

THE TORIES AND TENANT RIGHT.—The Whigs having declined to settle the great question of tenant right, it becomes the duty of Irishmen to apply to their successors in office to bring peace to the land, by giving the tenantry a legal claim for compensation for any permanent improvements they may make on their farms. We know that the leading agitators of the liberal party in this country always made it a point not to ask the Tories to do anything for Ireland. They had a particular reason for acting in this manner. What they studied to accomplish was, to expel the Tories, and restore the Whigs to power, that they might obtain situations for themselves and others. In fact most of them betrayed the people, and talked of tenant right for the purpose of offering themselves for sale in that corrupt market where Ireland's rights have been too often disposed of to the highest bidder.

We can assure our countrymen that this is the chief cause why the land question has not yet been properly settled, and why the bad landlords have still the power to plunder and extort from their tenants. A cry was raised to put the Tories out of office, and restore the Whigs, and unfortunately the people were duped, and induced to swell the cry, although in doing so they were labouring for their bitterest enemies.

Let Ireland refuse for the future to follow such a silly policy. What need the Irish people care for party? They have lived through the direst persecution. They have increased and multiplied, no matter how bitter the rule over them has been; and it was not till the Whigs had full sway in the land that the population was decimated, and reduced from nine to six millions. It was the Whigs that starved and banished the victims of misrule. It was the Whigs who raised a persecution against our Bishops, and let Italian infidels loose to banish the Pope from Rome; and Andy McKenna of Belfast can prove that the Whigs have been inciting the Orangemen against the Catholics of Ulster, for he charged them last winter with putting arms into the hands of the Orangemen of Cookstown for the purpose of assailing the people.

This being the case, we ask our countrymen not to be led astray by false-hearted men, who are eternally praising our enemies the Whigs, and assailing the Tories. Ireland took Emancipation from the Tory party, and if it is not her own fault she may obtain from them in the next session a good measure of tenant right. Lord Derby has declared himself ready to redress every well founded grievance, and Mr. Disraeli has stated that the government were prepared to put a stop to the wholesale emigration which is wasting the strength of our country.

Now is it not the duty of Irishmen to take advantage of these promises, and seek for justice where it can be found? If anything distinguishes the Tories more than another it is their blunt manner of telling you what they mean to do, and their faithful adherence to their promises. Let Ireland, then cast away that childish folly of not asking anything from the conservative party. Let her prepare to test the truth of Lord Derby's declaration. How is that to be efficiently done? We are told that the best course is to ask the corporations and town commissioners to take the matter in hand at once. Let each of these bodies adopt an address to the premier, telling him that the present land code is a curse to his country; that the want of protection for the tenantry has retarded improvements; that the rack-renting and extermination practised by the bad landlords has led to a multitude of crimes, and that nothing less than an act of parliament giving the tenant right of Ulster to all Ireland will restore peace to the country. Let deputations from all the municipal bodies proceed together to London, and present their addresses to the premier, and inform him that if he makes the question a cabinet measure they will call Ireland to give him their warm support. When this business is accomplished, let an aggregate meeting be held in Dublin, and at that meeting let Ireland pronounce her opinion on the subject, and call on men of all creeds and all shades of politics to settle this most important question. If these steps be properly taken, we firmly believe that the present land code, which has proved a curse to Ireland, will be abolished, and that the farmers' Charter of Freedom will soon become the law of the land.—Dunalk Democrat.

AN IRISH-AUSTRIAN SOLDIER.—Six years ago, this very month, a novel scene might be witnessed on a Sunday morning in the Piazza of Ancona. That quaint pentagonal structure, built by Clement XII. for the reception of sick voyagers from the Levant, was then occupied by a body of Irishmen, who had gone out from their homes to do battle for the Pope and a group of these Irish Volunteers seem to gather tumultuously round a tall, bronzed officer of martial presence clad in the uniform of this man—and yet tears are visible in his eyes. 'Farewell, my boys,' he says, with a tremulous voice, 'I have commanded Turks and Jews in my career, but never did my heart leap till I saw the chance of dying at the head of my own countrymen in a cause I love. But duty forbids—farewell.'

