

anxiety; all that God sent me was dear to me. I sang, I danced, I laughed—I thought there was nothing so happy as I was. And now?—I am a pauper, at the least puff of wind; I am afraid of myself and of everybody else; I can't sleep—my heart is thumping and knocking—as if something terrible was going to happen to me—I shall get better soon—I shall get used to my riches. And if I don't laugh or dance any more, 'tis quite natural; a rich man must look more grave and stately; it doesn't become him to be laughing and joking. A body can't have all sorts of happiness at once; and to be rich is, after all, the greatest."

This last consideration seemed to infuse some consolation into his heart; for he smiled, and rubbed his hands, and mumbled some words of gladness and content. In this mood, a new thought struck him, and he said, in a quieter and more gracious tone—

"When I was only a paltry craftsman, I helped the poor widow round the corner as far as I could—I felt so much pity for her unlucky little lambs of children, that I often wished to be rich that I might raise her out of her distress. Her husband—God rest his soul—was my best friend; and I promised him on his death-bed that I would care for his children. Well, now I am rich. Won't I keep my promise? Ha, yes! to do good, to be tender-hearted, to help one's neighbor! Now—now I feel what a happiness it is to be rich. Well, what shall I give the poor widow? Fifty crowns? That's too much; they would spend it in extravagance;—and if I go to work like that, my gold will soon come to an end. Who knows if I shouldn't make her ungrateful? Suppose, now, I give her ten crowns? Aye, that's enough. They have never seen so much money in their lives. It doesn't do to give poor people too much at once; they are not used to it, and they become greedy and lazy, when they come by it so easily. One mustn't encourage begging."

The schouwveger relapsed into silence, and seemed lost in meditation. Suddenly an expression of alarm and contempt spread itself over his countenance.

"But, Jan, my lad," said he, in a tone of disgust and reproof, "when you were poor and had to save out of your day's wages, you gave them a great deal more than that, by little and little. Sometimes you put into the widow's hand the cents you were going to spend on your glass of beer; and, to make her happy, you stayed at home all the evening without seeing your friends. What a horrid thought! Can riches make a man miserly and ungrateful? Really, I feel something that horrifies me. Oh, no, no; away with selfishness. I will put aside the fifty crowns for the widow, and allow her something regularly every week out of it. Perhaps God will reward me, by making my wealth sit easier on me, and delivering me from the strange alarm which makes me shake all over."

He rose up slowly, cast a scrutinizing look round the room, and opened the chest. He stood a while in silence, gazing on the heap of money, the gold and silver pieces of which glittered before his eyes like a cluster of stars. He then took out seven ten-crown pieces, put them into his waistcoat pocket, and muttered to himself, in a joyous tone of voice—

"I'll just put two more to them; the poor widow is so very miserable, and it does me much good—the thought that I shall help the children of my friend."

Still gazing at his treasure, he fell into a silent reverie, and appeared to be calculating in his mind how much the heap of gold might amount to.

Suddenly, as if he had come to some conclusion, he began to scrape together a large number of gold pieces out of the treasure. When he had occupied himself a while in this way, he went to the table, and counted them over—"Fifty pieces," said he, pondering deeply—"fifty pieces make five hundred crowns; and five hundred Dutch crowns make about a thousand and fifty francs. This sum I'll hide away somewhere, where neither my wife nor my son will be able to find it. If any misfortune should happen to me, if thieves or gendarmes should come, or if my wife should squander the treasure, this would remain for our Pauw; and if he were to marry Katie, there would still be something left to set them up in housekeeping, and enabled them to open a little shop."

He rolled up the money in a rag, went over to the mantle-piece, drew forward a chair, and, standing on it, thrust his head as far as he could into the chimney. He placed the pieces of money on some projecting stones inside the chimney, and felt secure that no one would think of searching there for them. Then, jumping down into the room again, he said, with a contented smile—

"Ha, now my mind is a little easier; now I shall be able to sleep."

He was just about to blow out the lamp and go up stairs, when he suddenly checked himself, and began to tremble with alarm. He fancied he heard somebody trying to break open the window from the outside; and, indeed, there was a sound as of a man's hand touching the shutters.

The terrified schouwveger fixed his eyes upon the window, and was so paralyzed by fear that the lamp shook in his hand; when, to his great relief, he heard the sound of steps retreating from the window, and a hoarse voice singing in snatches,

"We were so jolly, and we tarried so long—
Et, re, mi, fa, sol, la!"

