

THE HARVEST.—Mr. James Olapperton, a practical agriculturist, in a report supplied to the *Leinster Express*, states that the grain crops in the midland counties have been harvested in fine conditions, and that the face of the country is still studied with a good stock, but a much larger quantity than usual has been and is still being transferred immediately from the stock to the stackyard. In late districts there is still a good deal of grain to cut, but the despatch during the last few days (yesterday) has been of a very telling character. A considerable quantity of both wheat and oats have been already thrashed; there appears, indeed, to be a panic among farmers to get their oats pushed off at present prices. Although the price of oats just now is proportionately higher than either wheat or barley, is inclined to think that the short crop will obviate a downward tendency, except the farmers force a reduction by overcharging the markets. The abundance of our potatoes will, no doubt, exercise a telling influence in lessening our domestic consumption; but we consider it questionable whether our extra production of potatoes will do much more, if any, than counterbalance our short return of oats; but we may all cultivate a lofty recognition of the Divine goodness in meeting the deficiency of one staple article of food by the extra abundance of another. We think there is no doubt that our wheat crop, taken as a whole, is the best we have had since the year 1854, and barley may meet about a bare average. The potato crop is the most productive which we have experienced since the year 1845, and up to the present date there is only a small percentage of the tubers rendered unfit for an article of human food. Since writing the above we have inspected the potato crop in different places, and have found the tubers less safe than we expected; but more of it in our next.

THE CROPS IN ULSTER.—The northern papers generally continue to report favourably of the prospects of the farmers. The weather in that quarter had been somewhat broken of late, but the prevalent opinion still is that the harvest of 1858 will prove highly remunerative. The *Wig* of 29th ult. says:—"During the past ten days the weather in the north of Ireland has been of the most changeable character, rain and warm sunshine alternately following with great rapidity. The labours connected with gathering in the harvest have, however, under these difficulties been generally pursued steadily, and the result now is that a small amount of the crops remains to be cut down in the north of Ireland. Our correspondents, writing from various parts of Ulster, speak favourably of the general yield of farming industry; and it is gratifying to learn that a great deal of the alarm felt as to the safety of the potato crop is passing away. Our Carrickfergus correspondent, writing on Tuesday, observes:—"I do not recollect any former year when the farmers were so generally caught by the rain as they have been lately. Last week commenced with all the appearance of settled fine weather, and harvest work was going on regularly and smoothly, when suddenly, in the middle of the night, between the 21st and 22nd, the weather broke, and there followed two days of an even down-pour. The damage done was serious, and the prospects for the future gloomy in the extreme. A large portion of the crop was exposed in the stock, and what was worse, a large quantity was in stack but not thatched. However, the fine weather since the 24th has gone far to retrieve the damage, and I may now say that, with the exception of the very high-lying district, the harvest is now all secured. Nothing now remains but to thrash and sell. From Newtownlimavady we learn that harvesting is going on favourably where late, and there is no difficulty in securing it safely, although the weather has been broken for the last week. It is remarked in that neighbourhood that late oats will yield much heavier than the early crop."

On the night of the 9th ult., the village of Darmona, county Westmeath, was brilliantly lighted with gas extracted from turf. The people crowded to the village, and expressed their admiration by many hearty cheers.

A new Conservative paper, the *Constitution*, is about to be started in Wexford.

THE END OF A GOVERNMENT COMMISSION.—The *Northern Whig* announces the close of the Government inquiry into the municipal state of disorganization in Belfast in these terse terms:—"Everything has an end—even a Government commission of inquiry into the perplexities of Belfast municipal difficulties. After six-and-twenty days of weary work, Messrs Major and Copinger rest from their labours. Six-and-twenty days of steady swearing, six-and-twenty days of examining and cross-examining, after a fashion unknown within the memory of man—what if it should all go for nothing? And that for nothing it will go every one is perfectly persuaded. The expenses and the amount of fees paid to counsel will probably be the most enduring monuments of the usefulness of the commission."