But these Irish Volunteers were not to be parted thus easily. This was how the case stood. It was originally intended to organise the Irish troops in the Papal service into two battalions, but their strength having been diminished by sickness and defections the design was abandoned, and Major Fitzgerald, who had been specially detailed from Austria to command the second Battalion, was to be dispersed with. On this morning he was leaving to rejoin his regiment, and the brave fellows who had learned to love him despite his rigid enforcement of discipline, were protesting against the separation. The more intelligent among them beheld petitioning the general to be allowed to retain their major. The major's own permission must be first asked. A simple corporal but an accomplished scholar (for there were graduates of universities in the ranks of those 'mercenary') drew up the request, brief, soldierly, and to the point. The sergeant-major, Halligan, a veteran of St. Helena, and Gleason, since colonel in the service of the United States, presented it. Fitzgerald wept like a child, he exclaimed, 'I shall cherish this little bit of paper as I would the decoration of an Emperor. There is no immediate prospect of a fight, but be sure if there be, I shall be back with you, if not as your leader, at least as your comrade fighting side by side with you in the ranks.'

Fate willed it otherwise. When Giardini, with his corps d'armee, invested Ancona by land, Persano with his fleet, swept round by Sicily and blockaded it by sea, so that the doomed city was beleaguered on every side. No boat could have reached it from Trieste, or Fitzgerald, directly needed, would certainly have stood beside his valiant countrymen in the citadel to which Esmericore had retired as his last resource.

Ancona was fought and lost. Its fall is matter of history now for six years—a state episode in war-like annals; but the men of the battalion of St. Patrick who fought within its walls, and all who value Irish glory in arms, will be glad to hear again of the faithful Fitzgerald.

On the bloody day of Skalizer he rode in the front rank of a squadron of Hungarian Hussars, the finest cavalry in the world. A cloud of Prussian Uhlans came cantering in sight. The Irish Bayard stood up in his saddle—now was the hour—'Vorwärts,' he cried, and his fiery swordsmen went thundering on the enemy. The Prussians did not meet them as soldiers were wont, steel to steel. No; they unslung their needle-carbines, and poured a stinging hail of quick bullets on the advancing host; emptying a hundred saddles at every volley. The force of the charge was broken at every discharge men fell to the rear. 'On, on,' shouted Fitzgerald, the moment after he, too, tumbled from his seat, pierced by three wounds—wounds in front, like those of St. Celsus Dentatus. Fortunately, the injuries inflicted by those

new weapons are not generally fatal. Though sadly maimed Fitzgerald still lives.—Irishman.

To the credit of the present Tory government it is ordering the prosecution of the Orangemen who violated the law in July last, and several leading characters amongst the brethren have been summoned before petty sessions courts, in order that they might be committed for trial at next assizes. Mr. Joshua Magee prosecuted a number of them at Banbridge, and we observe that a magistrate present seemed anxious to let the thing pass, and have no more about it. But Mr. Magee persevered and had the brethren committed for trial. The same thing was done in other districts so that the disloyal and turbulent Orangemen must prepare to live another sort of life, or make up their minds to stand in the dock, and receive the punishment due to their lawless conduct.—Dunalk Democrat.

A gun, eight feet long and in good preservation, bearing the date of 1642, and having on it the arms of the Salters Company and the motto 'Sai sapit omnia' has been dug up in Derry in excavating foundations for a new bank. Having been presented to the corporation of Derry by the Salters' Company previous to the siege, and probably used in the defence it has been added to the collection of local relics.

The Catholics and Orangemen were nearly having a fight at Scarva on the 15th, but a police force was sent to the town, and they preserved the peace. The Orangemen are said to have 400 guns to fire on the Catholics.

THE WHEAT AND OATS.—A severe storm swept over this part of the country a few days since, and retarded the cutting of corn, which is proceeding in some early districts. Next week a large portion of oats and barley crops will be fit for cutting, and we hope the farmers will have fine weather to perform the important work. Green crops promise to be most abundant.

