

they were not more than 360 strong, stood their ground for fourteen hours against 32,000 of the Piedmontese [loud cheering]—stood their ground until the last cartridge was gone [renewed cheering]—and who, at Loretto, smashing through and trampling down three times their number, cleared a road for Lamoriciere to escape [enthusiastic cheering]. The echoes of Mangerton renew the salutation which woke the city of Paris the morning they crossed the Bridge of Austerlitz, and the walls of Limerick are vocal with the French cry of chivalry and proud condescension: *Honneur au courage malheureux!* [great applause.] At Thurles, 8,000 torches flash at midnight their redeemed names over the broad plains of Tipperary [renewed applause]. In Wexford, their courage and devotion receive the attestation of men whose fathers won for the Black Stars, and the valleys of the Bana and the Boro a fame not less effulgent than that which illuminates the forests of La Vendee and the crags of the Tyrol; and in Kilkenny the oration which awaits them has not been equalled since the Nuncio met the Confederates under Ormond in the Cathedral of St. Canice [enthusiastic cheering]. Thus did the people of Ireland repel the slanders with which their countrymen, fighting in what millions considered an exemplary and sacred cause, had been assailed by the English press; and thus from a deluge of defamation they again leaped forth the spirit which had transmitted and kept bright the vision and ideal of an Irish nation throughout a protracted night of desolation, and which, at that very hour, after so many ways of subjugation, after so many merciless attempts to extirpate and annihilate the ancient race, after so many alleged and vaunted manifestations of docility to England, admonished the British government that it was not safe to permit in Ireland the enrolment of volunteers [hear, hear, and great cheering].—Something else was gained. One thousand men who had been trained to the use of arms—who had had camping and campaigning of the roughest sort—who had worn the green tunic on the battle-field, and stood the brunt of war as staunchly as soldiers ever did—one thousand veterans—true to Ireland, her faith and fame—stood erect to day on Irish soil [renewed cheering]. Was it too much to believe, that what they had learned under Lamoriciere, in the way of discipline and war, would not be withheld from those who had greeted them in defeat, strewn flowers and laurels along their homeward road, and bidding them to the highest seat of honor at the festive board? [Hear, hear.] Was it venturing too far to assert, that, in any uprising of the Irish people against the foreign garrison planted in the island, those men would be found in the foremost ranks of the insurgent army, and that the arms branded with cowardice, would be the first to pay off with compound interest the debt of centuries? [Cries of hear, hear, and vehement applause.] This nucleus of a national army—this grand corps of officers, practically instructed and experienced in military service and the art of war—was just what Ireland most vitally needed in her more recent attempts to regain her footing in the world [hear, hear]—the enthusiasm, the daring, the endurance of a people in the field availing little against such a power as that of England, unless, indeed, the battle was sustained with most of the intellectual as well as the material resources of soldiership. [Hear, hear, and loud cheering].—What else was there? There was the Rotundo meeting and the National Petition, both inaugurated by The O'Donoghue, a young and gallant representative of one of the oldest houses of Munster, on whose fresh heart and intellect the traditions of his family, and the beauty and grandeur of his ancestral home, seemed to have made a grand impression [loud applause]. To this gathering in the Rotundo, however, the speeches delivered there, and the signing of the Petition in question, he did not perhaps attach the importance which others did, being satisfied that every political movement in Ireland, conducted on what were defined to be strictly legal and constitutional grounds, would prove futile and fallacious [hear, hear].