There are few parts of the United Kingdom that are so thoroughly unknown and out-of-the-way as the western parts of Kerry; indeed, until Valentia was fixed upon as the European terminus of the Atlantic Telegraph, this part of the world was as little known and as little visited by people from England as the wilds of Siberia. Yet, on the western coast of Kerry there is much to interest the lover of the picturesque, and a variety and peculiarity about the scenery which cannot fail to interest the most used-up of tourists. The thousands who annually do the hackneyed lions of Killarney little think that, beautiful as they are, they see but one of the picturesque places of Kerry, and that the most beautiful of the "tourist trade," and, like most parts of the world where this is the case, the peasants are usually qualified professors of the lucrative arts of lying and cheating. To see the beauties of Kerry to perfection the tourist should penetrate to the so-called wilds beyond the lofty range of the Killarney Tees, but among these "wilds" he will be surprised to find thickly scattered through the mountains and bogs a peaceful, industrious, and thriving agricultural population, and the district traversed by roads which, though engineered among difficulties of no common kind, for stability and regularity might put to shame the roads of the most civilised and populous counties in England; the towns, of which Cahircive and Killybegs are the most important, are small, being more places of trade than of residence; but small as they are they contain the elements of progress and improvement instead of decay, as is too often the case with Irish towns. A few years have made a surprising change for the better in this district, which in the later days of O'Connell obtained an unenviable notoriety for wretchedness and want of cleanliness, and a few years more will see both Cahircive and Valentia large and populous towns. The land in the barony of Iveragh, in which Valentia is situated, though not rich, is improvable, and even in its present condition is eminently adapted for grazing and rearing live stock, which, with butter, form the staple articles of trade here. Of Valentia harbour, the most westerly harbour in Europe, and probably one of the most sheltered in the United Kingdom, most people have heard, though for some unexplained cause it is seldom visited by ships, and is altogether neglected by the Government and Harbour Commissioners. Providence helps those who help themselves. The people of Galway, though far from the most westerly port, and even without a harbour in which a ship can safely anchor, come forward and assert their town to be the natural highway between the United Kingdom and America, and they are so far believed that a line of Transatlantic steamers is placed upon the station. Then we hear, for the first time, that the steamers cannot run during the winter if the Government do not turn the exposed roadstead of Galway into a harbour by building an expensive breakwater. With less money than this work will cost a railway could be built to Valentia, and the harbour made one of

the finest in Europe. A scheme for constructing a railway between Killarney and this place has lately been set on foot, and as it is warmly supported by all the landed proprietors of the West of Kerry, it will, in probability, be soon carried out. There are certainly no engineering difficulties against it, for the whole length of 40 miles can be constructed without making a single tunnel, and but one cutting of any consequence. Regarding the scheme as the first step towards establishing a western harbour and packet station at Valentia, it is likely to prove a beneficial one, both to those engaged in forwarding it and to the district, which, like a great many others in this island, is rich in minerals, and but requires facilities of communication to develop them to advantage. Slate of a superior quality abounds throughout the whole barony, and, indeed, is worked to a considerable extent on the island of Valentia, while traces of copper and iron are abundantly to be met with among the mountains. The county of Kerry, in common with several of the adjoining counties, was visited last Friday by an extraordinary flood of rain, which has for a time completely devastated the country. The rain commenced about 4 o'clock on Friday morning last, the 17th, and continued to fall literally, not figuratively, in torrents for 12 hours without intermission. Never before in the memory of the present generation was such a copious and sudden fall of rain witnessed. Not only was every little watercourse turned into an irresistible torrent, but the sides of the mountains presented the appearance of gigantic cataracts. The thousands of tons of water which momentarily fell upon them, unable to find channels through the ordinary ravines and watercourses, rushed down the mountains in vast sheets of muddy foam, sweeping away everything before it. The mischief done was almost incalculable. Farm-houses, farm produce, and cattle were carried away, not as much as a stone remaining to show where they had stood; and I regret to add that in many parts of the country a great many lives were lost. The courses of some of the larger rivers about here were entirely and permanently changed by the tremendous body of water flowing into them. For a day or two after the flood subsided no mails were received, and, though the mail-bags were now got across the rivers where the bridges have been destroyed, the roads, some how or other, are still impassable to anything on wheels. The positive loss of property throughout the country has been very considerable, but the sums which will be required for the repair of the bridges and roads injured and destroyed will be greater still. It appears it is the intention of the Government to fortify Valentia Harbour. Several officers of the Royal Engineers have been down here surveying the surrounding heights for the purpose of choosing the most eligible positions for the forts. One battery is, I believe, to be placed on Douglas Head mountain, at the right hand entrance of the harbour; a second on the island of Begennis, which divides the entrance, and a third on the island of Valentia, to command the left hand, or light-house side. Other redoubts and batteries will no doubt be distributed among the hills which command the interior of the harbour. The Port Magee, or third entrance at the back of the island, will also doubtless be protected. While the engineers are down here executing these works, it would be as well for the Government to turn their attention to the improvement of the harbour. But a very little labour and outlay would remove the few obstructions that now exist in it, and enable ships of the largest tonnage to sail in and out with the greatest ease in any wind or in any state of the tide.—*Times* Cor.

