they

sally forth again. Every cluster of people congregated at any of the street corners into whose company it would be safe to bring the controversy is then mixed with. Something is said by the old hand and a point stated. And then he talks in the most ignorant manner to a few ignorant people who laugh at him and his "preaching," if they do not feel sufficiently indignant to kick him from their midst. Of course, Mick does not allow the "old one" to have all "the say." It is necessary that he shall "cut" a better than a "silent figure" in the report of the day's proceedings when it comes, at the week's end, to be read for the benefit of "the society." Every conversation held by the fellows is magnified by themselves, and gloried over by the unsuspecting minister, who reads the weekly reports which they coin for his delight and their own importance. It is not possible, to day, to detail any facts about the varieties of "visiting," but as soon as each department of that scheme of the operations is gone through, the readers will be asked to enter those unique meetings at which the superintendent receives, revises and comments on the "weekly reports" of his several agents.

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON MAYNOOTH. The hour is fast approaching when Catholic Europe shall witness in the English House of Commons the malignant revival of the old Orange cry of "No Popery." At the end of ages of persecution, bigotry is still unappreciated: the small instalment of justice is sought to be withdrawn: the path of conciliation is to be retraced: and a national insult is to be inflicted on the faithful people of Ireland. Lord Palmerston will, perhaps, exert all his Ministerial power to defeat Mr. Spooner's motion; but the incendiary who puts the match to his neighbor's house cannot when he pleases extinguish the consuming conflagration. Through successive administrations, since the year 1815, the public mind of England has been indoctrinated with prejudice, contempt, and hatred of everything Catholic: minister after minister, through all divisions and shades of parties, have all agreed in one undisturbed central union against Catholicity; and without the name or the secrecy of a conspiracy, the Dissenters have formed a fanatical religious combination, which is likely soon to command successful majorities in the Legislature, and defeat the power of the Cabinet. This fearful result may even soon cope with the majesty of the throne: and as it has already in some remarkable historical instances—namely, overturned the fundamental laws of the British Constitution—the time may be near at hand when, unless checked in time, it may endanger the stability of the empire.

There can be no doubt that the present Cabinet have a reasonable fear of the partial success of Spooner's motion: without the appearance of making hostile preparation, the Minister is decidedly engaged in making a most vigorous whip for the contest; and although his journals may affect to despise both the numbers and the strategy of Spooner's forces, the calculations at present made by the most experienced in senatorial warfare are, that the Dissenters, the financial Protestants, and the political bigots, will push Lord Palmerston so closely that it will be a neck and neck race between both parties. But the Spoonerites, though beaten for the present, will come to the fight again and again: the contest will, without doubt, be renewed in '58 and '59, and so on in a regular annual Parliamentary struggle; and the citadel which had so long withstood the shock of the enemy will, assuredly, yet fall before a combined, increasing, determined band of these political opponents. In the first battles of Rome against Greece, the Romans dreaded a close conflict with the invincible children of Marathon; but after a few trials with the Grecian phalanx, they learned the enemy's military art: and they found their weakness too; they renewed the struggle through each succeeding generation, and at length raised the Roman Eagle on the towers of Alexander. Lord Palmerston has long labored to bring about the catastrophe which England shall soon experience; and the future historian will close the last page of his biography, and his political career, by writing, with the common consent of mankind, that he has been the most disastrous Minister who had ever swayed or guided the destinies of England.

His advocacy of the claims of Maynooth at the coming debate will be adopted more to defend himself than the College; it will be made in order to prove the strength of his Cabinet, and to hold his own place. From his known prudence in Council, and his skill in debate, he will certainly by some small majority defeat his adversary; but how will he or his successors oppose the same movement against the temporaries of the Protestant Church: how will future Ministers repel the assaults from the same successful party, against the Gospel itself; how can they stem the tide of infidelity, which from the teaching of the Protestant church, is fast inundating the hall of St. Stephens, up to the very treasury-benches; and how can they shield the Throne and the Commonwealth from this triumphant party, whose principles have been the terror of constitutional monarchy in several countries of Europe, and which in England have reddened the scaffold with the blood of a King? Some persons may assert that Catholicity should welcome the courage, hilt the success of this dominant party, and should rejoice in the downfall of Protestantism; yes, but what order of things is likely to follow the success of the Dissenters? A glance at the history of Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, &c., will prove that however slender the toleration we may receive from the followers of Luther and Somerset, no mercy whatever can be expected from the sons of Calvin and Voltaire.

