

'Oh! bring to me, my Norah Fay— Hours are days when she's away.' 'I see you have not forgotten that simple ballad,' said Harriet with a thrill of joy as she thought of the lone night-watch beneath her window.

'Oh, no, nor the pansies—you remember them do you?' A look of radiant happiness, of unutterable affection was Harriet's answer as they entered the drawing-room.

The party there were evidently prepared for what was coming, and when Lord Effingham led Harriet to Lady Pemberton, saying, 'Caroline! you have been long years without a sister—there is one whom I commend to your sisterly affection—love her first for my sake—you will soon love her for her own.'

Lady Pemberton received the blushing girl with a kindness that won her heart for ever, but without any surprise. Mrs. Pakenham was barely civil—freezingly cold, in fact, and supercilious—Mr. Goodchild blander and smoother than ever, and as jubilant, honest man, as tho' he had himself been the winner of so fair a prize.

It was not till the following morning that the two young daughters of Lord Effingham were made acquainted with the turn affairs had taken; and if aught were wanting to complete Harriet's happiness, it was the delight they manifested on hearing that they were to have for their 'new mama' not 'that nasty Jane,' against whom they seemed to have cherished a most unaccountable prejudice, probably from Mrs. Pakenham's persistent habit of enlarging on that lady's bad qualities, leaving that good there in her entirety in the shade—but 'their own dear, dear Miss Markham.' The truth was, as regarded the children, that Harriet had learned to love them for their own sakes, perhaps, too, for their father's, and as a natural consequence, they loved her in return. She had devoted much attention to the training of their minds and the cultivation of their naturally good dispositions, and already her assiduous cares began to bear good fruit in the minds and hearts of their little ladyships.

The only clouded brow in Effingham Castle during the happy days succeeding the Earl's return was that of the Hon. Mrs. Pakenham, who lost no opportunity of hinting at *parensis*, or tendering her unsought opinion on unequal marriages, *mesalliances*, and so forth, to the great amusement of those most concerned. It seemed so difficult to please Mrs. Pakenham in a wife for the Earl of Effingham. If Lady Jane's levity and heartlessness had been her theme before, want of position, &c., was now a more crying sin. Poor Mrs. Pakenham—how are the mighty fallen!

(To be continued.)

LINCOLN'S THANKSGIVING DAY.

A REBEL SUGGESTION AS TO THE PROGRAMME. (From the Richmond Dispatch.) It appears that Abraham, President of the Yankees, recommends to his subjects a day of thanksgiving some time in August next. We are not apprised of the order of the services, nor the exact description of religious rites to be observed, but would suggest a programme as follows:

First of all let there be a grand procession in Pennsylvania avenue, proceeding to a platform on the Capitol steps, where a commemorative sacrifice should be offered up, of old Scott, wrapped in the United States flag, and the other sacrificial rams, McDowell, Patterson, McClellan, Fremont, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, &c., who, at various times, have been knocked in the head for the good of the Republic. Such a spectacle would have a fine moral and religious effect, impressing upon the minds of men the transitory character of human glory in general, and the perishable properties of gunpowder in particular.

Next should come a burnt offering, to consist of a pyramid of paper currency, representing the treasury-notes, bank-notes, and greenbacks which the U. States have spent in this war, to be set fire to by Chase, making a grand conflagration, teaching men the Scripture truth that riches take to themselves wings, and the more touching truth to Yankee minds, that the amount of money thus represented might just as well have been set fire to by the North as expended in battle, and come at last to the ashes of reprobation.

The next spectacle should be the bones, if they can be got, of the two hundred thousand Yankees who, according to the northern journals, have perished in this war. They might be built up to a vast pile, surrounded by a ditch deep enough to hold the tears of their bereaved relatives, and encompassed by their unhappy widows and fatherless children, while Lincoln should sit on top, with a fiddle in his hand, playing cheerfully to the tune of 'Nobody's Fault.' On the outer circle of the group there should be a grand dance of the contractors, extortioners, thieves, barlots, murderers, and other angelic intelligences who have been called into being by the war.