GREAT BRITAIN.

COAST DEFENCES.—The British government is very busy erecting defences in various places on the coast of England, and making some little improvements in the few that exist on the coast of Ireland. The best coast defence that could be given to Ireland would be a good Tenant Right measure; without it England may be sure this country is but naked though locked up in steel. The government, however, seems to place its reliance on Camden and Carlisle forts and the Pigeon-house, a few guns on the pier at Kingstown and two or three ruined batteries in Bantry Bay, but as these are manifestly insufficient for the protection of the country, we very decidedly advise the people to be making preparations to protect themselves. This is to be done loyally and peaceably, by purchasing serviceable weapons, firearms particularly, and making themselves acquainted with the use of them. Even should those articles never be required, no one will ever regret what they cost. It degrades no man, but, on the contrary, it elevates every man considerably, in his own eyes and the eyes of others, to know how to handle and to have in his possession a sound and serviceable fire-arm.—*Nation*.

EMIGRATION.—In 1857, 212,875 persons embarked at the ports of the United Kingdom in order to better their condition by removal to a more prosperous and a happier land. This is a large increase upon 1856 and 1855, when 176,554 and 176,807 emigrated respectively. 126,905 emigrated to the United States of America, 21,001 to Canada, &c., 61,248 to Australia, and 3,731 to other places. The emigrants included 120,279 males and 89,202 females; 3,394 emigrants appear to have been of a peculiarly epicurean genus, for they are marked in the register as "not distinguished." There were 161,685 adults over 15 years of age, and 37,231 children and infants. The large sum of £503,165 was remitted by settlers in the United Kingdom to their friends and families in the United Kingdom in the year 1857; and in 1856 and 1855, the larger sums of £591,000 and £573,000 were so remitted by these saving emigrants for the relief of their families. In 1857, £59,030 was paid in Australia for the passage and outfit of emigrants from the United Kingdom under the remittance regulations.

A SCHOONER FROM THE AMERICAN LAKES.—It was stated a few days ago in the *Express* that an American vessel, called the *Harvest*, had arrived at Cowes, with a cargo of carpet brooms, walking sticks, and fancy American woods, consisting of bird's-eye maple red cedar, and walnut-tree. The woods are for veneering. The *Harvest* plies on the North American lakes, and is a queer-looking craft. She is about 130 feet long, and 26 feet beam, is schooner rigged, and her sails are of white cotton. She left Lake Erie for England on the 4th of August; Quebec on the 21st, and reached Cowes on the 9th September. Her owner came over to England from America on the Ariel, which went ashore opposite Cowes on the 17th September. He had no idea that the *Harvest* had arrived at Cowes, but just as he learnt the fact on board the Ariel, he broke his leg, and was obliged to be taken to the Southampton infirmary. A great many of the North American Lake ships now cross the Atlantic, and prove admirable sailers. Captain Rummage, the commander of the *Harvest*, gallantly jumped off the Fountain-quay, at Cowes, last week, and saved a hotel keeper's child from being drowned.—*Express*.

