tones of piteous entreaty- he will not be long with me-let me look upon him while I can! while I can! while I can loh! Aunt Martha, Aunt Martha! what will I do at all?

what will I do at all?"

A wild burst of anguish followed, and Mrs. Esmond, trembling and exhausted, was easily prevailed upon to resume her seat. It appeared to the sympathizing friends who watched her so tenderly that there was in her mind, and hovering on her lips, something which she could not put in words. Aunt Martha, kind and prudent,

'My poor Henrietta, said she, 'you are thinking of-of-the laying out-but that cannot be done to-night.'

'And why not?' cried Mrs. Esmond with a

The old lady was silent, but the doctor spoke:-

Well, you know, my dear Mrs. Esmond, coughing slightly to gain time, 'there is a certain-ah!-investigation to be made-beforebefore anything of that kind is done----

'On, you mean the inquest,' said the widow, seized with a sudden tremor: 'I had forgotten that-my God! my God!

What if you took her to see the children? whispered the doctor to Aunt Martha as he turned to leave the room; 'the sight of them might soften heart and make her weep-then all were well-but I fear this horrid wildness-this dry feverish agony.

At this juncture the door opened and Uncle Harry joined the group. The meeting between him and the heart-stricken widow of his murdered nephew was strangely silent and solemn. In silence the old man took Mrs. Esmond's hand and squeezed it very hard; in silence he seated himself by her side, drew a long, long breath that ended in a sigh, then looked through his half-closed eyes first at his wife, then at Dr. Hennessy and last of all at his niece. As for Mrs. Esmond, she appeared but little consoled by his presence, and a darker shadow seemed to gather on her face since his entrance. She returned his greeting with her wonted gentleness, but remained silent.

'My dear niece,' began Uncle Harry at length, 'this is an awfu! visitation that has come an end awaited our poor Harry?'

A voice here spoke from the shade of the high and richly curtained bed- They said they'd do shoot ould Esmond!'

· Great God! who is that?" exclaimed Uncle Harry, while his wife turned pale as death, and Dr. Hennessy, approaching the spot whence the voice appeared to issue, led Mabel out by the

'I knew it was poor Mabel,' sighed the younger Mrs Esmond.

But how came she there ?' said Uncle Harry

'She must have got in when you did,' observed Dr. Hennessy, ' for I know she wasn't in the room before."

Don't mind her, pleaded Mrs. Esmond, reaching out her hand to Mabel; 'she was the first to cry over-over-him that's gone!-That's a good girl, Mabel, don't be afraid ! and she smoothed down the dark dishevelled tresses

that hung over the girl's shoulders. 'I'm afraid of him!' said Mabel, pointing to Uncle Harry, who was regarding her with one of his keen, scowling glances; 'that' ould Esmond, you know,' in a half whisper to Mrs. Esmond, 'and they said he was a born devil.'

'Hush! hush! Mabel,' whispered Mrs. Esmond eagerly.

'Let her say on,' said Uncle Harry sternly;

who said I was a born devil, Mabel ? Why, the men in the Abbey that dark night -and listen hither-they said they'd kill you! -ha! ha! I knew they'd do it-it's well it wasn't hang you they did-they hang every one you know - barrin' the gentlemen - but they shoot them-ha, ha, ha!-an' that's all the same but ochone! the purry young gentleman in the room above, what mede them shoot him? sure he never done anybody any harm ?-

"Och, it's once I had a true love, but now I have

This allusion to her husband's fate, accompanied as it was with so touching a tribute to his goodness, went straight to Mrs. Esmond's heart, and drew a torrent of tears from her eyes, to Dr. Hennessy's great relief.

But who were the men?' persisted Uncle Harry, his brow darkening more and more every moment.

"Wisha, how could I see in the dark?" was the answer. 'Ask Jerry Pierce up at the big house, and maybe ne'll tell you! He's Kate Murtha's born brother, you know! Augh! let me go now-1 want to see the young master. Ochone! ochone! the black day it was when any body made that hole in his purty white

forchead? Dr. Hencessy flew with great alacrity to open the door for the wayward girl, and away she went along the corridor crying and clapping her hands in all the wildness of sorrow.