Of the weather and local crops, the Waterford News says:—August has come in variable. Oats are being generally reaped, and wheat is fast putting on its golden hue. Potatoes are excellent and abundant, and all crops look well and promising. Some fields of wheat in Tipperary and Kilkenny were expected to be fit for cutting the end of the second week in the August.

A late of the Irish Times says:—Harvest prospects excellent throughout Ireland. The excessive and scorching heat of July has been followed by copious and cooling rain, which came just in time to swell the grain crops and vivify the after-grass. The potato crop is magnificent, and, although some of the usual croaking about the blight is heard, it will probably prove the largest ever saved in Ireland, as in anticipation of the scarcity of cattle, a great breadth of the esculent was sown in spring.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Times repeats the opinion expressed in the Pall Mall Gazette—in the articles on England's Future as a European Power—that the events of the brief and extraordinary campaign in Germany warn us, in a manner not to be misunderstood, to look to ourselves—to compare our own case with the case of Austria by land and Italy by sea, and to estimate calmly and deliberately our own chances of success if our evil destiny should involve us in a great war either by land or sea. Why do we believe that we are safe as against any number of enemies that may combine against us? Our naval reputation rests on a state of things which has as entirely passed away as the race of heroes by whom it was won and maintained. What solid reason have we to believe that our fleet, if called on in its present state for a great effort, would come with better grace out of the conflict than the fleet of Italy at Lissa? Only the Times observes, as was pointed out in the Pall Mall Gazette, there is this difference—that while Italy can bear her defeat and live, England, if thoroughly worsted on her own element, would lose at once her hardy won position: Turn from the navy to the army. On what does our overweening confidence in our ability to resist and repel invasion rest? We, in the great war with France, came out victorious after many reverses and failures, and at Waterloo shattered and pounded to the dust the mighty fabric of imperial power. It was a proud moment for those who lived in those times, but those times are gone, and have carried away with them the conditions of success on which we then relied. It will not be by armies of 40,000, 50,000, or even 100,000 men that the next great European struggle will be decided. If we could gather from every quarter of the compass, from every clime and every country, the strength we squander on remote and often useless territories and possessions, we could not muster enough really well disciplined and trained men to fight a single battle, even on the scale of the second-rate encounters of modern war. Of course we cannot, so long as we are determined to be at once an American, an African, an Asiatic, and a Polynesian Power, dispose of one-half of the scanty forces we have for our own defence. We must rely on such help as our volunteers, our yeomanry, and our militia can give us, while our best troops are guarding the walls of Quebec or of Peshawar, the plains of Calcutta, or the mountains of New Zealand. These things demand a careful reconsideration of the policy and resources of the whole Empire, a complete re-casting of our military and naval systems, a reform in the system of recruiting, that we may bring the defensive agencies employed by the country nearer the level of its wants and of its wealth. We can do this with the better grace now, because we are at peace with all the world, and have no neighbour to whom we can with any plausibility impute the least hostile intention towards us. We must not, however, rely on our own pacific intentions, on our policy of non-intervention, or on the immunity from the evils of war which we have for so many years enjoyed. We shall take the initiative, but others may not be equally scrupulous.

Our Governor Eras.—The Standard says that Mr. Mill, Mr. Peter Taylor, and the rest of Mr. Eyre's political opponents menace him with prosecution, which, adds the Standard, can result in nothing but his triumphant acquittal and their signal discomfiture. The object of the prosecution is thus stated by our contemporary:—It is not for a conviction that they strive. Their purpose is, we fear a much meaner and more practical one. They know that Mr. Eyre is not rich, and that the expenses of a State trial of this kind are enormous. A criminal indictment is preferred in the name of the Crown; and the Crown can never be mulcted in costs. By this means the men who have taken up in this country the quarrel of the rebels of Morant Bay are able to coast upon Mr. Eyre's expenses of a very costly defence—expenses which may amount to several thousands of pounds. This we fear is the real meaning of the obnoxiousity with which the Jamaica Committee adhere to their foolish and preposterous policy. They do not hope to convict or to hang Mr. Eyre, but they do hope to ruin him. As a counter-move to this prosecution, the Standard is informed that by those who appreciate the merits and services of the late Governor of Jamaica—of the man to whom we owe the security of the island and the lives of 65,000 white men, women, and children—a fund has been collected for Mr. Eyre's defence, which already amounts to £6,000.