Every thing being thus prepared, and Seward, who has of late assumed the sacerdotal robe, being consecrated High Priest for the occasion, let *Te Deum* proceed:

'We thank Thee, O, Divine Benevolence, that Thou hast enabled us to turn a once happy home into a dwelling-place of devils, where the life-giving sun is darkened daily by the smoke of death-dealing battle, and the night, once irradiated only by peaceful altars, made lurid by the fires of burning dwellings. We thank thee that the Table of the Law, made only for the ignorant Jews, has been dispensed with altogether with us. Thy chosen people, there is not one of thy commandments we have not broken. Instead of the one God, spiritual and eternal, we have made idols of the stars and stripes and the almighty dollar; instead of adherence to such obsolete requirements as thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not take the name of God in vain, thou shalt not bear false witness, thou shalt not covet, we have gone through the length and breadth of the land, stealing whatever we could lay our hands on, despoiling female innocence, burdening the air with curses, lying and slandering from sunrise to sunset, covering everything we behold, and not only coveting, but taking the same in our possession. We rejoice and are exceedingly glad, that we, Thine elect children, are released from the dead letter of the law, and the atale maxims of morality, and enabled to walk proudly erect in the spiritual as well as political liberty whereby we are made free. We thank and praise Thee, that in the elevation of Thine unworthy servants Lincoln and Seward, we have been enabled by the vile things of the world to confound the wise, and to show to the basest and most ungodly that hell is not the only portico of thy dominions where villains can have promotion. We rejoice that the good men of the United States, who were otherwise in danger of becoming proud and self-righteous, have been taught the grace of humility by being shut up in bastilles and threatened with the gallows, thus wearing their affections from the earth, and compel-

ling them to look to heaven for a better and more enduring country. We thank Thee that Thou hast enabled us to carry fire and sword into a peaceful nation, to make widows and orphans in every town and neighborhood, to slay thousands of their best and purest patriots, thereby adding mightily to the illustrious host of martyrs. We pray Thee to speed on the good work, till every male of our Southern brethren enters with joy into the beatitudes of the blast, and we enter with equal joy into their plantations. We thank Thee that so little of our own pilgrim, precious and elect blood, has been shed in this war; but we have been enabled to inveigle the down-trodden of Europe into a condition where we have speedily put an end to their misery, and that those of our own native rank and file who have fallen have been poor men, who were of no account to society, and whose loss we can endure with fortitude. If we may not, consistently with our duties to our families, support their widows and orphans, we rejoice that we shall preserve their memories, and thereby induce other poor men to go and do likewise. We thank Thee that we have been enabled to reverse the antiquated law which gave precedence to the descendants of Shem and Japhet over Ham, and which required servants to be obedient to their masters. We bless Thee for the peace and liberty which prevail in the best government under the sun, as illustrated by the New York riots and the dead bodies which rot in the highways and byways. Above all, we exult, rejoice, and shout hallelujah! that while the flower of the laud lies withered in death, we, Thy servants and sheep of Thy pasture have fed in green pastures and beside still waters, with none to molest or make us afraid. We thank Thee that we are not even persecuted by the visitations of conscience; that we look upon all we do as agreeable to Thy will; that we are clothed in purple and fine linen, and gorge ourselves with costly viands and rich wines, while our enemies are ragged and starving, and that we expect to be rewarded hereafter for all we have accomplished here.

'Finally, we beseech Thee to continue this war and make it interminable, to enable us to slaughter hundreds of thousands more of our enemies in the South, to make their wives widows, and their children fatherless, to convert the garden of their land into a desert, and give their bones to the beasts of the wilderness. So we, who are Thy children, and the elect of the earth, shall give Thee high land and glory here, and afterward, with thankful souls, enter upon the reward of the just. Amen.'

