

**FEARFUL STATE OF DISTRESS IN IRELAND**—Dear Sir,—It would appear to well-meaning people that this side of the channel that the condition of the people of Ireland is neither thoroughly understood nor thoroughly considered by their English brethren. It does appear to us that if the people of England believed that those in the West of Ireland were starving, they would not be altogether indifferent to such an alarming state of things. Whence, therefore, arises this indolence? What means under Heaven have the Catholic Clergy of Ireland at their command to represent the condition of their respected people, but the press; and has not this been teeming with the most alarming reports from their pens for the last three months? Yet these reports pass unnoticed almost by the press or people of England. But the indifference of which I complain may be explained in another way. When people here read the reports of battles and engagements in America, where the lives of thousands are sacrificed, the heart is not so much moved or affected as it would be if these tragedies had been present to the eye. Many a tear would trickle down our cheeks if we had been spectators over the lifeless bodies of our fellow-countrymen fallen in battle, whilst now we refuse a sigh or an expression of sympathy for them. Thus it is when people hundreds of miles away from the scene of misery, hear of their fellow-men dying of starvation, it sounds upon their ears as a thing which need not concern them. If they had been eye-witnesses in the spectacles which I have held for the last 2 months—of the cries and wailings of starving hundreds gazed on their ears as they have on mine—if they had been daily hunted by multitudes of emaciated men and women, and no means at command to relieve them,—then indeed, would the realities produce some practical effect, of which they have been hitherto totally devoid. Now, I represent only a small portion of the West of Ireland—a district with a population of about 18,000, and of that number 6,000 are literally starving, living upon cabbage, with whatever sprinkling of meal our local committee may afford them. English minds will not believe that these 6,000 people cannot afford themselves so much as one meal of common Indian meal strabon in 24 hours; nor can they believe that a man can live upon such diet. They never dream of renouncing one out of the three or four repasts which they themselves are in the habit of taking, in order to enable an unfortunate outcast in the West of Ireland to take even one substantial meal in the day. No. The corporal sufferings of the West Mayo peasant do not affect them so directly that they should have that practical effect upon their habits. I am delivering my sentiments thus freely without meaning the slightest insult to English feeling or manners, but you will pardon me for expressing my astonishment at the silence and indifference with which this question of life and death in Ireland appears to be regarded in England. My feelings are intensely sore upon the question. I see hundreds of my fellow-creatures in my neighborhood doomed to die of starvation before the lapse of one month, unless Providence specially interpose. They are even now dying of the calamity that has befallen the country. The great Archbishop of the West has over and over again raised his voice on the question, yet England does not appear to have awakened from her slumberings, whether real or affected. I have indeed received some generous subscriptions from individuals in England towards alleviating the distress in Eris, but they are few, very few. The Central Relief Committee here, whose solicitude extends to every parish in Ireland, are doing their utmost to meet every case; but I am forced to declare that the distress in Eris alone would swamp the entire of the resources of that invaluable board before it could be effectually allayed. In communications to which charity is altogether unknown, whose members defy the world, its pleasures, its splendours, it is not difficult to understand why the sufferings of fellow-creatures should be forgotten; but amongst the professors of a religion whose very life-spring is charity, it is difficult to see how they can look on at their fellow-creatures pining and wasting away and absolutely dying of hunger, whilst abundance and luxury reign at their own residences. Oh, if those who squander hundreds of pounds year after year upon some fleeting vehicle of pleasure, would visit West Mayo, they would there see something to arrest their attention, and demand the first share of their superfluities. They would see thousands of families without food, without high covering, without wearing apparel, without any better dwellings than hovels not good enough for swine. Some who will read this statement may look upon it as a myth. It is nevertheless the ungarish truth, and defies contradiction.

I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,  
PATRICK MALONE, P.P., Belmullet, Mayo.  
May Mansion Hotel, Lower Bridge-street,  
Dublin, June 8, 1863.