—The object of this new movement, moreover, appeared to be the Repeal of the Legislative Union only—a measure which, if achieved, would do little more than nominally disenthrall the country [hear, hear, hear]—leaving the great social question, the right of the people to enjoy in perpetuity and fullness the land they cultivate, a vexed question still, and the independence of the nation circumscribed and precarious [great applause]. For his part—speaking for no one but himself, and disavowing anything and everything like dictation—he pronounced the Repeal of the Union an utterly insufficient remedy for disabilities of Ireland. [renewed applause] pronounced it a measure wholly unworthy the ambition, the sacrifices, the genius and resources of her people, and satisfied that it would be impracticable, if not more so, thoroughly to revolutionize the country, by deep the foundations of a new industrial proprietorship, and thus set free to their uttermost scope the energies of the people, he could not but regard the movement, inaugurated by the O'Donoghue, should it be confined to the object stated, as a glaring error of the public mind and a grievous waste of time. [Hear, hear, and loud applause]. But the waters once let loose, where they had been pent up so long, would find their own way, whatever narrow channel or destination might have been prescribed them; and in all this movement, restricted as it looked, he recognized, with his friend, John Mitchel, [enthusiastic cheering and waving of his hat and handkerchiefs] the first intimations of a storm which had been gathering for the last ten years a silence in the depths of the Irish heart, and the impetuosity of and force of which would be all the fiercer that it had been so long detained [hear, hear, and loud cheering]. And here it is but right and gracious of me to say that they who had stood true to Ireland, when the Irish sky was impenetrably overcast and the ways and chances of liberty seemed lost for ever, deserve to be thought of with gratitude by their awakening country, having through good report and ill, in all seasons and against all odds,

“Stood few and faint, but fearless still.” Amongst those few, my friend, Michael Doheny, (loud and prolonged cheering,) who has been true and staunch to Ireland in every vicissitude, standing unshaken and erect as the Round Tower which overlooks his Irish home; and my friend, John O'Mahony, (loud and enthusiastic cheers,) whose love for Ireland is like the ivy, ever clinging to the holiest of ruins, and dwelling with its dead, unchangeable in its hue, and every day striking its roots deeper into the earth that feeds it; and my friend, James Roche, (loud cheers and applause,) in whose clear mind and writings the cause of Ireland is reflected as vividly as the over-hanging clouds and mountains are in an Irish lake, and those of whose existence, the trials of the Phoenix prisoners, to the credit of the young intellect and chivalry of the country, gave proof—amongst those faithful few, these men who deserve to be spoken of with gratitude, and with honor and enthusiasm, whenever, as is now the case, the national hope revives, and the sun of victory comes forth to bless, and beautify, and suffuse with splendor the uncompromised flag of Ireland. All honor, and strength, and glory to this spirit, which will not abate the title of the poorest to an independent life, and which, in the deprivation of the attributes of nationhood, beholds a loss for which no measures of imported wisdom or philanthropy, much less the reflected glare of a foreign court, can compensate! (continued cheering.) All honor, and strength, and glory to this spirit, with the activity and fire of which the smallest nations have been moved to greatness—furnishing to the world immortal instances of industry, useful enterprise and heroism, and to the lowliest of their citizens imparting that manhood, that pride and dignity, which best secured the sanctities of the household, the public liberties, the potency of the laws, and the stability of the commonwealth (enthusiastic cheering.) All honor, and strength, and glory to this spirit which to-day, whilst it restores to Italy something more than her mediocrity and importance, inflames the students of Gracov with a patriotism worthy of the land and memory of her ancient tongue, summons the Magyar to a final battle with the House of Hapsburg, and throughout Europe everywhere—in Croatia, in Moravia, in Silesia, wherever there was an old race, an old language, an old country, ancient laws, customs, traditions, the treasured records and privileges of countries to recover or defend—prepared them for deeds such as the superb genius of Byron, in his lines descriptive of the Maid of Saragosa, had with a burst of warlike music flung upon the ear (loud and long-continued cheering.) Assuming—which he was justified in doing by the recollection of the long political tuition they had undergone—that Irishmen, the world over, were well aware of the damage done their country in every way by the foreign government which had hold of it so long, and that they were equally well convinced of the honor and advantage which would accrue to them from being empowered independently to manage their own affairs—assuming all this, the question came, how were Irishmen to get back their own and sweep