Excursionists from Glasgow to Burns' monument at Ayr have carried away the back of one of the monument chairs, on which are a series of paintings illustrative of the poet's works, by Stevens. Recently, after a large party had left the grounds, it was found that an attempt had been made to enter the glass case containing the few relics of Burns that are in the monument.

A disease has broken out among sheep and pigs in the wolds in England. So many as 25 pigs have died on the one farm in Kent of it. The farmers consider it 'mysterious,' and declare they have seen nothing like it before.

The formula of a joke which was rather common amongst that portion of those known to the late William Gobbett as 'the humbler classes,' which a modern idiom designates as 'roughs,' was the salutation—'How is your mother—and the pigs?' In the Anglo-Saxon mind, the typical Irishman is always associated with a member of the genuine ewish multitude, the pig being playfully described (as an excuse for his having share of the best room in a dwelling where the chambers consisted of two) as 'the gentleman who paid the rent.' Of course, the same porcine animal did often pay the rent by the sale of his own proper person, when rack-renting Irish landlords and tide-proctors would have their pound of flesh (pig's flesh), no matter who starved. Yet in those days the pig was a respectable animal, well fed, well washed, and well cared for. He was fed on wholesome food, the large lump potato being his favorite dainty. He was fat thereupon (which is owner never did) and presented a portly and imposing appearance in the market.—And whatever Turk or Jew may have thought, and I have myself seen thriving Hebrews eat Irish bacon with a hearty relish, the English appetite loved that cleanly fed Irish pig; for is it not bread and fat bacon, diversified by swinging on a gate, the ideal ail of terrestrial happiness to your average English peasant?

But whatever jokes may have been made about Paddy and his pig, the widest idea ever entertained of the Irishman's affectionate relations with his favorite porker has been utterly eclipsed by one of the revelations of London filth and dirt recently brought before the world by those sanitary inspectors, whom a fear of the cholera has let loose amidst the nastiness of Anglo-Saxondom. Recently, an intelligent Cockney, named Edwards, from the East End, was brought before the magistrates for making his pig a tenant of his own room—not in a country cabin, remember, but in a house, divided in tenements, where there may have been forty or fifty tenants. Piggy slept under this intelligent Briton's bed; and the stench of the room was so horrible, permeating the whole house, that the medical men traced it to the cholera which had broken out in the immediate court or lane. The savoury Edwards was indignant at the treatment he received. His house, or his room, was his castle; and as for his pig, he loved them, he said, as if they were his children.—Of course, the magistrates were compelled to fine the filthy brute. But I have not yet fully revealed the fulness of the creature's foul and revolting conduct, or the conduct of those far higher in intelligence than he, who were accessories to his deeds. The thing is almost incredible; and I dare not relate it were it not already enrolled among the police records of the English metropolis. Edwards had a contract for the cast-off poultry of the neighboring hospital (the linen rage, of course, being what he tendered for), and it was proved that with these poultry he fed the pig!

What revelations are here! Think first of all of a great medical and charitable establishment selling off by contract the infectious rags stripped from the sores of its patients; and then think of the wretched beast who fed on these stinking poultry torn from ulcerous wounds the pigs he was fattening for the London market! The old joke about the Irish peasant and his pig never got beyond the point that the potato fed porker was as well taken care of as his owner: this most revolting story about Edwards and his pigs in the very heart of London nastiness is too foul and disgusting to render a joke about it possible.