**DESTITUTION**—The Rev. Patrick Malone, P.P., Belmullet, Mayo, in a letter, dated June 14, addressed to the Dublin Telegraph, says:—"Throughout the entire of the West of Ireland nothing is heard but the cry of starvation and famine. The people are even dying, yet the Government take no action in the matter and the press is almost silent. The number of people suffering and pining away from starvation in the Province of Connaught alone cannot be under 50,000. Is there no account made of 50,000 people, as many as would constitute a good army? Our rulers look on without the least concern upon that number of human beings in one province cut off from their dominions by the hand of death. In Eris, where landlord law has kept the people in slavery and misery, they are already dying of want. Is there no prince, no ruler, no official, no friend to raise his voice in behalf of that stricken people, or to help to rescue them from death which is now devouring them?"

**DISTRESS IN CATTLE**—For the last ten days it has been discovered, in different parts of the counties of Louth and Meath, that a distemper had become prevalent in horned cattle. Many farmers in the neighborhood of Kells, Athboy, and Oldcastle, have come to a serious loss from the fatality. It is supposed that the disease is seated in the lungs, and the symptoms are generally a drooping of the head, and a refusal to take their food. In two or three instances carcasses of cows who died from this cause were discovered in the possession of butchers, and very properly seized by the authorities. On investigation it was found that they had been sold from £1 to 30s each beast. It would be wise, on the part of market jurors, to keep a sharp look-out, and protect the public from impositions of this sort.—*Cor. of Ulster Observer.*

**PREPARING FOR THE FRAY**—We have excellent authority for stating that at this moment agents of the Government are proceeding on a secret and confidential mission throughout the country, in view of a general election close at hand. Every constituency in the island is being visited in turn, sounded, and reported upon. In a few weeks the chiefs of the Whig party will have confidential returns before them, specifying the condition of each constituency—the numbers of each party (carefully discriminating, as far as possible, between the various sections of Liberals and Conservatives)—the individual landlords, or others, who have most local influence—the tendency of the Catholic Bishop and clergy of the locality—how far the extreme Protestant party may be counted upon, on the score of the anti-Papal foreign policy of Lord Palmerston—what candidates are likely to be in the way of the Government nominees—their local chances—their command of money—&c., &c. Already the most part of Ulster has been prospected by one of these Castle agents, one who was a 'joint' in the Attorney-General's tail at Tralee, and who received a sad dislocation at the hands of the patriotic Bishop and Priests of Longford. If we are to credit our information as to his report—the fact of his mission we entirely vouch for—the Government expect to recoup themselves largely out of Ulster for the few, very few, seats they may lose through any hostility of the Catholic Bishops in the South. In some of the Ulster seats the

Government are recommended to fight with a PRO-Orange candidate; in others, with a Castle Liberal; co-operating in some cases openly, in others secretly. For the town of Belfast there will be a desperate fight, unless the Government back down from their intention, owing to reports of the 'dubious' attitude of some influential Catholic persons. That Belfast has been visited, and most energetically 'felt all over, and even the names of the Liberals the Castle would put forward mentioned for approval, we can positively assert. Londonderry, also, has been carefully sounded, as have several of the smaller boroughs in that and other provinces.—*Nation.*

**THE IRISH SECRETARY**—Sir Robert Peel has been adding to his brilliant reputation in the House of Commons. A few evenings ago Mr Bagwell moved that the house go into committee on a bill which he had introduced for the better watching and protection of towns by night. Sir Robert Peel at once rose up to oppose the motion, and to ridicule the bill. He laughed at the system, as he described it, of 'Charles with their lanterns in the streets of Clonmel,' and moved that the bill be committed that day three months. When he had finished his jocular speech Mr Bagwell read for the house a letter which, a few days previously, he had received from a gentleman, who declared his approval of the bill, and promised, to support it in the House of Commons. That gentleman, as appeared by the signature to the letter, was no other than Sir Robert Peel! The announcement of this fact caused much amusement among the members, to whom it was an additional proof of the statesmanlike qualities possessed by Sir Robert Peel, and his fitness for the office he holds. The letter was handed up to Sir Robert, who after scrutinizing it admitted that he was indeed its author, but that—how now!—he had changed his mind or some one had changed it for him, and that though at first he saw nothing objectionable in the bill, yet that some other persons did, and that now he sees as they see, and so—him—how—really he must give it all the opposition in his power, which, being the same thing as all the support in his power, was, after all, exactly the thing that he had promised! Two or three of the Government party—Sir G. Grey and Thomas O'Hagan—now came to the rescue of their floundering friend, and made a great show of opposition to the bill. They had the house cleared for a division, but at the last moment they gave in, and the bill was allowed to pass through committee. A pretty exhibition this, and highly creditable to our lawmakers. But then it was only an Irish measure.—*Nation.*