ADDITIONAL REINFORCEMENTS FOR INDIA.—Notwithstanding the large number of troops despatched from this country to India during the present year, orders have been received by the commandant of this garrison for another large body of reinforcements to be held in readiness to embark for India, for the purpose of augmenting the Queen's forces now serving in the Bengal Madras, and Bombay presidencies. The troops are to embark early in the ensuing month and will be made up of the following detachments, viz:—6th Dragoons, 26 men; 9th Lancers, 14 men; 19th Regiment, 20 men; 20th Regiment, 22 men; 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, 13 men; 29th Regiment, 22 men; 35th Regiment, 12 men; 75th Regiment, 28 men; 5th Fusiliers, 60 men; 6th Regiment, 23 men; 14th Regiment, 60 men; 37th Regiment, 25 men; 38th Regiment, 20 men; 54th Regiment, 60 men; 88th Connaught Rangers, 38 men;

87th Regiment, 40 men; 80th Rifles, 18 men; 73rd Regiment, 16 men; 42nd Highlanders, 10 men; 83rd Highlanders, 12 men; 13th Light Infantry, 14 men; 48th Regiment, 28 men; 3rd Buffs, 168 men; and Royal Artillery, 148 men; the whole of the above to embark for Calcutta. The following proceed to Madras: 1st Royals, 12 men; 44th Regiment, 30 men; 66th Regiment, 55 men; 60th Rifles, 12 men; 74th Highlanders, 14 men; 68th Light Infantry, 110 men; 69th Regiment, 18 men; and 51st Regiment, 50 men. The reinforcements destined for Bombay are the 8th Hussars, 32 men; 92nd Highlanders, 10 men; 28th Regiment, 90 men; 33rd Regiment, 25 men; 89th Regiment, 40 men; 95th Regiment, 25 men; 46th Regiment, 37 men; 57th Regiment, 12 men; 18th Royal Irish, 14 men; and 8th Royal County Down, 12 men. The following embark for Kurrachee, viz: 88th Regiment, 15 men; 81st Regiment, 25 men; 94th Regiment, 20 men; 27th Inniskillings, 16 men; and 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, 12 men. The above reinforcements will increase the Queen's forces serving in India to nearly 100,000 men.

That movement in the English Church towards Catholic doctrine which, never altogether inoperative, has of late taken such large proportions, has been attended with incidents which merit recapitulation and reflection. Under the mild and sympathetic rule of Dr. Inge, it commenced with exalting the authority of "our Holy Fathers, the Bishops"—It has resulted by a pretty general denial of their jurisdiction, and a claim to the free exercise of the Priestly office under the alleged commission conveyed in Ordination. Priests, or very excellent men who fancy themselves to be Priests, travel from Diocese to Diocese, and assume an absolute and independent jurisdiction over whomsoever will submit to them. The most distinguished leaders of the revival have already submitted to the Church and have found not only rest and peace within Her bosom, but abundant scope for all their energies in following the footsteps of the Saints. Some have enrolled themselves under the standard of Philip the Apostle of Rome, others under St. Ignatius, others are Missionary Rectors, another is Provost of Westminster, another a Parish Priest, another an humble lay follower of St. Vincent—all have fallen into the old ways, and easily, naturally, and gracefully taken the place assigned to them by their vocation. Those who remain have continued to send forward candidates for grace from which they themselves still turn away, and the Church still continues to receive the most forward Neophytes of the new or revived school in the Establishment. Those leaders of this school who have been most prominent in putting forward portions of Catholic doctrine, and in following the external observances and ceremonies of the administration of the Sacraments, have shown also the utmost and most astonishing facility in submitting to the most public, distinct, and authoritative denial of those doctrines they have chiefly insisted on, and the repudiation of those practices which they have commenced; concurrently with this they have pressed to the utmost any decisions permitting approximation in externals to the practice of the Church. They have swallowed, and apparently digested, the decision against Baptismal regeneration, and that against stone altars as typifying a sacrifice. They have also accepted the law making adulterous unions not only legal marriages, but they also hold their churches subject to their being surrendered for investing such unions with all the externals of matrimony, and are thus content that their altars shall be desecrated by law. Parliament, indeed, may have done this, but they have accepted it. Whilst their assertion of Catholic doctrine in a Protestant Establishment has resulted in these ultra-Protestant acts of the authorities of the Establishment, so that this has become the practically less Catholic than they found it, they have taken advantage of an authority they repudiate by, as we are told, making their Communion Service, as far as possible, a parody of the awful action of the Mass, and exchanging the Geneva gown, or the academic dress, and the surplice, for the alb and the chasuble. Surely some institution for the ease and consolation of doubtful and troubled consciences is required in a body holding opposite, and even contradictory doctrines, and whose tendencies seem to lie in such opposite directions—more and more Protestant in doctrine, more and more Catholic in externals, and who should be better able to give the required consolation than those who have in their own case exhibited so wonderful an elasticity? If only the laity would keep quiet and tolerate the affirmation of Catholic doctrine, or something near it, by those who like it, with the understanding that others might leave it; and let one man go to Confession if he pleased, whilst another laughed at him for his pains; and allow one Minister to have received one commission from the Church, and another a different one from his Bishop, the Established Church might yet perform the great conjuring trick, and supply the taste of every man out the same bottle. There are the Articles, the Liturgy, the Homilies, and the larger part of the Holy Scriptures, (the remainder being good—and so true, but not authoritative,) out of these there is something to suit every palate. But what is the bond of union in this heterogeneous mass of contradictions, whose natural repulsions only show the vigor of some stronger attraction? What is the nature of that attraction which keeps men who are not of the same mind in the same house? Is it mutual charity, or forbearance, or the solid advantages of pelf, or the more insidious charm of station, or the tenacity of professional associations?—*Tablet*.

