

DREADFUL CASE OF WAYLAINING. We deeply regret to state that this hitherto peaceable county has been disturbed by a dastardly case of waylaining, which took place on Monday evening last; within about five miles of this town; and were it not for the providential arrival and courageous interposition of the Most Rev. Dr. Gibboly, Lord Bishop of Elphin, the crime of murder might have been added. The facts, as we have learned there, are as follows:—There was a fair at Ballisodare on Monday last, at which there was a large attendance of farmers and others; at about a quarter past six o'clock— it being dark at the time—four carts laden with corn, for Mr. Sims of Collooney, arrived in Ballisodare, in charge of Thos. and James Devins (brothers), Michael Jordan, and a lad named Verdun; they had not been long in the town when they observed a group of men regarding them very intently, and one amongst the number apparently pointing out some of the cart drivers—or as one of the poor fellows attacked said, "I saw them spotting us." The Devins and their companions consulted as to whether they should proceed to Collooney that evening, under the circumstances, or remain in Ballisodare, and they decided on continuing their journey. After the carts had crossed the bridge about twenty men, from amongst the group before mentioned, went in advance of them, and shortly after about the same number followed. In this order the entire party proceeded until they came near the railway bridge at Carrigrogan, where they were passed by the Most Rev. Dr. Gibboly, who was travelling in his carriage from Boyle to Sligo. According to all accounts, his lordship could not have proceeded more than forty yards when the four carmen were set on by the crowd of persons who had preceded them so far, and they were speedily overpowered by the superior numbers of their assailants.—T. Devins, it appears, endeavoured to escape by leaping across a ditch, but he was quickly overtaken, and fell beneath the blows inflicted on him. Immediately on hearing the cries of the men whom he had so recently passed, his lordship alighted from his carriage and was quickly in the midst of the party. To the imminent risk of his own life, it being then completely dark, he rushed from one group to another, rescuing the unfortunate fellows, who lay at the feet of the attacking party. And as it was discovered that it was the bishop who had come to the rescue, the assailants fled towards the railway. Tom Devins was found down at the ditch, life being to all appearance nearly extinct; he was dreadfully beaten and bruised about the head, legs, and arms. James Devins was also severely beaten, and lies in the infirmary. His lordship, in the most humane manner assisted to put the injured men into his own carriage and had them sent into Mr. Madden's, at Collooney, where they received the kindest attention, whilst his lordship proceeded on foot to Ballisodare to acquaint the constabulary of the occurrences. It appears that some of the assailants can be identified. We understand that the sufferers have families depending on them, and it is to be hoped that their cowardly assailants will not escape detection. For the credit of Sligo, we may mention that we have been informed that no one connected with this town was concerned in this dastardly attack on these unoffending men. In answer to the latest inquiries, we learn that the men are progressing so favourably as could be expected.—*Sligo Champion.*

THE MURDERER HAYES.—There is now no doubt felt that Hayes has not only left the scene of the murder, but that he is now safely ensconced in a distant part of the Northern States of America. It appears that the murder was contemplated by Hayes a considerable time before he perpetrated it, and that arrangements had been made for his escape to Queenstown, whence, as is now tolerably well known, he sailed for New York. The peasantry in the vicinity of the murder, so far from evincing any sympathy with Hayes, express their detestation of the horrible crime of which he was the author. It does appear extraordinary that, had proper precautions been taken, Hayes could have embarked from Queenstown unobserved; but there is no doubt that the infamous Ribbon association with which he was connected, and which he joined purposely to carry out his murderous designs on Mr. Braddell, had taken every possible step to secure his escape.—*Irish Times.*

