black. Protestantism has no sense or instincts with which to appreciate the meaning and fitness of such a rule, and its adherents have accordingly set a fashion in dress which is as elaborate and brilliant for the church as for the promenade; and how contagious fashion is we all can say. *One marked advantage of this Catholic practice is that the poor are not shamed among on account of their soiled or tattered clothes. The excuse of not coming in decent dress good enough to go to church is a lie known in Spain.* Let us cast our eyes up, and what do we behold. Here is a lady of fashion and rank, who has come from her palace hard by and she is kneeling, their skirts touching one another close to the poor woman, who is in worst, has just matched half an hour from her daily work to come and hear mass. To the casual observer there is, externally, but little difference between them. The lady has on a mantilla and a dress that is spotless; whereas her neighbour has, perhaps, a cotton handkerchief tied on her head, and a skirt that once was clean and black but now from long wear is soiled and rusty; but this is all. They both have their beads in their hands, and both are telling them; and they join in the mass together, sitting, and kneeling, and striking their breast, and crossing themselves with the priest. They fit admirably well together; there is no incongruity; and however much bagger girl alone by, kneeling near the high altar, and surrounded by what in England are called her 'betters,' ladies by education and position, evidently has no idea that her proper place is at the bottom of the church, and that a due sense of decorum ought to have kept her from venturing on such close propinquity to persons from whom she craves an alms in the street as they pass by. * * * The church, Protestant, Dissenting as in every Catholic country [Ireland for example], is the home of the poor.'

This blending of the rich with the poor in public worship is a recognition by the great Catholic nation of Spain, of the glorious principle that before God all human beings are equal. The good and virtuous poorest will have the same place in Heaven as the virtuous noble. It is only human custom that draws the distinction between them on earth. The poorest is the result of wealth, which produces wherever it exists a line of demarcation between rich and poor in their worldly relations, but no such distinction is allowed by the divine law, which judges only of persons, not by their titles or wealth, but by what they have done to merit the reward of the just. If we had once and time, we could allude to some other instances of the deep Catholic devotional feeling of the Spaniards who, like the Irish, are deeply attached to their faith. But we cannot omit noticing a feature in the treatment of the Spanish poor in their great hospitals which contrasts strongly with the manner in which, in Irish workhouses, the "paupers," as they are called, are visited and consoled. The writer in the *Dublin Review* says:—

"To this very day, the wall of the chief ward of the hospital of the Cartaldad, which is served and managed by a brotherhood composed of the best families of Seville, we see a list of the hours at which dinner is served to our masters and lords the poor; then follow the hours. This needs no comment; it speaks the natural feeling of a Catholic people where poverty is not anything mean or vile, but as a state that commands respect and deference, a badge of distinction, patent of nobility in the Kingdom of God. In this hospital none but priests and gentlemen serve the poor at their meals. We visited it in company with a Spanish nobleman, a senator, and his family, and one of their first acts was to go and kiss reverently the hands of a bed-ridden old man. Even majesty itself delights to render this homage of Christian love; for when the Queen of Spain visited the hospital last year she went up at once to the old man who had been longest in the house and respectfully kissed his hands."

When will this noble example be imitated in England? Was not the writer in the *Dublin Review* perfectly correct when he set out by observing that England might do very well if she adopted the principle set by other nations that she is in the habit of maligning?

THE WEATHER—THE CROPS—A LUNAR RAINBOW.

At eight o'clock on Sunday evening last, a perfectly formed Lunar Rainbow was visible over the town of Sligo, and continued in view for nearly an hour. Shortly before twelve o'clock it rained heavily, with a strong breeze from S.W. and during the night it blew a hurricane, which continued until six o'clock on Monday morning, after which rain set in, and with a slight intermission continued until Tuesday afternoon. At nine o'clock on that night, another Lunar Rainbow was visible, forming half a circle, and we had storm and rain through the night. Wednesday morning, at six o'clock, the sun shone out, and the day was fine until half-past three o'clock, when it again commenced to rain, and continued for two hours, after which the evening was dry. Since then we have had no storm, but occasional showers.

We are happy to say that all our reports of the crops are favourable. The potatoes have exhibited some further traces of the blight, but it is now no doubt that the yield will be a fair average; and as to the cereals we have no complaints; while the grass lands have been much served by the rains.

