

It is well to know what John Bright has in store for the respectability of the country. The avowal of this policy will defeat its accomplishment.

A certain Roman medical baronet, when seeking for the high honor of representing the city of Dublin in the new Parliament, gives us an inkling of what may be attempted in another department by those who now aspire to be our rulers. In one of those furious speeches, with which he has sought to enkindle on his own behalf, the enthusiasm of the Dublin electors, Sir Dominic is reported to have said:—"From these windows we look upon the Cathedral of Christ's Church. Who built it? Did Sir Arthur Guinness' progenitors in blood or religion? And yet he and his party have not only the hardihood to retain it, but to require that you should support it for them; and the further hardihood to ask you for your votes, that he may continue to maintain it at your expense. It is hard for human flesh and blood to stand this." We need not now deal with the gross perversion of fact and the suggested falsehood contained in this paragraph. Its interest lies in the policy which it indicates, a policy, which having first robbed the Established Church of that country of her endowments, would then rob her also of the buildings consecrated to the worship of God. Mr. Gladstone has been loudly lauded in some quarters for the generous method in which he has

proposed to deal with the Church which he means to despoil. We have been told repeatedly that he intends to leave to her the residences of her clergy and her houses of worship, and we know not what beside. It has been more than insinuated that Protestants ought to be very grateful for such a stretch of generosity, and humbly acquiesce in the doom prepared for them by this expectant Prime Minister. But it is evident that the rank and file are getting ahead of their leader; and that the revolutionary policy, proclaimed in the Parliament which has just expired, will not satisfy the clamorous crew who are seeking for seats in the new Parliament, and who are all pledged supporters of Mr. Gladstone. Complete spoliation of the Protestant Church—utter destruction if possible—will be the cry of the Ultramontane party, and Mr. Gladstone will feel bound to attempt their bidding. But the medical baronet has not yet gained his wishes; nor is the Birmingham Quaker yet Chief Secretary for Ireland; and the Irish Church is not yet robbed; the Protestant gentry are not yet plundered by traitors, and the powder of loyal men is just as "dry" now, and their bayonets as "bright," as in 1690, or 1741, and their hearts as brave and true as they were in the famous '98:

Firm, ye sons of Britain, firm!
Shrink not at the gathering storm,
Let it come in any form,
Our battle word is "heaven."

A country paper advertised for an
"honest boy to make a devil of."

The corn crop of this year is estimated at 141,000,000 bushels.