ARREST FOR MURDER.—Two men, one of whom was recently in America, and brought back by Government, have been lodged in goal on the charge of having murdered Alderman Sheehy, two years ago, in the county of Clare. This gentleman, it will be recollected, was in the habit of sleeping in a cottage by himself, and one morning it was found burned down, and the body of the Alderman in such a condition as proved that he had been shot, and the incendiarian committed by his murderers. Other circumstances also indicated this conclusion. The murder, at the time, elicited considerable horror from its nature, and the high character of its victim. A correspondent of the *Freeman* says:—"Upon the information of a strolling pedlar in the county of Cork, who swore that he slept in the house of Pat Minogue, of Ayle, on the night of the above murder, and that he heard the plans for perpetrating it concerted between Minogue and his brother Martin, they were arrested about three o'clock a.m., on the 24th ult., and lodged in a brierwell. Kemmis was brought to Tulla under the escort of a policeman, and underwent a long examination before Mr. O'Hara. He identified the two Minogues out of ten men placed alongside of them. The prisoners were further remanded, though Kemmis's statement is not much to be relied on. It is believed that the name of Kemmis is assumed, and that he is himself an old offender. It may be in the recollection of your readers that the Minogues were strongly suspected of having been concerned in this horrible murder—in fact, one of them was sent for trial at the assizes of this town, but discharged for want of evidence."

The South Dublin Union requires a special judicial staff to sit within its walls and try the criminals that it makes. Another batch of six men was before the City magistrates on Monday, charged with having, in the dead of the night, set fire to a ward of the Workhouse, in which nearly eighty inmates were asleep. Beds and other matters to the value of about £13 were consumed before the fire was extinguished. These unfortunate and wicked men pleaded guilty, and stated that their object was to secure their transportation, in preference to the life that they led in this would-be refuge for the destitute. A terrible responsibility rests on the majority of the Guardians in the first instance, and on the Poor Law Commissioners, in the next, for the demoralization of which this workhouse is the parent and promoter. Nor are the rate-payers free from blame pending the election of more liberal and more efficient guardians next March; a public meeting should be held, to consider the disgraceful condition of the South Union Workhouse. The dissolution of the Union Board, and a substitution of two or three paid-guardians, instead of a measure which, on constitutional grounds, one would be slow to recommend, yet it appears to be the only means now open for the restoration of order or morality in that disorganised and dangerous Irish Bastille, containing 2,376 unfortunate paupers.—*Cor. of Weekly Register.*

A SAD STORY.—Funeral of Mr. Bryan O'Neill.—The mortal remains of Sergeant-Major Bryan O'Neill, late of the 88th or Connaught Rangers, were consigned on Friday week to the grave in Prospect Cemetery, Glasnevin. The funeral cortege was large and respectable, and consisted of a long line of carriages, amongst which we observed those of Charles Henry O'Neill (Clanaboy), chief of his house, and W. Farnworth, Esq., the good Samaritan, the abbott-minded, the tender-hearted English gentleman, whose pen depicted to Sir Bernard Burke the condition of the poverty-stricken and aged gentleman, and was the means of assigning the keenest pangs of want during the last few days of his life. What a lesson of the mutability of fortune was taught by that funeral procession, which wended its way from the empty garret room in Cook-street, by Sackville-