Assuredly, recent exposures give pregnant indications of hideous moral corruption underlying the fair front of London society. Read this selection from the leading columns of a metropolitan journal not over remarkable for delicacy or moral sensitiveness—'The villany practised in London, though admitted on all hands to be frightfully enormous, is in reality far beyond what the imagination, or, indeed, the comprehension of quiet ordinary people, who look merely on the surface of human iniquity, could either conceive or understand. Indeed, unless occasionally some special act of depravity was brought under public notice, it would not believe in the possibility of such schemes of vice and outrage as are daily perpetrated in this capital of a Christian land. So well guarded are all the accesses to the criminal practices in vogue in this monster city, that it is only when some overt act at long intervals takes place that a few scintillations of the iniquity rouses public attention to the fact of its existence at their doors, and often in their families. However admirable may be the principle of the diffusion of useful knowledge there can be no doubt that the popularisation of science, though attended with immense benefit to the working-classes, by giving every mechanic a philosopher, has at the same time opened the door to a large and popular abuse and criminality.'

Now these words are not mine. They are the words of an English writer intimately versed, no doubt, in the ways of London. I quote them from the leading columns of one of the most widely known of London weekly papers, the Era. The writer goes on to speak of the 'frequent trials which have taken place of late years from murder and secret poisoning' in London, and the facilities which they have shown to exist for 'getting rid of a wife, a husband, or a father, or any individual who, according to the murderer's ideas, has lived too long; and then he dwells on the horrible fact of the rapidity and impunity with which the most valuable discoveries of science are, in this huge metropolis (which Burke eighty years ago described as a sink of iniquity), perverted by man's corrupt ingenuity into engines for the gratification of his foulest appetites. 'One of the most scientific discoveries of the age,' he says, 'as a curative agent, has, by cheap literature and the publications of our law-courts, been converted into an agent for the use of the footpad and voluntary as a means of rapine and violation.' Of the truth of this there can be no question; and nobody, except one intimate with the various forms of London life, can have any notion of the mischief done, the immorality sown broad-cast, by the infamous penny publications with which London is flooded.—In English newspapers, you read constantly of the impropriety of this or that French novel or play, and you are told how the one could not be read in an English family or the other be presented to an English audience. It is true that the French deal with vice in a very outspoken manner: and it is equally true that the French productions which English translators introduce to English readers with that species of warping which is sure to tempt them to read, are unknown in all French families of average decency and respectability; but France never has produced anything so foul, corrupt and demoralising as the cheap penny literature (a literature unrelieved by any spark of genius, wit or humor) which circulates in the homes of the rising generation of the middle and lower classes of England.

The journalist from whom I have quoted gives an example of the way in which the noblest scientific discoveries can be turned by human profligacy to the basest ends. It is not worth my while to repeat it here; but the writer quotes it as a text on which to hang the statement (and, of course, he speaks from the book) that, in this great city of London, the science—or so-called science—of animal magnetism or mesmerism is taught to young men, and studied by them for the most vicious purposes. Speaking of one case, he says—'The motive had a more atrocious view, as the evidence clearly indicated, sufficient having transpired to show the infamous intentions for which this art was to be learned, as several young girls in the neighborhood had been thrown under the mesmeric influence by these young and vicious-minded operators.' In that immediate neighborhood, it transpired, twenty young men were being instructed in this notable science for these infamous and unnameable purposes, by a 'Professor,' to whom they were paying three pounds each. There's the tree of knowledge for you, as its fruits are consumed and digested in London. Reading, Writing, and

