

the Catholics. Mr. Potter declined to state his residence with any greater exactness. Mr. Gladstone, we are told, is a man in a very doubtful concession, seeing how many of these things there are in the world. But Mr. Potter concedes this and worse. He has great and brilliant talent, of which, says the Rev. Mr. Potter, "God has given him the use and the Devil the application." This pretty antithesis was unconsciously received by the lovers of the Gospel according to Bellast. After such a description, of course you would not be surprised to hear that Mr. Potter "has no doubt that Mr. Gladstone contemplates the ruin of his country," in which worthy ambition Archbishop Manning and Cardinal Cullen are his chief supporters. Mr. Potter seems to possess the most extraordinary information and to publish it with the most extraordinary readiness. He has reason to believe that next year we shall have the Coronation Oath changed; the meaning of which is palpable enough when we remember the Stuart who lives in the Catholic heart. It were tiresome to follow the reverend orator through his wonderful disclosures. But it is a little surprising to find a thousand grown-up men with the fanatic discernment of Ulstermen listening to flights of imaginative balderdash wilder than the wildest badlanism.

THE DUBLIN PROTESTANTS.—Mr. John Martin, writes as follows to the Editor of the Times:—

Sir,—I have just read in *Saunders' News Letter* of the 6th inst. an article extracted from some recent number of your paper. In this article you lament the misconduct of the people who attacked the police in Dublin last Sunday night. You describe the exhibitions of feeling which marked the visit of the French deputation as temptations to Englishmen to lose their reason; you discuss the policy of ruling Ireland by open force and the policy of ruling Ireland by indirect government; you indicate certain further acts of repression contemplated by the English in pursuance of the latter policy; and, by way of illustrating the difficulty of dealing with such a people as the Irish, you very gravely comment upon certain words of mine, spoken from the balcony of the Shelburne Hotel on Sunday week, which words (from ignorance of the circumstances) you utterly and absurdly misinterpret.

Sir, I think it is a pity that the strange prejudices of Englishmen, the strange theories which you have formed about Irish character and all things Irish, are such as to make you deceive yourselves concerning such very simple words and so very simple an incident. You are in error in stating that I "addressed the French" upon that occasion. The French were in the hotel, but only to enter the carriages, the hour appointed for the starting of the procession being come. Count de Flavigny stood himself on the balcony and, in the midst of a roar of cheering, spoke a few words to the people below, who in dense mass surrounded the carriages and requested them to move on. Viscount O'Sullivan de Tyrone next, amid deafening applause, appeared and said a few words. Still the people did not move forward, and there were some cries for me. I then stepped forward on the balcony, hoping to make my voice heard, and to let the people understand that they should move on and leave room for the French gentlemen and the members of the committee to enter the carriages and join in the procession. I made gestures to signify my wish for a forward movement of the people, and shouted to them to "move on," or "march on," and that we should follow. Such was the proceeding which "an English commentator" is in doubt how to reconcile with my "professions of loyalty to the Throne," and which you, Sir, pronounce to have been one of "the worst follies of the French reception." You obtained somehow a false version of the little story, you accepted it for true, adhering to consider the conduct attributed to me only one among the many inconsistencies of my character, as you have studied and learnt it. "This too much trouble you take to study my character at all. But it would save trouble to others, if you were to take care in judging me to deal only with my real words and deeds."

As to my loyalty to the Throne, I am not aware that I have at any time made any "professions" on the subject I desire that the constitution of King, Lords, and Commons should be restored in Ireland by the removal of the English usurpation of the Act of Union. I desire to see the Queen exercising her constitutional function in Ireland, and governing my country through a free Irish Parliament. I try to do my duty as an Irish subject, and I desire that the Queen should begin to do hers as Sovereign of Ireland. That is what I understand by my loyalty to the Throne. But let no English commentator flatter himself that by loyalty to the Throne I mean allegiance and subjection to him and his countrymen. And be assured, Sir, that in my judgment the charge of disloyalty, in this unhappy national quarrel, lies against you and your countrymen, who prevent the rightful constitutional exercise of the Queen's authority in her kingdom of Ireland, and not against Irish patriots like me, who strive to restore the constitutional rights of our nation.

