

A flax market has been opened at Ballyshannon, county Donegal, to afford the growers of flax in that district a convenient opportunity of selling their produce.

Legend of Lord Howth's Rat.—Ever so many centuries ago, when Ireland was a great, glorious, and free, and when her nobles were everything and her people nothing, the Earl of Howth of that day left his baronial mansion for a stroll on the sands of Sutor before breakfast. The night had been a stormy one but the waves had subsided, and the mare magnum smiled like a bride. All was serene—no a spot was to be seen save one, afar off appeared a raft, steered or guided by a nondescript individual, who proved, when the raft struck the shore, to be a female—a female, too, of surpassing beauty and grace. The Earl looked, pined and ultimately offered her the hospitality of his castle, which then, as now, was the asylum of the poor and the stranger. The mysterious waif preserved her incognito; but the produce of the Earl succumbed, and ultimately he wedded and married her. On her wedding morn, and before they advanced to the altar she bound his wrist with a green ribbon, telling him, as she did so, that he was never to loose it, as on the obverse side of it was contained a charm, which rashly meddling with might involve his fate. For some time their happiness was without alloy, and would have been still more so, were it not that at certain seasons she always insisted on visiting her friends 'alone.' At first this was unimportant to the earl, as he knew not whom or what those relatives might be. But ultimately he succumbed, and during his lady's absence amused himself by congregating his friends and fellow sportsmen about him. On the first day of their 'merrie meeting,' when the feast was on the board and the goblets sparkled, a loud noise was heard in the courtyard, and when the cause was inquired into it was told the earl that his favourite hounds were engaged in hunting a rat. Hardly had the servant announced the fact, when the rat itself dashed into the room, leaping on the table, and ultimately, with such appealing looks as a rat can give, bounded into his arms. The kind hearted noble saved the hunted animal, which from that day out became his 'dog, his ass, and ox, his anything,' so far as docility and attachment went. Always, however, it was remarked that so soon as the subsistent returned the rat disappeared, until in the subsequent year her absence ensured its coming. At first this strange visitor was a novelty to the Earl, but when with time it lost its gloss, he began to feel that such a follower constantly at his heels was both unseemly and inconvenient. But the attached animal did not surmise this and its pertinacity continued. He began to treat it roughly, and even to strike it with his whip. Suddenly one morning, he was awakened by an uneasy feeling at his wrist, and on looking down he perceived that the rat had gnawed to green ribbon sunder, and was now in full retreat. Jumping from his couch, he seized a sword, and before the rat could gain safety he struck it dead. In a few minutes after the Earl's bell was heard, and when his servants rushed in they found their master a dying man. The Countess never returned to the castle, and the mystery was never solved.—Irish Legends, by E. A. M.