street, to its destination. No further notice was taken of it than was taken of the one which preceded it by a few minutes—an humble artisan with an obscure name and lineage; and, yet, within the bearings drawn by six horses in sable, were the remains of a descendant of the ancient kings of our people—of that royal line which were legal and illustrious centuries before—the Plantagenets or Guelphs, the Houses of Hapsburg, or Romanoff, or Braganza, were heard of—of Niall the Great, who conquered Britain and Gaul in the days of St. Patrick, and whose descendants exclusively occupied the throne of Ireland for six hundred years afterwards. And he himself and his immediate progenitors were worthy of such a lineage. At Edge Hill Col. O'Neill distinguished himself, says Sir Bernard Burke, in his first series of 'Vicissitudes of Families,' "in the highest degree leading on his dragoons, rallying them when broken, charging again into the serried ranks of the enemy, and breaking and pursuing them, but never losing sight of the king's person; for at that critical moment when the dragoons had pursued too far the routed horse of the Roundheads, and left his Majesty exposed, O'Neill was among the small but Spartan band that guarded his Majesty's person. For his bravery on that occasion, the honour of an English baronetcy was conferred upon him by his Majesty." The sixth baronet, Sir Francis O'Neill, father of the deceased gentleman, was related maternally to the Wellesleys, the Brabsons, the St. Lawrences, the Bagots, and the Plantagenets. Broken in Fortune by the Penal Laws, he fell into the lowest state of poverty "betwixt," says Sir Bernard Burke, "into the village of Slane, Sir Francis O'Neill, the sixth baronet, the descendant of a race of kings, representative of the dashing dragon of Edge Hill, and the cousin of three peers, Mornington, Dunsany, and Meath, rents a cabin of four apartments, and keeps in it a small butler's shop and dairy." In that humble cabin he was visited in May, 1798, by John, the first Viscount O'Neill, and his two sons, Charles and John, the late earl and the late viscount. On that occasion Sir Francis O'Neill took a melancholy pleasure in showing to his lordship the last remnant of his family plate, a silver ewer and taperspoon, engraved with his crest, and the patent of baronetcy; and in a little outhouse or shed open at three sides, in that humble yard he also pointed out his broken carriage, emblazoned with his arms, "The Red Hand of O'Neill," which was almost illegible from exposure to wind and rain. His eldest son, Henry, went out to Spain to his relative, Colonel Con O'Neill, of the Spanish service, grand uncle of Chas. Henry O'Neill (Clanaboy), who got him a commission in his own regiment, and the baronet is in that country. Bryan, his brother, the youngest son, enlisted in the 88th, or Connaught Rangers, and was throughout the whole of the Peninsular war, fighting under the late gallant General O'Malley, and having attained the rank of sergeant-major, retired on a pension of 2s 2d per day. Sir Bernard Burke describes him thus when he wrote, "Sergeant-Major Bryan O'Neill, youngest son of Sir Francis O'Neill, the sixth baronet, is now in his seventy-fifth year, and is a tall and distinguished looking man, in whose appearance and manners, notwithstanding his age and poverty, and the ordeal through which he has passed, may be traced the high lineage and noble blood of Clanaboy." And he concludes—"The descendant of the gallant and dashing Colonel Charles the First's dragoons, at the battle of Edge Hill, the cousin of three peers, and of a duke (Wellington), and the lineal descendant of a hundred kings, is reduced to the humble lot of a discharged pensioner of the crown, at two shillings and twopence per day, and occupies a room in a small shop in an obscure street, where his eldest son is a colliemaker." His worldly cares are now at an end. A pious and a good Christian, a worthy and an honourable man, he has received, we should hope, the reward of his virtues and his trials from a merciful and Divine hand. But he has left behind him, in the humble house, 75 Cook-street, a son in delicate health, whose wife and six small children are dependent on his personal labour, for his father's pension is gone. Shall it be said in this Christian land, with the memories of their royal race, and of the sacrifices of that race for country and religion (fresh in the minds of Irishmen), that they will be suffered to perish of want? Our columns are open for contributions to save the family of the brave old man. In this holy season, now approaching, of Christian benevolence and charity, we trust this appeal will not be made in vain.—*Morning News.*

A ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.—A letter from a gentleman named Hitchcock, given in the new volume of Sir Bernard Burke's 'Vicissitudes of Families,' discloses a curious romance of the peerage. Mr. Hitchcock says:—"The last Viscount Kingsland was born in some obscure part of Dublin, and educated in the vicinity of Castle Market, where it was said he made his first appearance in public in the onerous part of a basket-boy, his success in which character led to his promotion, in the course of time, to the more elevated position of under-waiter at a tavern in Dawson-street. It subsequently appeared that, although in so lowly a sphere, he entertained a dreamy notion, derived from family tradition, that, as he bore the name of the Kingsland family, he might, by some turn of the wheel of fortune, become entitled to its honors and estates. The Lord Kingsland of that time was a lunatic, residing in an asylum in France, and was under the guardianship of his relative, Lord Trimleston. A false rumor of that lord's death reached Matthew Barnewell while he was officiating at the tavern in Dawson-street, and acting upon the traditional notion of heirship, under the advice of his then companions and friends, Matthew mustered a strong force of the employees of the tavern, and the market which had been the school of his early training, and with that formidable array, proceeded forthwith to Turrey, the family mansion, of which he took instant possession. There he cut down timber, lighted bonfires, and for some short time indulged in the exercise of rudo hospitality to the companions who had escorted him and the rabble which he collected in the neighborhood. His rejoicings were, however, but short-lived. Lord Trimleston, the guardian of the lunatic peer, applied to the Court of Chancery, and poor Matthew was committed to Newgate under an attachment for contempt. While in the prison he was advised to apply to my father for his legal advice and assistance, through which he was after some time set at liberty. At that period he was quite unable to trace his pedigree, and being utterly illiterate—unable even to write his own name—he could give but little assistance to his legal adviser in testing the justice of the claim which, in the midst of his almost Cimmerian darkness, he still insisted upon to the right of succession to the Kingsland peerage. My father, however, being a man of sanguine temperament, as well as superior talents, saw that there was something in the claim, and he took up the claim with such ardour that he soon discovered a clue, which led him step by step through the difficulties which lay in the way of tracing a pedigree amidst so much ignorance, until at length there was but one missing link in the chain; and this was, after much research supplied by the evidence of one Lucinda Ambridge, a woman upwards of a hundred years old. In the meantime the lunatic peer actually died; and when Matthew's pedigree was completed, and the proofs forthcoming, the claim was brought before the House of Lords, and after due investigation admitted. But though he was admitted to the honors of his ancestors, he could not recover their estates; and he was a penniless Viscount Kingsland and Baron of Turrey until he received a poor peer's pension of £500 per annum.