We respectfully commend this *Te Deum* for the Yankee thanksgiving. It is a litany of devils, and not of men; that is their fault, not ours. It embodies in plain English the thoughts of their hearts and the essence of their gratitude. If aught be necessary to fill up the measure of their crimes, it is a national ascription of praise to heaven that they have performed the work of hell.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

EVER-HANDS JUSTICE.—The Irish Judges are beginning, in such real interest, to address themselves to the suppression of agrarian outrages and party tumults as to encourage a belief in the total disappearance of these offences from the Criminal Calendar of Ireland at no very distant day. Irish Judges have it in their power to do an immense deal of social good in the course of their circuits from county to county. No officials under the Crown have such influence in moulding the opinions, and in influencing the conduct of a class of the people of Ireland mainly responsible for its deplorable social condition as the Irish Judges—we mean the gentry from among whom the Sheriffs are selected, and who compose the Grand Juries. If there were no earls and magistrates to figure as Grand Masters and no Clergymen of the Established Church to disgrace their sacred profession by becoming Orange Chaplains, there would soon be no Orangemen in Ireland; and, with the disappearance of organised Orangemen, Ribbonism would die of inanition. But up to within the last few years some of the Judges were Orangemen—others had been so previous to their elevation to the Bench; and thus the very fountains of justice in Ireland were tainted, and, as a matter of course, no confidence was placed in judicial professions of impartiality. Now, however, the Judges are men of a different stamp; and members of the bar looking for judicial preferment are careful to disconnect themselves with party manifestations of every description. In Ennis very recently, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald charged the grand jury with great force in condemnation of agrarian outrages, which, he said, had the effect of preventing the establishment of various branches of manufactures in Ireland, and thus impoverished the country by hindering the circulation of capital. But the learned Judge omitted to tell the grand jurors that agrarian outrages very often have their origin in the injustice of gentlemen such as he was then addressing, and that it was really contempt for them to give him great assistance in extirpating a crime cowardly, wicked, and sure to entail ruin upon all engaged in its actual commission. The Irish Judge who would deliver a charge to Irish grand jurors, showing to what extent the Irish gentry were responsible for agrarian murders and outrages, would do good service to the country. At Downpatrick, on Monday, Mr. Justice Hayes had to pass sentence upon seven Catholics, and more than that number of Protestants—the former for carrying guns and firing shots at a bonfire on St. John's Eve, and the latter for marching in an Orange procession on the 12th of July, 1862. The jury strongly recommended the Orangemen to mercy, but the learned Judge said he would punish all violations of the Party Processions' Act with strict impartiality, and with a firm determination to put a stop to these party exhibitions—so he sentenced them all equally to three months' imprisonment. His Lordship observed at the same time that if it were not from a fear of speaking indecorously of those who had gone before him, he would give it as his opinion that there had been, up to the present time, a judicial trifling with such offences, showing that the Crown was not in earnest in prosecuting them. He was resolved that Ireland should be made to be a country where every man could live, in every part of it, safely and without injury to his feelings, no matter what was his religion, or what were his political opinions. He (Mr. Justice Hayes) would make no distinction in the case of men brought before him; Protestants and Catholics would be dealt with precisely alike. This is the sort of language for an Irish Judge to use—the rule of conduct to act upon to give peace to the North. And in no part of Ireland is such language from the Bench more required than in Downpatrick.—*Hull Advertiser*.

THE IRISH ORANGEMEN.—The usual annual Feast of the Juggernaut of Ireland, which takes place, in defiance of law, on the 12th of July, was this year celebrated in a way to impress the Earl of Carlisle with the danger of a Whig Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland being engaged in any or June flirtations with the fair Syrens of Florence-court, and of selecting for his hosts, when on tours of national inspection, such noblemen as the Earl of Bonishill, the recognised Grand-Master of one of the most dangerous and most sanguinary of the Secret Societies of the United Kingdom. Surely the Earl of Carlisle has been long enough in Ireland to know that the Sister Kingdom does not contain within it an institution more pernicious, more socially dangerous, and more destructive of real Christian charity and mutual good-will, than that idolatrous worship of a dead Dutchman, which goes by the name of Irish Orangemen. But for the outrages of which it is the cause, we should recommend no notice to be taken of it, or of its very silly and very ridiculous celebrations and meetings. If the worshippers of the Orange idol were not so eager to mingle innocent blood with the