Let me add a few words upon other topics of your article. I think it is simple loss of time for you to lecture us Irish as to the wish of certain parties in England for a policy of coercion alone, and the struggles of another English party (to which you intimate that yourself belong) for "better things." We have made up our minds in Ireland that your policy towards us is adopted and regulated entirely from considerations of your own selfish interest and convenience. Whether you take measures to strike terror or to soothe and conciliate—whether you keep us "in obedience" by brute force, or coax us with "better things" (by which you mean partial redress of some of the wrongs you have inflicted on us)—we believe that you consider exclusively your own security, your own material profit, your own national reputation in Europe, your own temporary convenience. It is your own attitude how you shall hold my country. It is not a question, in my opinion, of any great moment to Ireland. The policy of principally brute force may hang, imprisonment, and banish a few more of the Irish than the policy of "better things," but the latter policy will corrupt and demoralize us worse than the former. The evil, the grievance, that the Irish people lay to your charge is—how long and how often must we declare it and you affect not to hear?—not the measures, cruel as they generally are, by which you keep us in subjection, but the subjection itself. You refuse to let us be your equals, free as you are, owners and rulers of our own country, as you are of yours. We shall never be content to remain your subjects. Consider whether it is wise for you to persist in holding us subject to you against our will. Alas! you talk of our hatred to you. What have we done against England? How have we shown hatred to the English? Can you specify any wrong we have ever done you? Have we pretended to rule you, to make laws for you, to tax you, to spend your taxes, to disarm you, to treat you as our subjects, and to revile you because you think proper to rule yourselves? Which people is it, the Irish or the English, whose acts are acts of hatred to the other?

Sir, the attack by some of the people upon the police in Dublin last Sunday was lamentable; but who is to blame for that unhappy riot? Not altogether, I think, the sorely tried people, but in part, also, the authorities who despoiled the police a short time before to break the people's heads. The Irish police behave generally with gentleness and forbearance, at which I am amazed when I consider the means taken by the Government to make them hostile to the people; and the Irish people, on their side, behave more quietly under the police rule to which you subject them than Englishmen or Frenchmen, or any other people that I know, would behave if similarly experimented upon.

The reception of the French deputation delighted me. I am proud to belong to a people like the Irish,

among whom the tradition of friendship is so faithfully preserved, who are so loyal in adversity, whose hearts are so deeply stirred by generous sentiment and so little swayed by considerations of material interest. It was a purely disinterested expression of the sympathy of the Irish people for France—for the nation, and not for any party of Frenchmen. If you and your countrymen cannot understand the reception in that sense, I think it is so much the worse for you and them.

Sir, you are hopeful of us, notwithstanding such things as the French reception, the attack on the police last Sunday, the elections lately in "Tipperary, Longford, and Westmeath," and the assassination of the wretch Talbot. You are hopeful because you "cannot but think that Irishmen are, after all, human beings." Try to confirm yourself in that view of the matter; try to think that Irishmen have the same natural rights with Englishmen. Resign yourself, and let your countrymen resign themselves, to enjoy the rights of Englishmen, without insisting any more upon depriving the people of Ireland of their rights. Thus you will cease to hate us, and we may commence to be your friends.

I am, Sir, truly yours,
JOHN MARTIN.
Warrenpoint, County Down, Sept. 8.