out the English? (hear, hear.) That was the vital question. That, after all, was the only question which, in reference to the separation of Ireland from England, had to be satisfactorily cleared up (hear, hear.) It was not the necessity, the utility, the nobility of the achievement that was involved in uncertainty and dispute. It was the road, the time, the weapons, the chances of success (hear, hear.) Would the National Petition, with its million or two of signatures, effect the purpose? Would the contribution of a farthing a week, a penny a month, a shilling a year, ransom the prerogative which was beyond all price and computation? (Hear, hear, laughter and cheering.) Would any scheme of peaceful, bloodless, marrowless, moulting, copper-jingling, porbo-rattling, rent-collecting, Aldermanic coaxing (loud laughter,) whiskified, shoulder-hitting, grievance-peddling, windy, rowdy, habbargasterish, bottomless and bellowing agitation—(roars of laughter)—would any such agitation dethrone in Ireland a power which had such an immensity of pluck, an infinitude of resources, an out-lying territory in which all seasons and races were comprehended, and which—old, taxed, deeply in debt and hampered as it was—acquitted itself with credit in the Crimea, silenced with precipitation a desperate revolt in India, and whilst it crushed the fierce Maoris of New Zealand, advanced against a perfect whirlwind and tornado of Tartar horsemen the banner of St. George to the gates of Peking? (Hear, hear, and cheering.) It was full time that all such schemes should be trampled under foot, and that the cause of Ireland, which had its greatest military triumphs in the days of Hugh O'Neill, its sublime tributary sacrifices in the days of United Irishmen and Robert Emmet, and its finest intellectual illustrations in those of Thomas Davis (enthusiastic cheering)—it was full time that this cause should be wrested from the politicians—the knavish, the illiterate, the blustering and the craven [hear, hear]—and be commended, the world over, to the championship of the young, the bright, the fearless, the instinctive chivalry of enlightened nations, and all that was incorruptible, devotional, and bold in Ireland [great applause]. Let them consult the oracles! Let them ascend the Alps! There were the ruined towers of Sempach glistening as though they were sunbeams, with the recollections of Arnold of Winkelreid, in the shadow of which towers the nobility of Austria, her white banners and golden helmets, were trampled under foot by the burghers and peasants of the mountains [loud cheering]. Let them enter Paris in the stillness of the morning! There was the stately column of July, with its wreaths of oak and lion-heads, overlooking the splendid city of whose avenging democracy it was the monument—the Angel of Liberty with lifted wings casting off the broken chain and waving aloft the burning torch, soaring from the Corinthian capital, whilst the heroes of the revolutions of 1830 and 1848 sleep grandly in the vast *sarcophagi* beneath [great applause]. Let them traverse with him, that night, the ice of Boston harbor. Let them climb together the sacred hill! Let them scan from base to summit the mighty obelisk which towered above them! Let them read the names that rendered it imperishable! Let them recall the memories that illumined it; for night and day, throughout all time, it stood there a pillar of inexhaustible light [tremendous cheering]. But whilst the glory of the heroic dead radiated from it, and the frozen waters for miles reflected, as on a marble slab, the lustre which suffused the granite, a voice came from it, melodious and powerful as that which streamed from the statue of Memnon at the rising of the sun [renewed and prolonged cheering]. What said it? It proclaimed what the towers of Sempach what the torn trees in the Park at Brussels, what the black tomb in the Hofkirche of Innsbruck, what the Andes still repeating the cry which Bolivar once taught them, what the waters of Unterwalden, what the gushing vineyards of Lombardy, now that they ripen in the sunshine of liberty, throughout all the seasons, night and day proclaim—that to armed claimants, and to them alone, belongs the heritage of freedom (vehement and deafening cheers.) But was Ireland armed?—equipped sufficiently to meet the bayonets and batteries of England?—potent enough, so far as saltpetre, steel, grape, slugs, practised steadiness, rapidity and precision of aim and movement could render her—was Ireland potent enough to-day to show fight and come off with flying colors? He could not say so—he did not believe so [hear, hear.] A people dispersed as the Irish people had systematically and scrupulously been for generations—amongst whom the possession of a pitchfork, whenever the government desired to make it so, was a transportable offence [hear, hear]—and who could not be trusted with rifles in their hands, to defend their own soil, lest the *omnibus* of Wexford or Tipperary should mistake red coats for red breeches [loud laughter] and in their stupidity sweep out, as foreigners, the flower of the British isles [renewed laughter]—a people, thus persistently disarmed,