**PUBLIC REVENUE**—A return moved for in parliament by Sir B. Grogan shows that, in 1801 the gross revenue collected in Great Britain (excluding miscellaneous receipts) amounted to £35,218,525, and in Ireland to £2,912,217. In the financial years 1861-62, the amount was £13,360,743, received in Great Britain, and £6,792,006 in Ireland. Therefore, in 1801 the gross revenue received in Great Britain amounted to £3 7s per head of population, and in Ireland, 11s 2d; in 1861-62, the amount per head was £2 10s in Great Britain, and £1 3s 6d in Ireland.

On Monday last Mrs Mary Mullins departed this life at Gurryowen, at the advanced age of 103 years. She was a granddaughter of one of the heroines who were engaged in the bloody defence of the Black Battery, at the siege of Limerick. She had possession of all her mental faculties to the last, and was never known to have been ill. Throughout her long life she was remarkable for her religious and temperate habits. Surrounded by a large number of her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, she breathed her last in peace.—*Manchester News.*

There has been a good deal of lively amusement caused by the report that the eloquent and witty member for Drogheda is about to resign his seat, and deprive the House of Commons of the benefit of his aid and his experience. Well, it may be safely said that Mr. McCann will not find to succeed him a member equally firm in throwing a helping hand to the present Government. I understand that at the last general election Mr. O'Hagan went down to Drogheda to act as Mr. McCann's legal adviser, but really to devise how, at a day not long distant, Mr. McCann was to retire in favor of Mr. O'Hagan. I understand also that when the Attorney-General for Ireland was looking about for a seat, he sounded Drogheda, and amongst others solicited Archbishop Dixon for his support, but that this amiable Prelate, disinclined as he is to take part in politics, warned the Attorney-General that he must offer him his strenuous opposition. And it is not likely that the Government are prepared with an able candidate than Mr. O'Hagan, or one more likely to avert the opposition of the Archbishop.—*Irish Times.*

**SHOCKING DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA**—Limerick, June 15.—A most distressing and fatal case of the above nature took place last night at our county infirmary, into which the sufferer, a man named Patrick Martin, aged about fifty years, was received on Saturday night, laboring under all the symptoms of that dreadful malady. It appears that about six weeks since Martin was bitten in the hip by a mad dog (a bull dog) whose career he thought to check at Castlebray, where he was employed as steward to Mr. Duffield. He snatched at a chain which was around the neck of the rabid animal, upon which the ferocious brute turned upon him while stooping and inflicted the fatal wound, of which no notice was taken, especially as the dog was killed soon after at Anascotty, about two miles from the spot, by a gang of country boys. Martin did not complain in any way until Saturday morning last, when, in consequence of the symptoms displayed, he was at once ordered to hospital, where in a short space of time the terrific disease demonstrated itself in all its horrors; the wretched man worked on in most excruciating agony until nine o'clock in the evening, when death put an end to his sufferings. His abhorrence to water was extreme, so much so that when patients in an adjoining ward were using spoons when drinking whey, the very idea affected him most powerfully. The deceased was a very honest, trustworthy man, and leaves a large family to deplore his loss.