'There's a terrible meaning running through her incoherent ravings,' said Uncle Harry with stern emphasis; 'we must have her before the coroner in the morning. Come, doctor, let us they left the room together.

(To be continued.)

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY-KINGSTON.

The following is an extract of the Minutes of a Committee Meeting of the St. Patrick's Society of Kingston, held at their Hall, Auchor Buildings, on the 23rd of March, 1863 :-

"It was moved by Mr. Patrick Curtiss, seconded

by Mr. Edward Garven, and

" Resolved-That Mr. P. J Buckley, jun., do furnish the Committee of the St. Patrick's Society with a copy of his speech delivered on St. Patrick's Day, 1863, and that the same be forwarded to the Editor of the True Witness, with a request to publish the same in his next issue."

P. J. Buorley, jun., P. J. Buorley, jun., P. Secretary.

Kingston, 23rd March, 1863. In compliance with the above, we give below the

SPEECH DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY Of the City of Kingston, U.W., at the City Hall, on St. Ratrick's Day, 1863, by P. J. Buckley, jun., Recording Secretary of the Secretary :-

Mr. President, Gentlemen, Members of the St. Patrick's Society-The Annual celebration in honor of Ireland's Patron Saint brings us once more together to-day; and, I am sure, it must be a matter of much congratulation and a source of unmingled pleasure to frishmen in general, but more particularly to the members of this Society, to find that the celebration of this festival in the year 1863 is in nowise inferior to any had in former years, but in some respects far superior. Well indeed may the St. Patrick's Society of this City be proud of themselves on to-day; for, if it is at any time praise worthy for men to do their duty, it must be doubly so when, upon occasions like the present, regardless of the slurs of some and the the dissatisfaction of others, they boldly, but peaceably, evince those regards and affections which they possess for dear old Ireland, and which, I am confident, will never be parted with. (Oheers.)-If, however, the eye, on casting a glance around this Hall, crowded though it is, detects the absence of some, who from their birth, origin, and nationality, ought to be present, you must know, and I am here to tell you, that their absence must not be assigned to anything connected with this Society, but to their own want of true love of country and to their own negligence is permitting to die out that sacred spark of patriotism which God Himself planted in their bearts at the moment of their birth. Well indeed would it have been for them had they never ventured a trip across the Atlantic; for they seem to have cast overboard the best part of their outfit-viz., their patriotism and love of country. Had they remained however where they were born, they never could have lost this same love of country of which I speak; for how could they gaze on the round towers of Irelandthe proud relics of her antiquity and grandeur; or apon the moss-covered walls of her venerated chapels -the undying proofs of her attachment to religion and Christianity; or upon her beautiful lakes and smiling plains, reacting in every scene some well known passage of her soul-stirring poetry and music-how, I ask, could they be the inhabitants of such a country without possessing that feeling for which Barbaupon us all. Who could have thought that such rians have been given credit, namely, patriolism and love of country? Why, then, do I hear you ask does this occur, or why does this state of things exist? I will tell you. It is because some on leaving their it—an' they did—they said they'd hang—no, native shores bring with them to this country, not those endearing memories of the past which keep alive this patriotism and love of country of which I speak, but, on the contrary, carefully bring with them those seeds from which spring those plants of exotic growth which are so frequently met with by the researching botanist in quest of the many lusus nature which abound in this Canada of ours. But let me tell the puzzled botanist that this is not an indigenous plant, but merely the offshoot of narrowmindedness and bigotry, of sectional prejudices and feelings which beyond a doubt have proved the greatest scourge and curse of Ireland. Ah! well would it be for us all to remember those few lines of our own poet, Moore, which, if well considered, might perhaps be productive of that effect which he intended, when