Criminal Classes in Ireland.—The Judicial Statistics of Ireland for the year 1863, just issued, comprise returns of a remarkable character. The criminal classes at large—the known thieves, receivers of stolen goods, prostitutes, suspected persons, vagrants and tramps—are returned by the police at 22,299 in England and Wales the return was 126,146. As the population of Ireland is to that of England and Wales about as 1 to 27, these numbers imply that in equal populations there are above 34,000 of the criminal classes in England to 22,299 in Ireland; the criminal classes are 1 in 280 of the population of Ireland, but 1 in 150 in England. The number of known thieves in Ireland is returned at 3,254, being less than half the number in an equal population in England; and the number under 16 years of age as less than a third of the English return. The suspected persons in Ireland, also, 4,438, are little more than half the number found among as many people in England. The return of the number of prostitutes is less than half the number in an equal population in Ireland, and the number under 16 is only one-eighth of the English return; the number of brothels 661 is little more than a third of the corresponding English return. On the other hand, the receivers of stolen goods in Ireland—1,233—are more numerous than in a like number of population in England; and the number of vagrants and tramps is very great—9,900 to 8,968 in an equal English population. The young vagrants are especially in excess in Ireland—3,390 to every 1,875 in England; but there are no Industrial Schools to receive them in Ireland, and to some extent the number of vagrants and tramps is overrated in Ireland, owing to a less exact method than in England. It must be borne in mind that this is the first year of collecting these statistics in Ireland, and that they had to be collected retrospectively, so that the books of the different officers had not been kept with any view of furnishing the information required. The greater number of large towns in England is also to be considered. It is remarkable that in Dublin the criminal class is returned as 1 to 137, and in London as only 1 in 245, and the prostitutes are returned as 1 in 341 in Dublin, and only 1 in 576 in London. In order to ascertain the entire number of the criminal classes it is necessary to add to those who are at large at any time those also who are in confinement; and this will give a total of 37,452 for Ireland in the year 1863, and for an equal portion of the population of England 41,995. The total number of houses of bad character in Ireland than in England; the number of tramps' lodging-houses are approaching double the number for a like population in England. But, while the number of the criminal classes appears to be so much less in Ireland than in England, the number of offences committed is greater, and in some respects the year 1863 contrasts unfavorably with 1862. There was a decrease in the murders from 41 to 22, but several serious crimes increased—sundering letters threatening to murder, from 10 to 22; shooting at or stabbing from 65 to 107; holding forcible possession of land, from 83 to 136. The excess in Ireland over England, however, was mainly in offences which are not of a serious character. More than twice as many charges were determined summarily in Ireland as in equal population in England. More than 60,000 of these were charges of drunkenness or being drunk and disorderly; there were little more than 25,000 of such charges in an equal population in England. A similar excess appears in charges under the highways acts. The punishments also indicate that a larger proportion of the offences in Ireland were of a less serious character than in England; the proportion sentenced to whipping, among the whole number convicted, was 14 times as many in England as in Ireland, and seven times as many were imprisoned for three months. The cases of murder and attempts to murder were 175 in Ireland in 1863, a much smaller proportion to population than in England; but the malicious offences against property were more than four times as many in an equal population of England, and assaults (the special failing of the country) exceeded the number in England in a proportion much beyond this. Of the persons tried at assizes and quarter sessions the proportion acquitted (45 per cent.) was twice as great as in England. It is a remarkable fact that the commitments of the Irish in England are considerably more than twice as many as among a like number of the population of Ireland.

A WITCH-MARVELOUS REVELATION.—CARRICKON-SUIN.—Mrs. Mary Doherty lived in the 'merrie olden times,' she would just now be in imminent danger of having her body constituted materials for an auto de fe. Her achievements in the 'black art' have been the theme of horror and wonderment amongst the good folk of Carrickon-Suin, and a magisterial investigation has been ordered to add fuel to the flame of consternation, which the announcement

of her powers had given existence to. For years past she has lived in affluent circumstances, by selling love potions to romantic and foolish girls, while she occasionally netted respectable sums amongst farmers' wives with whom things were not going altogether smoothly. But she surpassed herself when she succeeded in enrolling two steady members of the constabulary force on the list of her votaries, and, emulating, one of them at least, in debt to a considerable amount in supplying her extraordinary demands upon him.

Sub-Constable Joseph Reeves has outlived the first budding of youthful enthusiasm; he is a married man, of some five and forty years of age, and the father of a family. Some time ago his eldest daughter became ill, and hearing of the curative powers of Mrs. Doherty, his wife engaged her services and the child improved somewhat. Henceforward Mrs. Doherty became a frequent guest at the tea table of the constable, and after a time she predicted that ere long he would be in affluent circumstances, inasmuch as some of his relatives and connections who had been dead for years had come to life, and would soon be permitted to show themselves upon the earth. He was also led to believe that Sir James Power, who died some ten years ago, took a deep interest in his well-being and proposed giving him some landed property, and the result was that a correspondence was carried on between them, and the constable received no less than twenty-five letters and a gold ring from the occupant of the grave, the massive in question being regularly forwarded by Mrs. Doherty, and the replies occasionally came through her, and were sometimes found in an old coat on the bill-side. To attest her powers still further, she made an assignation with the constable to meet him in a certain field at a particular hour, and there she revealed to him the person of his father-in-law, William Mullins, standing a few yards distance, dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons, a knee breeches, coarse stockings and shoes; he was not allowed to address the vision, which was beheld by his son, a boy about nine years of age, at the same time. She also showed him others of his friends, &c., who had been dead; amongst others, his son William who departed this life some five or six years ago. This the constable deposed to on oath before the magistrates on Saturday, and as regarded her power in this respect, he was corroborated on oath by his wife, Mr. Hanna, who, with Messrs. Jephson and Wilson, presided, asked him if he had been drinking at the time, and the man replied that he had not tasted spirituous liquors for the past twenty-two years.