**RAILWAY STRIKE AT BANDOON**—On Sunday evening between eight and nine o'clock, considerable excitement was manifested in the South Main street of our town, in consequence of a number of navvies now employed at the Bandon end of the West Cork Railway, who, not being satisfied with their wages, refused to work on the line any longer. They assembled in large numbers, and having been joined by some of the South Cork Militia, began to beat the steward who had just paid them most unmercifully. It is unknown what riot and disorder might have ensued, or how much might have been injured had not a few friends kindly lent their assistance and taken him to the terminus, from which he made his escape by train to Cork. When he had been removed and the mob discovered that they had been outwitted, their rage knew no bounds, and they began to clamour for him, exclaiming that they would take his life the next opportunity if he did not raise their wages from 8s to 10s a week. On to-day (Monday) we had a repetition of the scene. They assembled at the usual hour under the pretence of working, but no sooner had they all got together than they marched in military order through the town, followed by a large concourse of unemployed workmen in the neighborhood, who amused themselves by shouting, yelling, screaming, and making all kinds of unearthly noises. It is too bad that our usually peaceful town should have been made the scene of such disturbance, caused, as it was, by a set of idle, lazy vagabonds, who would rather lounge about the streets and live on one meal a day than work for 8s a week and have constant employment. This state of affairs must be very discouraging to the contractors now at the outset, who, we are sure, will give liberal wages and employ many of the hungry poor who will be glad to earn their bread even by the sweat of their brow.—*Cork Daily Reporter.*

**DUBLIN, June 16.**—The commission of Oyer and Terminer for the county and city of Dublin was opened in Green-street Court-house yesterday. As the commission sits once in six weeks, the calendars are generally light. The police are numerous and vigilant, and the police magistrates, who sit daily, are kept rather busy clearing off the minor cases—the criminal brasswood, so that only the trees of taller growth remain for the axe of Judge. Still, in so large a population—about 400,000 in the county and city of Dublin—it is surprising that there are so few great criminals. Congratulations upon the lightness of the calendar formed the main part of the addresses of Mr. Justice Fitzgerald to the two grand juries. In neither of the calendars is there a single case of murder, and only one case of manslaughter. This is in the city. All the crimes charged are of the ordinary character, nearly all offences against property. In the county there was not a single homicide to stain the pages of the calendar, not a single case of aggravated assault, or of serious personal violence. From this the Judge concluded that, if the calendar is a test of the character of the county, it may well be said that life is secure, that property is safe and respected,—probably because in this country the duties of property are fulfilled better than in other countries. If the state of Dublin is so satisfactory with regard to crime in the hardest season of the year, when the old crop goes before the new crop comes in, and this after three bad harvests, we have reason to count on a still greater improvement from the ample promise we now have of an abundant harvest. Nothing can be more cheering than the prospects of the country. The weather for the last fortnight has been most favorable. A plentiful supply of rain, with extraordinary heat, is causing vegetation to advance with great rapidity; all the crops look remarkably well, particularly the potatoes. Notwithstanding these encouraging circumstances, the stream of emigration flows on with unabated force, being composed largely of athletic young men belonging, apparently, to the better portion of the farming class. Much of this emigration is directed to the United States, though letters are continually coming from Irishmen in that land calling it a 'hateful country,' and expressing deep regret that the writers did not settle elsewhere.—*Times Cor.*

**THE WICKLOW GENERAL MINING COMPANY**—The great success which has attended mining speculations in this country, owing chiefly to the cautious and judicious management of them by those who conduct them, and the knowledge that there is a large field still capable of yielding remunerative profits if rightly cultivated, have naturally stimulated a number of enterprising capitalists to originate a new project under the above title. Its prospectus presents a list of gentlemen on the provisional Board of Directors whose names are respected in the commercial world, and the undertaking is ushered into existence under encouraging auspices. They propose not to experimentalise upon untried sources, but to realise advantages which it only needs sufficient capital to develop. Their chief object is the working of the mines of copper and sulphur in the townlands of Rockstown and Newburgh, in the parish of Castlemaconnell, county Wicklow, which are highly prolific and valuable. The area of operations is extensive, comprising 702 acres, which the company hold upon advantageous terms, and containing rocks of a character peculiarly adapted for profitable mining. They are of metamorphic origin, that is to say, composed of felsone, greenstone, and porphyritic traps, with clay slate or siltstone. It is an established fact that no mine in this district has disappointed its explorers, when their efforts have been limited to the mineral-bearing ground. Extensive lodes have been discovered which are known to form part of the rich veins possessed by the Connoorree and the Wicklow Copper Mine Company. The field to be worked is conveniently situated for the transit of stores and produce, and a strong inducement to expend labor and capital upon it with spirit, though with prudence, is supplied from the splendid profits which have rewarded the proprietors of the Wicklow mines. As an example, it is enough to mention that the Ballymurrugh mine, which is the property of the Wicklow Copper Mine Company, has paid in dividends £219,370. Its shares, which were originally obtained for £5 each, were sold for £15 before the American war, and are now worth £40. The preliminary arrangements have been conducted under favorable circumstances, and the company only await the completion of their share list to commence operations, with a confident anticipation of success.

