

The following account from the Freeman's Journal is by no means exaggerated:—"Within the memory of man a season like the present was never experienced: For the first three months not one single day passed over without little or much rain, and we regret to say the much was much more frequent than little. At the present time the most serious apprehensions are entertained for the safety of the harvest, and it cannot be denied that the long-continued wetness of the weather has done immense damage to the potato crop. The accounts from the country are most discouraging, as large districts of low ground under tillage are all but covered with water, and the corn crops, though quite green, are generally reported to be lodging fast. Great hopes were entertained during the afternoon of Monday that the weather had settled, as the wind shifted to E.N.E., and a fine hot sun burst forth for the first time this season. Tuesday was also fine but cloudy and no rain fell in the earlier part of Wednesday, but anything to equal the rain and storm of that evening and night should be experienced to be fully understood. About 3 o'clock the wind went round to S.S.E., and rain descended in torrents without ceasing for a moment up to 4 o'clock on Thursday morning. The mischief done by that night's rain cannot be estimated and unfortunately, from all we can learn it was general. Thursday heavy showers fell in the forenoon, and a few glimpses of sunshine appeared in the evening, as it were, to herald another wet night. Hopes were entertained that the new moon of yesterday morning would bring fine weather with it but in this we were also destined to be disappointed as the weather looked as unsettled yesterday as at any time within the past three months. The wind, true to its old wet pet, S.S., blew fresh throughout the entire of Thursday night, and a heavy chopping sea was running outside. During the entire of yesterday heavy showers fell, and the atmosphere was very cold for the season of the year. Nothing but warm sunny weather can restore the crops, and it is most devoutly to be hoped for that we are not far from the termination of this excessively wet season. Heavy rain, accompanied by violent squalls from S.W., continued during last night, and at daybreak there was no indication of a change for the better." From the country, north and south, the reports are no less discouraging.

MR. ROEBUCK AND MR. LEVER AT GALWAY.—The Galway Indicator of Saturday says:—"It having been generally known that Mr. Lever and Mr. Roebuck would arrive in Galway this day at 4 o'clock, preparations were made by the trades to give them a suitable reception. At half-past three crowds began to congregate at the railway terminus, several handsome flags were erected at the entrance, and shortly before the arrival of the train the town band and the trades with their banners took their places on the platform. At this hour the interior of the terminus was densely thronged, and several ladies were present. There was occasional cheering during the progress of the procession, which was acknowledged by Mr. Lever and Father Day. At St. Vincent's place a large concourse assembled, and loudly cheered the cortege as it arrived. Father Day addressed the people from the carriage. He said:—"They honoured him by honouring Mr. Lever, their member, who was the founder of their packet station, and the means of establishing the future prosperity of Galway; and here was Mr. Roebuck—(cheers)—the man that could deal with the cowards—let them remember that was the word—the cowards who calumniated Mr. Lever in an underhand way. He is the man who bearded them in their faces, and who said that Mr. Lever's honour never was tarnished in getting the subsidy for Galway. He was a man they could never forget. To any man the presence of Mr. Roebuck in his house was an honour. (Loud cheers) The party then entered Mr. Daly's house. Mr. Roebuck appeared at the window, and was loudly cheered."

FATHER CHINQUY.—We learn from the Dublin Irishman that this "Eminent Reformer" is at present on exhibition in Ireland.

FRANCE AND IRELAND.—The Cork Examiner, takes occasion, in a notice of Mr. Smith O'Brien's last epistle, to condemn the springing up of a philo-Gallican feeling among many sincere lovers of Ireland. With this sentiment the Examiner has no sympathy:—"In their resentment against England many would desire to see this country actually invaded by France. We trust we may never see so evil a day. We love and admire the French people, but we do not reverence their laws, and we have no faith in their ruler. While they are reaping glory in foreign fields they are barren of liberty at home. That fatal glory has done to their great nation a mischief almost irreparable. During the life of Napoleon they paid for his splendid career by the blood of a million of France's best men; now that he has passed away they are expiating it by being subject to a most absolute despotism. The most intelligent and best educated people of the civilized world scarcely dare breathe a word in reference to the politics of their own country. The greatest Catholic nation has been made the instrument of disturbing the security of the Pope and opening his dominions to the grasp of the plunderer. The partisans of Napoleon in this country fondly assert that he is the zealous supporter of Head of the Christian Church. That assertion is contradicted upon no less an authority than that of the Pope himself."

