

and his words speak the remembrances of thousands goaded to revenge by the lash of the persecutor.—"Then our nation was fined—then imprisoned—then confiscated—then flogged—then tortured—then our nation was put to death, till the hangman's rope broke and the axe of the executioner grew blunt—then bribes and rewards and promises commenced for a time—then we found our chains were made of gold, and that the metal and not the slavery was changed. The invincible Irish here again survived the scheme, and breathed the pure air of their own mountain freedom. We were yet rich, because our souls were free." Yes, they were free; they would not yield their conscience nor their faith, though they yielded their treasure and their blood—though their dead lay by the wayside or were thrown into pits; they would not abandon their faith—they were faithful, they remain faithful.

I said I would pass by the fiendish decrees of penal times, which tested the fidelity of Ireland's children by the severest of all trials—trial by blood. But the trial is not yet ended. Good God! how long will it last? And is it possible that, in this nineteenth century, which boasts of its blaze of enlightenment, there exists a nation of martyrs for conscience' sake? Yes! 'tis true. Let us turn to facts of the times.— And here we might say a word to passimilians, who fear to speak the truth and dare to sit in judgment on noble men. They tell us let bygones be bygones, and speak no more to excite a hostile spirit in the bosom of the Irish, by a rehearsal of their sufferings. We speak not to excite a hostile spirit; but we want to tell the children what their fathers suffered for their faith, that they, as their fathers, may love it, may adhere to it, may die for it, if necessary, as their fathers died. But, pray let us to our story, and let the facts themselves speak.— Gladly would we forgive, and earnestly would we strive to forget, past wrongs, and join with even our enemies the right hand of friendship, if over the tomb of misfortunes, and wrongs, and multiplied oppression, we could promise peace, justice, humanity, to an oppressed country. Deeply would we bury the memories of the past, never again to be untombled to the light of day, if every morning's sun did not rise on new suffering—new banishments from unjust legislation—new deaths from tyrannical oppression. Never would we upbraid our persecutors, if every breeze that sweeps over the bosom of the Atlantic did not bear to us the laments, the dying moans, of our persecuted friends. But, alas! the present is as sad as the past. The sun rises and sets on suffering, and on sorrow, and the winds that sweep over the island gather the moans and the sighs of a persecuted people. Then let us tell our tale of woe.— They tell us you suffer nothing in this land of freedom; then why do you complain? Ungrateful souls! know you not that ties of blood, stronger than chains of steel, bind us to the unhappy Isle. There were our forefathers born, there they lived—there were their hopes, there their happiness, there they died, and there their bones mingle with the sacred earth; and if we are here, it is because the hand of the oppressor drove us or our fathers from our home. We value liberty, and know how to appreciate it; but we wish its dominion to be more extended—we wish that those we love should feel its benign influence.— But we know that the Irish still suffer. The cries of the hungry sweep across the ocean, and the moans of the famishing by the wayside sound in our ears, and the emigrant ship is still laden with fugitives from oppression. And who are the Irish? Our fathers, our mothers, our brothers, our sisters, our relatives, our friends. And shall we harden our hearts against them, and turn a deaf ear to their cry? And shall we be taught by men to disregard the higher law of nature, and of nature's God, which sanctifies the ties of blood? Then, again, I say, let us tell our tale of woe, that the Irish in a foreign land may know what their friends suffer for the love of the faith for which their fathers suffer so many and such severe torments.

The work of spoliation still goes on. Tyrannical oppression, unjust taxation, iniquitous ejections, and robbery, are draining Ireland of its bone and sinew. While the Irish at home are starving—while their mendicant voice is heard at every door in this foreign clime—unjust taxation is sapping the very vitals of the country. The late petition of the Corporation of Dublin reveals the startling fact that, while the people are dying of hunger, thousands, nay, millions of pounds are yearly taken from the poor in the shape of taxes and rackrents. The produce and production of the country are carried away and sold in foreign markets, to satisfy the rapacity of an insatiable Government, and the exacting cruelty of landlords. Take up the daily journals, as a proof of what I say; and while you read the lament of the dying poor in one column, you may, in another column of the same journal, read the price of Irish produce and the amount sent away from the country.