The day on which the grant to Maynooth will be withdrawn, the following notice will be permanently hung up in the lobby of the House of Commons:—"THE PERMANENT GRIEVANCE OF IRELAND, THE CAUSE OF ALL ITS CALAMITIES, AND THE SOURCE OF ALL ITS PERSECUTIONS. "Enormous wealth of the Established Church:— Glebe Lands..... 132,702 Statute Acres. See Lands..... 669,247 Do. Trinity College Lands..... 199,573 Do. Total,..... 1,001,602!! Do. "Exclusive of Chapter Lands and the Royal School Lands, which in Ulster alone are upwards of 20,000 acres. And, in addition to all this, the Tithes Rent Charge, amounting to £360,000 per annum. "Delenda est Carthago."

If the Government, guided by justice, first defented the Dissenters on the Maynooth motion; and secondly, if improved by the records of past history, they themselves redressed to a reasonable extent the crying injustice of the Church Establishment, they would lay the foundation of a peace, and national union of all parties, which alone can avert the threatened approach of a rebellious infidelity, which may soon involve order, laws, and religion, in one heap of miscellaneous ruin.

Whatever may be the result of the motion of Mr. Spooner, one important lesson will be read to Europe from the coming Parliamentary proceedings, namely, they will learn that the nation which is paraded before mankind as the most liberal in religion; is, on the contrary, the most intolerant on the entire earth: that the people who are said in English journals to be the strenuous advocates of equal political liberty, are, on the contrary, the greatest persecutors of their own fellow-countrymen: and that the Act of Emancipation, which publishes before the world the impartial constitutional laws of England, is a lie, a hypocrisy,

a cheat to deceive mankind abroad, in order more securely to perpetrate persecution and injustice at home. Beyond all dispute, the present anti-Catholic movement in England has been commenced on the Continent by Lord Palmerston; and it has been increased and has been officially commissioned at home, by Lord John Russell. Time will tell, whether the throne will not receive a formidable shock from the ebb of the tide, which they have raised on our shores. The fact may yet be told, that if Spooner should succeed, the result will be more fatal to England than to Ireland. There can be no doubt that the sympathy of Catholic Europe, and of the Catholic world, will be abundantly evinced towards Ireland in this illiberal triumph; and this assistance, added to our own resources, Ireland cannot want the means of educating her clergy. Spooner's triumph might cause temporary inconvenience, but this small wound would be soon healed, and Ireland stand forth in more refreshed vigour and health. This result would, as a matter of course, be followed by withdrawing the Irish Catholic children from the National Board of Education, and thus forming in Ireland two distinct parties in permanent national hostility. If these results be the legitimate consequences of Mr. Spooner's successful motion, the past governments have been digging a pit beneath the Palace, and have been laying the foundation of a scheme to convert the most faithful and the bravest subjects in the world into the sworn enemies of the State. Small as the approaching motion may appear in its Parliamentary dimensions, it involves political and social interests of the largest magnitude—it is a crisis in the history of England—it is true to say that the eyes of Europe are fixed on the approaching debate—and the result will, in this country, be either the triumph of religion or the success of infidelity. D. W. C. Kilkenny, Feb. 12.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Sovereign Pontiff has been pleased to nominate the Rev. Mr. McEvilly to the See of Galway.

The Rev. P. Wall, late of this city, has been promoted to the parish of Ardmore, by the Lord Bishop, in room of the late Rev. G. Prandegast, P. P.—The appointment has given general satisfaction, as the Rev. Mr. Wall is a most amiable and truly zealous clergyman, and whilst in Waterford, was generally esteemed.—Waterford News.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS IN DROGHEDA.—A Drogheda correspondent says:—"It is but right to record publicly the handsome donation of our esteemed and really popular mayor, Alderman Carly, who has in the most courteous manner subscribed the sum of £50 towards the establishment of a branch of these good men—the Christian Brothers—in this town. The successful labors of the good Brothers in promoting education and virtue, are well known to those in whose respective localities they reside. It may, with truth, be added, that their want has been sensibly felt to train up the male children of this town and neighborhood."