During the night of Thursday last the river Nire overflowed its banks, and did considerable damage to their fields on either side. The new granite bridge on the river Dallymacarbery gave way, and is now a hopeless ruin. This bridge, which has been completed only a few months since, cost the county £200.—Limerick Reporter.

DONNYBROOK FAIR.—This annual gathering of infamy and reckless depravity is dead—stone dead. On Sunday last being the Sunday preceding the 26th inst. was, or was to have been, "walking Sunday" but the famed "Brook" was deserted, and the "interested individuals" looked towards in vain for the arrival of their dupes from the city.

The Cork Examiner has been handed the following extract from a letter, written in the neighbourhood of Abbeystead to a gentleman residing in Cork:—"It is frightful to look at the state of the country in the district from here to Rathkeale this morning, covered with water for the last three days without any intermission. Hay sown, floating; hay cut for the last three weeks, rotten; and hay uncut, lodged and rotting in the ground, so that God only knows what will be the consequence." The Cork paper, however, has a more cheering story to tell:—"We are glad to be able to say, from our own observation, that in this neighbourhood things are in a very much more promising condition. The hay, for instance, has been better saved, and is in fair abundance. The corn has not yet suffered to any serious extent from lodgement, but the grain undoubtedly is not as well developed as it would have been had we had a hotter temperature throughout the summer. Many fields are ready for the sickle, and some have been already reaped. The great bulk, however, has yet to ripen. With regard to the potato crop there has been a very agreeable disappointment, as the threatened blight has, up to the present time, in some degree checked, and its ravages have proved far less than were anticipated. Yesterday was remarkable by the occasional appearance of the sun and considerable warmth, and this day, though dark, is also fine."

REPRISAL OF FRANCIS WALSH.—The Sub-sheriff, G. R. Acton, received the reprieve of the prisoner on Saturday last. The executive has mercifully spared the life of the prisoner. Sentence was committed to transportation for life. Walsh was tried and sentenced to death at last assizes for firing at with intent to kill, a steward of Lord Arran's, near Ballina, in February last. Ryan was dreadfully wounded. The crown did not look upon it as an agrarian outrage.—Augs Constitution.