> "Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side, In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree? Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried, If he kneel not before the same altar with me? No-perish the hearts and the laws that try

he said—

Truth-valor-and love by a standard like this." But, gentlemen, there is another cause which prevents the appearance of others here to-day-a cause over which we have no control, and a cause which will on some day prevent you and me from taking part in the glorious festivities of St. Patrick's Day. Need I tell you that that cause is death-a fearful and portentous word. Yes, gentlemen, death has been among us since last we met, and has robbed us of some of our best and most esteemed members. But in making general allusion in this way to those who have left us, may I be permitted to make special mention of one whose name, I am sure, you have not forgotten-P. C. Murdoch, Esq. To him the Society, in no small degree, owes much of its present prestige and prosperity. Chosen by his countrymen in this city to fill on several occasions the high office of Grand Marshal, he gained from them by the very efficient manner he fulfilled the onerous duties of his office, their universal thanks and approbation; and can we ever forget how well he looked, and what a true picture of an Irish gentleman he presented to our view when standing on this very platform he addressed the Society in the language of a man who really loved the St. Patrick's Society, as well as the land that gave him birth. 'May he rest in peace; and may his memory be long, long cherished by the members of the St. Patrick's Society of this city. It is a very difficult task, gentlemen, to select a subject to speak upon for St. Patrick's Day-I mean a subject which would possess something of the nature of novelty about it, and which would add fresh interest to the proceedings of the Day ;- the reason, I am sure, must be obvious to you all. For as each year comes round, and with it brings the Annual Festival, we have always had in Kingston the pleasure of listening to some real good speeches. This year, too, we have been treated with the usual eloquent speech from our worthy President, James O'Rielly, Esq., upon which, if we were to venture an opinion at all, far surpassed anything of the kind he has ever given us before .join the gentlemen,' and taking Hennessy's arm We have to regret, however, that through the unavoidable absence of our Vice-President, Dr. Sullivan, and our ex-President, Daniel Macarron, Esq.; we have been deprived of their customary eloquent addresses upon this occasion. As of necessity the subject matter of a speech on St. Patrick's Day must be always, or at any rate pretty nearly the same-We generally, among other things, speak of ourselves, but we commence to do at so early an hour in the morning, and only ceasing to perform the same pleasing task at so late an hour in the evening that it is the conviction and belief of every Irishman in the land on retiring to sleep on St. Patrick's night, or nearly next morning, that there is no body on the face of the earth so good or so great as an Irishman. Well, gentlemen, far be it from me to