could not be expected to have the means of effectually striking down, in a day, and clearing out the enemy whose presence within their lines frustrated and trammelled them [hear, hear]. *Parvo minister arma!* This was the exclamation of Virgil in his description of the surprise and sack of Troy. The passion of the moment provides arms! But the words which paint a hurried and bewildered scene have been construed into a dogmatic authoritative of sudden and unprovoked revolt; and thus they had had men, in and out of Ireland, who held that precipitation was everything and premeditation nothing, flinging their spears over the trampled banners of 1848, as the flagrant evidences of indecision and timidity, instead of wisely and reverently regarding them as warnings to the ardent and courageous, to be sure before they leap and strong before they strike [hear, hear]. Disarmed, then, and prohibited from arming, but the spirit of revolution quick and vehement within her, how could Ireland emancipate herself, and in this boisterous era resume her ancient throne? He would answer the question with promptitude and frankness— Ireland must look to France for her deliverance [loud vehement cheering]. Ten thousand Zouaves leaping upon the sands of Bantry Bay, or wherever else they liked—from the grey arches of Dunbrody to where the sea-gull frets itself against the wild battlements of Dunluce [renewed cheering]—ten thousand Zouaves would expunge the English Garrison, and, in a day, give Ireland to the Irish [tremendous cheering]. Ten thousand of such soldiers would bring to Ireland one hundred thousand stand of arms; and one hundred thousand stand of arms, in a military point of view, to predict the least of it, would equalize the contesting forces, and give to any revolt in Ireland the character and consequences of a European war [hear, hear and continued cheering.] Concerning the issue of such a war, indeed, there could be no question. France and Ireland—the two great Celtic nations—marching side by side, volleys and charging together, sabring and thrusting, striking home with the one arm, with the one heart, with the one shout, would over-march any force that crossed their path, however powerful it might be [loud cheering]. But was the armed alliance of France and Ireland—the invasion of Ireland by France, as the English call it [laughter]—was this event probable? If probable, was it one which Irishmen should honorably welcome? Was it probable? With such a mysterious and inscrutable hand as that of Louis Napoleon clutching the lightning and thunderbolts of France, was any imaginable event improbable? [cries of hear, hear and great cheering.] He proclaims in Bordeaux that his reign shall be a reign of peace, and, within six years from that evangelical assurance we have two of the bloodiest wars that ever shook the pillars of Europe and set them reeling [loud applause.] He is into the Crimea before Russia has time to spread her entrenchments to the Alps, and over the Alps, through snows and storms such as the eagle sways against in vain, he flings his scythe-like bayonets and rifled cannon, and they are blazing away and carrying all before them on the Minio, before Austria has moved a foot [hear, hear, and long continued cheering.] Were the speaker an Englishman, he would not invest a shilling in the funds on such security, imperial as it was [great laughter and prolonged cheering]. The political expressions of France authorized this language. He deduced for Ireland the armed assistance of France from the writings of her most active and speculative minds [hear, hear]. For the last two years the cause of Ireland had no advocacy more effective than that which the sympathetic intellect of France had glowingly and gratuitously given [hear, hear and enthusiastic cheering]. The other day he was handed a file of the *Diario de Pernambuco*—one of the imperial organs of Brazil—and he had found in them a dozen columns, and more, of articles translated from the French press, all vindictive of the claims, the courage, the eloquence, the deep religiousness of Ireland, her conspiracies for freedom, and the insatiable thirst with which she had pursued, through the scorching wilderness of adverse and barren centuries, the vision of a resplendent nationality [cheers]. The Abbe Perard takes a tour through Ireland, and the result of his travels and observations is a work which, not less powerfully than that of Gustave Beaumont, or the German Kiol, reveals the social condition of the country, the iniquity with which it has been visited, the great redemption it anticipates. In the midst of noise which the London press raises about the cruelties and profanations to which Naples and Palermo are subjected by a loathsome police, Monsieur Marie Martin issues a pamphlet, which William S. O'Brien characterizes as one of the best statements, within a short compass, of the case of Ireland he has ever seen [cheering].