**CORK AND KINSALE RAILWAY**—On Thursday the line was finally inspected by the Government Inspector and passed. In a few days, therefore, it may be expected to open for traffic. We may note that but for an exceedingly vexatious delay in the inspection, the government official not being ready when wanted it might have been opened a month ago.—*Cork Examiner.*

We understand that a gentleman named Hassard, who fell, while leaping with the trapeze, in the College park, on Saturday, died on Monday in consequence of tetanus, resulting from a severe injury to the little finger of the right hand upon which he fell. *Dublin Telegraph.*

**GREAT BRITAIN.**

There is a very able article in the *Lamp* from the pen of Father Gallway, on the phases of Anglicanism. We make some extracts:—

If you admit a kind of solidarity among the Anglican clergyman, so that each can say to all the others, 'What is yours is mine, and mine is yours,' then the Anglican communion—the High Church—can be said to hold and to sanction a very large part of Catholic doctrines and usages. If for the moment we allow Anglican orders to be genuine, then I do really believe that the whole of the seven Sacraments might be found distributed somewhere among the progress churches, though 'not all in every one.' I do not speak positively on this point—I only have it on hearsay—that Extreme Unction has actually been attempted. One or two instances are reported; just as we sometimes hear a rumor of an odd case of cholera. If this be true, and if the Orders be genuine, then, as I say, the seven Sacraments are extant in the Anglican churches, though 'not all in every one.' And what I say of the Sacraments is also, to a certain extent, true of the doctrines and holy rites and devotions. Progress in the sanctuary has become a necessity. The curate who is to gain an influence now-a-days over a High-Church congregation must be prepared to adopt this quasi Shakspearian motto:

'I set this foot of mine as far as who goes farthest.'  
'I dare do all a Curate dares to do;  
'Who dares do more is none.'

That is to say, I dare to go as far as the bishops and the law-courts permit a curate to go. If I go farther, I shall be suspended. I shall be curate no longer. My apostleship will be at an end. All that I can do, however, I will do. Progress is a clear necessity. We are expecting daily improvements;—they do not startle us. So that lately, when a report was current that the incumbent of a newly-elected church had adopted as his speciality Indulgences and Stations of the Cross, no one was incredulous. Men only asked, 'What next?' Of course this can only be a transition state of things; it cannot last as it is. However, for the present, the more notable of the High Church clergy and their churches are like the schoolmaster's boys, each with their distinguishing article—their speciality; so that a devotional church becomes a necessity. 'If you want confession and absolution, go to No. 1 Street; the Rev. Mr. A. believes in absolution and auricular confession. If you want reservation, go eastward, to No. 2 Street. For processions, go north; Mr. B., of No. 2 Street, believes in processions. But you want incense, you say—then you must 'alter your wings.