This appears strange, to be sure, but then there is further testimony; Sub-Constable Lyles is brought forward, and deposes on oath that the woman has brought up before him several of his friends and connections who had been dead for years, and in this statement he is also corroborated by his wife. For weeks after, Mrs. Doherty is supplied with wheat, potatoes, tea, &c., &c., for the sustenance of the dead who have come to life, and on more than one occasion some tobacco was sent to old Mullins, who, it appears, was in his lifetime a great smoker. To meet these demands Constable Reeves got into debt, but the promise of gold and landed property induced him to resort to extensive credits to furnish supplies. New potatoes were at one time returned to him, with a request from the dead that they should be exchanged for gold, and on one occasion some eggs were sent back with word they had not agreed with the dead son William.

Mr. Heard, the energetic and most intelligent sub-inspector, at length got intelligence of what was going on, and he determined to make inquiries in reference thereto. Reeves was removed to Clonmel in consequence of the debts he had contracted, and learning the cause thereof, he proceeded to Mrs. Doherty's house, where he found the letters [35], from Sir James Power which she had returned to Reeves when the thing got noised abroad. He also got three bottles containing tea, cream, and milk, made up in a clean white handkerchief, and which Mrs. Doherty acknowledged were to have been forwarded to some of her defunct clients on the same evening. The house was otherwise comfortably furnished, and the same appeared to live well on the credulity of the people. She was of course, arrested, and the present proceedings were instituted.

It was a strange thing to witness in a public court of justice—a number of intelligent people apparently in their senses deposing to such things on oath in the presence of magistrates. Whatever spell she may have wrought, there is no question of doubt, but that the pulemeone named and their families still place implicit faith in her, for when being removed to the dock, Reeves shook her by the hand, and asserted that, and in reply to one of the magistrates he said, 'Sir, if you had seen as much as I have, you would be of the same opinion.' After taking down in writing Reeves' evidence, and he having signed same, the magistrates were about to adjourn, when Mr. Wilson addressing Doherty, said, 'Have you anything to say, now that you have heard this state ment? The woman coolly replied, 'He wanted to see his relatives, and dead or alive, or on horseback, I showed them to him.'

Mr. Heard had the woman's husband—a blind (?) man—arrested on Friday evening. He travels through the country led along by a 'dark' guide, and on being questioned he acknowledged that his worst day's receipts for some time past was 2s 6d, while occasionally they realised six or even seven shillings in a day. We learned that some time ago the female prisoner gave a neighboring woman an awful beating and yet nobody could be got to prosecute her, fearing that she might bewitch them or their children. So stands the case at present. Mrs. Doherty is remanded, and the investigation stands adjourned until Monday. The prisoner is apparently about forty years of age, with a good-looking face, though somewhat puffed and a mouth particularly expressive of cunning and intelligence.

On yesterday the magistrates decided upon having a full investigation of the charges preferred against Mrs. Doherty at the petty sessions on Thursday. Mr. Heard, S.I., untravelling some of the dame's mysteries since Saturday, and has found out the dezz letter office. We will give a full report of the case in our next impression.—Tipperary Free Press.

GREAT BRITAIN.

CARDINAL WISSEMAN.—A letter from Wurzburg states that Cardinal Wisseman will be present at the 16th general meeting of the Catholic Society of Germany, about to be held in that city, and will celebrate the opening Mass in the cathedral.—Post.

DR. PUSEY ON THE JUDGMENT OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.—An important manifesto has just been put forth by the Rev. Dr. Pusey, the well-known Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, on the subject of the recent decision by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the case of 'Essays and Reviews.' The Rev. professor has published the case submitted to the Attorney-General and Sir Hugh Cairns, Q.C., and their answer, with a long preface. He says that as to Mr. Wilson's case 'the Lord Chancellor did for those who trusted him, and not our Lord or His Church, abolish the belief in hell; and that, as to Dr. Williams' case, there was a jubilee of triumph among half-believers, as if all barriers were thrown down, and disbelief might have its free course.'—After analysing the nature of the judgment the effect of which, the doctor insists, 'is very narrow indeed,' he says that 'the Lord Chancellor has gone out of his way to affirm that the Church of England does not teach what it does teach.' He declared that there was no proof that, in the mind of the Church of England, the English word 'everlasting' meant 'lasting for ever.' 'Is there any hope, asks the doctor, 'or any more righteous judgment in the future?' Certainly none, if the present Court of Appeal be retained. The terms of theology are as well known and definite as those of common law. The theological meaning of 'everlasting,' 'hell,' 'canonical,' 'scripture,' 'inspiration,' is as definitely known