For our part we have no faith whatever in the Whigs; and we shall place no reliance at all in their promises regarding any question of importance in connection with Ireland. Sir Robert Peel's visit may or may not have anything to do with yielding a charter to the University, with separate education or a reform in the poor-law. But whether it has or

not, the concessions the Irish demand on these questions will and must be yielded—if not by the Whigs, most certainly by the Tories. We have no doubt that if Lord Derby should, during the coming session, assume the reins of office, that he will do his utmost to satisfy the country on the education and poor law questions; and in addition, grant a charter to the Catholic University. The Tories emancipated the Catholics of Ireland; and we believe they are the party who will give them freedom of education. They are a haughty and stubborn party; but they speak plainly, and will not deceive you. They are the very reverse of the Whigs, who in other days, hated the Catholics as they hate them to-day; and who would not drive the Pope from Rome, but extirpate every Bishop and Priest from Ireland, England and Scotland, were they not afraid of the avenging arms of France. It is possible, as the *Mail* suspects, that this party is now in difficulties, and that, for the sake of retaining office, it will bid for Dr. Cullen's support. But let the Archbishop of Dublin be aware of the Whigs. It is not the first time they cheated the people of this country. In the latter days of O'Connell they deceived him, and sent him broken-hearted to the grave. They made promises they did not mean to perform; and when they accomplished their ends, they abandoned the man who gave them the support of his influence.—Dr. Cullen should be cautious, and take care not to confide too much in the Whigs, for we suspect they are more inclined to prolong their tenure of office than to yield any benefits to Ireland or the Irish.—Indeed the companion of Sir Robert Peel during his visit, is an indication more or less that he considers the University Professors only so many fools.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE POPE'S DONATION TO THE DISTRESSED OPERATIVES IN THE NORTH WEST OF LANCAHIRE.—The following letter has been addressed to Mgr Chigi, Papal Nuncio at Paris, to the Right Reverend Bp. Guss:—

Paris, Dec 18, 1862.

My Lord,—It has come to the knowledge of our Holy Father that subscriptions have been opened in England for the relief of the distressed operatives in the diocese of Liverpool who are without work. The heart of his holiness, moved by their great sufferings wishes that it were in his power to relieve them, but the present state of the Pontifical treasury is an obstacle to his generosity. Nevertheless His Holiness has instructed me to forward to your Lordship his humble offering of 2,500 francs (£100), to be distributed among the operatives of your diocese, in the manner you may deem most useful.

Having discharged the duty entrusted to me I avail myself of the opportunity of offering to your Lordship the expression of those affectionate sentiments, with which I am, your Lordship's very humble and obedient servant,

FLAVIO, Archbishop of Myra, Nuncio Apostolic. To His Lordship the Bishop of Liverpool.

THE REV. MR. McLAUGHLIN.—The *Glasgow Morning Journal* of Tuesday announces that the Rev. Mr. McLaughlin, who was committed to prison for refusing to give evidence a short time ago, has been liberated.