THE PROGRESS OF O'CONNOR.—The *Freeman* says:—"Twenty-seven years ago, yesterday, all Dublin was wild with enthusiasm. The whole population was in the streets. Loud hurrahs rent the air. Triumphant arches spanned the roadways. The city was in festivity. Three honest English judges had shattered the chains with which the minions of Peel and Wellington had bound the form of the great Irishman, and it was to rejoice in the triumph of justice over wrong, to celebrate the deliverance of him who had been his country's deliverer, that seven-and-twenty years ago the people of Dublin swarmed round the chariot of O'Connell. One incident there was in that famous day the memory of which is still as vivid as if it happened twenty-four hours since. The route of the great procession lay through College-green, and as it swept by that noble portico, worthy of the genius of Palladio, which is the chief beauty of our capital, the carriage stopped. The Liberator rose to his full height, turned slowly round, gazed into the faces of the people, and with outstretched finger pointed to the door of Ireland's ancient Senate House. Then, with a cheer which seemed to shake the city, the great procession swept on. The generation which witnessed that remarkable spectacle is passing away, but O'Connell has left to his people one request: a duty as his fame, and priceless as his services. The great lesson of which his whole life was the exponent was the folly of secret conspiracy and armed resistance. He never ceased to tell his countrymen that all those blessings which Ireland had so often sought, and had, alas! always sought in vain, by violent and bloody revolution, she could attain by peaceful and constitutional reform. The constitutional agitation of Francis Drake, the Magyar O'Connell, won for Hungary those rights for which the gallant Kossuth struggled unsuccessfully. Yes, the best of this great political discovery is the brightest ray in the aurora which glitters round the Liberator's brow. His system makes no widows or orphans, cost no man a tear, disturbs no industry, was not with material advancement. Its weapons are reason and truth—its ultimate end success. That end may be long delayed, but though "the mill of God grinds slowly, yet it grinds exceedingly small," and of the ultimate triumph of a good cause, championed by reason, advanced with firmness, supported with earnest moderation, no man need despair."

A CONTRAST.—Whatever may be said of Irish extravagance, there really is no doubt about our decency. You can see a dozen thousand Irishmen together and not half a dozen drunk—as on Sunday—as at Cabra—as at the procession in honor of O'Connell, of MacManus, and others. The Marquis of Lorne has been at home, and he took his pretty wife there, of course; and his father and mother and brothers were there; the people rejoiced exceedingly. Inevitably has been all enthusiasm. Everybody was out in his best. The great people were on their own soil, and the welcome was not merely polite. Well, let us see how they managed to support themselves, and what kind of neighbors Lincolnshire is likely to have. The *Daily News* correspondent, writing from the spot, says:—"The capital of the Argyll kingdom thank so deeply last week, and was so lavish in her generosity, that the volunteer guests could scarcely find their hearts, and the inhabitants were too far gone to slow them the way. Such a scene has not been often witnessed as the embarkation of the brave defenders of their country, who had to be tumbled on board as though they had been live stock, of no value even to the owner. Some, indeed, of the Glasgow contingent, were so helplessly drunk, even before they reached Liverpool, that they never disembarked at all, but lay useless in the boat. They were better there than on shore." We think we may fairly say we manage those things better in Ireland.—*Dublin Evening Telegraph*.

THE RIGHTS OF THE TILLER OF THE SOIL.—The Rev. Mr. Boylan, P.P., of Crosslough, County Cavan, has published an able letter on a subject now somewhat trite, yet, owing to the vastness of the interests connected with it, of great importance still. The imperfections of the Land Act is the subject to which the Rev. gentleman addresses himself, and which he discusses with great force and acumen. Father Boylan commences by stating his experience of tenant life in America:

I was delighted, he says, to witness the almost superhuman energy with which Irishmen moved down the forests and developed the natural wealth of their adopted country—men whose farms seemed so neglected at home, now so self-reliant, energetic, and industrious; for the chain that fettered their industry in Ireland is broken, and the laws of America fill the mind with a perfect certainty that what the farmer's industry creates his family shall forever enjoy. Secondly, that everywhere I moved through America I witnessed a deep and widespread sympathy in favor of the Irish tenant farmer; but I tell my countrymen that to secure the moral electricity of public opinion in America, or any other country, the electric current of a nation's resolve must first flash through our own land.