as that of 'manslaughter,' 'felony,' 'larceny,' 'treason,' 'libel.'—Those whose whole lives have been devoted to the laborious study of human law are likely to make mistakes as to theology—there being, further, no security that any one of the non-theological judges should be even a Christian. He then proceeds to say, 'It is not at all improbable, in the present unhappy state of the educated classes, that one exercising the highest judicial functions should himself be an unbeliever, or a misbeliever, or an evil liver. What should such an one have to do with sitting in judgment on matters of faith? If such an one intellectually know anything of the doctrines of faith, it is by accident only. How should one judge impartially as to the doctrine of hell who has reason to wish that there should be none for those who live and die in the breach of some great commandment, or who himself disbelieves the Gospel?' Dr. Pusey charges Mr. H. B. Wilson with having, in a letter to a contemporary since the judgment, 'identified himself with those who deny eternal punishments, having obtained the concurrence of the archbishops in his acquittal on the plea that he had not denied them.' After very severely handling the Lord Chancellor for his alleged 'tricky and non-natural interpretation of the law—for his poisoning the springs of English justice for ages in matters of faith'—and for his 'proclamation of justice'—Dr. Pusey exclaims—'How long shall the patience of the English Church be abused? Tudor protection is withdrawn from it, piece by piece; the iron grasp of the Tudors is held more tightly than ever upon its free action.' By an analogy from French history, he urges that the English Church may stand in need of the aid of the English Church, and the State may wish that it had not weakened her. 'It will be unwise for politicians to try the endurance of the Church too long. It is a new thing, since the days of the last revolution, to hear persons who had been the most devoted of her sons speak of a 'Free Church.' It was a far less injury which rent the Establishment in Scotland asunder.' The unjust decision, says the distinguished writer, does not alter the doctrine of the Church of England. We have men's consciences on our side, 'however the Lord Chancellor may profess justice.' 'Will the Church of England require that the court which has shown itself so partial, so dishonest, which—had it been a matter of human property—would not have dared so openly to profane justice, should be reformed?' 'Is the Church to be really a mere arena for jugglers' tricks?' The answer to these questions Dr. Pusey puts practically thus:—'Parliament gives sooner or later what is asked. Dissenters get everything they demand; let the Church ask for the liberties Dissenters enjoy.—Churchmen can now make their voices felt. Let the State give income to whom it will, but let the Church have power to suspend heretics from preaching. 'It is time to cast off this anti-Christian tyranny of the State. Pledges have been in fashion, and a general election is at no great distance. Let Churchmen on the principle of the Anti-Corn Law League, league themselves together for the protection of the faith. Let them support no candidate for Parliament who will not pledge himself to do what in his mind lies to reform this Court of Privy Council, and beseege Parliament until it is reformed. It has been suggested that no church should be offered for consecration, no sums given for the building of churches which by consecration should become the property of the present Church of England, no sums given for endowment in perpetuity, until the present heresy-begging court shall be modified. This will show our rulers that we are earnest. Such is the substance of this important document.—Post.

With all our civilization we are letting thousands of children die of small-pox merely for want of vaccination.—For eight consecutive years in the Grand Duchy of Baden, and for thirteen years in the city of Copenhagen, this disease has not taken away a single life. Yet in London last year there were no less than 2,900 deaths from small-pox. London, moreover, is far from being the worst instance of this disgraceful neglect. In Shrewsbury on an average of ten years, more than a ninth part of the deaths of children under five years old were due to small-pox; in Northampton and Plymouth about an eighth part; and in Merthyr Tydfil not less than a sixth part. In the latter place, therefore, nearly one child out of every family must have been, during the last ten years, sacrificed to a disease which ought not to exist at all. Just the same is the story of sea-scurvy. There is no earthly reason why it should exist at all, for vegetable diet is a certain preventative. From the Queen's service it is banished. But in the Merchant service ships have from 30 to 70 per cent. disabled, and there is reason to believe that many are lost solely because their crews are too ill with scurvy to work them.—Weekly Register.