"Oh, the drunken rascal!" growled Master Smet. "He little thinks that he has half killed me with fright—the noisy vagabond. The police are fit for nothing. Anyhow, 'tis the rich people that pay the police; why don't they at least take care that rich people may be able to get a little sleep?"

After listening some time longer at the window, he blew the lamp out, crept softly up stairs put the key of the chest again into his wife's pocket, and lay down on the bed without undressing.

At last he fell asleep, and dozed for it might be, half an hour, without any other signs of rest-

lessness than an occasional contraction of his arms and legs.

All of a sudden there was a loud noise in the attic, as if something heavy had fallen on the floor. The schouwveger started with terror from his sleep, jumped up from his bed in consternation, and ran against a chair so violently that he overturned it, and fell on the floor with a loud noise.

Thereupon his wife started up, and exclaimed angrily—

"But, Smet, are you possessed, that you are playing such pranks in the dark? What's the matter with you now?"

"Oh, Trees, thieves!" groaned he, with choking voice. "Where is the sabre?"

"Come, come, you are dreaming again," said his wife with a sneer. "Do you think the thieves can smell out the money?"

"They are up in the attic; listen, listen!"—whispered the schouwveger, pointing upward, with his hair on end, and pale as a sheet. And truly heavy steps were heard on the stairs, and soon some one knocked loudly at the door of the chamber.

Beside himself with fright, Master Smet threw up the window that looked out on the street, and screamed with all his might—

"Help, help! thieves! murder!"

And in order to rouse his neighbors the more effectually, he added to this cry of distress the alarming words, "Fire! Fire!"

He saw in the distance two persons who were running at full speed down the street, attracted by his screams.

A voice cried anxiously at the chamber door—

"Father, father, open the door. Is the house on fire?"

"Oh, you fool!" muttered Dame Smet; "it is Pauw. Let him in; you'll frighten the lad out of his wits."

"Where—where is the fire?" asked Pauw, in consternation, as soon as the door was opened.

"It is nothing, nothing at all; I was only dreaming," stammered his father.

Ha, I wish I knew what was going on!" said the lad, in perplexity. "It seems to me that our house is haunted all night long; I haven't been able to sleep a wink. Overhead the rats are at work as if they were mad; down here I hear talking going on, chairs tumbling about, cries of murder and fire; and when I ran down, with quaking heart, I find there is nothing at all the matter. Look you, father: don't be angry with me, but it seems to me as if you were playing Punch and Judy."

(To be continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

LETTER FROM THE POPE TO THE IRISH DOMINICANS.

It will gratify the friends of the Dominican Order in Ireland to read the reply from the Holy Father which has just been received by the Provincial of that religious body. We here subjoin a translation from the *Freeman's Journal*:

"To his beloved Son, Robert Augustin White, Prior Provincial of the Order of Friars Preachers in Ireland."

"Pius P. P. IX. Beloved Son, Health and the Apostolical Benediction.—We have received with peculiar pleasure the letter which you have addressed to us on the 28th of the last month, containing as it does sentiments which are in the highest degree creditable to a member of the illustrious Order of St. Dominic, for indeed you give us in that letter the clearest evidence of the zeal for our holy religion which distinguishes yourself and your brethren of the same order while you also furnish us with proofs the most convincing of your devoted fidelity to this See of Peter in whose bitter trials, brought about by the intrigues of evil-minded men, who, from their deadly hostility to the Catholic Church and its head, are intent only on the overthrow of its dominion and the sacrilegious seizure of its patrimony. You all shew so deep an interest, and express such a reverential and thorough sympathy, it was really a comfort to us, in the midst of our sorrows, to witness such a remarkable proof of attachment as that which has come from you and your brethren. Your expressions of devotedness are worthy of our highest praise, and serve to awaken within us an increase of the paternal love with which we must regard both you and them. Continue to offer up your united prayers to our good God, who can command the winds and the sea, that He may be pleased to restore the desired tranquillity to His holy Church, grant her deliverance from the manifold calamities which press so weightily, and by enriching her from day to day with additional triumphs, help and console us in all our tribulations. In the meantime, be assured that while we thankfully acknowledge and accept the present which you have been pleased to offer us, we humbly intreat the gracious Lord of Mercies ever to pour out upon you and all your religious brethren the abundance of His heavenly and choicest gifts. The more effectually to obtain the Divine protection which we invoke, and as a pledge of our especial good will, we most lovingly impart to yourself, beloved Son, and to each and every one associated with you, from the depths of our heart, the apostolical benediction."