Father Boylan then goes on to sketch the state of things at present existing in Ireland:

Whatever may be said of the present Tenant-Right Bill, there is one thing clear, that the recent deplorable events at Mullagh and Kells clearly show that it is not able to stay evictions. The landlord seems almost to possess the same power he ever had; for, according to the present bill, he can raise the rent as he pleases, and then, of course, eject the tenant for non-payment of that unjust and inequitable rent; that is to say, he has still the same power to walk over his honest, unoffending, good-rent-paying tenant, and to the astonishment of the whole neighborhood, and whilst the thunders of heaven seem to be asleep, with one stroke level his dwelling to the ground, and drive heartlessly away from their own street his poor children, blinded by tears and the smoke of their ruined home. What is their miserable compensation of a few pounds to a tenant for disturbance—disturbance from the land of his birth and affection? This poor, humble, but contented man, would rather have his home, and his little farm of ten acres of land, than if you gave him an estate in Australia worth £5,000 a year. No, we must have a Tenant-Right Bill that will reconcile the rights of property with the rights of labor, that will take away the seeds of distrust and litigation, and whilst it does not touch either the authority or the income of the landlord, will give the tenant hope, enthusiasm, and progress and root him forever in the soil. The great impediment to a complete

Tenant-Right Bill is the covetous spirit of some landlords, who, in open violation of the eternal laws of God's justice, seize by rack rent the poor tenant's improvements, the fruits of his outlay and labor. The landlord knows himself well that he has a right to the value of the land, and that only, and that he never had, never will, or never can have a right to the fruits arising solely from the tenant's labor. To seize the poor tenant's improvements would be just as reasonable as to say to the merchant, "Here is what you paid for that cargo on a distant shore; Sir, it is mine, because the ship that brought it is mine." Just as reasonable as for the cotton-grower of South Carolina to claim, without compensation, the calicoes of Manchester, because he supplied to the manufacturer the raw material. The right of the landlord is the raw material; the right of the tenant is the manufactured article; the property of the landlord is the unreclaimed mountain, the waste holding; the property of the tenant is the thriving farm into which it has been converted; the right of the landlord is the block of marble hewn from the quarry; the right of the tenant is the statue into which that marble has been subsequently chiselled. The landlord has his rights clear and distinct, but in the words of the great George Henry Moore, whose memory shall never perish, the title-deeds of labor are written not with the pen, but with the plow, and in rusty parchment, but in the blooming crops and waving corn. Now, I ask the landlords themselves, many of whom have travelled on the Continent, can they deny the blessed fruits of tenant-right throughout all Europe? Look to Belgium and Switzerland, where, I may say, the farms are small, from six to twenty acres, with their comfortable cottages, their well-kept people, neat and cheerful villages. Before the law gave to the Belgian and Swiss farmer a hold on the soil, he was wretched and miserable; but, from the day that tenant-right became the law of the land the eternal spots were not able to bid defiance to the encroachments of his industry. Along the Rhine, and rushing Danube you have a bold, thriving, and independent peasantry—indeed, one continued garden, full of all productions that man requires for his existence, and conferring upon the people unmeasured happiness and abundance. Why have you in these countries at once such signs of agriculture, and promise of manufacture? To your question you will get but one reply, and that is, that they all have tenant-right; that many of them have what is still better—the free-simply of their own farms forever.

After all, concludes Father Boylan, the landlords of this country should have some sympathy with the sons of toil whose labor and industry has so well fed their rent roll. Fifty years ago your forefathers received but ten shillings an acre, and now you, who never turned a sod or laid a stone, receive twenty-five shillings an acre from the same lands. Has not the tenant as good a right to his improvements as you have to your estate? You say your estate belongs to yourself and not to another, simply because you have either expended your capital or labor on that estate, or you have inherited it from those who have made that expenditure. The tenant says, then, on the same grounds, my improvements belong to myself and not to another, because I have expended my labor and capital on the same soil.