The Saturday Review, speaking of the character of British statesmen, especially of those engaged in Colonial Governments, says:—'The Empire of Rome in ancient times furnishes a parallel to them much closer and better' than that of the Spanish Colonial Governors, 'for in Rome there was the same notion of duty as in England, there was much of the same ardent admiration of country, which is one form of patriotism, and the whole character of enlightened Paganism singularly resembled that of enlightened Protestantism. Agricola must have been very like Lord Elgin, and was perhaps chiefly superior to him, if at all, because he had Tacitus for a biographer.'

We (Weekly Register) have seldom seen a more remarkable admission; in fact it is exactly Father Newman's statement, as quoted by Mr Henry Wilberforce in our last number. Enlightened Protestantism naturally resembles enlightened heathenism, for one and the other are 'great creations only not divine'; they are both 'momentous arms of political strength, great national organs'; only it would be something almost laughable to speak of either as anything divine. The fact is, as the writer of the Saturday Review saw, that enlightened Protestantism is not a religion at all. It is merely a philosophical school. Not that all Protestants are always without religion; God forbid; but that their religion, when they have any, is something quite separate from their Protestantism, and is, in fact, a distorted fragment of the Catholic religion. Their Protestantism, in itself, is merely a school of heathen philosophy. That we should see and say this is nothing remarkable. What is remarkable is, that it should be acknowledged by the Saturday Review.

THE 'DAILY TELEGRAPH.'—Most amusing of all, however, is the tone adopted by this paper [the Daily Telegraph] in dealing with religious topics. Though in the hands of a Jewish gentleman, who exercises a strict surveillance over its contents, it is amusing to see it taking under its protection 'the best interests of the Established Church,' and patronising generally what is known as 'Evangelical Christendom.'—Comet.

THE ANGLICAN ESTABLISHMENT.—If it were a question to be determined by our vote whether Church of Englandism—as Bentham used to call the great State department, with Lords Spiritual and Deans and Tithe—or Dissent in any one or in the aggregate of its various denominations, should be the dominant form of religious belief in this country, we should without a moment's hesitation decide in favor of the Institution of the Thirty-nine Articles. Not that we can discover in that institution any of the attributes of a true Christian Church, for it is neither a believer in nor a teacher of many of the most important truths of the Christian doctrine, but on the contrary ignores fundamental dogmas and has been the immediate cause of terrible persecution to the Catholic Church. For three centuries the so-called Church of England has been a persecuting Institution, and the active opponent of religious liberty in the United Kingdom. Persecution, oppression and injustice, have marked its course from its foundation under the last of the Edwards to the present reign; when a new Penal Law was enacted to uphold its

empty pretensions to be considered the divinely constituted teacher of religious truth to the English nation. Still with all its faults and vices, we prefer Anglicanism to Dissent, for it is more liberal and more tolerant in its principles and practice, as its ministers are generally imbued with those refined notions and gentlemanly feelings which a liberal education and mixing in good society seldom fail to generate. On the other hand Dissent is for the most part ignorant, vulgar, and fanatical. As a rule when Dissenters grow rich, they leave the Conventicle and flock to the State Church to rub the skirts of the genteel people whom they there meet. Praise God Barebones was not a Church of Englandist.—It was by the Dissenters that the Rebellion of 1641 was sustained and carried to its horrible issue at Whitehall. And though they were subjected to severe and unjust laws at a later period, on account of their non-conformity to the State Church they always showed themselves ready to lend their aid to that Institution in its hostile attacks upon the Catholic Church. In 1851, the English Dissenters with a few honorable exceptions, supported with all their might, the infamous Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, though the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy was no more than the assertion of a principle, and the maintenance of a right which they act upon themselves, and though, thirty years before, the Catholics, as a body, gave them collective aid in removing those disabilities to which they had been subjected by the Legislature for being Dissenters. Of the two forms of error we therefore prefer Church of Englandism as the symbols of the State religion in this country; and though the better is very bad, we prefer to see the great endowments of the despoiled and persecuted Church of our ancestors in the hands of the Anglican sect, to beholding the Ranters of the Tabernacle, and the mawworms of Century Hall entrenched in high places and clothed with power.—Weekly Register.