There are Catholics who object to Catholic newspapers, that they contain a mixture of politics and religion. Let us have a Catholic newspaper they say but let it deal with politics and literature; religious questions are quite out of place. It seems as if persons of this taste were likely soon to be obliged to leave off reading newspapers, for the religious element fills a large and an increasing portion of every journal and makes a large and an increasing element in the politics of every country. The Confessional and the Cardinal Archbishop have been for some time the stock topic of the British press. In Switzerland, the conflict between the Church and State, is the question of the day. The spoliation or preservation of Church property is the hinge on which the politics of Spain are now turning. The Concordats with Rome are the chief subjects of discussion in Wurtemberg and Baden, in which latter country we regret to learn that a friendly settlement has not been yet attained, and that the ultimatum of the Court of Rome is even now in the hands of the Baden Government. The abrogation or maintenance of the Leopoldine Laws in Tuscany is the battle-field of contending parties in that State: while the political history of Sardinia, of late years, consists of little else than a narrative of the Whig Government's aggressions on the Church, and the strenuous efforts of the Catholic Faithful to defend their religion.—Even in Canada with its Clear Grits and its Orangemen, difference between Catholics and Protestants, on educational systems, are displacing Ministries and remanshalling parties. If things go on thus, the difficulty will be not to get leave to insert matters affecting religion, but to find space for anything else.—*Tablet*.

Both Statesmen and Politicians, and consequently both the Press and the Public, find themselves obliged from week to week to devote an increasing attention to "Catholic affairs," which in most countries have only of late years been deemed worthy of such exalted notice. We all know and see daily how much interest our Protestant Contemporaries in the United Kingdom are kind enough to take the doings of us Catholics. They have not advanced much in intelligence since the days of Charles II., and if the leading champions of Protestantism had as much courage and ingenuity as Titus Oates, another Popish Plot would have a good chance of finding gullible believers. Lord John Russell is one of those who approach nearest to that celebrated Witness, for it was he who first in our days, at the time of the reconstruction of our Hierarchy propounded to the British Legislature his theory of a grand conspiracy among

the Catholics of Europe to deprive mankind of civil and religious liberty. There is no doubt that something is going on almost everywhere, and that the Protestant mind is everywhere in that state respecting the Pope which Carlyle describes the Revolutionary mind of France to have been in 1793, respecting Pitt, the enemy *du genre humain*. Cardinal Wiseman visits Ireland to see his friends and recreate himself, and preach a charity sermon for a religious house at the consecration of a new church at Ballinacree, and the Protestant press has ever since been waiting anxiously for the development of the plot concocted between His Eminence and the Irish Hierarchy. The Archbishops of Ireland have just met in Dublin to confer respecting the Irish College at Paris as it was publicly announced months ago in the *Tablet* that they would do at this very time, and our Protestant contemporaries bid the world open their eyes and they will soon see the real meaning of the recent visit of the Cardinal.—*Tablet*.