WHAT A MEMBER OF THE IRISH BRIGADE SAW IN ROME.—The Dublin Evening News, yesterday (Dr. Cullen's organ) contains a long letter, signed "Richard A. O'Carroll," one of the Irish Brigade in Rome. In publishing the communication our contemporary says, "God bless the true son, the true Christian, and the brave Irishman whose letter this is!" We make the following extract:—"Now I will give you a description of what I have seen since I came here in this great and immortal city. I saw the Pope the first Sunday I was here. He passed by in his carriage with a grand guard, all nobles, followed by Cardinals. He saw us standing in the streets—there were two along with me; when we saluted him he put out his hand and gave us his blessing. I have seen the stairs our Saviour was brought up by Pilate to be shown to the people. You must go up those stairs on your knees, a prayer at every step; there are 24 steps altogether. You have a great reward for doing this; you cannot go up unless on your knees. Not ten yards from where I am now is the spot where St. Laurence was roasted on a gridiron; there is a chapel alongside of it, and a cunnery also. Yesterday a priest from the Irish College brought me to the festival of St. John and St. Paul, martyrs, in the chapel of the Passionists; he there showed me the exact spot where these martyrs suffered; it was beautifully covered with flowers, a few of which I send you; I took them off the spot myself; he then showed me where the bodies were incased in a marble box or coffin under the altar—any one could see them. I have been in the Colosseum, which was built before Christ; it was used for putting Christians to death by wild beasts under the Roman Emperor Nero. I have also seen the chains that bound St. Peter when he was on this earth; they are only seen once a year by the people; I had the part that bound round his leg around my neck, which was a great favor to have, or even to kiss it. I have been in St. Peter's, that great and mighty church where the Pope officiates. There are 4,000 columns outside it, and each column is as large as the ones under the Post-office in Dublin. On Friday, the 29th of June, the Feast of St. Peter and Paul, I went to the Church of St. Peter's; heard mass—the Pope celebrated Mass. It was one of the most magnificent sights I ever beheld. He was surrounded by cardinals, bishops, priests, and guards of honour. He has one regiment of noble guards; these are composed of all young noblemen and princes; also he has a guard of the most respectable young men in the city, all splendidly dressed. Twenty-four of the Irish Brigade formed part also of his guard.—I had the honour of being one of the number; after Mass he gave us his benediction and blessing; he then was carried by eight men on a raised chair, splendidly decorated with gold—cardinals, bishops, priests, guards of honour, and we had the honour of being his body guard. He is the identical picture of his likeness you see in Sackville-street; a fine old man with a splendid voice,—you can hear him all over the chapel. A few days before this I was along with two others, walking in one of the Cardinal's palaces adjoining a chapel, where we met his Holiness. One of his cardinals, who was in attendance on him, introduced us to His Holiness; he was delighted to see us. He cannot speak English, but we could understand him when he said to us, 'Brave Irishmen; he gave us his blessing, we kneeling at the time and gave each of us his ring to kiss, and he has promised to give each of us a medal to wear on our breasts. St. Peter's Church I could not rightly describe to you, it is such a magnificent place; behind the grand altar is the chair St. Peter sat in—no Pope has ever sat in it yet; they have chairs of their own. There is a statue of St. Peter in the centre of the chapel made of silver and other metals. There are altars in abundance on every side of you in the chapel. The whole of the outside of St. Peter's Church was illuminated these last two nights with 7,000 lamps—it was very grand. Yesterday I was taken to a small chapel; underneath it is the cell in which St. Peter and St. Paul were confined in prison; there is a small well in it also. This well was formed when St. Peter was in prison, by his casting a stick on the ground, when he was about baptizing one of his gaolers; it is only open once a year; there is no flow from this well, and yet, no matter what quantity of water you take out of it, it is still the same. The water is very cold; a great many visit it for the purpose of devotion, and drink the water. It is illuminated with oil lamps, and there are two young men stationed at this well, with silver cups, giving the people drinks according as they come down."

THE ASSIZES IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.—Facts must be exceedingly strong, and evidences most undeniable, when if they are in favor of Ireland and the Irish, they force themselves so irresistibly on that villifier of both, the Times, as to compel it in spite of itself to do them some justice. The present Assizes in England present a contrast so lamentable when compared with those which have just terminated so favorably in Ireland, that the habitual libeller of our people is constrained, however much against his will, to point to the latter as models worthy of emulation, even by the moral and immaculate denizens of Britain. Start not, gentle reader, at the name of the witness when you read his evidence—since he has rarely, if ever, borne such faithful testimony before. It is thus the *Saxton Times* for once speaks of the Celtic race:—"The assizes now nearly over throughout Ireland are remarkable for the very considerable diminution of crime. In the county of Antrim one of the largest in Ireland, there were only three custody cases. Mr. Justice Fitzgerald very properly called attention to the Party Processions Act and urged the Grand Jury to unite vigorously with the authorities in putting down these processions—provocative as they nearly always are of party riots. But the exceptional nature of these crimes—arising from old party feuds not yet quite dead—is shown very clearly by the state of the calendar laid before the Court. The other counties of Ireland show gratifying results similar in kind. In Armagh, disgraced the other day by the Lurgan riots, the calendar—not including, of course, these very recent offences—was so light as to simply give the judge the pleasant task of congratulating the Grand Jury. In Monaghan, another Northern county, Judge Ball had to announce to the Grand Jury that 'There were but two prisoners, and those for petty larcenies.' At the Roscommon Assizes there were only seven for trial and the heaviest of these was a case of manslaughter arising out of a drunken fray; the whole of the cases were disposed of in half-a-day. In Clare Judge Hayes announced only four prisoners for trial, and only one serious case among them. In Meath the Lord Chief Justice said, 'the calendar is perfectly free from agrarian crime.' In Limerick, Baron Fitzgerald, addressing the county Grand Jury, said, 'It is very gratifying to find that in such an extensive county there are only seven cases for trial, and only one of magnitude.' At the City of Limerick Assizes there was no criminal business, and Judge Hayes received a present of 'white gloves' from the High Sheriff. At Wexford Mr. Justice O'Brien had a light task; he had 'only a few words' to address to the Grand Jury, and though the two only cases were both technically manslaughter, one was in fact more like a police case of furious driving. Mr. Justice Keogh told the King's County Grand Jury that 'no crime had been committed since the last assizes,' and there were but four bills sent up, old cases remaining over. In Westmeath the same Judge again congratulated a grand jury, and declared that 'that there never was so little agrarian outrage in the county.' In the extensive county of Down Judge Ball found that 'substantially the cases on the calendar were reduced to three.' In Wicklow the Lord Chief Baron said, 'The calendar is very light, and there are only two cases, neither of which will take much time.' In Leitrim, Mr. Sergeant Howley told the Grand Jury that 'there were only two cases, the most important of which was the charge of maliciously killing a goat; and the learned sergeant