A LONDON 'MISSIONARY.'—A case which came before Mr. Burcham at the Southwark Police Court on Saturday appears to disclose some unexpected qualifications in a City Missionary. A Mr. Bower summoned the secretary of a benefit society for refusing to pay him six weeks' sick allowance, and the defence set up that the complainant had made himself ill through fighting. The complainant only denied this by saying that the fight was not of his seeking—he had been attacked by a City Missionary named Newman, on his own door step, and the teacher of Christian principles, after calling him a variety of bad names, fought three rounds with him, and knocked his eye out. The magistrate came to the conclusion that the missionary began the fight, and ordered the secretary of the benefit society to pay three pounds to the complainant. There are many singular ways of converting the heathen, and more or less connected with what we may call the Church Militant, but this is the first time we have heard of trained pugilism being employed to further the good cause. The teaching of a certain muscular school of modern piety, which we would rather call the many gened, would seem to point to this agency as one which may be occasionally employed with advantage; or if they mostly go as far as this, they evidently think pugilistic training is the best physical preparation for the Christian life. If they have not yet got the length of producing an orthodox champion ready to fight all comers from tea to twelve o'clock, and to stake at once his money and his principles, they have travelled in that direction, and can boast of disciples who can do the back fall as well as 'any man in all Britain.' Our objection to fighting as a means of propagating the true faith is, that it proves nothing. We see a country, plant a colony, and then begin to convert the natives, but they retire before us, either our missionaries with troublesome questions, and sometimes succeed in making sceptics of our bishops. If fighting could be of much good in matters of religion we ought to see the advantage of it in Ireland, but we doubt whether any converts will be won over to either camp by the recent disgraceful riots in Belfast. A man whose head is not very capable of weighing niceties of evidence and doctrine when in a sound condition, will probably be less capable when it is cracked and bound up with lint and sticking plaster. If Mr. Bower was somewhat blind to certain great truths before he was attacked by Mr. Newman we have no doubt that he was more blind when one of his eyes was closed, and the other was suffering from sympathetic inflammation. The character of such proceedings need scarcely be commented upon. If Mr. Newman's superiors imagine that it is good for a city missionary to be 'able to take care of himself,' they must be singularly ignorant of the poorer classes. The poor of London will quietly submit to any impertinent intrusion made in the name of religion; and city missionaries, even in the vilest neighborhood, are always safer than the police, because of their utter helplessness.—Daily News.

THE ASHANTEE DISCOVERY.—During the recent discussions on the Ashantee difficulty—for to term the expedition a war where no enemy appeared the field savours vastly of the general who conquers all his foes, having no foes to fight with—it seems to have escaped the debaters pro and con that there must be two parties to an agreement. The British forces utterly failing in their attack on the sage old Ashantee monarch, decide to withdraw their troops and abandon the valuable stores, but consult not the sable King. This reminds one of the anecdote of the two gentlemen, who went out to fight a duel. One firing before time slightly wounded his adversary, and marched away, exclaiming, 'Now my honour is satisfied.' 'But,' said his adversary, 'mine is not,' and he shot him in the backward settlements. The King of Ashantee represents the wounded man.—Army and Navy Gazette.

SCOTCH AND IRISH.—Sir Walter Scott and Tom Moore.—must tell you one of his [Moore's] stories, because as Sir Walter Scott is the hero of it, I know it will not be unacceptable to you. When George IV. went to Ireland, one of the 'piquetry' delighted with his ability to the crowd on landing, said to the tollkeeper as the King passed through, 'Och, now! and his Majesty, God bless him, never paid the turpiks, an' how's that?' 'On kings never do; we lets 'em go free,' was the answer. 'Then there's the dirty money for ye,' said 'at.' 'It shall never be said that the king came here and found nobody to pay the turpiks for him.' Moore, on his visit to Abbotsford, told this story to Sir Walter, when they were comparing notes as to the two royal visits. 'Now, Mr. Moore,' replied Scott, 'there ye have just the advantage of us; there was no want of enthusiasm here; the Scotch folk would have done anything in the world for his Majesty, but—pay the turpiks!'