and be off to the west! There is only one clergyman in town who believes in incense. And as for chasubles. It would not be safe. But the Church of England has such things; and prayers for the dead also. Just take your ticket by the Eastern Counties line, and see whether you will not find chasubles to your heart content. Oh, it is a glorious Mother, believe me. You will find everything in the Church of England, if you only seek. Why go to Rome? A few years ago, I grant, when our Church was Protestant, you might have had some reason to wish for change; but now, when everything is so thoroughly Catholic, why abandon your Mother? And such a Mother! What can you want that you have not got? If you are sighing for the Rosary, why, just come down to our Sisterhood, Sister Jane Frances of the Immaculate Conception will give you Rosaries by the dozen. If there is one thing more than another that we are strong in, it is the Rosary. We have a Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament at No. 4 Street; we have a Sacred Heart Convent in No. 5 Street. If you like to use holy water, why not? You can always buy it at Duras and Lambert's, and use it as much as you like. They always have it in stock, fresh from St. Winifred's Well. I do assure you, that all your aspirations can be satisfied in the Church of England. And now I will just astonish you. To show you what a revival is going forward—I don't mind telling you a secret, but it must be a secret for the present (you will hardly believe it, but it is perfectly true)—that down in a certain place in Hampshire, they actually say Mass from the old Sarum Breviary, in Latin, and celebrate the Mouth of Mary, and have benediction! Who could have thought of it? Is it not beautiful? Of course they do not tell everybody what they are doing. But this is not wrong. In the early Church there was always the arcanum, the great secret. The only differences is, that in those days they celebrated the mysteries with closed doors, for fear of the Jews and Pagans. Now, the enemies of progress whom we have to fear are, as our Lord foretold, those of the household, our very cautious and benighted Bishops.

I think, dear Mr. G., that you will allow my picture to be tolerably faithful—very little exaggerated. And all this goes to prove, or at least is used to prove, that the English Church can, like the many, satisfy all tastes—that all good is to be found within her pale—although the treasures are scattered like Sibyl's leaves.

A man would require a small fortune for railway tickets, and would have to be on the move as much as a commercial traveller, if he wished to avail himself of all the treasures of this Church. If you want to see St. Paul's thoroughly, I believe that you have to pass through the hands of many different vergers, who will each show you his little department, and then hand you on to another guide, another director. This is annoying and expensive; but it is a joke when compared to the costly annoyance of having to travel to find the clergyman who believes in absolution; then to run off to the curate who realises the Eucharistic presence; then, some what disappointed, to leave him and travel again in search of one who has sounder views about sacrifice, offered up for the living and the dead; then, on high festivals, to take the express in order to arrive at the favorite sanctuary where Mass is solemnised becomingly with incense.

This is costly religion, especially when you remember that death comes at last when a man becomes more and more anxious for help—and the dying man happens to be in Aberdeen, and the only clergyman known to have made an experiment at Extreme Unction lives in London ordinarily, but is just now gone to the Isle of Wight for a little rest. He must come, and by express, by telegraph, if possible. This, dear sir, is very expensive piety; this cannot be the Gospel which the Apostles were to preach 'to every creature.' Every creature could not possibly pay the price.

Up to the present time 7,000 persons have been butchered by the Piedmontese in cold blood—20,000 are languishing in the foul prisons which are crowded to excess—10,000 persons, the best blood of Italy have been driven into exile—and all this has been done by the power which justified its lawless and cruel oppression on the plea that it came for the 'liberation' of the country which it is thus ravaging—these are facts which are patent to Europe, and which cannot any longer be gaudied. No wonder that the Neapolitans turn to their dispossessed Sovereign with that yearning of the work which we have so interesting an illustration in the work before us:—"In our populous district in Naples the registers for the last few months of 1862 showed that forty per cent. of the female children were christened 'Maria Saba,' the names of the ex-Queen of Naples." The work before us in answer to these facts always is that Piedmont has established a Constitutional Government for Italy, and that whatever may be wrong in the country it may be expected that 'constitutional forms' will, sooner or later, have the effect of setting it right. But the truth is that the so-called Italian Constitution is itself the agency through which all these atrocities are committed. The Government of Victor Emmanuel evades responsibility in the matter by pointing to the decision of the Chamber, and the Chamber, as merely representing a dominant faction, is always ready to lend itself to these illegal methods of coercing the rest of the nation. The tempo of this body was remarkably shown by its refusal to hear the Duke of Maddaloni when that worthy raised his voice to protest against the ministers of the Government, and was encountered with some violence and insult that he was compelled to resign his seat. It is by the express sanction of this subservient Chamber that the most vital and essential articles of the Constitution are openly violated—those which provide for personal liberty, for the inviolability of private houses, and for the freedom of the press. We know from what we have lately seen in America that the forms of representative Government are no necessary protection against the exercise of arbitrary power; and Turin shows us how these forms may become mere tools in the hands of the meanest, the falsest, and the most brutal tyranny that ever outraged Europe.—*John Bull.*