PROTESTANT ENLIGHTENMENT.—While the philosophers of the empire in synod assembled are celebrating their jubilee over the conquests of science, while schoolmasters are wrangling over the true tests of education, and electricians are threading the very ocean with their wires, our columns, in reflecting impartially the images of actual life, have presented also other and widely different traits of the age in which we live. Twice during the past week did we record genuine examples of witchcraft and sorcery, and in both cases did it appear as if the facts disclosed were but fortuitous indications of common-place belief. The stories, however, are more than usually remarkable from the contrasts they contain. In one of them, though the scene was English, the actors were Germans; in the other the proceedings and characters from first to last are of a pure national type. The German business was simple, and confined, as it were, to a speciality of dealing. A Prussian named Mag, having got a few pounds together, selected the Frankfurt lottery as the investment for his savings, and, as the matter was one of luck alone, he was anxious to influence this luck in his own favor by operations for the purpose. With this view he repaired to a countryman named Steinthal, resident in London, and pursuing in the vicinity of Wellclose-square the avocations of astrology, letter-writing, and commission agent. Steinthal adopted the dexterous device of pretending to cast in his own lot with that of his client. He also, like Mag, assumed to put money in the venture, and the spells were then worked for the joint behoof of the two. The opening rites were of a trivial and unimpressive character. Cards were "laid out," and coins of various denominations were cunningly handled, the only novel feature at this stage of the transaction being that the money was to be put into a midwife's bosom, and turned well about in that repository. A little later, however, the devilry acquired a more genuine German dash, and, except that Victoria Park is somewhat less romantic than the famous Wolf's Glen, we might be sent back in imagination to the incantation scene in *Der Freischütz*. The money with which the lottery ticket was to be purchased was wrapped up in a parcel, and Steinthal and Mag carried it solemnly out to the Park aforesaid. There it was buried under a hedge, while the Lord's Prayer was repeated, whether backwards or forwards we are not informed, and a Bible was produced, over which earth was magically sprinkled. After these ceremonies the confederates walked away 300 paces in a straight direction, and came back, as the reader will have surmised, to find that the money had vanished in the interval. Mr. Yardley sent the conjuror to gaol, notwithstanding his alleged participation in the risk and the expectancy, so that one story, at any rate, ends well; but some curious features about it remain to be noticed yet. It was stated that the prisoner's practice, principally, if not exclusively, among his own countrymen, was very extensive, and it appeared that there was actually a midwife in the concern, who, besides lending her bosom to the charm, served as the medium of introduction between the necromancer and his clients. That these clients were furnished from a people among whom education is universal was not overlooked by the magistrate in his address, but the peculiar aspirations to which the sorcerer appealed are undoubtedly striking. What Gipsies or wizards promise their British dupes we need not say; what Herr Steinthal promised Herr Mag we have in evidence before us. The lucky confederates, as the prize of their success, were to marry two sisters, to have large families, both boys and girls, and to carry on a most extensive trade with all parts of the world. Certainly, the objects of Prussian ambition are not otherwise than innocent, though they may occasionally be sought through irregular channels. We are afraid that the conjuring of Essex is below that of Prussia in style and purpose. It is ruder and more brutal, betokening grosser ignorance and more brutal credulity. At a village called East Thorpe the daughter of a laborer declared herself bewitched, and pitched upon a harmless old neighbor as the agent of evil. As the girl seems to have been insane, we cannot build much upon her particular delusion, but the impression was shared by the family, who averred that under the spells of the witch one of their pigs was seen to climb up to the top of the cherry-tree, and pick the fruit from its boughs. Under these circumstances a witch doctor was sent for, but the case proved too serious for him, and a practitioner of greater repute was accordingly called in. This man forwarded a bottle of medicine, and promised to attend in person and demolish the witch at an early period. On the evening of his expected visit at least 200 people assembled to meet him, but of the actual proceedings we obtain this information only—that they all got violently intoxicated, and created a tremendous row. The result, in this respect, is so truly British that it calls for no comment; but the story has its ugly traits, nevertheless. It is impossible not to conclude that witchcraft must be pretty popular in Essex when we find a couple of witch doctors living within easy hail of a single village, who are not only well known and in good practice, but whose respective talents are subjected to a discriminative estimate in popular opinion. More, too, remains yet behind. When the rector of the parish recommended the removal of the insane girl to the Union for medical treatment the overseers—if we are to believe the statement in a local journal—declined the proposal, alleging that a person was expected over to cure her—such "person" being the superior of the two practitioners aforesaid.—*Times*.