To these two means of depriving the poor of their daily bread, add a third. The Irish must support their oppressors, and pay for persecution. A so-called State-Church is hoisted on the back of an already prostrate people, to add to the weight which is crushing out their national existence. I will give you a few facts, to show how this iniquitous establishment feeds like a vulture on the vitals of the poor. Ireland contains 2,400 parishes. In 1,200 of these there are not 50 Protestants in each, 560 do not contain 20 Protestants in each, and 190 in which there is not one single Protestant in each, as shown by the last census, quoted by the Archbishop of Dublin in one of his late speeches. Again, I quote from a Protestant pen. In the parish of Aiglishdrinagh, no Protestant service, no Protestant church, no Protestant schools, the poor Catholic pays the Protestant Establishment £180 per annum. In the parish of Clonfobid, the person is blessed with a congregation of 62 persons, elegant glebe-house, and 27 acres of land—the patient Catholic pays his rev. parson £605 8s 6d per annum. In the parish of Coole, bless! with a population of three Protestants, no church, no Protestant school, no Protestant service, the worthy rector, for his services as a Government agent to harass Catholics, receives £112 10s per annum. In the parish of Whitechurch, where 50 Protestants assemble to bless the Lord on Sunday, the happy incumbent receives from the starving Papists £588 0s 5d per annum. No wonder the people would be hungry. In the parish of Garrycloyne and Grenagh, happy in a population of 45 Protestants, the worthy incumbent receives the enormous sum of £1,274 3s 4d per annum. One thousand two hundred, and seventy-four pounds, three shillings, and four pence! In the name of common integrity upon what plea is this glaring robbery yearly perpetrated. Why thus drain the soil of its fatness. Why thus rob the poor of their daily bread. What a trial to submit an entire nation to! Force upon them a religion they despise, and to support that religion and its so-called ministers, rob the famishing of their daily bread! Enormous cruelty!—unblushing injustice! But again the invincible faith is unconquered.

Again, another abuse—another grievance—another evil—an evil which, in the words of the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam, threatens more injury to our faith than was ever inflicted by the most penal enactments. Failing to conquer or pervert the fathers they have turned their attention to the defenceless children. The Irish Church Mission Society and the National Board—better call it the last attempt of the enemy to pervert Irish faith—kidnap the poor, hungry, ragged child, and offer him food—and clothes, on condition that he renounce his faith and imbibe the noxious poison of heresy. Here, again, too, they will certainly fail; for the child imbibes the mother's faith from the mother's milk. The chil-

dren will furnish as heroic examples of fidelity as the parents have furnished. A missionary Priest from Ireland relates the following story which is not an isolated case:—A child was reduced by hunger to the last extremity. A soup, hearing of the case, set out on his errand of mercy (?) to buy the conscience of the child. He entered the cabin—a plate of soup in one hand a Bible in the other. He proposed to the child to sell her birthright to heaven for a mess of pottage. The child refused. The The heartless souper, foiled, carried away his soup and his rejected bible, and left the famishing child to the mercy of gnawing hunger. After the tempter had departed, the child, growing worse, addressed her mother:—"Mother, I can't live, I must die, I am so hungry; but don't let me in the soup—I fear I could not withstand the temptation, and I would rather die than take the soup." And she died, and her last words were, "don't let in the souper." The children, as their fathers, will pass through the ordeal unscathed: the foul breath of the haters of their race, will fall to tinge the purity of their innocent souls. Ages of persecution have made them naturally invincible. Ireland's fidelity will remain for ever unshaken. Don't let in the souper, that most heartless of all reptiles who stands at the bedside of the famishing poor to purchase their conscience for the morsel to sustain life. Don't let him in, his presence is a moral evil, his breath is death; his temptation is like that of the devil in Eden. You shall not die if you eat. Don't let him in, rather will even the children die than offend God. O, glorious, invincible fidelity. When will it please high heaven to remove the bitter chalice, and pronounce a long and severely tried nation, faithful beyond reproach. She has been robbed, she has been scourged, she has been exiled, she has been bled almost to death, she has been starved till she lay prostrate in the agonies of death. And all, and only because she was Catholic, and she suffered all and she is Catholic yet, and the brightest gem in the Roman tiara, is Erin the gem of the ocean.