added: 'I am bound to congratulate you on the very peaceful state of your county, which is a credit to you, gentlemen.' We might add to these extracts, but we have given enough. This *tourjours perit* of congratulations may tire our readers, but it 'points the moral that the great body of the Irish people is engaged in peaceful industry.'

And when, may we ask, were the great body of the Irish otherwise engaged than in peaceful industry? Never, save when employment could not be had, or when they were driven by their heartless landlords from the scenes of their life-long labours. But the *Times* can never wholly overcome its inveterate habit of traducing our people, consequently it closes its account of the absence of crime in Ireland with the often repeated and as often refuted charge that the Irish people are indolent and unwilling to engage in peaceful industry, that is, to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow. A more slanderous assertion was never uttered, as is attested by their unremitting exertions to earn an honest subsistence, and acquire a respectable position wherever they are. But the "conclusion" of the *Times*, from beginning to end, both "lame and impotent." The moral which this state of things "points" here, first, in the innate morality of the people; secondly, in the fact that persecution and injustice have been stripped of half their power, and are more ashamed, in many instances, to exercise the other half than they were wont to be in times not long past. It is true the serpent still raises its venomous head too frequently, and works quite as much mischief as of yore, but he more frequently glides away again, discouraged, disheartened, and crest-fallen, save when, overflowing with bile and bigotry, he becomes fierce and frantic, uncontrollable and bloodthirsty as ever. What would the state of crime in England be, if the people were subjected to such provocations to riot and disorder, when without any incentive, save their own proneness to vice, crime, and depravity, the prisons are crowded with malefactors of every kind, and the judges of the land hold an almost incessant "bloody assizes." Take, for instance, the following brief summary of the most recent atrocities committed in Britain. There are the two Frome murders, the perpetrators of which have, up to this, been undiscovered. Next, we have the boy Chace, who, though afflicted with disease of the brain, was beaten to death because he could not solve some question in arithmetic. The individual who committed this barbarity stood in such high repute as a teacher and trainer that he was paid £150 a year for his pupils. A still more revolting act of inhumanity was perpetrated in the case of another victim, a little girl in Southwark, whose schoolmistress placed her under the kitchen maid to be her drudge, and gave her none but the most disgusting and inedible food, her father leaving her entirely to the tender mercies of this monster because the hapless creature had a step-mother. At Dudley, in Staffordshire, an idiot child, eleven years old, underwent a process of gradual starvation, ending in death, for the space of three years. It will scarcely be believed that the sordid wretches who thus murdered a fellow-being were his father and mother, who regularly tied him by the leg with a rope, fastened to a staple in the wall.—Whenever the parents were absent, a good Samaritan woman was in the habit of getting the poor maniac out of the window and feeding him, for which acts of charity the brutal parents abused her. One night the boy's cries awoke them, when the mother said to the father, "Get up, it is ill." What was the father's reply to this appeal? "Lie still, let him die." And as an inevitable result of such barbarous treatment, the famished idiot did die.—After death he weighed no more than 20lbs, his stomach was empty, he was a mere skeleton without a particle of flesh on his frame, and his knees and elbows had forced themselves thro' the skin. Youngman is the next on our harrowing list. In one fell swoop he prematurely sent to the long account the confiding girl for whom he pretended affection, his mother and his two brothers. By way of palliating his heinous crimes, this miscreant renders it doubly atrocious by asserting that his mother murdered her two children and the girl, and that he killed her to save his own life! On Sunday last a girl only eleven years old, but sufficiently lost to virtue to be twice her age, was found murdered, and her pockets evidently plundered of their contents by the hands of the murderer. She had been seen during the night with some soldiers, by whom she had to all appearance been maltreated, and evidently murdered. Such is a brief summary, a very small fraction, of the crimes that have been perpetrated within a few weeks by the industrious, religious, and Scripture-reading people of reformed and moral England.—*Dublin Telegraph*.