"Given from St. Peter's, at Rome, this 15th day of March, 1860, in the fourteenth year of our Pontificate."

"Pius P. P. IX."

TRIBUTE TO THE POPE.—During the coming week a list, specifying the amount contributed by each parish in the diocese of Meath, will be ready for publication. The total subscribed by this single diocese which is a rural district not comprising any district or even large towns, furnishes a glorious testimony of the religious spirit, active zeal, and generous piety of its Catholic population. The Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. Cantwell, has already lodged in the Hibernian Bank for the above sacred purpose, a sum exceeding £3,350. What a noble and triumphant answer to the sneer of the atrocious *Times* ridiculing the Navan Meath demonstration in defence of His Holiness.—*Morning News*.

TRIBUTE TO HIS HOLINESS.—The Lord Bishop of Ossory, the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, has forwarded to the Holy Father from his diocese the magnificent sum of £3,000 pounds, the proceeds of the late collection for his Holiness.

Mr. Bryan, of Jenkinstown, has given £100 as his contribution to the Pope, and £50 towards the building of the new Catholic Church of Thomastown.—*Dublin Evening Post*.

DREADFUL FIRE.—Drogheda, Monday, March 26.—We have to record the most awful fire, with loss of valuable property, which, it is said by the oldest inhabitants, has ever taken place in the town of Drogheda, and which occurred on this morning, commencing half an hour after midnight. The place alluded to is the magnificent establishment of Mr. Parsons, Fair-street. Property to the amount of £7,000 was destroyed.

CHURCHMAN'S QUARTERS.—The Irish Bishops and Government. Mr. Maguire has given the following notice, by which the entire question of mixed education on the one hand, and separate or denominational on the other, will be brought before the House and the country on the most legitimate occasion for its discussion.

"On going into Committee on Estimates for education in Ireland, to call the attention of the House to the memorial addressed by the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland to Her Majesty's Government, on the necessity of substituting a separate or denominational system of Education for the existing system; to the answer given to that Memorial on the part of the Government; and to the rejoinder of the Archbishops and Bishops to that answer."

CASE OF THE REV. MR. McDermott.—The *Sligo Champion* reports at great length a case that was brought on Thursday before the magistrates at the Drogheda West Petty Sessions. The magistrates present were Captain L. G. Jones, and John Christie, Esq., and the charge was the Queen v. the Rev. Michael McDermott, P.P., Templeboy, for having, as is alleged, on the 23rd of January, in the Catholic Chapel, made use of threatening language towards John Wingfield King, Esq., J.P., Fortland, Drogheda West. Mr. L. M. Tiernan, solicitor appeared for the Rev. Mr. McDermott, who was present. The case is founded upon information sworn by two policemen and the plaintiff, to the effect that Mr. King was denounced by the Rev. gentleman for having, as it is stated, desired Catholic children to attend a National School. Mr. King, on his cross-examination stated—"I told the tenants most distinctly that I acknowledged their right to send their children to any school they pleased, at the same time that I wished to send them to Hurl's, and that they need not be afraid of anything from me; that I would not dispossess them or take their children, except that they would forfeit my good opinion. To one man did I say—'I increased your farm very largely by adding several other farms, and with regard to you I may take into consideration the propriety of reducing your farm to the extent it was some year or two ago.' The case was sent for trial to the assizes, the Rev. gentleman giving his own security, and that Mr. E. O'Farrell, and Mr. P. H. Finegan, for his appearance thereat."

CONVENTION.—Mr. Mathew Breen, of Dalgin, having renounced the errors of Protestantism, was received into the Catholic Church, by the Rev. Thomas O'Malley, O.C., on St. Patrick's Day, in the chapel of Milltown.

ATHLONE ELECTION.—An application, it is said, is about to be made to the House of Commons, praying for an inquiry into the circumstances connected with the abandonment of the petition against the late election for the borough of Athlone.

LOXODROMY ELECTION.—After a sharp siege, the seat vacated by the death of Sir R. Ferguson, has been won by Mr. McCormick, the eminent railway contractor. He professes to be a moderate Conservative. The other candidates were Mr. Skipton, moderate Whig, and Mr. Greer, ultra Liberal, a Radical from the start. The Whig nowhere on the poll, and thenceforward it was a gallant race between Messrs. McCormick and Greer, the former winning by a majority of 19. The following were the gross numbers at the close:—McCormick, 326; Greer, 307; Skipton, 82.