Irishmen—exiles in a foreign land—sons of Irishmen in this land of your birth, glory in the country that has given so many proofs of that supremest of virtues—fidelity in religion, to God; glory in that religion—your father's pride—for which they suffered, for which they died;—practice it as they practised it; and if your bones are laid in a foreign land, and if your mouldering remains may not mingle with the dust of your venerated sires, your souls, at least, will meet them in glory, where they will receive from a just judge, the reward due to heroic fidelity. And when you bend your knee before the throne that rules the empires of the world, send up a fervent prayer, not for vengeance on the enemies of our race and creed—no, not for vengeance, for vengeance is mine and I will repay, said the Lord, and as sure as His throne is a throne of justice, and endures unto eternity, He will repay—but pray earnestly and fervently for mercy for those we love; pray that the dark cloud of adversity may pass swiftly away, and that soon again they may hail with joy the sun of prosperity shining over a happy, contented, and well governed people.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Redemptorist Fathers, when returning from their fruitful Mission in Newcastle, Limerick, were met at the entrance to the town of Rathkeale by an immense concourse of people, who welcomed them with the utmost enthusiasm, excited by gratitude for their recent spiritual labors in their locality; and escorted them through the town, the whole way from the Bridge to the Abbey, offering them the homage of their admiration, and exulting in the opportunity of paying them a public compliment on their route to Limerick.—*Munster News.*

The *Comnaught Patriot* announces with the deepest regret the recent death of the Rev. Martin Mac Hale, P.P., Kilmain. At the religious ceremonies over his remains, Rev. Father Lavelle was high priest celebrant; Rev. Patrick Conry, deacon; Rev. James McGee, sub-deacon; Rev. Thomas Hardiman, P.P., master of ceremonies. A large number of other clergymen were present.

The Rev. D. O'Donoghue, who has been senior Curate of Tralee for several years, has been removed from Tralee to Dingle; and the Rev. Mr. Higgins, of Dingle, succeeds the Rev. Father O'Donoghue.

The Rev. James Walsh, the pious and exemplary Parish Priest of Ballybunnion, co. Kerry, died on the 26th Feb. For upwards of thirty-four years (of which he was for twenty-six years a Parish Priest) he labored zealously and indefatigably in the vineyard of the Lord, who has called him now to his reward, at the age of 62 years.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. R. Walsh, C.C., Cappoquin, on the 8th of March, in the 41st year of his age, and 17th of his sacred ministry. By his early death the diocese of Waterford has lost one of its most zealous and efficient missionaries. His active mind was unremittingly engaged in the things that concerned the advancement of religion and the welfare of the people. Those amongst whom he labored, and especially the poor, regarded him as a tender father, and loved him with deep, intense affection. He acquired dominion over their hearts by his frank, generous disposition, his benevolence and readiness to sacrifice his own comfort for the relief of their wants. May he rest in peace. Amen.

FEDERAL ENLISTMENT IN IRELAND.—On Saturday last 600 able-bodied men left the North Wall, Dublin, for New York. They had been collected from this city and suburban districts, and were brought to the quays in groups of four, ten, fifteen or twenty. Wherever in the neighborhood of Dublin, laborers' work was proceeding, there the Federal agent appeared, picked out the strongest men, talked them over, and generally succeeded in buying their lives. The men are not told in express words that they must enlist in the Federal army, but they know very well what they are required to do, and what the construction of a railway for three months. The whereabouts of the railway we have been unable to discover. Their passage, clothes, and food are paid for, and they are nominally allowed a dollar a day until the expiration of the three months. Their accounts will be settled, and the cost of their passage, clothes, and keep is to be deducted from the money due from the quarter's service. When that settlement is made, the men may enlist in the Federal army if they please, or, if they prefer it, they may seek work. The Northerners are a sharp people, and they take good care that the 'three months' men must enlist in the Federal army to keep themselves from prison. For arriving at New York the 'emigrants' are placed by themselves either on some island or in an isolated depot. While there they must buy food, water, boots, and clothing.— They are charged ten dollars for what is worth two. Temptations are offered to them of every kind. If they have no money, so much the better. An accommodating dealer in greenbacks attends every company, and cashes their notes in advance at an enormous percentage. On the expiration of the three months the emigrant has had some experience in digging trenches, more in drill, but he is overwhelmed with debt. He has been exposed to the rapacity of a swarm of harpies and to a legion of seducers. He is told he may find employment where he pleases, when he has paid his debts. In his difficulty he is offered £165 in greenbacks, a sum which will clear off his liabilities, and give him some capital to commence a new score, until that too is wasted, and then he is 'sent to the front.' There never was devised a more iniquitous scheme of deception, and, unhappily, never was a wicked device so successful. Misguided young men are hired and then plundered, and they are plundered to compel them to enlist. When they are once regularly en-