with those who may choose to dispute the point of our greatness and superiority of race. There is one thing, however, incontestibly true, and that is, that a true Irishman is a great man on St. Patrick's Day -this is his day, pur excellence, in the year. Enthusiastic by nature, he becomes doubly so upon today; warm-hearted and generous, he is ready to extend the right good hand of friendship and love to every one; and I am sure upon to-day many differ. ences, quarrels, and disputes are smothered by the Cead mille failthe of an Irishman's home We have no objections to the sons of Scotia celebrating St. Andrew's Day; and who can question their right upon that day, especially to revel in the sweet pleasures of the past, and again revisit those sacred spots of his youth, and play again, amidst the hetherclad hills of his native land; nor why upon that day the proud Scotchman should not talk of his Scott, bis Wallace, his Bruce and his Burns, and cast around his home the sweet odors of affection and love of country. With equal right does the Englishman, on St. George's Day, glory in the greatness of his country and the extent of his Empire, and honor that flag that has " braved a thousand years the battie and the breeze," in the way and manner he knows so well to do. And now I would ask in the name of common sense and justice, has not the Irishman an equal right, and an equal privilege to honor this day in the best manner he knows how; or are Irishmen to be an exception to the rule? No, gentlemen, they are not; and your presence here to-day is the best proof I can possibly give of how the rule works .-To-Day, we wish to carry before us the Green Flag of Eria, the colors of our country. To-day, we love to float down the sweet tide of memory, and revisit once more those cherished spots in a far-off land, still known to us however by the endearing epithet of "HOME." We wish to remember that that was the land of our birth :- we love to stand in imaginaof the venerated ashes of our ancestors, and there recall the greatness of the past, when Ireland, in the barbarian darkness which plunged Europe in night, was the only day-star which shone out brightly, and which told of a speedy return to civilisation. We also upon to-day love to boast that the land which gave us birth produced an O'Connell. a Curran, a Grattan, a Moore, and a Burke; that it also gave birth to a Brisn Boroimhe, a Sarsfield, and a Wellington; and that it is still producing great men in every department of science, literature, and arts, and sending forth her brave soldiers on many a gory field of battle. To-day, the Irishman, no matter where his fate may have driven him, turns all his thoughts to, and centres all his affections in, that dear green Isle in the far ocean; and let him be living near the source of the Ganges, or at the foot of the Himalaya, or seeking a home in some country of Continental Europe; or let his fate have driven him across the Atlantic, and compelled him to seek a home on the banks of the St. Lawrence, or amidst the wild forests of Canada, or it further driven still he may be found on the banks of the Mississippi, or on the far Pacific Ocean-it matters not; with him distance only makes the heart grow fonder, and he loves old Ireland still the more. Before concluding, gentlemen, permit me to draw your attention to a single fact, and I promise you to be brief. A great and mighty struggle is now going on among our neighbors upon this Continent, and I do not refer to the subject in order to enlist your sympathies either upon one side or on the other. But I merely wish to call the attention of the world to the fact that Irishmen are still what they were as soldiers, and that they have not lost that ancient prowess in war for which they were so deservedly celebrated. Impelled by a sense of duty, the Irishmen in the once United States of America, seeing that flag which gave them shelter and protection in the hour of need, threatened by danger, rushed as one man to defend it, and stand or fall by it; and I am sure if we had the Stars and Stripes before us this thoment we should find it stained and saturated by the heart's blood of Ireland's stoutest sons: They have added one more page to the martial history of Ireland already bulky with feats of daring, courage, and bravery. May the day be far distant when the Irishmen of Canada will be called upon to stand by her flag, and protect her shores; and I am sure if they were, they would be the first in the field, and the last out of it. That they would stand by that flag which gave them protection and shelter in this country-a flag which floats on every sea, and flutters in every breeze, and which every Irishman in Canada is bound in honor and principle to stand or fall by. They would thus prove, if proof were necessary, that having adopted this country as their home, they are proud of its Constitution, its laws, and its regulations, and that no one must dare to touch with impunity the flag under which they are living. Still however on occasions like the present they love to go back to the old land they have left, and, in imagination, roam over it once more for one day at least, and that when they return from their trip, they come back imbued with more love for old Erin, the land of their birth, and her reminiscences, and none the less for Canada, the land of their adoption, and her institutions. Permit me to conclude, gentlemen, by thanking you for the very kind manner with which you have received me to-day, and in the sweet language of Moore, I will only say-

"Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy, Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy, Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care, And bring back the features that joy used to wear. Long, long be our hearts with such memories fill'd,

Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

## IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

LENTEN PASTORAL OF THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.-We extract the following from the pastoral of his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin :-

Whilst providing for your own spiritual welfare, beg of God to grant peace to the world, to put an end to that tremendous war now raging in America. in which so many of our brave countrymen have lost their lives, and to protect and preserve that noble and brave Catholic nation, which, after having been shake your faith on this point to-day; and I hope the bulwark of Christianity against Turks and Pagans, has suffered the most cruel persecutions for that this may be the only influence under thich you its faith, and is now menaced with destruction by the shall dream to-night. But then, gentlemen, there is great schismatical and despotic power of the north. no accounting for tastes, and we must not quarrel Pray also for His Holiness the Pope, who is still sur-