Rithmetic are, according to the modern philosophers, the true agents to human progress—religion being tabooed as a nuisance. Here we have evidence of what knowledge without religion produces. The footpad finds chloroform more effective than garotting; the aristocratic profligate of the West End sees in it an admirable agent for his aims. The ambitious young student of animal magnetism has only one thought, and that the foulest and vilest. Such are a sample or two of the morality and Christianity of London. I have been reading to-day in a public news-room a well printed and tolerably well written weekly newspaper which, I understand, has a very wide circulation, especially amongst the English working-classes; and to what do you think the leading article was devoted? Why, to prove that our Lord was a coarse and ill-tempered fanatic (by no means equal to Mahomed or Joe Smith), who insulted his own mother, talked absurd stories with double meanings, and had no love or feeling for his fellow men! Surely, the corruption and depravity of heart must be awful where a blasphemous print of this kind is not only tolerated by the law, but lives and flourishes. Nevertheless, don't lose heart; the Bishop of London is raising a million of money to build churches all over the metropolis; and indeed he has erected several very handsome ones already, to the great satisfaction of the architects and builders. To be sure, the existing churches were never a quarter filled. St. Paul's Cathedral would hold at least two hundred for every one that appears in it on a Sunday at service. Westminster Abbey, whose aisles once rang with the pious chants of vested priests and prelates, is now a compromise between a national toy and a huge tomb. As for calling it a house of prayer—remember the case of a lady who (moved by the traditions and associations of the place) was kneeling down in Edward the Confessor's Chapel to say a prayer one day, when the verger or beadle (who was showing visitors over the place at so much a head, like the guardian of Barnum's museum) suddenly caught her by the shoulder and shouted—'Get up, mum—there's no praying allowed here!' The Bishop is building new churches, London is being sowed thick with them, and the dissenters are rivaling the State-paid prelate. But the original difficulty remains; when they have built the churches they can't find the congregations to fill them; for your moral British workman, that pattern of humanity, has a constitutional objection to going to Church.

The Spectator says that the model life of England is losing its nervous energy; everybody acknowledges existing abuses, in church and state, the stupid recklessness of governmental administration, the audacious corruption and dishonesty of officials in high places, the cruelty, sordidness and inhumanity of those to whom is entrusted the working of the laws for the relief of the poor; everybody says that remedies should be found for these evils; but nobody does anything.—London Cor. of Dublin Irishman.

At the Clerkenwell Police Station in London, on the 4th August, a man attended before the sitting magistrate to lay before him a statement of facts in connection with mixed pickles. His wife and servant ate of them, and shortly afterwards were attacked with choleric diarrhoea, and their mouths were very sore. A surgeon was sent for, who said it was the ninth or tenth case of the kind he had attended under similar circumstances. It appeared that when pickles became putrid, they were placed in a tub, mixed with turmeric and mustard, and were then sold as piccalilly. He had purchased samples from twelve different shops, and in each instance he had found that the pickle was bad, and in all the instances some portion was petrid. From what the surgeon had informed him there could be but little doubt that the eating of such pickles was the cause of much of the diarrhoea and cholera now prevailing in London.

There is a party of religious enthusiasts going about the country called the 'Hallelujah Band.' They have just visited Derby and have placarded the town with this notice:—'At nine o'clock the Soldiers of the Cross will open fire, in the Market Place on the Kingdom of the Devil. A Procession will be formed to proceed at once to the Field, when a Sacred Volley will be fired on the Armies of his Satanic Majesty.'—Scotsman.

The Scotsman of Thursday morning contained an alarming report of a Fenian descent upon Shetland, in which blood had been shed and property carried off. For a few hours the story occasioned some excitement, but a second edition of that paper contradicted the report, and declared the whole affair a hoax.

A FASHIONABLE CALENDAR OF CRIME.—Mr. Baron Martin, in charging the grand jury at the late Liverpool assizes, said that 'never since he had been on the bench had he seen a more deplorable calendar than that of the present assizes, particularly with reference to the serious nature of the crimes. Sixteen of the cases were of homicide; six of them were alleged to be cases of murder; and in his opinion several of the cases put down as manslaughter ought really to have been styled murder. One of the worst murders in the calendar was that of a mother savagely kicked to death by her son, while others were the murders of children—not infants—by their own mothers.' And these cases mainly belong to Liverpool—the town of free licence, the paradise of gin shops.