EARTHQUAKE IN ENGLAND.—The Chester Chronicle notices a singular occurrence in the county of Chester. A few days ago a shock of earthquake was distinctly felt in the neighborhood of Hanklow, the inhabitants feeling it so distinctly as to be shaken in their beds. On the following morning a large servant, passing with some horses, heard a noise in a small plantation, and on going to the place from whence it proceeded, he discovered a large volume of water issuing from an orifice in the ground in a spot where there had never been water before. The opening was 12 or 14 inches in diameter, and the water spouted out to about six inches from the ground, and ran into an adjoining rivulet, which, in consequence of the great drought had been dry for some time. The water continues running.

PIPER ARMS.—It has often been affirmed that there is nothing like 'leather,' but, if we may trust the testimony of several gentlemen in the naval and military services, there is now nothing like paper, for, not only are ships proposed to be made of this material, but field-guns are at this moment being constructed at Battersea. A rocket tube has been a decided success; but the results of firing at the prepared paper, which is, bulk for bulk, we are told, not so expensive as teak, are what we feel most interested to. Paper of 1 inch thickness was fired at, and not quite

penetrated, while a similar shot went quite through 10 inches of good oak. Here, then, we have a material that may be very useful as a covering to the armour-plates, and may yet render our Northumbrian, Minotaur, Agincourt, and last, though not least, our Bellerophon, if not quite invulnerable, yet sufficiently so to prevent the terrible damage that is now inflicted upon the armour plated targets at Shoeburyness. These are times in which every available means for defensive or offensive warfare must be seized, and it behoves our Humanity to be up and stirring.

UNITED STATES.