1. The proceedings complained of were irregular and inept, in consequence of the departure of the presiding justice from the recognised form and substance of oath usually administered in the courts of Scotland.

2. The qualified oath above mentioned having been accepted by the Court, more especially after the explanation given, the complainant could not be held as guilty of a contempt by declining to answer the questions referred to.

3. The complainant was illegally and improperly committed to prison for contempt, in respect that in his testimony he complied with all that he undertook in the oath taken by him, and that he was not required to take any other or farther oath.

4. It was irregular and incompetent for the Justices to issue the sentence and warrant complained of, in face of the offered plea of guilty by the accused party, which plea would have rendered any procedure against the complainant as a witness unnecessary.

5. The information possessed by the complainant in regard to the subject of inquiry before the Justice having been obtained by him as a confession from a penitent to a Clergyman, and having been received on the footing that it should not be disclosed by the complainant, he was not bound to answer the question put to him.

6. Generally, in the circumstances stated, the proceedings complained of being illegal, unjustifiable, and oppressive, the warrant ought to be suspended, and interim liberation should be granted as prayed.

THE ALABAMA.—The *Liverpool Journal of Commerce* of Wednesday says:—"We have been informed that her Majesty's government has issued orders to their agents at the various ports of the western islands, that if the Confederate steamer Alabama, or '290,' should enter any of these ports, she is at once to be ordered off, and not allowed to take in coal or provisions. The order further states that if the Alabama should call at Fajal or other ports they are to inform Captain Semmes that if, after this notice, he should destroy any merchandise which may be consigned to British merchants in neutral ships, her Majesty's government will at once take steps to destroy the steamer under his command."

THE BIRKENHEAD SENTENCES.—The incertitude of criminal sentences is certainly one of the greatest evils known to the law. Given a perfect knowledge of all the circumstances of a case, and we defy the oldest follower of the courts to offer an approximate guess as to what the punishment may be. In the case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*, Mr. Perker expresses privately a hope that the jury have had a good breakfast that morning; and in response to a curious question of his client, declares that if they had not been so comforted the probability was they would be in a bad humor and find straight away a verdict for the plaintiff. Judges, notwithstanding the wig and the ermine, are made up of all of pretty much the same stuff as jurymen, and their humours and their ill-humours, their prejudices and their passions, often make the ruling that is attributed to their calm judgment. Baron Bramwell appears to us no more composed of steel than any of his brethren of the bench—perhaps if anything the balance in that respect would be against him. His sentences are certainly not measured by rule and compass. Whether or not his Lordship had made a hearty meal on the morning he passed sentence upon Lennon, or whether his mind was acted upon through other channels than his digestion, we scarcely think he succeeded in giving an air of perfect equity to the penalty he inflicted. Lennon was convicted of having been engaged in the recent riot at Birkenhead, and in the fight which took place with the police he struck one of them a blow with a piece of iron over the head.—Now this is conduct which we do not seek in the smallest degree to excuse. It was wrong in Lennon to have mixed himself up in a riot. Having done so, it was very bad on his part to strike the constable a severe blow. The mingling in the riot was like getting drunk. Indefensible in itself, it led to indefensible consequences. But yet all men know that drunkards, bad as it is, must practically be taken as a sort of apology for crime, and that, though a man may not be acquitted for acts committed under the influence of the drink-frenzied, yet in fact it is usually taken as a reason for qualification of punishment.—It is just so with a riot. A man with heated blood, intoxicated with the fury of fight, does deeds that at another time he would shudder at. Had Lennon in the malice of cold blood struck the policeman Kearney over the eye, there can be no doubt that he would amply deserve the punishment that is to be inflicted on him. But we think he was in that condition when he scarcely knew—certainly could not