WEXFORD.—On Sunday, the 8th instant, the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, O. S. D., of St. Saviour's, Dublin made an exceedingly eloquent appeal in the venerable Franciscan Church of this town, on behalf of nearly 800 "little ones," educated in the Presentation Convent, Sisters of Mercy, and Lancasterian Schools.—The discourse was remarkable for clear and elegant phraseology and a delivery as impressive as appropriate. Taking for his text the 20th chapter of Matthew, "The Kingdom of Heaven is like to an householder, who went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard, &c. he dwelt upon the obligation imposed upon his auditory of providing for the proper instruction, in the morning of life, of the destitute, deserted, and neglected little ones whose cause he was there to advocate. He glanced at the present contest on the question of education and the dangers likely to ensue from the materialistic tendencies of this age of boasted civilisation. All idea of the spiritual was lost in the secular system of instruction, and the certain result of this godless scheme would be, as was being fast exemplified in England and elsewhere, the enrichment of the few and the impoverishment of the many. The reverend preacher eloquently depicted the degraded state of the working classes in England, which he asserted to be a consequence of the unspiritual training inculcated in the Mechanics' Institutes and by the leading men of England. The same results were to be seen in America. Knowledge was said to be power—yes, it was power more powerful than the word, but then it was a two-edged sword, which, unless properly tempered and restrained, would cut both ways—would cut at virtue as well as vice, at religion as well as impiety—would be as likely to uproot venerable and valuable institutions as well as antiquated incumbrances and privileged abuses. He eulogised the Christian Brother Schools, and also the National Schools as at present watched, and through them, he said, Irish youth would be well and religiously instructed, and fortified against the dangers he had pointed out. The appeal was very successful, realising about £60.

It is about three weeks since the Jesuit fathers opened a mission in their church, Upper Gardiner Street, for the Catholic carmen and police of Dublin. Those holy and zealous priests had only just concluded another mission which lasted six or eight weeks, and which was given to the community at large, when they opened the one that is going on at present. It is a truly gratifying sight to witness the hundreds of those fine men (the police) who assemble every evening to hear the instructions that are given by Father O'Dwyer, who has the special charge of the mission entrusted to him. The confessionals also are crowded almost every hour of the day by those fine fellows, who are anxious to renew their peace with God, and hundreds (I do not exaggerate) of them approach holy communion on the appointed Sundays for receiving. Some of the anti-Catholic papers of Dublin are not too well pleased about the mission, and in their usual bigoted and malignant style, make the foulest and most demeaning assertions respecting Catholic clergymen from the country collecting through the different police barracks in Dublin, and that it has been most offensive to the Protestants members of the force. But one of the superintendents of police—who is himself a Protestant—has contradicted, in a letter which appeared in the Weekly Freeman of last Saturday, those mean and palpably false assertions, which any man with a spark of manly feeling in his breast would not stoop so low as to mention even in private circles, much less to insert them in the public papers.

The Rev. Michael Rourke, pastor of Portlaw, died on Wednesday, at his residence, after a prolonged illness. The Reverend and respected deceased died at the patriarchal age of 94, over 60 years of which he spent in the sacred ministry. Through life he was remarkable for his zeal in the cause of religion, to which he had devoted himself.—May he rest in peace.—Waterford News.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—A very promising society has been lately inaugurated in this town with the sanction and under the auspices of Very Rev. Donn Kiernan. In process of time a library will be established, and arrangement made for the delivery of periodical lectures.—Newry Examiner.

The League Bill will be immediately introduced. Mr. Moore has not yet gone over to Parliament. The Committee of the Council appointed to carry out the details of revision have met this week, and so far as we have been able to ascertain there is a general concurrence and confidence throughout the country in the course taken by the Conference.—Nation.

Mr. William Pagan has given notice of a motion regarding the question of Ministers' Money. He last time botched the question, and, if allowed, will do so again.—Id.