THE LAST STORY OF A PRIVATE LUNATIC ASYLUM.—A few days ago, a lady of fashionable appearance alighted from a carriage, and entered a large drapery establishment, not one hundred miles from the Elphinstone and Castle, where she selected a parcel of goods to the value of nearly £100. When her purchases were completed, she stated that she had forgotten to bring her cheque-book, and desired that one of the young men would accompany her home with the goods, when she would hand him a cheque for the amount. Not liking to entrust the business to any of his numerous employees, the very proprietor himself stepped into the carriage with the lady, and was rapidly driven to Peckham, where, at a large and respectable looking house, they alighted, and the goods were taken. The lady then politely ushered the anxious and wary linen-draper into the drawing-room, desiring him to wait for a brief moment until she fetched the cheque-book. The brief moment passed, and many more also, but the lady did not make her appearance. Half-an-hour elapsed, three-quarters, yea, an hour had gone by, and still the fashionable debtor did not come. Meanwhile, the worthy draper became anxious, frightened, furious, and, rising up, vigorously applied the bell-rope. This brought in a man-servant, who was instantly attacked with a string of questions as to the lady and the goods. The man replied in a gruff and commanding tone, that unless he (the draper) behaved himself, in a milder manner, he should be placed under restraint, for that he, the speaker, had positive instructions to confine all lunatics who were intractable. "Who

are you, and what is this place?" were next asked by the pouting creditor almost in one breath. "This is a private asylum for lunatics, and I am the keeper," coolly observed the man, "and unless you can manage to draw it mild, I shall put you into the strong room." The horrible truth was out. The fashionable lady had forged two physicians' certificates, had prepared the proprietor of the asylum for the reception of his customer, by stating herself to be his wife, and by ingeniously indicating the form of his madness took, and after purchasing the goods, had driven to this place, and lodging her customer had departed, cunningly returning the parcel containing the property to the carriage, and thus housing both the draper and the proprietor of the asylum.

MISREPRESENTATIONS REFUTED.—The Hon. and Rev. F. N. Clements has, it appears, been delivering a lecture of abuse against Catholics and Catholic Ireland, which elicited the following letter from a Catholic layman to a Yorkshire paper, the editor of which admitted it on the ground of its temperate tone:—"Sir:—For the sake of fair play, if for no other reason, bear with me while I venture a few remarks on Mr. Clements's lecture on the 13th inst., as reported in your last number. You say that he informed the good people of Richmond, that 'England was first indebted to Ireland for being Protestantised, and Ireland was first Romanised by England,' and from the context, it appears this startling historical proposition is based on two statements. First, the education afforded by Ireland to many English above 1,000 years ago, at which period, Mr. Clements's remarks, learning eminently flourished, and 'the everlasting gospel was preached there in all its purity, simplicity, and fidelity.' Secondly, the hon. and rev. lecturer informs us that after Ireland had been subjugated to the power of England, under Henry the Second, 'the Pope, seeing the opportunity thereby afforded for Romanising the country, at once took advantage of it.' I congratulate Mr. Clements on the justice he renders to the eminent schools of learning in Ireland, so celebrated in those early days; and also, on the testimony he bears to the purity and simplicity of her Faith at the same period; but how has it escaped his observation that these far famed schools, and that ancient and pure Faith were essentially identical in teaching, and in substance, with the Roman Catholic schools and Faith of Ireland at the present day, which it is his object to subvert and destroy? I challenge Mr. Clements, or any man, to prove the contrary! The English Conquest, under Henry II., neither worked, nor attempted to work, any change in the Faith of Ireland; Ireland was Catholic before, and since, and, thank God, remains Catholic still, in spite of the tempting English snags of the 19th century, and the terrible English edict of the 16th under Elizabeth condemning every priest who was found to be first hanged, then cut down alive, and afterwards beheaded, bowelled, and buried; and any one who received or entertained a priest to suffer the confiscation of his property, and be hanged without the hope of mercy! Let me appeal to history. In 630 the Pope Honorius I. wrote an admonitory epistle to Ireland respecting their time of keeping Easter. A Synod was called and a canon was produced, drawn up long before, by St. Patrick, directing that if any question arose in Ireland, they should 'be referred to the Apostolic See,' doubtless were according sent to Rome. Has Mr. Clements forgotten the monastic system, with which the schools of learning were intimately connected? Has he no knowledge of St. Patrick, whose monks lived only on vegetables, and tilled the ground with their own hands? Or of his pupil St. Congall, who, about the year 550, founded the Abbey of Bangor, in the county of Down, and governed these, and in other houses, in all 3,000 monks? The Abbey of Bangor was destroyed by pirates; but was restored about the year 1130 by St. Malachy, the intimate friend of St. Bernard, who travelled to Rome to obtain the Pope's sanction for certain matters connected with the Irish Church, and was most graciously received; but when he wished to resign his see, and pass the remainder of his life with St. Bernard and his monks, the Pope would not hear of it; he confirmed all St. Malachy had done in Ireland, and made him his legate. It is related of this holy man that, by the assistance of his prayers, a person who had died without receiving extreme unction was raised to life, whereupon he was canonized, and she lived some time to perform a penance he imposed on her. These are few instances of the Catholicity of Ireland before the English Conquest, hastily put together, but enough to suggest the reflection that, if Mr. Clements is so mistaken in his representation of past history, he may be equally so in the anecdotes you say he related to prove the ignorance of Irish priests and people at the present day. At any rate, let the accuracy of those stories be well sifted; but after all, if some such cases are to be found, they are directly contrary to the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church, which is one of the truest, fullest, and highest enlightenment; they prove no more against her, or her clergy, than the immorality of some Protestant clergymen does against the domestic virtues of the majority, not half so much as the ignorance and irreligion disclosed by public documents, as pervading many Protestant districts, proves against the state of things in England, to say nothing of the fearful progress of Mormonism in this country! Bear with me, sir, in my plain speech. I am a Yorkshireman, and I love plain truth. I love to hear his honest voice, and to speak it boldly. I hope you will not refuse it a place in your columns, because it may not be popular, or because its breath sometimes cuts keen, like our fresh healthy breezes. I send you my name in private, and—I am, sir, your very humble servant, Sept. 21st, 1858. A CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