THE CLARE ELECTION.—The *Tipperary Advocate* of Saturday, 7th instant, says—Mr. Calcutt may be said to be the *de facto* M.P. for the County of Clare. On yesterday a meeting of the Catholic Clergy of that county was held at Ennis, the Right Rev. Dr. Flannery presiding. Fifty-two clergymen gave in their adhesion to Mr. Calcutt; and the minority, sooner than convulse the county, will content themselves with simply recording their votes for Mr. White, should that gentleman go the poll. It is better that there should not be any antagonism in these times we have enough to contend with in opposing the progress of the common enemy without weakening our strength by internal dissension.

The O'Connor Dun was elected for Roscommon without opposition.

J. R. Tinsler, Esq., has been appointed Justice of the Peace for the city of Limerick.

IRISH EMIGRATION.—As the season is at hand when many of our fellow-countrymen and women take their departure from the land of their birth, to seek fortune at the other side of the Atlantic, it is, we conceive, the duty of all interested in their welfare to warn them against the dangers they are incurring. We regret to perceive that the Rev. Dr. Cahill has been doing—of course unconsciously—much mischief by the exaggerated statements sent by him from America, statements which may cause irreparable damage to such of our people as are influenced by them. We have already published in these columns some refutation of Dr. Cahill's errors; and we ask our readers' attention to the following extract from a letter which the *Morning News* informs us has been received by an Irish Prelate from a medical gentleman in America:—"Dr. Cahill, I perceive, is writing 'to the people of Ireland,' giving glowing accounts of America. His letters betray the greatest ignorance of the state of the Irish in America. They are false, and I say so with regret. Oh, what an awful responsibility rests on him, if he be the means of inducing any one to give up home and home to come to America! In every city and town throughout the Union, the Irish are to be found degraded, neglected, and despised. He only gives the best side of the story. It is true they send home money, but how many of them will, perhaps, crowd next day to the priest's house, begging the price of their week's board, if thrown out of work. How many thousands of them are idle, as I write, that would work for a bit to eat. Ask the physician or priest who goes among them, how far the Irish are benefited by coming to America—they can tell. Thousands of them never see a happy day after leaving Ireland. They struggle here in poverty, having nothing to cheer them but their true Catholic heart. As an Irishman, as a Catholic, I say, let every man go in his knees and beg of them to remain at home."

EMIGRATION.—We notice elsewhere the immense number of emigrants proceeding from Galway. On Thursday last, one of the Wallis's vans from Westport, passed through this town, carrying upwards of forty persons—chiefly young men and women, who were on their way from the county of Mayo to Liverpool, to embark for America. A great many from this immediate neighborhood are also leaving.—*Tuam Herald*.

ALARMING DISTRESS IN ERIS, COUNTY MAYO.—From the columns of the *Cattobur Telegraph*, we have learned the heart-rending news—the awful tale of wide-spread distress. When famine has fully set in, then are sure to follow in its train the concomitant evils—pestilence and disease; and when pestilence, with its leaden wings has once begun to brood over a country, then truly, are to be witnessed harrowing scenes. Grim death stalks abroad slaying man and beast. Oh! who can remember Skull and Skibbereen—aye, and Mayo, in 1847 and '49, without feeling a thrill of horror vibrating his every pulse. None but one who saw the scenes of those years, or sat on a committee in which were read letters from all parts of the country, detailing most appalling instances of want, can have a just appreciation of the woe and sorrow, which, at this moment afflict the people of Eris. With the most laudable zeal, the local landlords, Protestant and Catholic, priest and minister—so well Father Patrick Malone as the Rev. Mr. Jackson—meet on the same platform of charity, to devise means for saving the lives of the people. One would be tempted to say that returning famine produces one good effect. It makes men of all creeds and parties feel that they have the hearts of men, the viper instincts being trampled un-

der foot. What a pleasing sight to see Protestant and Catholic clergymen rivaling each other in the same committees, for the noble purpose of relieving distress—feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. In Eris, the Protestant clergymen exhibit no narrow-minded bigotry, they don't stoop to take advantage of the poverty of the people to proselytize them—they don't degrade themselves by offering money, meal, and soup to the poor, for the purpose of making them blasphemous God, by pretending to be Protestants. No, no, the Rev. Mr. Campbell and the Rev. Mr. Jackson, having bowels of mercy, like the good Samaritan, have united with the zealous and patriotic priests of Eris, in order that their combined appeal to a benevolent public, and their just demand on the Government, may have the desired effect. The gentry and Clergy—Protestant and Catholic—of that remote district, have set a noble example. May their union be the forerunner of several such throughout this land which has been so cursed by disunion.—*Connaught Patriot*.