GRAND BRITAIN.

We are happy to say that His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has safely arrived in England. Although much fatigued from his long journey he looks remarkably well. This intelligence will be received with the greatest delight by all our readers.—*Weekly Register*.

Sixty years since, in a small room belonging to a house clustered with other houses, in Old Acres, Bolton-le-Moors, might be seen six or seven poor families kneeling round a rude altar, as the outcasts of God's people. There is now rising from the same ground the wall of a church to be dedicated to St. Patrick. What a change since 1800! Instead of one little room with seven poor families, there will be four churches and 12,000 Catholics in Bolton.

ACTIVITY IN THE DOCKYARDS.—The present aspect of politics on the Continent is viewed with much distrust by the Government, and we have the proof of it in the order which was issued on Thursday by the Admiralty for renewed activity in all the dockyards, more especially with regard to the steam batteries and the gunboats, upon which hands are to work day and night. These vessels are independent of the fleet which will be sent to the Mediterranean, and which is also to get ready as fast as possible. With this order was forwarded another for the re-establishing of Dockyard Corps, which were recently abolished.—*London Cor. of Leeds Mercury*.

Recruiting for Garibaldi continues to be openly carried on in London, notwithstanding the injunction of the elderly idiotic *Punch* that it should be conducted secretly. We are informed that a well-known individual whose name became notoriously prominent in connection with the abstraction of the Ionian Despatches some time ago, is now organizing an English brigade. Meanwhile a great meeting in support of Garibaldi has been held in the City of London. It is worthy of note that one of the speakers declared that if they were breaking the law in aiding revolution, they did so in very good company, for although the Premier and the Chancellor of the Exchequer had not openly subscribed themselves, both Lady Palmerston and Mrs. Gladstone had, which amounted to nearly the same thing.—*Weekly Register*.

An attempt has been made by Mr. Crawshaw, the Mayor of Gateshead, to enforce the Foreign Enlistment Act against the publisher and editor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*. That journal has published certain articles favourable to Garibaldi's agent, "Captain Styles," whose object is to organize an English battalion for service under Garibaldi. Mr. Crawshaw appeared before the Newcastle Magistrates on Monday, for the purpose of preferring his charge and stating the grounds upon which it is based. The magistrates refused to grant the warrant for which Mr. Crawshaw had applied; and in giving their decision they held that the act of enlisting had not been committed; that there had been no personal contract between the *Chronicle* and the individuals attempted to be brought upon; and lastly, that the articles complained of amounted to an historical statement of Captain Styles' proceedings. Mr. Crawshaw then informed the magistrates that he should carry the case into the Court of Queen's Bench, and apply for a *mandamus* against them for refusing to grant a warrant.

As a further illustration of the sympathies of Protestantism with the revolutionary elements, and of their hopes of undermining the Catholic religion, we may quote the following from the *Leeds Mercury*, which publishes it as a "reliable communication, recently received from Italy." Our beloved King Victor Emmanuel has offered to Mazzarella (a distinguished Protestant preacher at Genoa) the Chair of Philosophy at the University of Bologna, and I believe that he has already accepted it. Hereby the King offers a reward (so to say) for Mazzarella's literary productions, especially for his work "Critique on Science," the object of which is to lead thoughtful to Christ. Such an act shows that the object of the book has been understood and appreciated. The Government draws the sword for conflict against the hierarchy by entrusting Mazzarella with the instruction of youth at the first University of Italy. Praised be God who prepares great things for poor Italy. With regard to Garibaldi, I am informed that he has a son in a Protestant college near Liverpool, which is under the management of a certain Dr. Poggi, a Protestant and truly evangelical man. The father, in separating from his son (I think in 1850), spoke thus to him:—"The Bible is the cannon which will deliver Italy."