—Dentu, of the Palais Royal, issues another pamphlet on the same subject, in which, after instituting a comparison between Sicily and Ireland, and declaring the condition of the former, under the Neapolitan Bourbon, to be enervable when compared with that of the latter, the writer asserts, that, for a successful rising against England, Ireland appears at this moment to need but the man, and that he who won his spurs in Algeria, planted the eagles on the Malakoff, and won a coronet at Magenta, seems to have been marked out by Providence for the work [enthusiastic cheering.] Mr. Meagher here referred to some length to the articles that have recently appeared in *La Montre, L'Esperance, Le Nord*, and other French and foreign papers, relating to Ireland, and having quoted largely from them, proceeded to say that Ireland was justified in accepting these intimations of French aid, and that it was honorable and provident of her to do so. On this point—a vital one—he stood opposed to his friend Wm. Smith O'Brien, than whom a purer and loftier Irishman had never appeared in public life [loud cheers]. A preposterous excess of Irishism, he said, might repel the gallant tendencies and assistance of a kindred race; but the necessities of the country counselled and urged, whilst the unimpeded conduct of Greece, of Belgium, of the republics of Columbia, of America herself, approved and sanctioned the use of whatever means, to reiterate the memorable words of Patrick Henry, the God of nature placed in their power [prolonged cheering]. Even after Leopold had entered it in the triumph, Brussels would have been retaken by the Dutch, had not the bayonets of France suddenly flashed in the sky above Namur, and Holland might to this day have held the citadel of Antwerp, but for the 88,700 rounds of shot and shell which Marshal Gerard showered into it for 19 days [hear, hear]. But for the foreign broadsides which ploughed the waters of the Navarino, notwithstanding the victories of Marcorodes, and that in the details of St. Irene, the heroism of Marston and Thermopylae were renewed, the Turk might have crossed his legs again upon the pavement of the Acropolis, the battles of four years have gone for nothing, and the Greek slave be seen to-day in the marts of the Bosphorus, a living witness of the fall, wreck, and ignominy of her violated home, instead of being a beautiful and tender memory only, which the chisel of the American sculptor had embodied (enthusiastic applause.) Even so should the saddest memories of Ireland be transferred to marble, and there alone survive, whilst her hopes would shine forth as the stars, the light of which, long hidden, and for centuries travelling, had reached the earth at last! [tremendous cheering, during which Mr. Meagher, who had been speaking for two hours, sat down.]

SERMON OF REV. DR. CAHILL. (From the Metropolitan Record.)

St. Bridget's Church was crowded to its utmost capacity on Sunday evening, March 3d, the occasion being the delivery of a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Cahill, for the benefit of St. Bridget's Schools. There could not have been less than two thousand persons within the walls, every available foot of standing room being occupied. The church, with its brilliant decorations, never looked more beautiful. The altar was illuminated with a profusion of lights that almost dazzled, and its pure white and gold were in admirable contrast with the general style of the whole interior. There was a large number of the Rev. Clergy present, among whom were Very Rev. Wm. Sturz, V.G. Rev. Messrs. McNeirny, Curran, McCarthy, Neligan, Brennan, and others. The Rev. Dr. Cahill took as his text the Parable of Dives and Lazarus, from St. Luke, chapter xvi. verses 19 and 31, inclusive. The picture presented in this parable, said the Rev. Lecturer, is one of the most terrible ever painted by the Saviour. It exhibits to us Death, Judgment, Hell and Heaven—the four great things to be remembered. The Rev. Lecturer proceeded to explain the parable in detail, dwelling at much length upon its prominent features. When Lazarus lay, in his affliction, at the rich man's gate, the