listed, they have nothing before them but death—death either in the sudden shock of battle, for they will be placed, as usual, in the van or on the forlorn hope; or death after lingering suffering, when they have been abandoned on the field; or death by fever, which kills them off like flies in pestilential hospitals, whose very walls are impregnated with fever and disease. Out of every hundred men who leave sweethearts, their families, and their work behind them, not ten will be alive at this time next year, and of these more than half will be maimed and crippled for the brief term of their days. A more deadly war was never waged than that between the North and South—deadly by wounds, deadly by hardship, deadly by disease; and in this war five Irishmen have been slain for one native American. It is such an emigration as this that *dilettanti* professors pronounce to be the hope of Ireland and the blessing of the people. The opinions of these theorists might be laughed at were they not indicative of something which is very sad. All those who pronounce this emigration to be good are persons well known for their connection with Government. It follows, then, that the Government will never interfere to prevent that which their scribes are required to represent as a blessing. A ship is seized because there is a suspicion that it is intended for the use of the Confederates. Her owner is called upon to produce proof that she is designed for some non-belligerent state. Yet a ship is useless without men, and stores, and arms; but within bowshot of the Castle of Dublin, under the very eyes of Her Majesty's Government, bodies of 600 men whose walk and movement betray that they have undergone some preliminary drilling in this country are marched to the transport ship, bound for the great seaport of the Northern belligerent. If the destination of a ship must be known, why not the destination of regiments of 600? Why are not the captains of emigrant ships compelled to give bonds to guarantee the peaceable character of the employment for which these emigrants are designed? Our Consuls in the American cities could easily ascertain how these emigrants were distributed, and the Federal Government, grateful as they should be for many favors, ought to engage to enlist in their armies no emigrant from these countries until a year after his arrival. There is employment now for every able-bodied man in Ireland. Many of those men who departed on Saturday held situations, some of them to our knowledge under public bodies, at salaries of from 15s to 18s a week. There is a good prospect of still better remuneration now that so many sources of employment are being gradually opened. But where will laborers be found? Where peasants to till the soil? Where soldiers whom we may soon need? The blind apathy of Government sees not the cruel deportation of the strength of the land, or, perceiving that the flight of 'emigrants' occurs when they are at the helm, proclaims loudly that the depopulation of the country is the greatest of blessings.—*Irish Times.*

THE CAUSE IN PERIL.—The national cause of Ireland is in peril; it is menaced by a new danger, and all those who love it well had better arise at once to guard and save it. It has resisted many assaults from without; but this time the enemy is within the fortress—the pressure is underneath the arch, the pillars of the building are being eaten away, the foundations are being undermined. This danger exists, these injuries are being done, inasmuch as a party calling themselves patriots are engaged in an effort to sever the connection of that national cause with religion and morality, and to pervert what was a struggle to obtain true liberty into an attempt to establish a grotesque and hideous despotism in Ireland. Recent and notorious proceedings of that party have opened the eyes of many to their real character, but persons having any intimate connection with national politics had estimated them and their work pretty accurately anterior to those events. It was only necessary to hear their opinions, watch their acts, and read their organs, in order to know that false and vicious principles were being propagated by and among them, and that good principles were being cut up by the roots. The ideas of honor, chivalry, virtue, were being set aside as something quite antiquated and rather slavish in their tendency; while lying, slander, and irreverence were as plainly being brought forward as the proper implements to be used in the political struggle. For some years this work was carried on with a certain degree of privacy, but lately a bolder course has been pursued; and it is now in open and undisguised fashion that a systematic attack is being directed against the very first principles of honest politics, the groundwork of public liberty—against the tried and proven champions of the national cause, and against the clergy—we may say against the faith—of the Catholic Church.—*Dublin Nation.*

At a late meeting of the Dublin Corporation a communication was received from the Thurlow Board of Guardians thanking the Municipal Council of Dublin, and especially Alderman John B. Dillon, for the clear exposure of the wrongs suffered by Ireland by unjust taxation under British misrule.

Usher's Quay Ward, Dublin, has, by a meeting of its ratepayers, protested against the action of one of its representatives in the Municipal Council, who voted for giving a site in College Green to the Albert Testimonial Committee.

William S. O'Brien, Esq., has written a letter to Mr. O'Sullivan, Editor of the *Morning News*, in which he says that the proceedings at the Rotunda have brought disgrace on the nationality of Ireland. DUBLIN, March 8.—The Lord Mayor of Dublin and the gentlemen who accompanied him are very well pleased with the decision on the question of precedence, with their reception at Court, and with the hospitality of the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs of London. At the Corporation meeting yesterday Her Majesty's answer to the address was read, the members of the Council standing, and it was unanimously ordered to be inserted in the minutes, as was the answer of the Prince of Wales. A vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor and the ex-Lord Mayor for their exertions to assert the rights of Dublin, proposed by Sir J. Gray and seconded by Mr. Wallis, was passed unanimously, although Mr. Sullivan said they looked suspiciously ludicrous in their connexion with the whole affair, which was the most absurd and contemptible that could well be imagined. The poor, overtaxed citizen of Dublin were paying by hundreds for the grand set-to between 'Garter' and 'Ulster,' and all to know whether Dublin was to sink below Edinburgh or not.