IRISH ORANGEISM.—The Grand Lodge, whatever that sounding and euphonious name may mean, has addressed the Orangemen of Ireland, who constitute the narrow-minded and mischievously disposed bigots who, under that denomination, are banded together in an unconstitutional confederacy for no other object than that of causing annoyance and injury to the loyal, peaceable, industrious six millions of Catholic inhabitants of this country. The avowed object of the "Address" seems to be to prepare the members of the factious clique for assisting in the forthcoming crusade against Maynooth, for which Mr. Spooner, the Tanager of the enterprise, is already buckling on his dilapidated armour, Orangemen "should in all cases vote and support those candidates who will oppose the Maynooth grant, and every other endowment of Popery, and advocate Scriptural education for the people; and the members of the institution should, in every instance where it is practicable, obtain pledges from candidates to carry out those views." The document goes back to the origin of the endowment; and its framers flounder through an ocean of debates and statistics to prove to the body that they may, with a safe conscience, accept the counsel of the "Address." All this precious labour was completely lost, since every member of the confraternity was fully predisposed to accept without reserve any advice calculated to promote political rancour or religious animosity. It was, however, bad policy to provoke a controversy on the subject of origin, seeing that an examination into their own conduct would not conduce much to their credit. The patron Saint of their order—the cold, cruel, callous cynic, William the Dutchman, who scarcely "linked one virtue with a thousand crimes"—the man whom they have profanely elevated nearly to the level of a deity—was one of the least amiable, least moral, and least honest men of the rather lax age in which he "flourished." Besides being an unfaithful husband, an ungrateful King—to the nation that meanly became his footstool—an untruthful son, and a treacherous ally; he was meanly avaricious; and his pocketing the money voted by the British Parliament for the relief of the halfstarving Queen of his predecessor—the loving and virtuous wife of his father-in-law and uncle—the fond and greatly-enduring matron who was striving to rear up the children, whose rights he had treacherously usurped, upon the bounty of a foreign Sovereign—is scarcely a less serious blot on his memory than the massacre of Glencoe; yet they are the disciples of William who pretend to warn the public against the danger of the principles taught at Maynooth, and who offend the public ear by canting about "Scriptural education" for the Catholic poor of Ireland. The name of Lord Enniskillen, as "Grand Master," very appropriately figures at foot of this Orange manifesto.—Dublin Evening Post.

THE ORANGE SYSTEM.—Lord Enniskillen, Grand Master of the Orange Society, is an Ichthyologist.—Those who know him best say that he is a very odd fish himself; and if we doubted the statement his address just published to the Orangemen of Ireland would at once convince us of its truth. Catholics are reproached by the Protestant journals with Ribbonism. Ribbonism is a myth. No such society exists. But Orangeism, though effete, is a fact—a reality; and in defiance of law, and in contempt of authority, the Earl of Enniskillen proclaims himself its organizer, its patron, its Grand Master! Having the jaw bone of the ass he not only undertakes to reconstitute the dead animal, but to destroy the Papistical hosts with the weapon. We pass over the blasphemy with which the address commences to come to the statement of the way in which the Grand Lodge of Irish Orangeism proposes, through the mouth of the present head of the Cole family, to demolish the Philistines—that is the Papists. "The Grand Lodge," he says, "emphatically call attention to a resolution passed at the general half-yearly meeting held in Belfast—'That this Grand Lodge, considering the gradual approach of a general election, would impress on the members of the Institution who may possess the elective franchise the necessity of exercising that right to the furtherance of the principles which are acknowledged by, and form the basis of, our Institution, and that they should in all cases vote for and support those candidates who will oppose the Maynooth Grant, and every endowment of Popery, and advocate scriptural education for the people; and that the members of our Institution should, in every instance where it is practicable, obtain pledges from candidates to carry out those views.'" So this is all. Maynooth is to be destroyed, and Papacy in Ireland is then to be destroyed. The poor Earl and his infatuated followers do lay this flattering unction to their souls; they do not see the non sequitur; but their own words stultify them. "In the year 1798," writes the Grand Master, "the memorable rebellion broke out, and the great lesson was then taught to democratic Protestants in particular, and to all Protestants throughout the world, how unchanged and unchangeable was Popery." Yes, unchanged and unchangeable, fixed, firm, and immovable, as the rock on which it rests, unsubdued and indomitable, "Popery" may laugh to scorn the Enniskillen pop-gun, the Grand Lodge at Belfast, and all other assailants whomsoever.—What of this paltry endowment to Maynooth? We would say "to the wind with it—down the Dodder with it!"—if it were not that it is our right, our incontrovertible right, and only a small instalment of the extent of our claims. Let us look, for instance, at the Church of England Establishment, and contrast its revenues and number of hearers with those of other Christian churches. In the figures which we subjoin we are indebted to a work, entitled "Remarks on the Consumption of Public Wealth by the Clergy of every Christian Nation, and particularly by the Established Church"—