PROTESTANT PREFERENCES.—Appropos of recent doings of the Protestant Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the *Saturday Review* says:—"A very curious feature which this controversy has brought prominently before the recollection of the public consists in the extraordinary reasons which are held to justify an ecclesiastical appointment. One man is appointed because he is poor, another because he is rich, a third because he is miserable, and a fourth because he is happy. Nobody seems to think that merit of any kind, or even distinction of any kind, are at all necessary ingredients in the qualification for advancement. Anybody who knows much of the disposal of ecclesiastical patronage, either by private patrons or by official persons, knows that there are two principal claims on which a clerical candidate generally bases his petition. The petitioner is pretty sure to state as his ground for soliciting a cure of souls, either that he is in love and wishes to marry, or that he is married and that the result of the operation is a family of patriarchal amplitude. Both of these circumstances he appears to regard as a visitation from Heaven, wholly unconnected with any agency of his own, under which all good Christians are bound to pity and succour him. It rarely seems to occur to the clergyman who begs, or to the patron who gives, or to the public who criticise the transaction, that the remedy for these little mishaps ought to be left to the parties with whom they occur and that the only valid claim to a cure of souls is an ability to care for souls. But the grounds on which the higher dignities are bestowed are, if possible, still more eccentric. Ecclesiastical promotion is, in their case, considered not only as a *cadeau* to those about to marry, or an indemnification for the cares of superabundant paternity, but it is now a solace to the afflicted, and a field of display to the rich. A short time ago we had a bishop appointed to rule over an important city, on the ground that the scarlet fever had prevailed in his family. And then, to crown all, we have the appointment of the Dean of York, whose solitary claim appears to have been that he was so rich already, that £1,000 a year plus whatever he might astutely wheedle out of the Ecclesiastical Commission, might perhaps enable him to maintain the traditional hospitality of the Deanery of York. When he was first nominated, the social burdens of the office were distinctly put forward as the reason which made a rich dean a matter of necessity; and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners seem to have been of opinion that even a rich dean was over-weighted by them. The county of York can only be maintained in its ancient orthodoxy by constant applications of venison and champagne; and this savoury kind of evangelisation is the duty of the Dean. It is a very old method of securing allegiance. We make no question that the Church no less than the Empire, will find her account in offering *panem et circenses* to her votaries—deanery dinners and missionary meetings. We will not quarrel with this practical and culinary propagation of the Gospel.—We do not doubt that every Yorkshire squire who has tried the quality of the deanery port returns to his pillow a more attached, as well as a more cheerful, son of the Church. Only we wonder how long the Ecclesiastical Commissioners think that these jovial ministrations are likely to endure. Spiritually speaking, £1,200 a year judiciously expended in dinners may be a better investment of money in the way of saving souls than the eight working clergy whom such a sum would support. We do not doubt that these entertainments are merely revivals in disguise, and that the deanery dining-room is the scene of many an interesting conversion. Some are affected to tears the moment they taste the soup; others feel a conviction of sin in the first course; with some a sense of their awful state is not borne in upon them till they have drunk well of champagne; but none except the most hardened sinners, hold out as far as cheese. It is, no doubt, a very difficult task to touch the heart of the British squire; and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners may be right in thinking they can only get at it through his stomach. But do they imagine that the rest of the nation, who have not studied the human digestion, and do not know how penitence can be stimulated by a good dinner, will long consent to the continuance of this expensive, though pleasant, variety of sermon? Do they think that the cathedrals have much chance of lasting, if it is once made clear that they are institutions established for the purpose of giving good dinners *ad majorem Dei gloriam*? There are purposes to which deaneries and canonicates might be put, even if their 'social position' should be wholly sacrificed. They may endure, if they are made the refuge and encouragement of the learning which the Church of England just now so sadly needs to cultivate. No one can tax them as sinecures if they are given as the rewards of a life spent in the studies by which religion is strengthened and defended, or the means by which such studies can be carried on. They may be made to do great service by filling up a most crying need. But if they are merely to furnish a pleasant rendezvous for provincial society, or a soft shell for the family of a party chief, they will assuredly and deservedly disappear."