No, landlords of Ireland, I think we don't appeal to you in vain. Give the tenant justice, and tenant-right will change the face of Ireland. Give him the benefit of the natural instincts of justice and fair play, which the finger of God has written upon your heart before ever an English Parliament had framed a landlord code—let it be your glory that now, of your free will, without being compelled to it by law, you, of yourselves, will complete this Tenant-Right Bill, and thus sweep away the last remnant of this barbarous legislation, by which the soil is but half tilled, its resources undeveloped, and everybody hampered and injured—making the homes of your tenants happy, and the young men of Ireland will love home. Coercion Bills will be unknown, and the bounding impetuosity of youth, held back and restrained in the family circle of domestic love, shall form a steady fund of internal energy, which will reveal itself only in labor and its fruits. But tell you, landlords of Ireland, that whether you will it or not, the Ballot shall carry the Tenant-Right Bill in all its entirety—the ballot that will give to honest opinion free exercise, and to frieze and broadcloth equal liberty of choice, and that will tell the Irish tenant farmer that he shall not be born the landlord's votary, or the landlord's slave. Remember, and never forget, that the spirit of liberty is immortal, and that though a long course of oppression, aided and supported by Government armies, may keep it under restraint, though the latent spark may be concealed for years, still, as sure as the world shall endure, that spark, one time or other, sooner or later, shall burst into a flame, and the fetters shall fall from an enslaved people.

GREAT BRITAIN.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING'S CHURCH.—Mr. Justin McCarthy, who should be a Catholic, and who will be well remembered in Liverpool as a clever journalist, has written a letter that will be read with interest to the American journal to which he transferred his services after the decease of the *London Morning Star*. He writes from London, to which he has returned temporarily, and the subject of this letter is Archbishop Manning and a sermon delivered by him. The letter begins with the history of the Archbishop, as follows:—"Now I desire to say a few words about Archbishop Manning, the Roman Catholic prelate of Westminster. You know, of course, the remarkable history of Archbishop Manning; how he was a clergyman of the English Church, renowned for his eloquence, his learning, and his piety; how he became one of the rising lights of his sect; how, as Archbishop Manning of Chichester, he grew to be a celebrity in the land, and people looked forward to the day, apparently not far distant, when as a Bishop of the Established Church he should come in for a princely revenue and a seat in the House of Lords. You know how he suddenly gave up his position and his prospects, proclaimed himself a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, and became a priest of the Roman Church. Since then he has been one of the brightest stars of Romanism. He is ultramontane of the Ultramontanes. At the Oecumenical Council in Rome no voice more strongly than his condemned independence of judgment. He is a conspicuous figure in Disraeli's 'Lothian'; he mixes in the highest English society, when he chooses to enter it at all; he has few superiors in the intellectual world; he is one of the very small group of men who are really conspicuous and famous in London—that vast grave of second class celebrities. I had heard that Archbishop Manning was likely to preach a remarkable sermon, and I went to hear him. The church in which he preached is in Kensington, not far from the new Exhibition and the huge Albert Hall, and the extraordinary structure of bronze, gilding, and stone, which the conjugal piety of Queen Victoria has raised to the memory of her husband's bland and unaggressive virtues. Archbishop Manning is a tall, thin man, vested apparently by asceticism into a condition almost incorporeal. Dr. Manning's style as a preacher (I speak now merely of his voice and diction) goes as near to my idea of perfection as anything I can well imagine. The voice is not powerful, but it is wonderfully clear, penetrating, and sympathetic. Dr. Manning has, like the famous tenor, Rubini, 'a tear in his voice,' a thrillingness and pathos in every tone, speaking with as much ease as John Bright or Wendell Phillips, and with equal calmness or self-restraint. He lets his words fall slowly. He is fluent inasmuch as he never stops merely for a word or makes a second attempt at a

word, but his eloquence never runs away with him. His language is admirably chosen, simple, nervous, and commanding. He talks directly to his hearers, and it really is talking rather than preaching. Each word sinks down like the drip of falling water. The pronunciation is that of an exquisitely cultured scholar and gentleman. There is no shouting forth of eloquent fire, but there is a cold and penetrating intensity. Meanwhile look at the man. He is old, weak, and bald. His gesticulation is hard and monotonous. It consists principally in the straightforward and almost menacing extension of the right arm over the heads of the congregation, the thin fingers crooked until they almost resemble the talons of a bird. The gestures, the wan and cadaverous face, the strange costume of violet, all remind one of some magician of the middle ages. Nor does the discourse, too full to bring up the merits of the middle ages. This sermon was a deliverance *ad hoc*. It was the challenge and defiance of the Church of Rome to all the combined powers of her enemies—education, freedom, progress. Dogmas with which you would be reluctant to credit a Roman Catholic hearing best you should offend and calculate him, Archbishop Manning proclaimed and glorified as the essence and the privilege, and the friends of the Roman Church. I never before, in all my life, saw the hull of modern progress so fairly and squarely taken by the horns. As an intellectual treat it was to me, whose convictions it outraged in every sentence, a keenly interesting and even absorbing performance." Our readers will know how to value the last few sentences.