bumpers with which, on their knees, they sacramentally toast the Glorious, pious, and immortal memory of their not remarkably handsome, nor filially exemplary Dutch divinity, they might perform their rites every month, instead of, Jewish-like, only once a year, if such was their pleasure. Oaths administered in secret, a fellowship recognisable only by signs and pass-words, and the existence of a necessity, when travelling abroad, or in the company of the majority of one's fellow-countrymen, of not being known as a member of a particular Society, operate to the ultimate detriment and final extinction of the moral power of all belonging to such Societies.—Their very organisation is in the nature of a conspiracy, and they are, for certain purposes, neither more nor less than conspirators—persons whose secret league proclaims to the world that they are in combination not only against the majority of their countrymen, but against those principles by which Christian charity would prescribe that all men should be governed. No one ever heard of a Secret Society to propagate the preaching of the Gospel, nor to teach the world the binding obligation of the Decalogue. No one seeks to conceal that he believes in the Old or in the New Testament, and that he is ready to spill his blood either propagating such belief, or in resisting any attempt to force him to abandon it. There is, therefore, the impress of a sense of moral wrong in the very act of belonging to an Orange Society, and this, whether certain individuals admit the fact or dispute it. But the Irish Orangemen are not content to exist and be despised by the rest of the world. They are devoured by the thirst of a wish to show their power—to make known their capacity for No-Popery mischief. Their leaders cannot conceal from themselves that public men of all political parties really regard them as a nuisance, and that the time is near hand when they will have more to hope for from the Earl of Carlisle and Lord Russell than from Lord Derby, whose Party Emblems' Act was never aimed at the legal suppression of Orange flags and banners than at Catholic Church processions. The Belfast *Northern Whig* says: 'The mob also attacked the house of the Catholic Bishop, and sent volley after volley into his house.' We do not require to be told that the mob guilty of this outrage was not composed of Catholics. The very act is declaratory of the description of individuals who perpetrated it. But, surely, it is monstrous to permit celebrations which every man in Ireland knows can never take place without bloodshed. Why are any party emblems allowed to be worn in any part of Ireland on the 12th of July—seeing the extent to which they endanger not only the public peace, but the lives of the magistracy and the police? If the silly and mischievous men who bespangle themselves with Orange ribbons on these occasions cannot be made sensible of their own egregious folly—if they will continue to persist in covering themselves with universal ridicule by annually calling attention to the great increase of Catholicism in Ulster, then it becomes the duty of the Executive Government to put down these exhibitions with a hand too strong to be resisted. Immense mischief is done, even to the Orangemen themselves, by allowing them year after year to indulge in the belief that the Government entertains for them the least shadow of sympathy. The real truth is, that of late years both the Whig and Tory Governments have found in the fact of Irish candidates for public offices being well known Orangemen, an ample excuse for quietly setting them aside, even when pretending to put them on the back, and to commend them as models of loyalty. Your friend Mr. So-and-so is an excellent person, I have no doubt, and well qualified to fill the office now vacant, but you see he is an Orangeman, and in the present temper of the country it would be hardly prudent to nominate him. We must be very careful what we do, as the Opposition is on the watch to detect us in making any false move. Your friend will understand this, and it is a satisfaction to us to know that his well-known loyalty will rather prompt him to commend our discretion, and gladly sacrifice his own natural hopes to the requirements of the public service. These expressions are not as imaginary as they may appear. They refer to cases in which Orangemen made the official discovery that it would have fared better with them if they had never marched to the drum and life performance of the 'Boycote Water'—a tune which, notwithstanding its sad and murderous associations, we regard as one of the most beautiful plaintive of the mournful melodies of Ireland. In itself, the 'Boycote Water' is sad enough to have been sung by the captive Jews by the waters of Babylon, not as one of the triumphant strains of their native land, but as expressive of feelings under which they had suspended their burps from the willows, and sat down to weep over the memory of their separation from their sublime Temple and Jerusalem the Beautiful. But Irish Orangemen is a blunder from first to last—or rather it is a perversion of the true and the beautiful in Music, in Religion, and in National Patriotism.—*Hull Advertiser*.