Nation.	No. of hearers.	Expenditure of Clergy.
France.....	32,000,000	£2,000,000
United States.....	9,600,000	576,000
Spain.....	11,000,000	1,101,000
Portugal.....	3,000,000	300,000
Hungary (Catholics).....	4,000,000	320,000
" (Calvinists).....	1,050,000	63,000
" (Lutherans).....	650,000	63,000
Italy.....	19,398,000	776,000
Austria.....	18,918,000	950,000
Switzerland.....	1,720,000	87,000
Prussia.....	10,236,000	527,000
German Small States.....	12,763,000	765,000
Holland.....	2,000,000	160,000
Netherlands.....	6,000,000	252,000
Denmark.....	1,700,000	119,000
Sweden.....	3,400,000	238,000
Russia (Greek Church).....	34,000,000	510,000
" (Catholics) & Lutherans, }.....	8,000,000	400,000
Christians in Turkey.....	6,000,000	180,000
South America.....	15,000,000	450,000
Christians dispersed } elsewhere, }.....	3,000,000	150,000

The clergy of 203,735,000 people receive £9,949,000 while the clergy of England and Wales alone receive ten millions sterling! or more than is paid for the administration of all other forms of Christians throughout the world to upwards of two hundred millions of hearers! And yet the silly Lord Enniskillen raises a cry for the abolition of the trifling medium of the nation's revenue granted to Maynooth. Spooner and Enniskillen, arcades ambo. Our readers will remember the immortal Liberator's translation of the words, and they will not be at a loss how to apply them.—Limerick Reporter.

A very decided Protestant journal, the Fermanagh Reporter, says:—"The Dublin Protestant Association complains of Roman Catholic preponderance in the metropolitan police force; but if it be in Dublin as it is in Fermanagh, we do not wonder at that. In this ancient, loyal, and Protestant county the ignorance of the Protestant young men is such that recruits cannot be had among them for the constabulary—they have not sufficient education to qualify them for even that humble station."

THE TITHE RENT CHARGE.—The Law-Bishops of the Kingdom of Wales and their Parsons to enjoy the Tithes of the Kingdom of Wales, as long as they can lead young Cerberus or the growing infantile opinion with op. But in the interim, let us have a glance at the Protestant Establishment in the sister country. How is it that none of your number, so smart at equations, and so clever at giving the arbitrations of Missian names, &c., has never yet laid hold of that "Permanent Grievance," which, week after week, appears in the pages of the Catholic Telegraph, and given us, in £ sid., the annual value of those fertile acres of which Ireland, in the name of religion, has been robbed? That, universally admitted "abomination of desolation" is, by all accounts, the kernel of Ireland's woes, and the source of all the injuries, insults, and degradation that are daily heaped upon her. Why, therefore, is it left unheeded? Is it in order that by standing unmolested upon its own corrupt basis, the scandal of every rational mind, and the eyecore of everything that has any pretence to religion, it may, of its own accord, the sooner sink and totter under the weight of its innate rottenness? But let us haste at once to the point at issue. There are in Ireland of Glebe Lands 132,732 statute acres; of See Lands 669,247 ditto; of Trinity College Lands 199,573 ditto; and upwards of 20,000 ditto of Chapter and Royal School lands in Ulster alone. Take a proportionate complement for each of the other provinces, viz., 60,000 for the three; and if not, why not? Total, 1,081,602 acres, which at 30s. per acre makes £1,622,403. Add to this the tithe rent charge, £380,000, and the total will be £1,982,403. There is then the Regium Donum, the Balfast Professors' salaries, Ministers' Money, and a thousand and one other scrapings and crabbages, which, at the lowest calculation, altogether must make £2,150,000 annually! Here, then, are two millions and a quarter torn from the bosom of the poorest nation in Europe, and for what purpose? To put into the hands of their enemies the most ruinous and deadly weapons, for the destruction of their own souls—weapons against faith and morals, against religion and justice, against reason and conscience—weapons of insolence and insult in the hands of a vagabond souter militia! But it is vain to point out a chronic or complicated disease, unless the remedy also be forthcoming. Now, there are three ways by which this intolerable nuisance might be abated or totally removed. The first is—that all Ireland, Priest and layman, Catholic, Dissenter, and Liberal Protestant should at once become members of the "Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control." The second is—to resist the payment of Ministers' Money. And the third is—to oppose the Tithe Rent Charge. If it could spread through Ireland's ear to her heart, I would say let no one falter—let all join the above society, which already counts 109 Members in the House of Commons, which is supported by all the Liberals and Dissenters in England, Scotland, and Wales; and which must necessarily be successful if Ireland will throw in her voice and her exertions. "Help yourself and God will help you" is a truism that should not be forgotten in this case. It would be a scorching shame for Ireland to lag behind in the removal of an abomination which constitutes her sole curse, and which Sidney Smith (himself a parson) said would not be tolerated a moment even by the inhabitants of Timbuctoo. Let not Maynooth stand in the way. The grant to it is an insult, and it will be withdrawn; but the share that Catholics should have in the division of the Church property in Ireland would more than support fifty Maynooths, which ought to be an ample compensation. With regard to the second and third remedies—they would soon set aside Ministers' Money and the Tithe Rent Charge, if the victims to them were only to take a leaf from the enemy's book. When the Exeter Hall saints wish to build a church, destined for the jock-daws after a few years, one steps forward and says, "I will subscribe £500 towards it if nineteen others will do the same." They are found, the money is collected, and the church is built. In a town where Ministers' Money is demanded, let some one step forward and say to his fellow sufferers, "I will pay no more, if twenty or thirty others in this town will join in the same resolve." Then let them make a defence fund of a year or two's payments. The Incumbered Estates Court has made a sufficient number of Catholic and Liberal Protestant proprietors to resist in the same manner the Tithe Rent Charge. I have been talking to a gentleman in this country, who has got an estate in the county Tipperary, and who says he will at first legally and constitutionally go to work; and if that fails, he will adopt all and every means to oppose the Tithe Rent Charge, if fifty others in the same barony or county will join him. And he proposes to set aside two years' Rent Charge for a defence fund. I wish Dr. Cahill and you, Mr. Editor, and the liberal press of Ireland, would take up this subject; there is an immense deal to be said upon it; and in my opinion it is vain to ask for Tenant Right or any other right till this wrong is redressed.—Cor. of Dublin Telegraph.