On Tuesday evening Mr. Price made a second unsuccessful attempt to liberate his wife from the influence of the Princeites, at the Abode of "Love," Bridgewater. The storming party met about six o'clock, headed by Mr. Price, and proceeded in two rows to the Agapemone. On obtaining admittance they found the inmates fully armed in order to drive out the intruders, but the numbers being larger than they had anticipated, they allowed Mr. Price and a few of his friends to search the premises; but though every closet, bed, &c., underwent scrutiny, no trace of Mrs. Price could be obtained. So at eight o'clock the search was given up. Mrs. Price, had, it appears, been previously removed to a farm some three miles distant, belonging to the man Prince. We have not much sympathy for Mr. Price, as we believe he was the original cause of his wife joining this fanatical wicked body; he is now reaping his punishment.

STREET RAILWAYS.—Some day or other we shall travel over common roads with a speed equal to that accomplished on railways, and with ten times more safety. Hancock's famous venture of a steam omnibus between Paddington and the Bank is not utterly forgotten; we have occasion to remember it ourselves, for we were enjoying an experimental trip in it when the wheel came off, and the human freight was tilted sprawling on the stones. Brays traction engine brings the same movement into contemporary enterprises, and the construction of the tunnel for the Metropolitan Railway prepares us at least for quick traffic along the lines of our streets. Why should London swarm with horses that eat corn beyond all proportion, when science has shown how we

may do with a tenth of their number, and be rid of a hundred nuisances, and a painfully permanent state of dead lock? We need not wonder at the price of bread when we reflect upon the consumption of hay and oats to keep the London traffic going. That traffic is already established on the railway system in the one particular, that the omnibuses are linked together head and tail. To make veritable trains of them we need only to take away the horses, couple the vehicles together, slip a riband of iron under the wheels, and put an engine or a pair of horses at the head, and away they go, to the great joy of the police, who cannot now keep their moving, and especially of the 50 people who have been waiting for half-an-hour at yonder corner in hopes of an opportunity to make the dangerous crossing. That it will be done no one who marks the movements of the times can doubt, but we must wait till it is forced upon us by pressure of circumstances, and we think that the pressure is now very near its culminating point. What we have to do is simply to make railways of our common roads, and in such a way that the rights of the public are in no way interfered with and that for all horse traffic not connected with the railway there is still as good and as wide a road as ever.—*City Press*.

LONDON IN DECAY.—There is a last stage of life that we have all to be warned against, especially if we have none to take care of us, if our manners are not social, and if we were never remarkable for method or decision. It is the careless, dirty, slovenly wrong about old men or old women let everything go, neat or whitewash, clean linen or clean hands. If the snuff falls on the shirt front, or the coat out at the elbow, they will not be at the trouble to snuff out the snuff or have the sleeve mended. Whole corners of their sitting-rooms are consigned to litter, boxes clog the passages, and some unsightly object or other meets the eye at every turn. The clock has long stopped, the carpet is full of snarles, and even the stairs totter. But what matters it so long as old Carlo, the dullest dog in the world, can take his place at the fireside, or the many old cat is still content with her existence? This is dotage. It is the dull, tomb-like purgatory of selfish people, without aim and occupation, who spend their heyday in frivolity and gossip, and now pay the penalty in a living death of interests, hopes, and affections. This is bad enough for one poor soul, if such there be in such a nanantity, but it appears to be the case with the entire metropolis of the British Empire. If poor old Junkison, the friend of the vicar of Wakefield, were now in durance vile at Tothill-fields or the Fleet, or could visit the site of old Bartholomew Fair, his refrain would be "London is in its dotage." There is every indication of the metropolis falling into that state in which old misers are murdered, and nobody knows it for several days. The enemy will come some day and find the shutters closed, but after knocking some time at the door, and entering by the pantry, they will find poor old John Bull half eaten by rats on the hearthrug, to which he had fallen after tipping off his last glass of brandy-and-water. The metropolis is becoming a second Nineveh. It has been said there are as many Roman Catholics in London as there are at Rome; it may now be added that there are as many deacons and ruins. There are at least thirty unfinished public works, including every stage of incompleteness from the building-site covered with tall weeds to the roofed, but empty, row of mansions. Public monuments begun with enthusiasm suffer a sudden blight, and remain, nobody knows why, incomprehensible fragments of stone work, surrounded by a network of rotten scaffolding-poles.—*Times*.