THE CATHOLIC INFLUENCE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S WRITINGS.—The ultra-Protestant papers, of which the *Reef* is a fair type, seize upon the occasion of Sir Walter Scott's centenary to renew an old complaint, that Scotland's greatest poet wielded much of the work of John Knox, and paved the way for the return of "Romanism" in these countries. The complaint is not unjust, for Walter Scott was the first to revive in English literature an interest in medieval times, and to exhibit in his incomparable novels, and still more in many a noble verse, the grandeur and beauty of the religion of our forefathers. There is a deep relation between the beautiful and the true, and this hidden mystery the eye of so true a poet did not fail to discover. Scott's poems and novels are full of instances of this deep appreciation of the power and beauty of Catholic worship. In spite of prejudices, more common among the educated classes in his time than in ours, and in spite also occasionally of a weak yielding unworthy of his character to the prevailing bigotry, the works of Sir Walter Scott contributed indubitably in a most striking manner to dispersing the denseness of popular ignorance and prejudice which hung round and obscured the truth and beauty of Catholic worship. The study of medieval customs and of Gothic architecture, which another "poet in stone" in our day did so much to revive, cooled and helped on the Oxford movement, which, going beyond the shell, grasped the kernel of Catholic truth and led to the conversion of some of the highest order of minds that England has produced in this age. But it would be ungrateful, in celebrating Sir Walter Scott's centenary, for Catholics not to remember with gratitude how much of prejudice removed, and of admiration kindled for the external beauty and grandeur of that Church which ever appeals with such force to the higher and chastened imagination, was not due to the truthful and touching descriptions which abound in his various writings. At times, too, we meet with allusions that carry the mind beyond the outward beauty, and point to the power ennobling and restraining, which Catholic doctrines exert over the troubled spirit of man. Walter Scott, in many a noble and stirring verse, shows that his imagination at least had caught the true sense and import of Mysticism. He too, more almost than any other writer we know of, imparted his own enthusiasm and admiration to his readers. They drank not only from "a well made life," but were occasionally inspired by a zeal which almost seemed to be enlightened by Catholic faith. We are too well aware, and feel it too sadly to mention without pain, that bits are to be found in regard to the Catholic Church in Sir Walter Scott's writings. Gross caricatures, inventions, and calumnies, common to bigoted Protestantism, are scattered here and there, as it would almost seem, to conciliate Protestant bigotry for the frequent and generous tributes which his genius paid to the old faith. But, viewing Sir Walter Scott's writings as a whole, both in regard to the fresh and vigorous moral they always exhibited, and in regard to the manner in which they demolished that dense wall of prejudice with which the Reformation had descended from the popular eye the beauty of Catholic truths, we are not saying too much in ascribing to their gentle and persuasive influence much of the spirit of inquiry and of candor which is gradually displacing Protestantism from the hold it had on the popular mind, and which is slowly but surely leading our country back to the faith of its forefathers.—*Westminster Gazette*.