MR. LANIGAN'S MOTION ON THE TREATMENT OF THE IRISH POOR.—We (*Tipperary Advocate*) beg to direct the attention of our readers to the very able speech of the honorable member for Cashel in his motion with regard to the removal of the destitute Irish poor from Scotland and England. Cashel may well be proud of her representative, for a more telling exposition of the atrocities perpetrated through the medium of that lever of legalised oppression—the Pauper Removal Act—we never before read. England and Scotland may empty the scum and the filth of their population on our shores, which becomes a sort of impious pensionary on our local taxation, while the industrious and meritorious Irishman and woman, the moment their little means are exhausted, when they cease to be further able to enrich the parish of their adoption by their labour, and when age, sickness, or accident renders them objects for the attentions of humanity, are inhumanly flung forth from the ports of England, with less tenderness than are bestowed on the ruffian convicts which that country sends for life punishment to her penal settlements. This is another of the blessings conferred by the so-called Act of Union. We again commend to our readers Mr. Lanigan's speech; and we do not envy the Irishman who, in its perusal, does not feel his bosom burn with indignation, and experience a nervous clutching of his right hand as if it should grasp a sabre's hilt.

AGRICULTURAL AND EMIGRATION STATISTICS.—The Registrar-General (Mr. Donnelly) issued yesterday his tables, showing the estimated average produce of crops for the year 1859, and the emigration from Irish ports from the 1st of January to the 31st of December, 1859. The Table are introduced in a report addressed to his excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, explanatory of the system adopted in the collection of the information they contain, and giving a kind of statistical analysis of the produce, &c. From these returns it appears that there was a great diminution in the yield of the crops in 1859, compared with the previous year; the cereals produced less by 1,183,519 quarters. Potatoes show a decrease of 562,702 tons, or about sufficient to supply every family in Ireland (averaging five persons to a family) with a stone of potatoes each day for nearly two months and a-half; turnips show a reduction of 902,717 tons, mangold-wurzel of 96,477 tons, cabbage of 51,487 tons, and hay of 370,227 tons. The only crop which shows an increase is the important one of flax, which yielded 3,994 tons above the produce of 1858, but this was owing to 46,936 acres more having been sown in 1859. This decrease in the average yield of all the crops in 1859 may be attributed to the extreme dryness and high temperature of the season, the weather having been for a long period unusually hot, and rain not having fallen for a considerable time, and also to the decrease in the acreage under tillage. It appears from other returns furnished that the rates of produce per acre in 1859 were lower than the average of ten years—1850 to 1859—for every crop with the exception of wheat. Notwithstanding this great diminution, the corn crops produced for the consumption of each family in the country, allowing five to each family, 212 stones for the year, or about 8lb. daily, and the potato crop was equal to nearly 22lb. daily for the same number of persons. The subjoined passage from the report is of interest, as showing that in the face of the generally admitted prosperity of the country the exodus of the Irish peasantry continues undiminished—"The emigration from Irish ports during the past year exceeded that of the previous one by 16,500 persons, 68,003 having left the country in 1858, and 84,503 in 1859; of this latter amount 46,431 were males and 38,168 females. These include 2,679 males and 1,321 females, or 4,000 persons who did not belong to Ireland, leaving the remaining 80,390 to represent the emigration of the Irish during 1859. Owing to the continued want of a general measure for the registration of births and deaths in this country, it was necessary in the computations to use the average of these events in England and Wales, as given in the reports of the Registrar-General. The births are therefore assumed to have been 1 to 31, and the deaths one to 45 of the population in each year. It is greatly to be regretted that there are not more satisfactory data upon which to base this important and interesting calculation; and it is earnestly to be desired that this session of Parliament may not pass over without supplying so great a want in the social legislation of this part of the United Kingdom, which presents the strange anomaly of being the only civilised country in the world in which the births, deaths, and marriages are not systematically recorded. According to the computation there would appear to have been in Ireland on the 1st of January of the present year 5,088,820 persons, being 563,565 less than at the time of the census of 1851. This estimate, however, should only be considered an approximation, as the emigrants who have settled permanently in this country since 1851 are not taken into account and the number of the births and deaths during the period has been obtained by using the English averages. The emigration continues to be chiefly composed of persons between the ages of 5 and 55 years; thus in Leinster 93.5, in Munster 92.3 in Ulster 91.4 and in Connaught 95.3 in every 100 persons who emigrated between these ages. The proportion who left the entire country at these ages was 92.2 per cent, while those aged from 15 to 45 included 80.9 in every 100 emigrants. Of the entire number of emigrants the largest proportion was from the county and city of Cork, which contributed more than 12 per cent. of the total emigration. The other counties and cities in Munster also gave a large proportion owing to which it would appear that this province lost a greater number of its inhabitants by emigration since 1851 than either Leinster, Ulster, or Connaught."