CRIME IN ENGLAND.—The *Morning Post*, in commenting upon Baron Martin's charge when opening the assize at Liverpool, gives the annexed picture of the social state of the English:—"Never before says Baron Martin, in the course of his whole judicial experience has he seen so heavy a calendar.—With the single exception of treason, it enjoys the unenviable distinction of embracing every crime under heaven which can render a man obnoxious to the laws of England. Four murders, fourteen cases of manslaughter, twenty-four of burglary, are among the products of this ominous goal delivery. Rape, robbery, stabbing, and a host of minor offences, have all their separate representatives. If we need any stimulus to increased exertion in the cause of morality it is amply supplied by the list of prisoners undergoing their trial at the present moment in one county alone. Little flattering as the conclusion may be to our national vanity, we doubt whether the Liverpool calendar be not a very tolerable index of the state of crime all over the country. Like those epidemics which, though checked by science, still spread their ravages occasionally over whole districts, so in certain seasons the old leaven of Lumanity mocks at all our precautions, and breaks forth with a violence, which, short-lived as it is, yet sufficiently appalling while it lasts. Within a few weeks we have been called upon to chronicle a succession of homicides, or attempted homicides, alike repulsive in their barbarous details, and apparently destitute of any adequate incentives. The wretched child who fell a victim to the knife of the assassin in an obscure Wiltshire village could scarcely have excited the resentment of his murderer, and might even have been supposed to be safe from his fears. Yet innocence and helplessness are no security to him against a cruelty the most apparently purposeless and gratuitous we ever remember. This scarcely more responsible youth to whom an obstinacy, which might itself have induced a suspicion of its cause, proved fatal, would have been disarmed, by his piteous lamentations, a less stern task-master than Mr. Hopley. That he intended to cause the death of his pupil no one for a moment supposes. But it is sufficiently humiliating to us to find that Mr. Squeers has still his representatives among us in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Nor do we require to be told that a man whose only specific for insolence is to slog a boy within an inch of his life, is not unlikely, upon some unlucky occasions, inadvertently to overstep the narrow margin between severity and guilt. Now, to dwell upon minor atrocities, we have had one case in which a few angry words between two fellow-servants at a lonely farm on a Cumberland hill side resulted in the butchery of a female. Another woman was sent to her last account in consequence of a lovers' quarrel, originating in an ineffectual attempt upon the part of her admirer to tender some good advice. Its ill reception by the object of his affection plighted him and the death of the girl was the only thing that gave relief to his wounded feelings. A still darker tragedy yet awaits investigation at the hands of justice. A single night proved fatal in one of the suburbs of the metropolis itself to no less than four unoffending individuals. Of five inmates of a dwelling one alone survives. Mother, brothers, and affianced bride, all perished by the same knife. He who remains to tell the tale may well feel that he has a fearful task before him. Upon his guilt or innocence we forbear as yet to pass an opinion; is one of the foulest and most remorseless which has ever stained the pages of our police record. While such things still occur at our very doors it is in vain to plume ourselves upon a civilisation and refinement which yet abound with passages worthy of the recent savage episode of the Lebanon or Damascus."

When it is remembered that at the beginning of this century the country, within less than half its present population, produced more than twice the present number of Volunteer, it must at once be obvious that we have not yet fathomed the natural extent of our resources. Something must be operating in the way of restriction or limitation to confine the force to its existing proportions, and their will not be much difficulty in discovering what this is. The movement has extended very widely, but not very deeply. It has not yet embraced the more numerous classes of society. General speaking, our Volunteer Regiments are composed of men of the middle class, and working men have only joined in few instances or in strength disproportioned to their numbers.—*Times*.