deliberately calculate, the effect of what he did.—The case was one therefore in which allowance similar to that made to a drunken man should have entered the mind of the judge. Even the preliminary of crime, the riot, was not without its palliation, though certainly without any justification. It was called an anti-Garibaldi riot—it was in truth an anti-Orange demonstration. The original promoters of it were those who sought to inflame the passions of their fellow-countrymen. Nor were the police altogether blameless in the matter, as any one conversant with the deeds of the Liverpool constabulary will very easily understand. All these circumstances combined to show that Lennon's crime should be regarded in the most lenient aspect possible. Yet all the circumstances seem only to have induced Baron Bramwell to lay on the lash the law entrusted him with all the more heavily. For this crime he has sentenced the wretched man to fifteen years' penal servitude. The learned Baron when he inflicted this sentence, was just hot from the trial of the grovellers in London. One or two of those, who had narrowly escaped accompanying robbery with murder, he had laid under the obligation of penal servitude for life. But the vast majority of those miserable he had let off with a sentence of ten years' penal servitude.—Baron Bramwell lets off the groveller with two-thirds off, in many instances, one-half, the punishment he allots to rioters. We cannot help thinking that the cause of the riot had something to do with the fate of Lennon. Baron Bramwell would probably be very indignant at the suggestion—quite as much probably as if we were to lay it at the door of the ill-digested mullin; but we fear unfortunate Lennon fought at the wrong side. Doubtless, had he in support of Garibaldi broken a policeman's head, he would have been punished; but we venture to say he would not have had a month's imprisonment for every year of penal servitude he now has to undergo. To the enormity of his crime was added the enormity of his politics. Indeed, opinions such as those Lennon very unfortunately expressed, are at this moment a crime in England. They are nearly as unpopular as garrotting, and very nearly as much the subject of public fury. The judge walks through the streets guarding himself against the throttlers with a big dog; he defends himself against the abominations of the Papists by wielding the terrors of the law with an unsparring hand. Englishmen we know are proverbial for fair play; English judges are the models of uprightness; but we confess that, while we admit both propositions, we should think it safer, before either an English public or an English judge, to be on the popular side of the question. *Cork Examiner.*

The first step has been taken towards the amendment of a system of secondary punishment. The commission which, as we last week mentioned, Sir George Grey had promised has been issued. The members are Lord Grey, Lord Nans, Lord Cranworth, Lord Chelmsford, Sir John Pakington, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Henley, Mr. Houverie, the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, Mr. Waddington, the Recorder of London, The O'Conor Don, and Mr. Childers. We must repeat our conviction that the mere restoration of transportation will not meet the necessities of the case. Robberies with violence must be distinguished from mere robberies. This is not done if a criminal who has wantonly assaulted and half-murdered an unresisting man, in order to make it easier to plunder him, is sentenced to fifteen years' instead of ten, or even for life, instead of fifteen years. It is not enough that criminals should anticipate that in case of violence they may have an additional punishment, to commence some ten or fifteen years hence. Every man convicted of such a crime should be soundly flogged before his term of transportation begins. We are convinced that if this were once settled, such crimes would at once cease and we should be spared both the offence and the punishment.—*Weekly Register.*

All the Bishops, save one, have signed an exhortation to the Boards of Railways not to run excursion trains on Sunday. By shutting the working people into London they hope to get them to church.—Would it not be well to carry out the same policy by entreating the Boards to double or treble the Sunday fares, or even asking the Government to put a differential duty on every place of Sunday resort, except church? The Bishops despair of making prayer popular, and are content to secure its being customary. St. Paul would scarcely have feared competition with a Brighton promenade.

The reports of Lancashire distress confirm the pleasant news of an apparent turn of the tide, the register of pauperism having declined by some four thousand names. One cause is a desire on the part of some of the committees to take on themselves families supported out of the rates, and so increase the commencement of work. The stocks are at last almost exhausted, the prices are rising, and the mills are re-opening.

At the Nottingham assizes, the Rev. Thos. Cartwright, a clergyman of the Church of England, aged thirty-two, curate of St. Mary's, Nottingham, was charged with forging and uttering a bill of exchange for £20 upon Mr. Peter Drummond, of Stirling, in August last, and sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

We understand that the Rev. Dr. McCaul is preparing a volume which will contain a *seriatim* reply to all Bishop Colenso's objections. Dr. McCaul's book may be expected shortly.—*Record.*