to the present the hand of God-has been manifestly stretched out to protect him. Whilst his enemies are bringing ruin and disgrace on themselves and their undertakings, the Pope is pursuing the even tenor of his way, edifying the world by his meekness no less than by his constancy and courage, providing? for the administration of the Church, attending to the wants of his subjects, and maintaining peace and tranquillity in the centre of Christianity, though all the neighboring countries are in a sad state of confusion and anarchy. The prayers of the faithful and the charitable assistance which they have given to their suffering Father, have merited this wonderful protection of Heaven for his Holiness, and undoubtedly will, if we persevere in the same course eventually secure for him a complete triumph over all his enemies, so that his name will be ever glorious in the annals of the Church. Whilst praying for others, we are not to forget our own native land and our poor fellow-countrymen, who are afflicted by so many privations and such severe destitution. Probably no country under the sun has to suffer so much as Ireland, nor is there any other country in which the rulers are so blind to the wants and afflictions of the people. The only hope that remains for us is in the God of heaven, the God of our fathers, who will assist and protect us, and heal up our wounds, if we have recourse to him. Let us, in the bumility of our bearts, and acknowledging our own unworthiness, beg of Him to look for mercy on His people, and to spare them; may He iuspire those in power with sentiments of justice and humanity, so that the poor may no longer be crushed and persecuted; may He infuse a spirit of active charity into the hearts of all; and may He in his power so regulate the season that our fields may not be laid waste and our harvests destroyed by incessant rains; and may He restore abundance and happiness to the country now so long afflicted. In conclusion, I need scarcely exhort you to the performance of works of charity in the present time. Your charity is celebrated through the world. Let it not grow cold in this period of distress. We are surrounded on every side by misery and affliction. Do all you can to meet the emergency; you may be confident that the great Judge will reward you for your works of mercy, and that He will receive them as done to Himself. tion by those grassy mounds, the sacred repositaries one is ever reduced to poverty by deeds of true charity, whilst multitudes ruin their prospects and bring beggary on themselves by becoming the votaries of fashion, and followers of the world, with its pomps and vanities. As the fast of Lent is relaxed to so great an extent this year, it is meet that those who avail themselves of the dispensations granted to them, and who do not acquire merit by mortification, should endeavour to supply this deficiency by performing works of charity and mercy. Let, therefore, every one who is exempted from fasting or abstinence give alms to the poor, or make a donation to some orphanage or hospital, or poor school, or other charitable or religious institution. I recommend to all, in a special manner, the education of poor children. Great efforts are made to rob them of their faith by seducing them into Protestant orphanages, where they are taught to revile the religion of their parents, and to insult the Holv Mother of God, and whence they issue apostates, liars, and hypocrites. Preserve them from the great evils, and do everything in your power to promote Catholic education. Until we shall have a Catholic University, good Catholic ecclesiastical seminaries-and I trust that the new building of Holy Cross, at Clonliffe, will soon provide for the wants of this diocese - Catholic training schools, middle Catholic schools, and poor schools, in which religious instruction shall be made the basis of education, religion cannot be considered safe in this country. The mixed system which is carried out in the Queen's Colleges, and in their twin sisters the Model Schools is calculated to destroy the noble aspirations of the Catholic faith, and to introduce a baneful system of indifferentism into this island of saints. All parents who are really anxious for the spiritual welfare of their children should endesvour to make deep religious impressions on their tender minds, to instruct them in the principles of the true faith, and to teach them the practice of the one, holy, Catholic, and Apostolical Church. But all the good effects of an early religious education, so beneficfal to children, will most probably be destroyed if, in progress of time, they be sent to model schools, whence religious practices and religious emblems are banished, where the mere mention of the Catholic Church and her glorious saints and pontiffs is not tolerated, and here the history and tradition of our country and our forefathers, who suffered so much for their faith, are utterly ignored. Let us now terminate this letter by putting our fasting and our works of penance, our prayers and our alms, under the protection of the most boly Mother of God, who underwent so much on our account at the foot of the Cross, where her Divine Son, forgetting His own cruel sufferings, commended us all to her protection in the person of His beloved disciple, St. John. O Holy Mother look on us with compassion; obtain for us pardon of our iniquities, which have been the occasion of all sorrows, and of that grief which pierced your tender heart. We detest our sins, and determine never more to leave the home of our loving Father. Beg of Him to remove from us the scourges which we have merited by our sins, and to look with compassion on the afflicted people. Thou, O holy Virgin ! art our patroness and our protector; this diocese is specially dedicated to thee. Thou art our hope and our protection. Restore happiness and prosperity; banish error and bigotry; watch over the faith of our poor children; inspire the rich with feelings of charity, and the poor with a spirit of patience, like that manifested by thee in thy sufferings at the foot of the cross; make all devoted to the practices of their holy religion, and obtain for us the grace to discharge all the duties of faithful Christians, and to accumulate good works and merits, so that, at the termination of our mortal career, we may be found worthy to be received into the regions of eternal bliss, there to be conso ed by the sight of our loving Mother, and with thee and all the saints to praise for endless ages the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, to whom be honor and glory now and for evermore.

tectors, all equally anxious for his destruction.