Our Ballina correspondent says—"The oats is not yet all shorn in this quarter, the past week being unfavourable for harvest operations. In good land there is a fine crop; but in many places it will not be more than an average crop. Potatoes are also good, although the disease or blight is more serious than was anticipated, and far from being inconsiderable. Notwithstanding the favourable report of the crops this season, many of the small farmers will find it difficult to meet the demands of their landlords, along with trying to liquidate debts which they had unavoidably incurred during the past two years. Should the landlords deal leniently with their poorer tenants, they would, in all probability, after a little time, emerge from their present distressed condition; but should they persist in demanding all due up to the present (as some are doing), I fear the cry of distress will again be heard in this part of the country."

RICHARD DEVITT, ESQ., T.C.—After many months of incessant labour in attending to manifold duties as honorary secretary to the Central Relief Committee, Richard Devitt, Esq., paid a short visit to the French metropolis, and last week, accompanied by the Rev. Wm. Dillon, Clontarf Parish, County Dublin, arrived in Sligo, where he was the guest of our respected fellow-citizen, Andrew Walker, Esq., J.P. If ever a man felt glorious emotions in passing through a country, Mr. Devitt must have realised them in an especial degree when he reflected that many of the teeming fields which he beheld would have lain waste—that thousands of the inhabitants of our rural districts would have perished, or pined in a workhouse—but for the operations of a Committee which owes so much of its saving usefulness to his untiring exertions, and to his wise and prudent counsel. We are certain that if the people had had any intimation of his advent amongst them, an ovation would have been given to the patriotic and kindhearted gentleman to whom they owed so much; and we know well that those excellent and benevolent clergymen who form the central organising local relief committees, and were necessarily brought into communication with Mr. Devitt, would have been proud to do him honor, had his visit been known to them. In Sligo, it was the intention to have given him a public banquet, had his arrangements permitted him to remaining among us for a few days longer; however, under the hospitable roof of Mr. Walker, and of his amiable family, who do not know how to do anything by halves, he had the pleasure of meeting esteemed friends, and at the same time was afforded an opportunity of visiting the enchanting country in the vicinity of Sligo. Mr. Devitt left for Dublin on Monday last, after expressing his regret that previous engagements would not permit of his accepting the invitation to a public dinner; but we trust that he shall soon again have him amongst us, to receive that recognition of his great services in the cause of Charity during the past trying time, to which he is so eminently entitled.

MOSES MONDS.

PROSECUTION OF THE CHAMPION.

We have been so much occupied with the Clum Turnip Case, and for other reasons which we shall let the public know in good time, that we must hold over some remarks which we intended to offer with respect to Moses Monds, his attack upon us in the Committee Room of the Harbour Commissioners, and his Prosecution of the SLIGO CHAMPION.

CHISM!—THE TURNIP!!

ANOTHER PROSECUTION OF THE CHAMPION.

Acting in pursuance of our duty to the public, we reported the proceedings in the Sligo Petty Sessions Court, when Chism appeared before Mr. Howley and other Magistrates, to state the charge against Biddy Gilmartin, and when he paid the shilling to ensure her attendance at Tesson Sessions, and then left her under guardian for five days' incarceration in gaol! We also offered such comments as we considered were warranted, on this extraordinary case, so far as its *merits* were then gone into. For doing this, Chism, the complainant in the now notorious case of "Chism v. Biddy Gilmartin," had the audacity to slander us in the following letter, which he addressed to the *Londonderry Journal*:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL.

SIR—In your publication of 8th inst., I find a very able article indeed on the above subject. If the premises were true, the conclusion would be inevitable—that Chism is as bloodless as a turnip. Unfortunately for the effect of the sermon, the text cannot be found in any authorised version; it has been invented and stuck in for the occasion by some twaddling. The case has *not been tried*, I gave no evidence, and the whole fabric raised by the eager journalists may come down like a house of cards when the breath of truth touches it. "I was not aware that respectable journals would publish such a report of a case *sub judice*, and passing sentence on the unheard plaintiff, on the unseen, interested allegations of the defendant. But it seems that a portion of our Sligo journalists are not mindful of this trifling obstacle when a surprise has to be served, or other interested, disgusted subscriber is the target."