THE POTATO DISEASE.—We (*Weekly Register*) readily accord the insertion requested for the following article, which most laudably aims at giving useful hints on a most important subject:—"As there are few subjects which have caused more uneasiness and alarm in the breasts of statesmen and philanthropists than that of the disease in potatoes, so I feel impressed there can be no news more welcome to the human family generally than that which a remedy for that disease shall constitute or supply. It is my privilege to make known, in behalf of Mr. Cassimer Hendrickx, a native of Belgium, this secret, the result of years of travel and experiment in Russia, Germany, France, Holland, and in our own country. Mr. Hendrickx has been over six years in the employment of a gentleman belonging to the bench of magistrates for Westminster, on whose son's property at Cheam, in Surrey, the chief part of the experiments have been made. It appears that this ground, three years ago, yielded a sack and a half of potatoes, all diseased, and that last year, on the same ground, the finest potatoes ever seen were raised. I use the words of one of a numerous party of neighbors who were called in last year to witness the result of Mr. Hendrickx's experiments, and who has himself been a grower of potatoes for the last fifty years. The experiments this year had reference more particularly to quantity, the result of which I had the pleasure of witnessing on Tuesday week, in company with a city merchant—who consents to be referee—and also of two parties who had patches of potatoes planted on the same ground beside that of Mr. Hendrickx. As to the size, I may observe that there were on each root of Mr. Hendrickx's (which must have weighed fully three times as much as any of those planted by his competitors) potatoes four or five times as large; and making allowance for the greater space occupied by each root of his own planting, you will readily understand that on measuring the three patches and weighing the produce thereof, the result would be a double crop, occasioned by Mr. Hendrickx's peculiar mode of treatment. It would appear that while in the Belgian army, he received from his father a letter, describing the misery and starvation the potato disease had inflicted in the neighborhood of his early home. From that moment to the present time he has exhibited the zeal of an enthusiast, in tracing out its cause, and searching for a remedy. His travels in the countries above named favoured his plans, but these were not brought to maturity till he filled the situation of butler in London. Having three days' holiday allowed him

on a certain occasion, Mr. Hendrickx says, 'I did nothing day or night but try potatoes. I stole out at ten o'clock at night, and having brought a shovel full of earth into the house, I found it thinking like rotten potatoes.' He afterwards betook himself to prayer, read from the New Testament the parable of the 'Sower,' and received on that occasion what he justly regards as Divine direction. Mr. Hendrickx asserts that wherever he has travelled, it is the practice to neglect the ground from which the crop of potatoes has been dug, and thus deprive the soil during winter of that which it so much needs, and which that season is so admirably adapted to supply—revivification. The earth being in an exhausted condition, should be once thoroughly turned over, so as to receive the benefit of nature's restorative, light, heat, moisture, atmosphere and frost. Mr. Hendrickx also contends that there is scarcely ever sufficient 'depth of earth' for the potato to grow in, and that underlying the root, the soil is generally caked, thus forming a resting-place for innumerable vermin. The roots being thus obstructed, travel out of their natural course and tend upward, and the rain, thus prevented passing through, settles to the great injury of the plant. To complete the mischief, another fatal plan is to use an implement to make holes for the reception of the seed, the effect of which is to encase the seed as in cement. After preparing the ground properly by guarding against the errors indicated above, and employing suitable manure and the ordinary plough, Mr. Hendrickx would have a second plough, with prongs like human fingers, to shake up the earth and prevent what may be called constringation. The potato most then be placed uncultivated in the earth, several inches lower than usual, and protected against the use of manure of inefficient age, and whatever would obstruct light, heat, moisture, and the free play of the atmosphere; then, I doubt not, having complied with these conditions, the potato disease will soon be eradicated and a double crop secured. When Mr. Hendrickx returns from Belgium, whether he has gone to test experiments made under the eye of the Secretary of the Interior, I will supply you with further particulars. In the meantime I trust that what I have communicated may be turned to profitable account, and believing that the days of the potato disease are numbered, I am, Sir, yours, &c. SAMUEL OWEN, 10, St. Germain's-place, Harrow-road.

A FEMALE SERVICED THROUGH FALSE TESTS.—An English paper records the death of Mary Harrington, aged 56, a domestic servant. The deceased was chewing a piece of ginger, when the metal which secured her false teeth suddenly broke into halves, and a one portion became fixed in the windpipe.

A ROMAN CANDLE (TO LIGHT US TO A VIEW OF OURSELVES).