'ROARING HANNA' AND THE REV. MR. GUINNESS ON PRESBYTERIANISM.—There is a pretty quarrel, as it stands just now raging between the now plain Mr. but lately Reverend Gratian Guinness, and the Rev. 'Roaring Hanna,' a man of character and general merits of Presbyterianism. Mr. Guinness has, it appears, 'renounced the errors,' not of Popery, but of the Baptists, and become a member of the sect known as 'The Plymouth Brethren.' But this is not precisely the head and front of Mr. Guinness's offending in the eyes of his street-spouting antagonist. The former gentleman has, it seems, for some time past been a zealous propagandist of the latest creed of his adoption, and like most persons who entertain strong opinions and conviction upon religious or other matters, has been endeavoring by a series of public lectures, or sermons, as we suppose, they are termed, in Belfast, to convince others that he is in the right and they in the wrong. In this surely there can be no crime, as the framers and preachers of the endless reforms in religion since the days of the Arch-Apostate, have done the very same thing. But as the Presbyterians of Scotland and the North of Ireland inherit all the pride and arrogance, largely tinged with the Pharisaical humility, that distinguished their sect in the days of Calvin and Knox, they feel intensely indignant when the unchristian cruelty of the one, and the vengeful spirit of the other and his followers, are referred to. It is not surprising, therefore, that the frantic fury of 'Roaring Hanna' and his co-religionists of Belfast, was loudly and plenteously vented upon the neophyte Plymouth Brother after he had in one of his recent discourses delivered himself of the following geographical sketch of Presbyterianism as it was, and in these realms:—'I have travelled,' he said, 'the four quarters of the world—I have seen the various forms of civilized and savage life—I have seen religion in every aspect of it, but I never anywhere encountered so much religious profession with so little religious vitality as I have seen among the Presbyterians of Scotland and Ulster.' This was, no doubt, plain speaking, and rendered the more galling to the Presbyterian body by the fact that Mr. Guinness would not even associate with any of its members. But plain and strong as this language undoubtedly was, had a Mormon or a Muggletonian, a Musselman, or a follower of the law of Moses, preached the vilest calumnies against Rome and Romanism, there is probably not a Presbyterian pulpit in the North that would not have been cheerfully placed at his disposal, with 'Roaring Hanna,' as his aid. Popish bottle-holder and clerk, lustily vociferating his 'Amen' to slander uttered. Even as it was, the latter celebrity would had been permitted, have thrown additional fuel upon the fanatic flame that raged in Belfast, and in other northern localities, the other day, by engaging in a public controversy with Mr. Guinness on the relative merits of the forbidding and ferocious creed preached and practised by Calvin and Knox and their disciples, and the tenets of the Communicative Plymouth Brethren. The Mayor of Belfast very properly prevented this discussion be-

tween the two propagandists of two adverse religious sects from levelling their fulminations at each other at a public assemblage convened for the purpose, whilst the city was already in a state of alarming excitement caused by the stirring up of religious animosities. But whilst the Presbyterians are so terribly wrath with Mr. Guinness for thus stating his conscientious opinion of their body, they themselves have, not through an individual, but in a solemn council of the representatives referred to, deliberately placed on the record of their proceedings, false and condemnatory opinions and declarations against the religion of an incomparably larger body of Christians than they themselves are. At the evening 'sederunt' of the 'General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland,' held on the 15th instant, the report of the 'Committee on Popery' was read. Why the General Assembly should have and hold a Committee on Popery, we presume can be satisfactorily explained by none but so self-sufficient and dogmatical an assembly as that whose profound deliberations constitute a sederunt. Be this as it may, the following is an outline given in a Northern paper of the Assembly's 'Report on Popery':—