According to the *Limerick Chronicle* "overthurs have been made to that gallant Catholic corps, the Tipperary Artillery, the early disembodiment of which is expected to emigrate to New York, become United States citizens, and join a Papal brigade which is being organised in that city. The men of this fine and highly-trained corps are unwilling to go back to field labour, but seem to doubt whether the law would permit them to accede to the foreign offers made." The *Times* thinks this "very like a whale," but we may venture to assure our contemporary that worse fish have been caught before now. England has been eager to obtain German mercenaries to fight her battles, and the Tipperary boys would certainly have no reason to regret the cause which called them to active service. At all events, if the news be true, our contemporary may rest assured that when the Pope's Government disbands them, it will not be under the ignominious circumstances attending the dismissal of the Tipperary Militia at Nenagh, nor will the noble men of Tipperary be sent home in a "Great Tasmania" like the wretched cast-off English soldiers in India.—*Weekly Register*.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—At Carlow, some workmen were lately employed at the estate of John de Montmorency, Esq., of Knockree Castle, county Kildare, on removing the remains of an old castle in the demesne, when they came upon a walled chamber containing the skeleton of a man, in perfect preservation, in a recumbent position. In his hand, says the *Carlow Sentinel*, was a sword with a handsome jewelled hilt, and beside him was a breastplate and helmet, together with a drinking-cup. A box was found near him, containing "some coin of the reign of King John, a small cross, and some parchment with writings not yet deciphered."

No. 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

The following characteristic was written by T. B. McManus, one of the leading writers to J. F. Maguire, Esq., M. P.:

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 1, 1860.
Dear Sir,—Some eighteen months since, when a movement was on foot in Ireland for the purpose of petitioning the British Government for the pardon of the three Irish Exiles (viz., Mitchell, Maguire, and MacManus) excepted from the amnesty extended to all political offenders but them. I took the liberty of addressing a letter through you to the gentlemen urging that movement, requesting that my name would be omitted in that petition, as I wished to place myself under no obligation to a Government which I believe to be foreign to the genius, the religion, and the liberty of my native land. I now, Sir, perceive that a similar movement is on foot, and I have again through you, to repeat the request, and to entreat of the gentlemen interesting themselves in the matter to omit my name from this or any other boon they may crave from the British Government.

If the land that gave me birth—if the land sanctified to me by the graves of my forefathers—if the land of my love and affection, and for whose liberty I would cheerfully shed the last drop of my heart's blood, cannot welcome me back without the consent of a foreign ruler, then my foot shall never press her soil.

If, however, in the turmoil that is soon likely to beset Europe, she assumes the attitude of a nation and prepares herself to assert her independence, then I will consider myself welcomed back, and cheerfully and among the foremost of her exiles will I be there to aid her in that assertion.

The British Government branded me as a traitor, but not to my native land. I am now, as I was then, a traitor to British rule in Ireland.

I am, Dear Sir, with much respect,
Very truly and sincerely yours,
T. B. McMANUS.