rich man had an opportunity perhaps of saving his own soul, by doing an act of charity, but he had no charity in his heart, and “no one did give” to Lazarus. But death came to both men, and after it we learn the terrible difference which the justice of Creator caused Him to make in the immortal destiny of the soul of each. The soul of Lazarus who was despised on earth, was taken up to Heaven by angels and laid in the bosom of Abraham, while that of the rich man, from whom he in life begged the “crumbs” which “fell from his table,” was “buried in hell.” This sentence was in accordance with the justice of God. His mercy to sinners is unbounded; His justice unswerving. Man is not condemned, is not “buried in hell” by God; it comes to him from his own act.—He may, in his lifetime, possess every good quality and excellent attribute of humanity, and faithfully discharge his duties of husband, father, and citizen, but unless he do so in the spirit of Christianity, and according to the dictates of religion, he is in the eye of God, a respectable Pagan—nothing more. With sin on his soul he cannot enter Heaven. Should the mercy of the Father prompt Him to save a soul in such a condition, the Crucified Saviour might with justice, exclaim:—“Why bring into My presence a soul stained with sin? Did I not die on the cross to afford it the means of salvation? Is it not a cruel mockery of My sufferings on earth to permit the soul of one who has abused My gifts, and again and again wounded and crucified Me by his acts, to enter here?” So it is that God the Father in His justice, is, as it were, compelled to damn the soul of the impenitent and unrepentant sinner, recollecting the agony of His Son when in the world. The Reverend preacher then alluded to the awe, sometimes disgust, which we all feel in the presence of a dead body. To die is of itself a heavy punishment, to lose our senses, to have the eyes glazed in dissolution, to be stunned by our nearest friends, nailed in a coffin, and placed in the earth as food for worms. Frequently the fondest mother will not remain alone in the room with her dead daughter. It is exactly the same in Heaven. The most dotting mother will abhor her daughter when damned.—Near the throne of God, her soul loves everything He loves. His will is her will, his mind is identified with her mind, and what He hates she hates. Her soul is in immortal, eternal life, and that of her child in immortal, eternal death, and—as in the instance of Dives and Lazarus—“between them is fixed a great chasm.” Sin is the terrific cause of this death; and we have death everywhere, in the air, water, fire, and every pore of our bodies—death from the hand of our brother. God never changes. He cannot change. It is the sinner changes. If a man's soul dies eternally under His justice, it cannot charge Him with its perdition; it must charge its former earthly tempter. God can say—“you made your own bed, in Hell or Heaven, it is your own affair.” The “bitter chalice” was not removed from the lips of Christ until “the sins of men were atoned for;” and when you look on the Cross, the grand emblem of your Redemption, you see on it God's writing, that without the blood of Christ you cannot be saved. The preacher went on, in his usual eloquent strain of pulpit oratory, for a considerable time to dilate on the enormity of sin, the dangers of deferred repentance, and the immensity of the consideration of an eternity of punishment or happiness. At the conclusion of the sermon he paid a high tribute to the Pastor of Saint Bridget's as well as the congregation of the Church. They were worthy of each other. The presence of Father Mooney alone prevented him from dwelling at greater length on his many estimable qualities; but, as the man who was asked to paint the sun on canvas took the applicant out of doors and pointed out the sun to him, so he (Doctor Cahill) said to them to look on their Pastor. He was glad to see the children of the schools such a credit to their Reverend Father, and happy if he had contributed anything to the sustenance of these institutions. Saint Bridget, to whom this church was dedicated, was one of the most glorious of the Irish saints, although she had only three houses on the continent of Europe, and besides she belonged to Kildare, the scene of his earlier life. It afforded him much pleasure to be in St. Bridget's Church, and he thought the Rev. Pastor should call himself Saint Bridget's Pastor, and his Curate, St. Bridget's Curate. At the close of the sermon there was benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. [We would publish the sermon of the Rev. Dr. Cahill in full, but for his request that we should not do so, as its publication interferes its delivery in other places.]