It is sad true, but utterly false, that the sober Biddy Gilmartin was committed for picking up and selling a turnip; it is not true, but utterly untrue, that Biddy's direct path to the beach from her own house in Sligo town lay within two miles of my field, (three miles of one coast intervening); it is not true, but the reverse, that Biddy has nobody at home to attend as invalid, if she had one; it is not true, that the option of discharging her was given to me; but it is true that she pulled up and cut off a considerable portion of my turnip; it is true that she was committed because she pleaded in not giving her name and residence, that she might be summoned to Tresson; it is true that her house lies within three hundred yards of the shore, if she wanted rack; it is true that Biddy has full grown children of both sexes, and a husband, old enough to work than I am, and no child of more tender years than ten or twelve; it is true that the Tresson Sessions Clerk has been unmercifully plundered, and that Biddy's family portrait of that plunder is (turnips, long by the way, sir—the green, vegetable rack, with full-grown Sheefah buttons;) it is true that poor Biddy's breast has no long concealed poverty, but, after spurning a recent larceny account. Need I go further?

The *whole* statement of the press here has been too eager for their prey to wait for the truth, nor are they believed by those who know me as generous and kind to the poor, and who detest and abhor misrepresentation of character. Of late times this is their constant course, and I am not one of a large number who have to bear this unbearable misnomer of some small towns—a petty, vindictive, and miserably spiteful motive of vulgar personal abuse of former subscribers. They have their reward in the fact of the sphere of their influence becoming small by degrees, and beautifully less.

I have the fullest confidence, sir, that your sense of justice will secure the insertion of this reply—and I am, sir, your obedient servant, EDWARD CHISM.

Sligo, 19th Sept., 1863.

"If the premises were true." Is it not true, Chism, that Biddy Gilmartin was nearly five days in gaol, and that the only charge against her was *her own admission* that she had taken *one* turnip? Is not that true, Chism. Is it not true, that the respected Resident Magistrate informed you that you were the prosecutor, and not the Crown? Is it not true that you could have withdrawn from the prosecution? You talk about bloodshed! Had you the capacity or the smallest possible extent you would not have had the effrontery to rush into print, as you have done, at a distance. You prate in the letter to the *Derry Journal* of "the unsworn, interested allegations of the defendant." Were you sworn when penning your slanderous allegations given above? Is there a man acquainted with Biddy Gilmartin and with Chism who would not be warranted in believing her sworn allegations" as soon as they would believe yours? Is poverty such a crime as that those who suffer under it are not equally worthy of belief as you, Chism? You say in your letter to Londonderry, that the "farm, or farmer, of Ballinacr have been merrilessly plundered, and that *Biddy's family portrait of the plunder.*" Is this true, Chism, or is it false? If true, why did you not afford some proof of it in the Sessions Court? Your doing so would have turned our sympathy from Biddy and her family. We do not think that Biddy has a right to come to the "conclusion that it is a malicious libel, to be dealt with" as she may be advised.

"But it seems" (Chism) "that a portion of our Sligo journalists are not mindful of this trifling obstacle when a surprise has to be served, or a disgusted, disgusted subscriber is the target." Were you ever a subscriber of our's, Chism? If not, as you were not, how did you manage to "discontinue." But you did not discontinue, for we happen to know that on Saturday last you sent us more than three times for the CHAMPION before it was published, the delay being caused by our attention to your "Turnip." You talk of our having a purpose to serve, and, in the letter below, charge us with a "diligent effort to misrepresent and defame" your character. It is not Chism. We are not open to the charge—we never wrote a line against your *character*—but as you have made this charge, you put us upon our defence, and we ask you—What purpose had we to serve, Chism, when you called to our office, obtruded yourself upon our notice, and endeavoured to explain to us the why and wherefore of a transaction with which we or the public had no particular concern. Did we, then, meet you in the spirit of your letter to Londonderry and for you, Chism? Did we even know you by eye-sight? What purpose, then, could we have had to serve in listening to *your* tale of that painful circumstance? Eh, Chism? You then told us——. But what you did tell us, *will keep*, and we must, at a future time, publish your version of your epistolary slanders and impertinence. You talk of "*unfair* scandal-mongers"—the italicised word is your own, or that of your amanuensis, Chism, and we must conclude that you are of opinion these are *fair* scandal-mongers—but what do you mean by your "petty, vindictive, and miserably spiteful routine of vulgar abuse of former subscribers?" Had you withdrawn from the prosecution, after Biddy Gilmartin had suffered the five days' imprisonment, of which you said on your return to us, and to the Bench in mitigation of punishment, we would have felt a satisfaction in giving you credit for your interference. You write—as your name is appended we will hold you responsible for the contents of this letter—as above—we say, you write to a journal published at a distance from Sligo, and you talk of the circulation of a portion of our Sligo journals becoming "beautifully less"—so far as we are concerned, Chism, it would be a falsehood to state that our circulation was getting less; what would you, Chism, think of a person who would write to a Dublin journal, to the effect that the customers who were in the habit of calling to your bakery in Castle-street, were getting beautifully less? What would you think of that, please Chism? you you do not hesitate to write this untruth, when you have "a purpose to serve." And you, Chism, who have dared to write after this fashion, send your shop-boy to us, late on yesterday evening, with the following threat:—