ANOTHER SUICIDE IN BELFAST.—The solitary confinement system of the Belfast Gaol is not a preventative of suicide; but it would rather appear to be a provocative of it. Several suicides have already taken place in the prison. Not long since we had to record the dreadful death of one of the head wardens, as the facts transpired at the inquest; for, prior to that, no information on the subject had reached any member of the local press. A more horrible case of suicide took place on Monday; a girl named Mary Caughey, about 19 years of age, and in the gaol for debt, having hanged herself; and a like silence respecting it appears to have been observed, few in town, except the family of the deceased, having heard any information of the perpetration of the act. In many respects the case in question is singular, both in the antecedent circumstances and as regards the discipline of the prison, for the unfortunate deceased appears to have attempted suicide some days ago, a second time on Monday morning, and again in the afternoon of the same day, when, unhappily she accomplished her purpose. She had been at the Presbyterian service in the gaol, in going to which, or returning, all except the officers went masked; and after she had been in her room for some time, the matron, Mrs. Ash, visited her, when she found a bed sheet fastened to the ventilator over the door, another sheet in the hand of the girl, while a table was placed near the door, as if in preparation for suicide by strangulation had been in progress. Mrs. Ash spoke to her, and left her with the impression that the act was meant simply as an expedient to obtain relaxation of the prison rules; but on the day after the apparent preparations for strangulation had been observed, another debtor was received, and the two were placed in company in the same room, in which there were two beds. This second debtor remained till Monday, up to a little after 12 o'clock, and in a few minutes afterwards the deceased strangled herself. On the morning of the same day she had been, with the governor (Mr. Forbes) and other officers on one of the corridors, yet she managed to slip over the balustrade, and leap down to the corridor below, the distance being about twenty feet. How she escaped serious injury we cannot state; but she walked up the steps and lay down on the bed in her room. About half an hour after the other debtor left, the matron tried to open the door, and found the body of the deceased against it. She had fastened a sheet to the ventilator, mounted a table, secured her neck in a noose, and thus died.—*Belfast News*.

A TALE OF MYSTERY.—The following paragraph appears in one of the last Cork papers—"In the office or approach to the man-of-war roads at Queenstown may be seen lying a rakish-looking clipper bark, which will be at once recognised as of Yankee build, of some 700 tons burden; and for the last four months has this gallant ship ridden out the storms and gales that beset her at the same anchorage. With her full complement of hands, and seaworthy, there she still mysteriously swings, awaiting the word 'away.' But whether shall she speed?—many inquire. Some conjecture, but all are at fault. Mysterious-looking characters have been seen to visit her—some say of foreign mould; some aver natives. But beyond the fact that this craft is called the *Chas. B. Truitt*, of Philadelphia, and has on board a cargo consisting of 23,000 finely finished rifles, nought is known."

"THE GREAT TASMANIA."—LIMERICK PROVISIONS.—In the evidence given at the inquest on one of 5000 soldiers who died on board the ship above named, and whose deaths were attributable to the badness of the provisions, the gratifying fact, creditable to this country, was more than once stated, that the only article on board which was pronounced to be good and wholesome was supplied from Limerick. That sound and wholesome article was Pork, made up under Government contract four or five years ago, as Mr. Browne's evidence informs us, by the respectable houses of Thaddeus McDonnell and Patrick Hogan of this city. While the evidence abounds with the most distressing details of the absolute rottenness of the bread, the badness of the Beef, and the almost poisonous quality of every other element of subsistence on board, Doctor Fernandez states that "the Pork was capital," and Captain Bond says, "finer meat he never tasted in his life." This fact, so highly creditable to the Provision Trade of Limerick, and especially to the two Houses named, should have a marked and decisive influence on the Government in declaring future contracts, if they desire to guard against similar shame and sacrifice of life, to those which have created so much disgust in the public mind, in the instance before us.—*Munster News*.

HYDROPHOBIA.—A fine little girl, aged about 11 years, died on Thursday last, 5th inst., of this terrible disease, at Oloona, near this town. It appears that she received a bite a few months ago from a rabid dog that was running through the village. On Friday an inquest was held on the body by Dr. Hosty, Esq., Coroner, and on the evidence of Dr. Turner, a verdict to the above effect was returned.—*Tuam Herald*.

Cattle disease is spreading fatally in the neighborhood of Cashel. One farmer lost twelve cows and a number of calves by the disease within the past fortnight.—*Limerick Examiner*.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—At Carlow, some workmen were lately employed at the estate of John de Montmorency, Esq., of Knockree Castle, county Kildare, on removing the remains of an old castle in the demesne, when they came upon a walled chamber containing the skeleton of a man, in perfect preservation, in a recumbent position. In his hand, says the *Carlow Sentinel*, was a sword with a handsome jewelled hilt, and beside him was a breastplate and helmet, together with a drinking-cup. A box was found near him, containing "some coin of the reign of King John, a small cross, and some parchment with writings not yet deciphered."