(From Punch)
Additional papers respecting the Roman question (in continuation of Papers already submitted to Parliament).
Mr. Odo Russell to Earl Russell (Received Dec. 10).
"Rome, Dec. 6."
"My Lord, I have the honour to enclose for your Lordship's perusal, a letter from Cardinal Antonelli, in reply to your Lordship's despatch of the 12th ult., (of which, in pursuance of your Lordship's direction I felt a copy with the Cardinals), in relation to the brigandage of which the Papal territories have lately been the headquarters.—I have, &c."
(Signed) ODO RUSSELL.
(Inclosure)

From Cardinal Antonelli to Mr. Odo Russell (attached to the Legation of Mr. B. M. in Turin).
"The Vatican, Dec. 5."

"Sir, I have to request that you will present my acknowledgments to Earl Russell of the new proof which he has given in the despatch of the 12th ult., of which you were instructed to leave a copy with me, or his interest in the affairs of the Government of his Holiness, and that you will convey to him my grateful thanks for the admirable lecture on Constitutional Government contained in that despatch, and for the various outline of draft constitutions, which Earl Russell has had the condescension to submit for the acceptance of his Holiness. Any further proof of interest in the affairs of His Holiness was unnecessary from the author of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, under which the Hierarchy of the Church and indivisibly, enjoy in safety their present dignities and emoluments in Great Britain. The Constitutional history, invaluable as it is, is superfluous, as I have already had the inimitable privilege of gleaning the substance of it from his Lordship's published works and Parliamentary speeches. The draft constitutions are inappropriate to the dominions of His Holiness. I return them as his Lordship may find use for them in his communications with other Continental governments, for which he may be anxious to frame constitutions. The suggestions for the suppression of brigandage here, I also return with a request that before they are put into force in the capital of his Holiness, they may be tried in London, where his Holiness, has observed with pain, and something as near indignation as is compatible with Apostolic meekness, that armed brigandage reigns unchecked in the streets, defying the authority of the law, and daily assailing peaceful and orderly citizens, while engaged in their innocent avocations. I have to request that you will convey to Earl Russell his Holiness's indignation at a state of things so incompatible with good government and so seriously compromising the cause of law and order. Whatever may be the condition of his Holiness's dominions or capital, he believes it will be admitted by all who know both Rome and London that the latter city is less free from the dangers of robbery and assassination, and that the number of persons compelled to carry arms for their protection is larger in London than in Rome. I have at the same time to request that you will convey to Earl Russell his Holiness's profound and painful surprise at the system in force in the prisons under the British executive. His lordship will remember the very energetic remonstrances and protests which he considered it his duty to offer against the treatment of prisoners in the kingdom of Naples. I have to request that you will remind his lordship that if humanity may be outraged by harsh usage of the inmates of a prison common sense may be equally outraged by the paupering and over-indulgence of the same class. His Holiness has observed with deep pain, not unmingled with disapprobation, how entirely common sense has been disregarded in the prison system of England, where the aged and infirm labourer, compelled to close a life of toil in the workhouse, is treated in that system of destitution with less consideration and kindness than the sturdy and habitual breaker of the law in what should be his place of punishment."

"His Holiness, in his conviction that such a system must lead to demoralisation and that it is likely to tempt his Holiness's Irish subjects, more especially, to purchase by crime those comforts which are denied to virtuous poverty, has charged me to convey through you to Earl Russell, for transmission to her Britannic Majesty's Government, this expression of his hope that energetic measures will forthwith be taken to put down the brigandage of London, and to reform that system of prison administration under which the ranks of that brigandage are recruited."

"If his Holiness be open to any reproach for not putting down the brigandage which devastates Naples, Earl Russell must admit that the British Government can hardly hope to escape the censure of all governments claiming to speak in the cause of our common humanity, to say nothing of the interests of order, morality, and religion, when it deliberately lets loose a certain proportion of convicted criminals every year, before the expiration of their sentences, to strike terror into the peaceable citizens of the capital."
I have to request that you will transmit a copy of this despatch to Earl Russell, and I have the honour to be, &c.
ANTONELLI,
"Cardinal and Minister of Foreign Affairs."