'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you

' † PAUL CULLEN, ' Archbishop of Dublin.

'Dublin, 15th February, 1863.1 DEATH OF THE REV. JAMES TRACY, C.C., DUN-MANWAY .- It is with very great regret that we announce the death of this estimable young clergyman, which took place on Tuesday, after a brief missionary career of four years. The deceased gentleman was a student of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, where he attained for himself distinction in his several classes, and earned the good opinion of his superiors, as well as the affection and esteem of his fellow-students. At the close of his collegiate course he was appointed to the curacy of Dunmanway, the duties of which he discharged with fidelity and zeal up to the period of his fatal illness. We feel assured that no words of ours can fully express the sorrow that filled the breasts of the parishioners on learning his demise, for his kindness and amiability of disposition, no less than his strict and conscientions fulfillment of the onerous duties inseparable from the missionary life, must have endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. Nor will the clergy of the diocese hear, without much painful surprise, Father Tracy's early death. The remains of the reverend gentleman will be interred this evening in the cemetery, Botanic Gardens. - Cork Ex-

DEATH OF THE REV. PATRICK CLEARY, D. D .- This estimable clergyman expired on Friday, the 27th uit, at Cashel, where he had been staying for some English Government for the education of the people months with his relatives. He was thirty-eight of Ireland, with their annual grant of a quarter of a years of age, sixteen of which he passed in the sacred million of money It is most interesting to see how, ministry. Despite the depression of a naturally from an humble beginning, great results spring forth,

founded by powerful enemies and treacherous pro- feeble constitution, he laboured with the assiduity of a strong man on some of the most arduous missions of the diocese of Waterford, and did not pass away without leaving monuments of his self-sacrificing zeal and piety, not likely scon to decay. In the course of last summer his health had so declined that he was obliged to retire from his mission, and seek repose in the bosom of his family. For some time he seemed to rally; but nature had been too far exhausted to recover its strength. He sank gradually, and on last Friday this most meek and gentle of men yielded up his soul into the hands of his Creator. His remains were conveyed to Dungarvan on Sunday; the people of the several parishes through which the funeral passed accompanying it in large numbers.