THE EFFICACY OF VACCINATION.—A correspondent of the *London Times* writes as follows:—"The priest of the Mahomedan shrine of Bahawal Hug, at Moodtan, Mukdam Shah Mahmood, consented, at the request of the Deputy Commissioner-General Van Corlandt, C.B., to have his son vaccinated, and I performed the operation myself, hoping that the example set by this high religious authority would have a good effect in inducing other Mussulman parents to allow me to vaccinate their children. The priest, indeed, had little faith in my assertions of the efficacy of vaccination, but as he thought it could do no harm he yielded, from a feeling of courtesy to General Van Corlandt, so far as to have the child operated on. In due course, and some time afterwards, the ceremony of inoculation, which had been practiced for many ages in the Mukdam's family, came to be performed, and then, to his surprise, he found that the boy would not take smallpox. The most skillful inoculators tried and failed to produce the disease. The experiment satisfied the Mukdam of the truth of what I had told him, that vaccination, properly performed, is an almost sure preventive of smallpox. The boy is now himself the priest of the shrine of Bahawal Hug, his father having died two years ago. Unlike his father, who was deeply pitted with smallpox, he does not bear the smallest trace of that terrible disease."

AN INDIAN INVASION.—The invader is an old enemy, and the invasion has been going on for a long time, any number of centuries, in fact. In plain words the invasion is that of the sea, which is continually picking and nibbling at our coasts, and carrying off, year by year, fragments of territory, which, it is calculated, must amount to a large aggregate in the course of years. According to one estimate, that of Rev. F. O. Morris, the ornithologist, there is an average loss of two or three yards of land every year, along the east coast, and some thirty-nine acres disappear annually between Spurn Point and Flamborough Head alone. Other statisticians, taking this as a basis of computation, have been reckoning that, assuming the rate of encroachment to be stationary, and not progressive, this would represent a loss of nearly four thousand acres in a century. At thirty pounds an acre, this would be a loss of over nine hundred thousand pounds since the Conquest. A few years ago, Mr. Gladstone frightened the House of Commons into adopting measures for paying off the national debt by an alarming story about the exhaustion of the coal measures. The recent report of the Royal Commissioners has reassured on this point, but here we have a new "bobber," quite as formidable and distressing. About the fact that a considerable portion of the east coast has been swept away, there can be no doubt at all. It is proved by abundant and unimpeachable historic

evidence. There are old maps in which we can read, "Here stood Auburn, washed away by the sea." "Hartburn washed away." "Hyde washed away," and many more of whom the same fate is chronicled. Ravenspore, once an important sea-port, returning a member to Parliament in Edward I's time, is now a narrow strip of desolate shingle running out into the sea, with a light-house at the end of it. At Kilsken the cliff has been gradually disappearing. In 1829 the church stood on the very edge of the cliff, then half of it fell over, and ten years later the villagers thought they had better fit further inland. Lower down at Howick and Dovercourt the ravages of the waves have also been considerable, and on the chalk cliffs of the south coast similar depredations may be noted. In fact, there can be no doubt that a certain amount of denudation is always going on, and geologists are beginning to agree that the channel between England and France is due to steady, persistent wear and tear of this kind, under the action of the wind and waves, rather than to any violent disruption. At certain points the waste is rapid and considerably, and something should be done to check it, either by a sea-wall or some other kind of bulwark. But authorities doubt the continuous destruction of the whole line of coast, otherwise we should surely see much greater changes than any on record. Moreover, if there is denudation on the one hand there is accretion on the other, as witness the silting up of many of the eastern and southern ports. More than one of the old Cinque ports is now high and dry a mile or two from the sea. At the Wash, between Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, a good tract of rich agricultural soil has within recent years been reclaimed from the sea, and there has been some talk of adding a new county to England in this way, to be called Victoria.

THE EMERALD EXCAVATION.—Hundreds of persons of note have recently received letters from a man claiming to have in his possession a box containing diamonds to the amount of four millions of francs, and important papers relating to the Emperor; this box, it is said, having been abstracted from the Tuileries during the confusion consequent to the events of the 4th of September. The letters then go on to state that their author being now in prison, and therefore unable to take advantage of his rich booty, offers, on payment of 2000 francs, at a certain given address, to put the donor in possession of the box. The contents would then be either realized by sale or given up to the rightful owner on payment of a certain sum, the proceeds in both cases to be equally divided between the donor and the finder. It is scarcely necessary to say that the *precious box* has never existed, except in the fertile brain of the letter writer, and this we have the best authority for stating. Several credulous persons have, nevertheless, been misled of their 2000 francs by this means, and this induces us to publish the preceding caution.