SALA DISCOURSES ON AMERICAN PASTRY AND THE DEXON 'PIE.'—Next to ice-cream, you are sure to find slabs of very greasy pound-cake. There was wont to be a confectioner on Holborn-hill who sold the largest slab-buns for a penny, and the largest slice of pound-cake for three-pence, and that human eyes had hitherto gazed upon. The pound-cake was in hue a most gorgeous yellow; but the confectioner put too much saffron both into the cake and in his bun. They pleased the eye, but they nauseated the stomach. I wonder did that confectioner subsequently emigrate to the United States? The pound-cake at the railway stations is almost as yellow as the Holborn article; but it is greasier. Our cussies like rich food, although it by no means makes them plump and shiny, as it did Master Wexford Squyers. They are inordinately fond of pound-cake, and consume vast quantities of it at dessert. The celebrated Harman—'I have been to church with Barnum since my arrival on this continent—once told me an anecdote bearing on this fondness. A gentleman went to a charity dinner—a kind of banquet not very much patronised here. The American Divine 'domino' without dining. 'What'll ye have, sir?' asked the negro waiter towards the last stage of the banquet. 'What is there?' 'Like some ham, sir.' 'Ham?' ejaculated the gentleman with infinite scorn and wrath, 'do ye think I paid five dollars to have ham?' 'Bring me some pound-cake and plenty of butter with it. Then there are 'crackers,' or square butter biscuits, good with cheese, but somewhat dry to the mouth; sandwiches of which the less said the better, candies, or lollypops, of every conceivable color and shape, generally made of mule sugar, and very sticky; and ginger-bread, which is soft, treacly; and hasn't any ginger in it. But I have kept the bonne bouche for the last. The bonne bouche! say rather the evil mouthful; the viand which is fraught with headache, heartburn, anxiety, dizziness, plethoric swimming in the head, fulness after meals, noise in the ears, moles or webs upon the eyes, tumbling pains in the joints, and all other symptoms of derangement of the digestive organs so eloquently enumerated in the advertisement of Dr. Keck's Humation Bitters. That unadvised thing, that banished to Dyspepsia, and all other of its attendant woes, is Pie. I can see the pie, in innumerable equilateral triangles, gleaming with a gaudy green beneath the yellow glaze. There it is! pumpkin pie, blackberry pie, whortleberry pie, buckeye pie—pie of all kinds, but always of the same grunting, splay shape, and with a foundation and border of flaky digestible crust. Talk not to me of an inflated century, of a Stanton coat at fourteen dollars a ton, and hat at 25 cents an ounce; of the scarcity of modelled topcoats, of new-arrivals and Fourth of July fireworks, of municipal jobs and railway monopolies; the real social curse of the Atlantic States is pie. In the west it is pronounced 'poy,' and the backwoodsman are fond of it; but a man who lives in a log-hut and is selling iron or tilling in the prairie all day long can eat pie with impunity. It is in the North and in the East, in cities and townships and manufacturing districts, where dense populations congregate, and where the occupations of men, women, and children are sedentary, that an unhealthy appetite for pie works untold woe. There the pie fiend reigns supreme; there he sits heavy on the diaphragm and on the souls of his votaries. The salmon faces, the shrunken forms, the sunken eyes, the morose looks, the tetchy temperament of the Northerners are attributable not half so much to need water, and tobacco chewing as to unbridled indulgence in pie. New England can count the greatest number of volantes to this most deleterious fetish; but pie worship is prevalent all over the North. In the State of Massachusetts, for instance, you have pork and beans every Sunday, but you have pie morning, noon, and night every day, and all the year round. I desire you have often observed what gross feeders the professed totalitarians are, and how unwholesome they look for all their abstinence from fermented liquors. Set this down in England to a ghoul like craving for heavy meat, tenn, greasy muffins, Sally Laurus, and hot suppers, and in the United States to an overweening addictiveness to pie. Pie is nowhere spoken against in Scripture, as Jonathan Wild's ordinary observed with reference to punch. Thus you will find American ministers of the gospel gorging pie, till the odious theologian rises in their throats, and must curse their brethren or choke. Full of pride and pie they wax bloated, and lack at their apostolic mission. Plethoric with pie, they bellow forth denunciations from their pulpits, and roar for blood. There is nothing open and above board in pie. It can be eaten stealthily and in secret. A slice off a cat pie is never missed. I have heard of young ladies who took pie to bed with them. I told you many months ago how angry the Americans were with Mr. Anthony Trollope, for saying that the little children in the States are fed on pickles. He erred, but in degree. There will sometimes intervene a short period when there are no fresh berries to be had, and when the preserved ones have 'gin' out. Then the jarvanies are raised on pickles. At other times their pabulum is pie. The 'Confessions of a Pie Eater' have just been published. They are heartrending. Through an unconquerable hunger for pie, the wretched man who is their subject often incurred in infancy the penal visitation of lockjaw, and brought the hairs of an aged grandmother with sorrow to the grave. He wasted in gormandising pie those precious hours which should have been devoted to study; and in the end, not only failed to graduate at West Point, but even to marry a niece of the late Daniel Webster. Pie darkened his mind, stupified his faculties, paralysed his energy. Pie forced him to abandon an lucrative and honorable career for an unsuccessful whaling voyage from Cape Cod. Pie drove him into exile. Deadened to all the finer moral feelings by this un-governable lust for pie, he obtained, under false and fraudulent pretences, a through ticket for California by the Vanderbilt line; but, detected in 'smouching a-ton cod' from the altar of the Chinese Temple in San Francisco, he was disgracefully expelled from the Golden State. It was for pilfering pie—a digger's mountain lunch—that he was subsequently ridden on a rail out of the territory of Arizona. Begged, broken in health, he deserted his wife and family, drew cheques upon wild-cat banks, and voted on the Bell and Everett ticket—all in consequence of pie. At length, after a course of 'shuading round the free lanchers' in quest of eclemsynary pie, and wolfing the hideous meal with Dead Rabbits, Plug-niglies, and other unscrupulous pultices, in the Fourth Ward, he was arrested in Philadelphia—being then located on Pine, two blocks from Cedar—for passing bogus notes on the Hyde and Leather Bank, and was sent to States Prison for ten years. All owing to pie. I tell the tale as it was told to me. It may read very like a burlesque; but there is a substratum of sad truth in it. The late illustrious Abernethy had a presentiment of the ravages which pie was making in the American constitution when he rebuked his dyspeptic patient from beyond the sea with the gorging propensities of his countrymen. Mexico is said to owe her ruin to the game of Monty; and if Columbus did not add her fearful craving for pie, the very direst future may be argued for her.