'The report stated that Popery was a system of error founded upon a corrupt system of human nature having within it a great amount of truth. In our beloved land the efforts of the Papacy were unwearied and unceasing. In England there are 1,242 secular priests; in Scotland, 175; and in Ireland, 3,058, making a total of nearly 4,500 in the British Empire. The Church of Rome is rapidly becoming a very large endowed Church in this Protestant country. 'Dr. Wilson, Limerick, said the great mistake formerly made consisted in leaving our people under the impression that the Popish system was a system totally ignorant of the truth. The reading of the report would show that those who manage the system are acquainted with the Word of God in their possession, and are not altogether ignorant of the doctrines of this Church, or the system with which we are connected. In some of the convents in the South and West of Ireland intelligent ladies can converse upon the Word of God, quote texts of Scripture in support of their particular views, and speak upon theology. Your people should know that they have to deal with a system which is managed by intelligent men and women.

'Mr. H. H. Carson trusted that Belfast would long have the privilege of Mr. McNaughtan's matchless alliance in resisting the exertions of the Man of Sin. He was disappointed that there was no reference made in the report to the Prisons Ministers Bill—that Bill which the present Government has been carrying through the House for the endowment of Popish chaplains in the English jails, and that it may be a step to the endowment of the Popish clergy. The present time was not a time to encourage Popery. Let Lord Palmerston examine into the state of England—let him read such a report as has been presented that evening—let him consider what the Jesuits are in England—let him consider these things and he had no doubt that he would decline to pass such a Bill as the Prisons Ministers' Bill.

Here we see that the Church, which for nearly sixteen centuries included the entire Christian world, and which still embraces five-sixths of it, is designated by a term intended to be offensive and depreciatory—its doctrines are called a 'system,' and its consecrated head on earth a 'Man of Sin,' and the Government of the country is strongly reprobated for passing an enactment which merely permits stipends to be allowed to the clergy of that Church for their ministrations to such of their co-religionists as are confined in the jails and prisons of Great Britain. Surely, no stronger proof of the correctness of Mr. Guinness's estimate of the Presbyterian Church in Ulster could be produced than the General Assembly has furnished in their report on Popery, of which report, moreover, what is given above is merely a brief summary. But unseemly, illiberal, and un-Christian as these allusions to the primitive Christian Church are, they are as 'Hyperion to a Satyr' compared with the foul-mouthed fanatic and furibund fulminations of 'Roaring Hanna,' against Pope and Popery—fulminations not belched forth within four walls in a conventicle or a voluntary meeting, but in the high-ways and by-ways of towns and cities, to the utter scandal of religion and its ministers, and the imminent endangerment of the public peace. We have no particular sympathies with Mr. Guinness as an Irishman who appears to be constantly in search of a religion; but he has, hitherto, most laudably distinguished himself from most other sectarian preachers, by the truly Christian charity and tolerance which he has manifested towards all who dissent from his own views. He must, therefore, have very strong and cogent reasons for departing from what appears to be his natural disposition, in expressing himself thus unreservedly respecting that innumerate sect, calling themselves Presbyterians.—*Dublin Telegraph*.

THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.—Sunday last being the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul, the members of the General Conference in Dublin, both honorary and active, to the number of several hundreds, received Holy Communion at eight o'clock Mass, in St. Peter's Church, Poitborough, and the Zangeryic of the Saint was pronounced at last Mass, in the same church, the Fathers of which have done so much, and so successfully, towards spreading the singular virtues, practical piety, and rare charity of their great Patron throughout Ireland. Their missions and their fruits are known throughout every diocese in the island; their collegiate schools, now so flourishing in Castlenock, Cork, and Armagh, were almost the first to provide safe academic education for the neglected middle classes; and the orphanages, asylums, and benevolent institutions founded or fostered by them, as the great Missionary College, Drumcondra, the two Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Orphanages of St. Vincent, form prominent features in the economy of the Church in Ireland. Of the lay association of St. Vincent de Paul the members specially desire that nothing shall be published, so far only as may contribute to the glory of God or the good of souls. Ozmam, their blessed founder, recognised three distinctly marked ages, in the history of the Church—*Age of Faith*, or times of the Apostles, the Fathers, and the Martyrs; *Age of Hope*, or the Middle Ages, when war and strife had, for some centuries, almost effaced practical Christianity from the earth; and *Age of Charity*, or the present time, more strongly marked than any which preceded it, by the foundation of numerous institutions for the relief of every form of distress, temporal as well as spiritual. Throughout the world, the deeds of charity of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul never shone brighter than within the last year. Dire distress in Ireland, considerable privation in parts of France and of Belgium, temporary, yet extensive wants in large districts of England, civil war in America—yet, in all those countries, remote though they are, active deeds of benevolence and mercy, on the part of the Society were exercised in relieving bodily want, and in solacing and succouring the suffering and the unfortunate, irrespective of the creed that they professed, or the clime that gave them birth. In Ireland, the Society has not had such a year of trial and anxiety since 1847, the labors of its members, and the whole extent of its resources being utterly inadequate, in numbers of its branches, to relieve the terrible amount of want and suffering that surrounded them in those distressed districts. Many of those branches were kindly aided by others, both at home and abroad, some of the conferences in France, Holland, and other countries having timely forwarded support to the, whilst the liberal and generous allocations of the Central Committee for the Relief of Irish distress, allocations never denied to one of their applications, enabled many of the conferences to tide thousands of honest and industrious families over the trying struggles of the past season. The miracle of the Manna may be more direct and evident in some of its aspects, but to the eye of Faith, it is

scarcely more so than the Providential and unexpected means through which tens of thousands of our poor have been kept from starvation within the past year, and largely through the organisation of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. There can be no doubt that the bishops and clergy and laity of America, of Australia, and of the Continent had their generosity stimulated, seeing that the Central Relief Committee made this great Catholic organisation, as well as the clergy, the nuns, and the religious orders, an agency through which its bounty would privately and delicately reach the decent though suffering poor. Nor should we omit to notice the severe ordeal through which the society is yet passing in the land of its conception and foundation, in France, whose poignant return to the Catholic sentiments and traditions of the brightest ages of history, is one of the most remarkable features in the religious and political phenomena of our times.—*Morning News*.

A very able judgment, of which a summary may be interesting to the mercantile community, was delivered yesterday, in the Court of Bankruptcy, by Judge Lynch. It is important, as showing the necessity of an alteration in that portion of the Irish Bankruptcy Statute which relates to the punishment of fraudulent traders, or at least of a clearer exposition of the powers of the Court with regard to such persons. The bankrupt, a seed merchant named McElroy, had traded largely and recklessly, sacrificed the goods of some of his creditors, and given undue preference to others who were holders of forged bills drawn by him. He applied to the Court to pass his final examination and grant him a certificate, to which his counsel contended that he was entitled, after, at the most, a three years' suspension, notwithstanding the fraudulent practices which he had admitted. In support of this proposition, a case recently tried in the Court of Appeal was relied on, in which as counsel argued, it was decided that no matter what crime is disclosed by the bankrupt, no matter by what criminal acts he may account for his embarrassments, the Court is bound to accept such account as sufficient, and must pass the final examination. Judge Lynch refused to accept this as a true interpretation of the judgment, holding that, in the interest of commercial morality, he was bound to refuse the certificate. He observed, 'In that certificate I must expressly state my opinion and judgment, that, having regard to his conduct as a trader before as well as after his bankruptcy, the Court did then and there find the bankrupt entitled to such certificate.' If I am bound to give that certificate, I am then bound to put my hand and affix the seal of this Court to a statement which, coming from this tribunal, meant to be protective of trade and commerce, must bring scandal on the administration of justice. Let me push the case to the height of absurdity to which this proposition may ascend. Suppose the bankrupt is a convicted felon, suffering penal servitude for his offence, am I bound to forward to him in the Mountjoy Prison, or other convict depot, my certificate under the seal of this Court approving of his conduct as a trader—conduct which, while approved of by this Court, has brought him through the criminal courts to be a convicted felon? Such a principle no one could say is right—that such a thing could happen could only be by the lamentable blundering and negligence of the legislation on this subject. No such monstrous principle can arise in England, Scotland, or anywhere else but here. It would be a peculiarly Irish state of the law, which enforced a false and immoral judgment from the Bankrupt Court of Ireland.' His Lordship then reviewed the sections of the statute in question (the 138th to the 141st), maintaining that they did not bear the construction contended for. He adjourned the final examination *sine die*, but did not order a prosecution of the bankrupt, as the evidence of his frauds had been supplied by himself, in answer to questions put to him, without any previous caution; and it would add very considerably to the absurdity of the law so construed if he were to direct a prosecution, and while it was pending he were to give his certificate of approval of the act for which he had directed him to be criminally prosecuted.—*Cor. Times*.