In my letter, last week, the closing of the post interrupted the sketch, which I had merely entered upon, of the condition of the west of Ireland, through four counties of which I travelled a fortnight since. Roscommon, heretofore noted as one of the richest, most fertile, best stocked, and most thrifty of the counties of Connaught, is the seat of nearly as great distress, and, relatively to its former condition, of far greater distress than Mayo or Galway. The Poor Law Commissioners, in their report for 1861-62, gave a comparative statement of the pauperism in each county in !reland on the 9th Feb. 1861, and for the same date in 1862. From this official return, it appears that while the increase in the number of workhouse inmates in Leitrim was only 14 per cent, in Sligo 23 per cent., in Mayo 25 per cent., and in Galway 32 per cent., in Roscommon it amounted to 43 per cent, or highest in all Ireland, with the exception of one county in Ulster, which was affected by the American war. Upon that increase in Feb. ruary, 1862, as compared with 1861, there is now a further increase in the numbers in February, 1862. as compared with last year, of five per cent. in the workhouse inmates in Roscommon. In Galway, the increase, this time, as compared with last year, is 7, whilst in Mayo it is nearly 11 per cent. These num. bers afford, as is now, at length, fully admitted, no proper measure or estimate of the extent or the depth of distress. The classes which had been pauperised by the famine, and the remnant of which partially recruited the ranks of the workhouse inmates, are almost annihilated, and small farmers, cottiers, and small traders in towns are the parties who are suffering. As a measure of the condition of these, the workhouse fails to be an index. Some of the unions in Mayo are in such a position, as to paucity of workhouse inmates, that the amount spent on the salaries and rations of the workhouse officers, apart, altogether, from general establishment charges, is more than half that spent on the support of the poor inmates. This was the case, as appeared by the last report of the Poor Law Commissioners, in the unions of Castlebar, Newport, and Westport, in all of which the deepest destitution has prevailed, yet the decent industrious poor will not enter the workhouse. Mayo is in the hands of a few great proprietors, chiefly: the Earl of Lucan, the Marquis of Sligo, the Earl of Arran, Sir R. Palmer, Col. Rutledge, Col. Knox, and Lord Oranmore. The northwest of the county, appears to be wretchedly poor land, wet, spongy, light, and at first sight, forbidding, as a field for agricultural enterprise, but when more closely examined, and its capabilities considered, it will be found that it wants drainage only, in order to render it adequate to the support of a considerable population. There is no such thing as arterial drainage, to any extent, on any of these estates, and the vast majority of the occupiers are tenants-at-will. Rents are, on the whole, moderate in Mayo, but the farms being small, and the occupiers having, in the best of times, insufficient capital to stock or crop them, when a succession of these bad harvests followed, and that rent had to be paid, not out of produce but of capital, the result might well be anticipated. Having been over every part of Mayo, several times, during the last sixteen years, I am acquainted with the character of the landed proprietors in relation to their tenants, and while a few of them have shown great consideration for their tenantry, there has arisen a feeling, all but universal, to get rid of the smaller holders of land. In many instances this is done by giving the tenant a few pounds to enable him to emigrate, in others the Sheriff is called into requisition. In my last letter, I mentioned that the stamp returns show that, at the single Quarter Sessions, in January last, there was the enormous number of 10,000 Civil Bills; which, as there are only 47,762 families in the county, is at the rate of one Civil Bill in three months, for every four families, or, nearly one per annum, a: average, for every family in the entire count Mayo. Again, there were 400 ejectments obtained at that same quarter sessions, representing upwards of 2,000 human beings cast, houseless, upon the world, through the will of Providence, as manifested in the adversity of successive sensons. The West of Ireland imperatively demands an immediate and more liberal administration of the Poor Laws, rating by unions, instead of by electoral divisions, a discriminating extension of out-door relief. Owners and occupiers of land should unite and avail themselvesof Col. Dickson's Drainage Bill, when law, as it must be in a week or so, and obtain Treasury Loans, firs: for the arterial drainage, and next for the tenemen: drainage of their land. If the tenants got moderate leases, securing them the fair value of any improvement effected by them in their farms, and that a thorough system of drainage was carried out, industry thus stimulated, the produce of the western counties of Ireland, Mayo especially, would be doubled, and the rental increased by one-half in a few years. Unfortunately, the tendency to clearing off the small farmers has obtained some show of necessity, or rather of apparent necessity, by the failure, in their regard, of tillage within the past three years. The land when thus taken up, is not, as is generally supposed, farmed or stocked by the landlord, but in a very large number of instances is taken into possession, laid down, in grass, and let at a much higher rent, for grazing, to the more comforts. ble farmers of the neighbourhood. By this course, as described to me by an extensive agent, in Mayo, the landlord is always sure of a distress on the land,' that is, he can satisfy for his rent, in the cattle upon it. This course is now becoming one of the very general adoption in Connaught. Emigration proceeds not only unchecked but augmenting. One circumstance which I learned from the Sub-Sheriff of Mayo, I must record as showing the gentleness and submissive spirit of the pensantry; name y, that in sixteen years that he has held that office, during which he has executed many hundreds of ejectments, upon one and but one occasion was he obliged to call in force, or rather exhibit it, in order to prevent

resistance to his authority.

The city will present, in the midst of our gloom, a unanimous exhibition of good feeling and kindly greeting to the Royal young couple on Wednesday next. The illuminations will be on the grandest scale, and truly may we say,

There never were hearts, if our rulers would les

More formed to be faithful and blest than ours.'

Complete unanimity pervades all classes and parties in the anxiety to do all honor and respect to the Heir of the Throne and to the young Bride of his cheice - Dublin Cor. of Weekly Register.

EDMUND IGNATIUS RICE .- One hundred years ago, a man was born in the ancient town of Callen, who was the instrument, in the hands of Him whose memory endureth for ever, in effecting great things for preserving the faith in the old land of saints and sages; he was the founder of that order (the Obrietian Brothers) who, through the instrumentality of their literary labors, are establishing for themselves a fame calculated to eclipse all the efforts of the English Government for the education of the people