An essay, and an instructive one, might be written upon the conversions of public men. In England, ever since statesmanship became a science, our great men have always been changing their sides; some have even accomplished the feat of being of both sides at once. Thus, Cranmer burnt Protestants, while he secretly encouraged Protestantism. In the present day it seems indispensable to political eminence to have served in the ranks of at least two of the parties which divide the commonwealth. Middle-aged politicians can remember when Peel was an Orangeman, and the bulwark of Protection—he who overthrew both Orangism and the bread-tax; when "Finality John" was a true Whig and something more, quickening the tardy progress of Reform by sedulously threatening to march on London with Manchester at his heels; when Derby was liberal Stanley, and Disraeli was a Radical; Colbourn was once in the pay of the Tories; Southey and Coleridge were Jacobins. Marlborough and Shaftesbury came from amongst fashionable rogues; and with Palmerston we can our climax. Needs must be have been a very Proteus of change, who has moved in politics these fifty years, and seldom sat in the "cold shade of opposition." To inferior minds is left, by common consent, the dull credit of inconsistency. Nobody denies that Inniskillen and Donoughmore, Bessford and Drummond, Spooner and Newdegate, have been consistent. They never turned their coats; but who praises, who thanks them for that? So in Protestant theology. Pusey began as an Evangelical; Colclough wrote *A Tract for the Times*; and Dr. Erude, the recent panegyrist of Henry VIII., did not in the year of grace 1843, or thereabouts, contribute to the *Lives of English Saints*—a book more Ultramontane than Alban Butler? Yes, Protestant friend, at our elbow, you are right—Fathers Newman and Faber, and the Lord Abbot of Mount St. Bernard's, and Canon Oakley, and Kenelm Digby, and a hundred more, the lights of British Catholicity, were Protestants once—aye, and staunch ones too. They turned; but how different their turning, how obviously and how bravely distinguishable from the shiftings and truckings of the worldlings! Ragged dismay on the side they left (though stirred at their loss as strongly as joy and triumph on the other) yet have never dared to impute to them 'self-seeking' or 'futility.'—*Literary Cabinet* (October).