"Sligo, 25th September, 1863.

"SIR—I had expected that when the fate of the new well-known Tesson case were brought out, falsification would surely have ceased. In this it seems I have been disappointed. By your last issue, of the 19th instant, I see that a portion of the evidence is suppressed in the report, and in another part you repeat an assertion I never uttered. In your leading article on the subject, you also falsify the principal facts of the case, as sworn to at Tesson, and you make Biddy Gilmartin out a turnip out of Chism's field, and *commented to eat it.*' *There was no turnip pull in the case.*

Now, sir, as there has been rather too much diligent effort on your part to misrepresent and defame my character, I have a right to demand, I have to request that you will correct the glaring mistakes alluded to (if they be mistakes) as well as those which you suppress, if they are malicious libels, to be dealt with as I may be advised.—I am, your obedient servant,

"EDWARD CHISM.

"Edward O'Farrell, Esq., sen., Proprietor of the SLIGO CHAMPION."

In reply to this threat, Chism, we state that it is not true to say that we "falsified the principal facts," or any facts; we gave an honest report of the case, and we commented on it as we had a right to do. We still adhere to our statement that Biddy did commence to eat the turnip after cutting it, and we made it on as good authority as any you can produce to deny it.

We shall here introduce some of the letters which have reached us since our last. It will be seen that they come from all points of the compass—a pretty convincing test of the fame that has been achieved by the Turnip:—

"Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SLIGO CHAMPION.

"Dublin, September 22nd, 1863.

"DEAR SIR—I fear there are some people in this unhappy country occupying positions of wealth and influence, who address our Saviour in the language of the above heading, and yet act with complete forgetfulness of the heavenly maxim embodied in the divine portion of our Redeemer's prayer. I have been led to this conclusion by reading in the CHAMPION of Saturday last the unchristian treatment of poor Biddy Gilmartin. I am so deeply grieved to think such a scandal should occur in a country so deservedly boasting of civilisation. Here I beseech to apply the enclosed 10s. to the immediate wants of the family of the unfortunate woman, and I trust to be able, from time to time, to add to it, as circumstances may allow. Were it not for the many demands on me otherwise, my contribution should be much larger.—Dear sir, yours truly, "J. D."

[Since the above was written, we have received an additional 10s. from our respected correspondent.]

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SLIGO CHAMPION.

"Dalkey, Sept. 21, 1863.

"MR.—inclosed half note for our poor friend, the relief of Bridget Gilmartin.—Acknowledge it as from "A Friend."

"Dublin, September 22, 1863.

"Mr. O'Connor begs to hand the enclosed (five green stamps) to the Editor of the SLIGO CHAMPION, for the relief of Biddy Gilmartin, who is at present in gaol for stealing a turnip."

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SLIGO CHAMPION.

"DEAR SIR—I believe Chism deserves as of late was his nature as to excite disgust in every honest man's breast; and I believe, under circumstances in which a poor Irish lass may, wish-not also, without premission wherewith to satisfy the ovarian of hunger. "The Biddy Gilmartin case is all in a nutshell." Your account of her conduct in the *letter of the law* would lead your readers to suppose her a thieving, lazy, good-for-nothing, and a most dishonest minxy like he's, in the eyes of Heaven, and should be in the eyes of men, an astonishing circumstance. To appease hunger with a turnip taken from the adjoining field, or to seek a little fuel amongst his 'underwood,' is a proof of great degradation, and is a crime much more pity than anger in the breast of a Christian. Also! the humanity here and there shines out, and shows that virtue be exercised if not in such families as that of poor Biddy Gilmartin, in which plotting want and sickness had taken their abode. Yes, sir, the virtues of our servital faults are magnified into crim-a, while crimina's in broad-cloth meet with sympathy."