**SCENE IN A CHURCH**—Our readers have doubtless heard different versions of the story regarding the individual who was made 'to feel the gospel,' if he would not hear it; and doubtless consider this forcible style of preaching to have passed among the things that were. Not so, it appears, for only a few Sundays ago, in a church not a hundred miles from the county town of Rosshire, the same thing was reenacted. The venerable clergyman, who is famed for the dryness of his discourses, and their tenacity to send his hearers into the arms of Morpheus, was holding forth in his usual style, but ere he had got rightly under way, his efforts at making himself heard were completely outstripped by a discordant sound at a little distance from the pulpit. Casting an indignant glance in the direction from which the noise proceeded, the impertinent and un-oratorical competitor was discovered to be no less a personage than the worthy beadle, whose olfactory organs were in full operation. The temptation was irresistible and he sang the Testament or psalm-book at the unfortunate cranium of the beadle, who woke up from his pleasant dreams with a start, and 'Hallo!' to the no small amusement of the congregation. The reverend gentleman after bestowing a meaningful glance on his man 'Friday,' which caused that worthy to subside into savage attention, resumed the tangled thread of his discourse; but, unfortunately, found it rather difficult for his hearers to listen with the usual decorum to the rest of the day's service.—*Jeaneau's Advertiser.*

'Talk of English morality,' says Thackeray, 'the worst licentiousness, in the worst period of the French monarchy, scarcely equal the wickedness of this Sabbath-keeping country of ours.'

In 1853 the Earl of Aberdeen, and Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Lucas were strong men; the first was Premier, the second, Home Secretary, and the third M.P. for Meath, yet between them, and all the rest together, they could not get a vote of 500! for Catholic Chaplains to Catholic convicts through the House of Commons. The vote was proposed by Lord Palmerston, and it was struck out of the votes on an amendment proposed by Mr. Spooner. Mr. Spooner beat them all three, and for ten years Catholic prisoners went without Chaplains. Why? Because, as Mr. Lucas told his Catholic readers at the time, Catholics had pinned themselves to the coat tails of the Whig Liberals, and had identified themselves with the Liberal party to an extent which made the Whig Liberals reckon on their support whatever they might do, while the Tory party were equally sure of their opposition under any circumstances. So long as Catholic policy consisted in letting the Liberals have nothing to fear, and the Tories nothing to hope, it was quite certain that the Liberals would fight for us coldly, and that the Tories would fight against us hotly. For long years it was our will and pleasure as Catholics that the leaders of the great Conservative party should be dependent upon the support of Irish Orangemen of the type of Vance and Crogan, and of English fanatics like Newdegate and Spooner. The change is that we have changed that—and it is a great change; for it may change the History of Europe. At last, some other, the strong stomachs—strong as screws and rivets—which fastened Catholics to the coat tails of the Whigs have been broken, and a considerable number of them (quite sufficient to exercise a great influence at an election) have left both parties knowing that they are disposed to behave to others as others may behave to them. The immediate result has been the dire despair of the Irish Orangemen and the distressing despondency of their English fellow-bigots. The Tory leaders and the Tory press have repudiated them, and Lord Palmerston has been obliged to tell them that he cannot as yet afford to pay their price. They howl and whine, and scold, and threaten, and exult, but nobody has time to listen to them. Unless the Irish Catholics of the Vingt et Un party succeed in making the help of Irish Orangemen and English No-Poperyism once more indispensable to the Conservative leaders, a very few years will see the disappearance of the last of these amiable specimens of humanity from the political arena in the United Kingdom.—*London Tablet.*