POTRENS WITHOUT PENALTIES.—Every body knows that in Ireland so indebted to the British constitution for all kinds of liberty, it is a penal offence for a farmer to manufacture whiskey, for his own use or for sale out of his own burley; and many lives have been lost in encounters between excise officers, called "guagers," and revenue police on the one side, and the peasantry on the other, whose poverty tempted them to risk perpetual imprisonment or exile for sake of the extra gain accruing to them by distilling their crop into pure malt whiskey, and selling the latter by stealth, instead of selling the grain in the market. Perhaps the rapacity of the landlord drove them to this desperate course, and that that very landlord afterwards sat in judgment on them for this crime of British manufacture. But a lucky Frenchman has made a discovery, by which all this illicit distillation is to be abandoned for something safer and more profitable. Every man may in future be his own distiller, and that openly and above-board. We are not sure that the whiskey will be so good as the old "mountain dew," but its manufacture will not be attended with danger, and it will do well enough for exportation. For a considerable time this invention has been in operation in France and Germany, and the English and Irish papers are discussing the policy of its introduction into Great Britain and Ireland. Already a beginning has been made in England, and we suppose we shall soon hear of its crossing the Channel to the "sister country." It is simply the distillation of beetroot and similar vegetable roots into whiskey, by a peculiar process invented by a French chemist. It is not prohibited by the laws relating to distillation, for the invention could not have been anticipated. The present enactments apply only to grain, for the distillation of which the distillers must pay a heavy license fee, and also a duty per gallon equal to the whole value of the article. Should the new discovery prove successful in Ireland, it will be a very short time till the British government gets the lion's share by "amending" the law. There is not the same objection to distillation from beetroot, on grounds of political economy, as there is to distillation from barley and oats, which enhances the price of food to the poor. Another argument in its favor is that it will not exhaust the land like grain crops, for it is estimated that in the refuse from the still ninety per cent of the primitive nutriment contained in the beetroot will be returned to the land as manure, or in feeding cattle, being cheaper than hay and other fodder, and more successful in fattening—something like "grains" from the present distilleries. The profits are described as 140 per cent on the whiskey alone.

DEATH OF THE IRISH PRIEST, JOHN GRANERY.—This venerable old man, whose name and whose song have been associated, for over half a century, with the talismanic recollections of Killybegny, in the breast of millions at home and abroad, is no more. He passed away calmly and peacefully on Thursday last, at Killybegny, in the 90th year of his age.—Tribute Chronicle.