"I would suggest to your readers to show their sympathy with Biddy Gilmartin, by sending you, for her use, a subscription and relief—say one shilling. I hereby send you 2/- 6d. in postage stamps. *May I have many imitators.*—I remain, "A CHRISTIAN."

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SLIGO CHAMPION.

"Mohill, County Leitrim, 24th September, 1863.

"SIR—I have been requested by a number of the residents of this town and neighbourhood to enquire of you what will be the address of Biddy Gilmartin after her discharge from prison, as they are anxious to subscribe and must see some pecuniary aid to enable her to nourish her poor helpless child, who is still under Biddy's care and protection. Indeed, I must tell you that all parties here are deeply interested in this trial, your account of the description of the 'court-house' in which the trial took place, and your leading article on the 'Chism Turnip Case,' which has already engaged the attention of the leading journals of England and Ireland, are loud in their praise of your production. I am sure it will be republished, and as such, will to proclaim to the world, the great benefit which has been conferred upon the community by the prosecution of the 'Chism Turnip,' which falls not, in the next annual shows to cast into the shade the 'Aberdeen Giant.' Yes, you may well claim for your paper and turnip up to the present discovered or cultivated.

"Notwithstanding that Mr. Chism has incurred the displeasure of some, in prosecuting Biddy Gilmartin—the *founder* of the 'Chism Turnip'—I venture to assert that his doing so will in this, and other instances, make known to their inhabitants a turnip which, if properly cultivated, is calculated to not only enrich the cultivators of the soil, but also to act as a *self-supporting* vegetable, and thereby obviate the necessity of the growers planting a potato, in any one's ground.

"SHAKES SEE HERE."

"Editors of some newspapers are so alarming to throw odium on Mr. Chism, but, to do so in the eyes of an enlightened public is 'all in my eye and Biddy Gilmartin.'—Yours truly,

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SLIGO CHAMPION.

"DEAR SIR—I enclose you two shillings which you will kindly convey to Biddy, for the 'old stager' on her liberation. Yes, yes, yes—that old stager who has been gratuitously convicted of felony, and sent underwood to the value of less than the smallest coin of the realm. Also! poor Biddy has paid the penalty; yes, you did wrong and you paid the penalty; yes, more than the penalty, if your judges took into their—I was nearly saying the pocket—consideration the age and life which wretched a woman; a good sound advice would, in all probability, have had a better effect than the sight of a poor creature, without sympathy for an old stager, of course the high-minded Jack, or the well-fed Jill, could not have. They never felt the pangs of hunger, they never saw their children too-ed about the hearth, cold and hungry; so, they can indulge in the pleasure of a little while the wretched, care-worn, half-starved Biddy is frantically driven by poverty from her home, and is tempted to commit larceny to the extent of one turnip. Great victory!—I remain, dear Mr. Editor, your friend,

"PURPLE TOP."

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SLIGO CHAMPION.

"Sheffield, Sep. 22.

"DEAR SIR—I send you by this post a copy of this day's Sheffield *Daily Telegraph*, which contains a report of the Tresson Sligo Turnip case. It appears that you are no less than 180,0-0 of a population in Sheffield alone, besides other readers at a distance, and what must they think of the Irish Magistrates, who gratuitously inflict a sort of punishment to inflict for the destruction of a 'Sligo Turnip?' What must they also think of the punishment of destitution for eating a turnip? If Biddy Gilmartin went up to a ball-door, to buy, I suppose, she could as easily get her Tresson days' in prison, as she did for stealing Chism's turnip. Happy Sligo! no one will, after this, envy you—Your's, &c.,

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SLIGO CHAMPION.

"St. Patrick's Church, Sonderland, Sept. 22, 1863.

"DEAR SIR—I hasten to inclose a shilling, which I ought for sixteen shillings, to be given to Mrs. Gilmartin. As soon as I read over the whole of her trial in the Tresson Sessions court, I at once set to work myself and two young men belonging to the Confraternity of the Christian Doctrine attached to this church. We collected the sum in a very short time. Every person to whom we spoke to, or our cards, which we left, seemed to be interested in the Catholic town of Sligo. Chism could not swear he saw her steal the turnip, but that he saw one in her hand. Chism is a Protestant, and those who prosecute Catholics are not to be blamed for the conviction of poor Biddy Gilmartin