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Sisters of Mercy, Nans, acknowledge with gratitude the receipt of £5 from the Rev. James Hughes, P. P., for the relief of the sick poor visited by them in their own dwellings. The Marchioness of Ormonde is at present giving very extensive employment to the laboring poor in this locality, in constructing a large reservoir in the Castle grounds, by means of which Messrs. Ross & Murray of Dublin have contracted to supply the castle with water from the “Seven Springs,” with a wheel and pipes. The improvement in the Castle itself have been much enlarged beyond those originally intended, and the picture gallery, besides being lighted from the roof, is to be made fire-proof.—*Wick Weekly Messenger.* The Grand Jury System in Ireland.—A petition has just been presented by the guardians of the O'Connell Union, praying for an alteration in the present grand jury system in Ireland. The *Connacht Patriot* says: “We are delighted to hear of the promotion of that excellent young Clergyman, the Reverend P. O'Donoghue, C.C. Clonsilla, who has been changed to the Curacy of Swinford. He has been replaced in Kiltinagh by the Rev. Mark Cooke, transferred from Kilsbally. A few days ago, as a farmer named O'Dea was removing some rubbish from an old house on the townland of Rahaline, county Clare, which has been in ruins for many years, he discovered two human skeletons, with the feet laid against each other. The bones broke into pieces on being removed. No one in the locality—some of whom are residing there for over 60 years can throw any light on the matter. An inquest was to be held. THE INFORMER IN DENEGAL.—Letterbox, Feb. 18.—The informer Deery, upon whose sworn information nineteen persons were arrested in this county as having been connected with Ribbonism and other serious outrages, but subsequently discharged, has been fully committed for trial at next assizes for perjury. The schooner Manchester, of Dublin, Saunderson, master, with a cargo of coals from Maryport to Dublin was driven on the bar of Strangford, on the night of Feb. 7, and became a total wreck. GALWAY HARBOR.—We understand that the necessary preparations have been made for the construction of the jetty and landing stage, and the work will be commenced next week. The landing stage though intended only as a temporary work, will be of a very substantial construction, about ninety feet in length, and twelve in breadth, connected with the dock wharf by a jetty 420 feet in length, and sixteen feet wide. It is proposed to use foreign timber in the principal part of the work, and native timber, which can be had of large size, in the other portions. It is also proposed to give additional solidity and strength to the landing stage, by filling up the interior with rubble stone to the stage level. A landing platform will be formed in the stage at half tide level, with a flight of steps to the upper platform, so that the mails, passengers, and luggage can be landed or embarked at any level of the tide, and a shelter shed will be erected on the platform for the convenience of passengers. All necessary preparations have also been made for laying down moorings in the roadstead, so that in a very few weeks the accommodation required for the trans-Atlantic packets will be provided.—*Galway Vindicator.* NATIONAL POLICE.—If we are to profit by past experience, let us avoid self-delusion; let us deal with the country as it really is, not with the country as we may wish it to be. We are dealing with a most peculiar condition of things in this country. Perhaps in the history of the world none more complex and extraordinary have been seen. Let no one think the road is clear, broad, and straight, that leads to solution of the Irish problem. We are disorganized, and the elements of disorganization, contradiction, and difficulty, are so deeply implanted in the national nature, that we cannot cast them out; we can only hope to hold them in check—to neutralise them. Our case is like no other case in the world around us. We have to deal not merely with the oppressive domination of a foreign country. We have a large, powerful, and influential class in the kingdom—firmly rooted in our midst—regarding themselves as a garrison for England and regarding this island as a mere utensil for England's use and benefit. The soil of the country is held by aliens. A sixth of our population is of the English religion. A large fraction of the native Irish Catholics are thorough West Britons. English opinions govern them. English literature forms their ideas. The upper and middle classes—to a large extent Catholics as well as Protestants—are more British than Irish in political sympathies. The masses of the people, and the majority of the clergy, are thoroughly national in feeling, but they do not see their way. Then, we are sedulously kept divided. A wisdom almost satanic—cold-blooded, subtle, profound—watches ever to keep us in constant suspicion of each other. Moreover, there are those “failures” which we have been considering in recent numbers, supposed to stamp us with utter helplessness and incapacity, and which certainly dispirit the people largely. What then, is to be our policy? For our parts, we confess to a dislike of cut-and-dry politics and plans. But political action must have some fixed principle to guide it. It is certain that the country would not enter on an armed struggle; and it is equally certain that its decision is not the result of cowardice. However intoxicating it may be to vapour and dream, and mystify about “seeing what we shall see,” we do not believe Ireland has resolved to stake its chances on an appeal to the sword, we shall be guilty of such disgusting and debauching practices as swagging to a diseased appetite for excitement, swagger and tall talk. We have had a little too much of it. It has tended to degrade and disgrace us before the world, and it is with deep regret we see it cropping up once more. SERMS.