RETRIBUTION.—Arrangement are in progress for commencing legal proceedings against certain prominent members of the Church of England who have recent adopted what are considered to be extreme ritualistic practices, more especially in reference to the matter of vestments in the administration of the Holy Communion. The person first to be singled out for attack is the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, incumbent of St. Alban's, Holborn, and if the promoters of the suit are successful in his case they will probably attack the Rev. John Going, incumbent of St. Paul's Walworth, the Rev. Warwick B. Wroth, incumbent of St. Phillip's, Clerkenwell; and the Rev. Bradley Abbott, incumbent of Christ Church, Clapham, and others. Already two 'defence funds' are in active operation, and the suits to be commenced will probably be as hardly fought as any that have ever come before the courts of law. Dr. Stephens will conduct the prosecution.—Sunday Gazette.

Though the rate of mortality is still very high in London, as shown by the Registrar-General's report of the deaths registered in the week ended on Saturday last, yet we are happy to say that the ravages of the epidemic are considerably on the decline.—The deaths last week amounted to 2,299, against 2,691 recorded in the immediately preceding week. The corrected decennial average is, however, only 1,366, so that the excess over last week is 833; and this is more than accounted for by the deaths from cholera and diarrhoea, which amounted to 1,045.—The victims of cholera last week count 781; the week before they amounted to 1,053, being a decrease of 272. The decrease in the number of deaths in the Metropolitan Districts last week from cholera and diarrhoea is 362. In the five weeks ended last Saturday the deaths registered in London amount to 10,898—against 6,685, the corrected average in ten years or the same period, being an excess of 4,213; which is more than covered by the 4,454 deaths from cholera and diarrhoea that occurred in the last five weeks. The decrease in the mortality shewn last week was principally in the Eastern districts, which the pestilence has chiefly attacked; but even still the immense difference in the sanitary condition of the west and east ends of London is exhibited in the remarkable fact that in the west-end the mortality is at the rate of 24 per 1,000 inhabitants, per annum; whereas in the East it is 82 per 1,000 inhabitants in the year. The difference is at once explained by a glance at the two quarters of the capital. Pestilence always revels in dirt, and that is

generally the concomitant of poverty. For those who are spared the epidemic will effect great good for it has aroused the energies of the authorities and the benevolent action of the rich, and put in motion the skill of the scientific, and improved food, cleanliness, and clothing are already producing a salutary effect. The sewers are made to do their office, disinfectants are copiously used, attention is paid to the purification of the water consumed by the public and garbage is not allowed to accumulate and decompose, and by its noxious gases poison the thickly-populated quarters of the labouring classes.—Weekly Register.

UNITED STATES.

THE PONTIFICAL LOAN.—Already the handsome sum of \$83,000 has been subscribed in Philadelphia towards the Pontifical loan. From other parts of the States we hear that the loan is progressing favorably.

It may be that in each of the two great parties into which American politicians are now divided there are many individuals who are friends of our cause and of our ourselves as a people. We say, it may be; for we have never yet had positive and undoubted assurance of the fact. But, alas! too well we know that among the most prominent members of both parties are the bitterest and most malignant haters of our race, our aspirations and our traditions that we have known as a nation during our seven centuries of misfortune. Now, however, that they want our votes, each side is working might and main to prove that its members, one and all, are, and ever have been, our trusty friends and supporters. It is hard enough to stand such insults from the associates of Henry J. Raymond and Thad. Stevens, but what must we think of fellows who make a parade of their Irishism—and who claim to advocate the freedom of their native land and the regeneration of their race, at that—what must we think of journalists—'Irish' journalists—who would drag our sacred cause in this manner through the filthy mire and foetid atmosphere of American politics! Look at those newspapers all over the country who impudently call themselves Irish! Is there a single one that does not lecture us from week to week on the claims of one political faction or another on our support as Irishmen? Take, for instance, those infallible guides to Irish patriotism—the Boston Pilot and Irish American—the one accusing the Radicals of being disorganizers and Know-Nothings, while the latter ignores the Philadelphia Convention, and calls on its readers to ignore the members of that Convention on the same grounds. Of course both these honorable and patriotic journals must be quite right—'twere rank blasphemy to doubt it, however the evidence of our senses may endeavor to envelope us; that one or both of them must err.—N. Y. Irish People.