**THE CATHOLIC PROCEEDINGS AT CLAYDON**—Brother Ignatius, who has been inhibited from preaching at Claydon by the Bishop of Norwich, has circulated among the parishioners the following explanation of the English Order of St. Benedict to which he belongs:—"It is a newly formed society, strictly Catholic of England, formed because many members of the English Church feel called to devote themselves entirely to God's service, though not desirous of the yoke of the Priesthood. 2. Because many have left the English Church for want of a monastic society in which to lead a regular life. 3. Because the Church of England did not at the Reformation abolish religious orders. 4. Because the dissolution was a violent proceeding of Henry's unjust, wicked, and never approved by the authority of our Reformed Church. 5. Because the rule of St. Benedict is entirely scriptural, and in harmony with the doctrines of the Reformed English Church. 6. Because as long as the English Church is without such institutions she is in this respect unlike the universal Primitive Church. 7. Because she desires to afford her sons the regular means of acting out those counsels of perfection enjoined by Christ to those who are able to receive them—celibacy, voluntary poverty, perfect obedience. 8. Because the English Church, in her Prayer-book and canon, refers us to the Catholic Bishops, and ancient fathers as our best guides to a true understanding of Scripture, and they unanimously, and even in councils, authorised monastic orders. 9. Because such institutions are required now-days more than ever—first, to ensure the services of literature in the cause of the Church against the attacks of heresy and infidelity (this work the Secular Clergy have no time for, their numbers being sadly insufficient for the wants of our increasing population); secondly, to supply in a well-organized 'regular' colleges of home missionary helpers, there being an alarming dearth of laborers in the Lord's vineyard, and which dearth is fast increasing with the population; thirdly, to supply places of retreat for the overworked and poor among the parochial Clergy, whose place during their period of rest might be supplied by a member of the monastic order."—*Post.*

**THE COTTON FAMINE**—The Manchester Relief Committee held their meeting on Monday, when it was announced that there was a further decrease of the unemployed to the extent of 2,445. It was the opinion of the meeting that the distress next winter would be as severe as last, but that the cotton trade in Lancashire would eventually become more prosperous than it had ever been.

**EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY**—A very remarkable discovery has just been made in one of Messrs. Green's ships recently arrived in the port of London from Australia. The ship *Reault* was being overhauled a day or two ago in the London Docks, when the skeleton of a man was found standing upright. He was dressed, but all his flesh had dried upon his bones, and his clothes therefore hung loosely about him. On searching him a sum of 12s in silver was found in his pocket, but no other property of any kind. It is supposed that the man had no means to pay for his passage, and secreted himself in some part of the vessel, and was either suffocated, or that in consequence of the manner in which the cargo was packed he found it impossible to escape from his place of confinement.—*Times.*

**CRINOLINE IN A QUANDARY**—In a court held in Greenock on Monday, the boxom landlady of a spirit shop, of rather above the ordinary dimensions, still further distended by crinoline, on being called to give evidence in a case, made several attempts to get into the witness box, but the inflated netting intertangled always dragged her out. At length she had to be satisfied with clinging as close to the box as she could, and then her bust only seemed to be in a line with the back of it. The judge on being about to administer the oath, and not observing the witness's dilemma, ordered her to get into the box, but the lady blushed crimson, and a sign from the clerk apprised the judge of her predicament, and a titter ended the small difficulty, for the judge could not be so ungracious as to insist on forcibly boring the lady's crinoline.—*N. B. Mail.*

A great fire had occurred in Water street, Liverpool, by which a large quantity of cotton was destroyed. Loss £200,000, which is believed to be covered by insurance.

**HOBSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS**—Common sense tells us that unless the stomach is kept in good working order, the system, to which it supplies the elements of the blood, cannot be vigorous and healthy. Nothing has yet been discovered or invented that so effectually and invariably cures and prevents imperfect digestion as *Hobstetter's Stomach Bitters*. Dyspepsia, flatulence, oppression after eating and the feeling so often described by the sick as an all-gone sensation, are removed in a few days by the use of this most healthful of all stimulants. No one, however feeble, need fear it, for it contains no fiery ingredients. It excites neither the circulation nor the brain. On the contrary its effect is genial and soothing. It promotes sleep as well as restores the energy of the digestive powers, and may be taken not only without danger but with a certainty of the most desirable results by the feeblest lady in valid.

Agents for Montreal, Davins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, A. G. Davidson, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, R. R. Gray, and Picault & Son.