OVERPAYMENTS BY IRELAND.—I have brought my subject down to the present time, and this historically closed the 'Case of Ireland.' I have depicted the manner in which the Union was carried, the provisions of the treaty, and the mode in which it was carried out; they alike illustrate the sad tale too often repeated, of 'might overcoming right.' The Union was carried by bribery and intimidation—its conditions were hard and unjust. As long as they operated against Ireland they were observed; but as soon as they were likely to turn in favor of Ireland, they were set aside. From 1801 to 1821 Ireland ruined herself from her efforts to pay the amount put upon her account by no less than £150,000,000. Great Britain gained by the Union the advantage of placing a large share of the debt, arising from her Continental policy, upon the Irish people; but she has not fulfilled the conditions of her part of the treaty, inasmuch as she has not raised by special taxes a sufficient sum to pay the interest of her debt due previous to the Union. Had she done so, she must have raised an amount which, with compound interest, would be more than the entire of the National Debt of the empire. The present aspect of the taxation question may be compressed into a small compass, and may be stated as follows:—The interest on the debt due by Great Britain at the Union was £17,800,000; that sum she was, and is, bound to raise by special and separate taxes. She is now, and has for some time, been raising less than three and a quarter millions. Ireland is over-taxed to make up her share of the balance.—*The Case of Ireland*, by Joseph Fisher.

DEBT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.—This return states the debt of each country, and the interest to which, when the Act of Union passed in 1800, they were respectively liable, to have been as follows:—

|                      | Debt.        | Interest.   |
|----------------------|--------------|-------------|
| Great Britain, . . . | £457,188,665 | £17,805,075 |
| Ireland, . . . . .   | 13,796,615   | 777,875     |

Total. . . . . £470,985,280 £18,582,950 This proving how lightly the interest of the National Debt was felt in Ireland previously to the Union. The lighter taxation of Ireland is shown by contrasting the taxation of the period under consideration with that of subsequent times. The Irish revenue was:—In the ten years from 1791 to 1801, £13,911,834; from 1801 to 1811, £17,237,360; from 1811 to 1821, £35,268,945.—*The Case of Ireland* by Joseph Fisher.

The Clero correspondent of the *Manchester News* states that the return of Sir Colman O'Loughlin is assured. The O'Gorman Mission, who was about to stand, has announced that in consequence of his regard for the memory of Sir Michael O'Loughlin he would offer no impediment to the election of his son. It is stated that Sir Colman has received the promises of some of the most influential landed proprietors of the county, including Sir Edward Fitzgerald, Colonel McNamara, Captain O'Callaghan, &c. The nomination is fixed for Monday, the 3rd of August.

The engine which brought the American mail from Cork on Sunday struck three men going to chapel, when they were crossing the railway in a donkeys' 'butt,' and killed them on the spot. The fault was their own, says the *Cork Constitution*, and there is no blame to the engine driver.

An event has just occurred which is announced in the newspaper placards as 'good news for Ireland.' This is the arrival at Kingstown, of the paddle steamship *Adriatic*, one of the steamers intended for the Galway and American line. She formerly belonged to the Collins Company. She is double masted and double funneled, and her tonnage is about 4,000. She is said to be 400 feet long and 1,200 horse power. She will remain in the harbor for several days.