BUTLER ON THE STORM.—Benjamin F. Butler won so much renown in the last war that he is getting his tools ready for the next onslaught. We position he desires to occupy is evident from a remark he made in a speech he delivered in Massachusetts last Saturday. He said that 'the only right left to captured rebels was the right to hang.' Having failed as a soldier, we have no doubt he would succeed as a hangman.—N. Y. Times.

In Chariton, Iowa, recently, the friends of a gentleman and lady who had mutually plighted their troth were invited to see them made one. The clergyman came, and the people came, the bride was ready, and the bridegroom was there; but he discovering, just before the knot was tied, that there was a mortgage on the lady's property refused to be united to her.

GAMBLING IN NEW YORK.—The Scottish-American Journal says that five years ago there were not more than a score or two of known gambling houses in the whole of New York; but that to-day there are at least ten thousand, where the young, the idle, and the viciously-disposed are employed night after night in learning the business of plundering people.

A YANKEE FATHER.—That was a provident and affectionate father who secured \$5,000 policies in an accident insurance company, upon the lives of his seven small children, and sent the darlings for a holiday excursion on a New Jersey railroad.

FASHIONABLE CHURCHES.—It is customary among many of the leading Protestant Churches of our large cities to 'be closed' during the hot and enervating summer season; while the rich pastors thereof with their aristocratic families, betake themselves to the country, or to some of the numerous fashionable 'Springs' or seaside bathing places, there to while away the time as best they can, until the time for 're-opening' comes again. The custom is popular. Fashion gives it her dicta of approval. What more could be asked? Could a more cogent reason be given why people—aristocratic, fashionable people—should not be put to the inconvenience of going to Church, or the parson—the popular, sensational parson—be called upon to exert himself during the 'heated term'? True, the custom has not the stamp of Apostolical procedure—it was not the primitive way of 'announcing the Gospel unto all men'; but times have changed since those early days. It is popular now, and that is sufficient. We must also remark that the custom referred to is distinctively Protestant. To Protestantism alone belong all the merits arising therefrom. The Catholic Church and clergy recognize no such custom. The Catholic priests are old fogies. They still cling, even in this enlightened and progressive age, to Apostolical tradition and practice. They are not up to the 'progressive spirit of the times,' being just eighteen hundred years behind the age. According to the progressive Protestant theory, spiritual matters require no concern during the 'heated term.'—But the Catholic Church, with their old ideas clinging about them, think otherwise. Their Churches are never closed. But day and night, winter and summer, year in and year out, they are ever at work in 'the saving of souls.' Even the pestilence and plague which rage with full sway during the torrid weather of summer, cannot drive them away, but finds them still working on more zealous than ever.

Poor fellows! We fear they will never wear the laurels of fashion, or gain the plaudits of the votaries of progress.—Cincinnati Telegraph.

In St. Louis, the mortality report shows 918 deaths from cholera during the week ending the 25th of August, and as these reports include those only who died in the city hospitals, it is estimated that about 1,300 deaths from cholera actually occurred during that time.

A number of convicts employed in the quarry at Sing prison, New York, attacked the keeper, and endeavored to wrest his revolver from him. He stoutly resisted, attracting the attention of other keepers, who went to his assistance. In the meantime the attacked man managed to free his pistol arm, when he fired at his assailants, killing one instantly. The other keepers also fired, mortally wounding three when the balance of the conspirators were secured.

The cholera has lost its epidemic character at Cincinnati. The probability is that Jefferson Davis will shortly be paroled.

The total of Boston contributions to the Portland sufferers is \$128,486 60.

The Mayor of Portland has received \$476,410 15 in aid of the sufferers by the fire in that city.

Many of the Boston meeting-houses, which have been closed during the summer months, were opened on Sunday. What a convenient sort of religion this Protestantism is!

Cholera is abating in New Orleans, but shows no diminution on the plantations. The negroes have conceived the idea that they are poisoned by white people and refuse to take remedies.