—We are well aware with what effervescence of indignation Englishmen and West-Indians claim against the hidden, but omnipresent, system of the Continent in general, and of France in particular. These accusations, by the very impossibility of seizing upon a fact to support them, loom imposingly, from their magnificent vagueness. Through a mist, a hill will appear as a mountain, and through the be-mystified minds of English and West-Briton tourists in France—a sharp glance from a fellow-passenger in a train, or the accidental passing of the water behind them at a coffee-house, will be proof enough to them that the keen eye of tyranny is upon them. They quake respectfully, and if they have been conversing upon French institutions, they turn the conversation, or are silent. In general their position as foreigners makes them suspicious, their usual want of intimate knowledge of the language and customs of the land they visit renders them distrustful of the sayings and doings of the People. So, when they peruse their British journals, whose Paris Correspondents are paid to minister to Anglo-Saxon vanity by assiduously perverting every ambiguous circumstance, and inventing occasional horrors in the slack season, they accept with avidity the spicy meats furnished. Sedulous to believe, they are slow to perceive. Certain facilities lie dormant, and receive every impression from alien hands. We cannot but suppose, also, that a Frenchman, meeting with one of these, and observing the pertinacity of his prejudices, must feel tempted to glorify him by marvellous tales. It is not the first time that English travellers have been thus deluded in Ireland by the quick-witted peasant. Legitimists indeed, and moon-calves of the sort, may circulate fables to extract sympathy from the Saxon for their forlorn condition. But, as for anything more real, we have had no proof. Proofs in plenty we have had of the existence of such a system in Ireland. We have seen large sums of money offered, money which any thorough ruffian could obtain who would swear persistently and consistently. Who is not aware of the extraordinary system of corruption adopted by Government in Ninety-Eight? What nation or what age has ever witnessed an atrocity like to the atrocity of MacNally's case? The advocates for the prisoner, he to whom all his thoughts and actions were frankly confided, he on whom he relied to turn the scale of Life, he whom the whole world regarded as the possessor of a just almost divine—this man the English Government stepped in to bribe, to corrupt, to buy, body and soul. They successfully tempted him to sell the most private counsels of his client into their malignant grasp. And this went on: he, defending his clients and betraying their lives to the ruthlessness of his official employers! Such a man and such a case are but the types of a whole system. Was the case of Mullens, the ex-politician, though less conspicuous, less atrocious? Were the machinations with regard to the young one, supposed to be implicated in the Phoenix Society, less abominable? It was but last week that twelve men were seized, dragged from their homes, and carried miles away to be thrown into Lifford Gaol, upon the testimony of an informer, lured to his work by the enticement of a large reward. This man swore to their complicity in the murder of a shepherd named Murray, in Glenveagh, county Donegal; yet, when he was brought near the scene of Murray's death (who may have but fallen over a precipice), this fellow not only could not point out the place in question, but he did not go within two miles of it. This was a sufficient proof, at all events. The men were liberated. But had the informer been a native of the district, or had he discreetly visited it, to make sure,—who can say what would have been the fate of these twelve men? More than any other country in the world, with whose institutions we are authoritatively conversant, the English Government fosters the unholy and debasing system of hoodwinking man upon his fellow-man. And to this end it employs the most revolting means. To obtain anxious fit for this work, the baser and more animal instincts, the satanic propensities of man, are urged into prominence by the allurements of lucre. For this he is goaded on to feign friendship that he may betray his friend, to swear a brotherhood, that he may annihilate the lives of his brethren, to utterly fly from the Divine commands, and sell his immortal soul into perdition.—*Dublin Irishman.*