A fine of 20s. was imposed by the Westminster magistrate upon a gentleman who refused to have his child vaccinated, and who had his readiness to pay the fine, however often intimated, rather than obey the law.

PEEL SUPPLY OR GREAT BRITAIN.—Already substitutes for coal are being sought after, as the supply of that fuel is to come to an end so soon. An Irish landowner calculates that out of 4,500,000 acres of waste land, 1,000,000 acres are bog of thirty feet thick, many of them being bog and thirty feet in thickness. That would give 45,000,000,000 cubic yards. Owing to the low price of coal, compressed peat could not be successfully brought into the market, but the Irish landowner believes a slight rise would be sufficient to render it available commercially.

UNITED STATES.

IN THROU.—A young husband in Baltimore is in a nice pickle. From some cause he concluded that his wife did not love him as she should, and he determined to test that element. Therefore he wrote a note, telling her that he was going to drown himself in the canal, and that before he did the contents of that note his spirit would be hovering over her, observing how she took his death. The would-be suicide entrusted the note to a small boy, but the boy mistook the direction, and carried the note to a next door neighbor of his wife. Not liking to communicate the dreadful intelligence to the un lucky woman, the boy handed the note to an officer, with instructions, if possible, to prevent the rash act. The officer hurried off, and, sure enough, found the man on the bank of the canal. Rushing by, the officer seized the un lucky husband, and marched him off to the station house, notwithstanding his protestations that he did not intend to commit suicide, &c. After the incarceration of the husband, the note was shown to the wife, with the information that he had been saved. After upbraiding the officer for not "letting the precious fool drown himself," the wife made a charge of insanity against him, and he barely escaped being placed in the asylum.

GIRLS' DIVISION OF NEWSPAPERS.—Margery Dean, in one of her spiky letters from Newport, gives the following piquant discussion between some young ladies concerning the merits of certain newspapers: sitting on the hotel piazza the other morning, watching a group of young ladies, I overheard a curly-headed little maiden who was fazed and puzzled and pulled in the height of style, exclaim, "Oh, I like the *Independent* best!" A moment later I could have sworn that *la Petite*, never looked at a newspaper, and some what surprised, I took the liberty of listening further. The *Tribune* suits me," said her black-eyed companion. "I take the *Evening Post*," chimed in a stylish, saucy-looking girl who was pelting somebody over the railing with pond lilies—a beautiful bunch by the way, which five minutes before I had seen a gentleman carefully selecting for her from a little wicker basket. And when I wonder, do you girls get time to read the newspapers? "66 Fold them four double, of course," was the next sentence I caught, and, more puzzled than before, I very impolitely walked near the group, when everything was made clear to me by the little blond one saying, "I had rather have a newspaper any day than the best pianist that was ever made in Paris." I fell back in my seat uncertain whether to laugh or feel provoked with the chatterboxes, who had strolled off to lay siege to a party of gentlemen just from the beach.

LADIES WITH BLUE-BLACK COMPLEXIONS.—There arrived recently at Richmond Springs two beautiful belles from New York city. Their trains were endless, their costumes wonderful as to fabric, fearful as to expense; rich and rare were the gems they wore, and it was estimated by good judges that their complexions cost at least ten dollars per box. They exercised "pink and white tyranny" over all the poor gentlemen invalids who were seeking health at the springs, and were the envy of the expiring lady invalids who were buzzing around the springs in search of a longer lease of the world and its vanities. These belles arose one morning from refreshing slumbers, and determined to renew their beauty by a sulphur bath. To the bath they went with dazzling flukes of the previous evening's rose and pearl still on their faces. Alas! that, in this instance, a thing of beauty was not a joy for ever. The sulphur changed those lovely, those expensive complexions to blue-black. The colour would not come off. Those complexions were first-class and warranted to wash, and those belles thus unexpectedly put under the protection of the fifteenth amendment went away from Richmond Springs in haste. They are now under the care of an expert chemist in New York. There is a moral to this story somewhere, but I do not now remember what it is. Each reader can select a moral to suite—*Utica (N.Y.) Herald*.