At the Mayo Assizes, a woman, about 40 years of age, has been convicted of murder and sentenced by Baron Hughes to be hanged on the 5th of April. Her victim was a poor dressmaker, whom she accused of setting fire to her turf. The prisoner, Bridget O'Neil (who was armed with a reaping-hook) met Bridget Richards in a field, and there murdered her. No one saw the fatal blow struck, but the circumstantial evidence, given by 18 witnesses, left no doubt of her guilt. The body of her victim—who was lame and walked with a stick—was found on her face in a hole, the head covered with blood, having three cuts on the forehead and a hole behind the ear, made by a stone which was lying near the corpse. The prisoner, who is a coarse-featured, repulsive, masculine looking woman, seemed quite insensible to her position, and angrily rebuked her husband for taking it to heart.—20.

At the Fermagh Assizes, held at Enniskillen, the county town, Mr. Justice Hayes made severe remarks to the grand jury on the case of 12 or 14 persons charged with violation of the Party Procession Act. When he had concluded, Mr. Mervyn Archdall, M.P., foreman, took the liberty of observing that those remarks of his lordship were in accordance with the advice given by the Orange Society to the brethren, and on their part he disclaimed any intention to annoy or insult any party whatever.—*Times Cor.*

A SINGULAR CLAIM.—The celebrated Colclough case which excited so much interest at the Wexford Assizes that a large gallery was set apart for the ladies, the admission being by tickets, for which there was the greatest competition, has come to an abrupt and disappointing termination. The Plaintiff, Mr. P. S. Colclough, claims the Tintern Abbey estates, in the County of Wexford, value £10,000 a year, on the ground that he is the true legitimate heir. The defendant is Mr. J. T. Rossborough Colclough, who married the widow of the late Caesar Colclough, to whom they were bequeathed. The following history of the family was given by Sergeant Armstrong, plaintiff's Counsel:—"The learned Sergeant relied upon two affidavits—one made by the plaintiff himself, and the other by his attorney, Mr. Mooney. For the purpose of his application he entered into an account of the pedigree of the Colclough family, from which it appeared that in 1768 a Mr. Caesar Colclough, who, beyond doubt was well seized of the estates the object of the action, died, leaving 2 sons, Vesey Colclough and Adam Colclough; that the whole male line of Vesey Colclough, the eldest son, became extinct in the person of Caesar Colclough, who died in 1842, and was the testator whose will led to the protracted litigation of 'Rossborough v. Boyce,' that the line of Vesey Colclough being thus extinct, it became necessary, when the disputed will was finally decided to be invalid, to search for the heir-at-law among the descendants of Adam Colclough, his brother. Adam Colclough had three sons—Caesar, Dudley, and Sarsfield. The defendant in the action is the husband of the daughter of Caesar, the eldest of these three brothers, who succeeded to the estate in her right. The present plaintiff is the son of Sarsfield Colclough, the third brother, and he now contends that Adam Colclough, his grandfather, was never legally married to his grandmother, Mary Anne Byrne, till just before the birth of his father Sarsfield, and subsequent to the birth of his uncle, Caesar and Dudley; that they were, therefore not legitimate, and so Mrs. Colclough was not the legitimate heiress-at-law of Caesar Colclough. To prove this case, certain correspondence between some members of the Colclough family and Mr. John Byrne, then of Cabinteely, and family letters were set forth in the affidavits as very material for the plaintiff's case. It was stated in the affidavits and Mr. Mooney to be in the possession of Miss Georgiana Mary Byrne, who resided at Tunbridge Wells, in England; that Mr. Mooney had made two journeys to England to see her, but had failed in so doing; that he had served her with a subpoena *duces tecum* to appear and bring them with her; that she had only arrived in Wexford yesterday, and that only yesterday had the plaintiff and his attorney been informed that such papers were not in her custody. The affidavits further stated that these documents were necessary evidence for the plaintiff in this action; that he could not safely go to trial without them; that the application was perfectly *bona fide*, and not made for the purposes of delay; and the *bona fides* of the plaintiff was shown clearly by his having lodged a large sum of money (£850) in court as security for costs in the action." An application for the postponement of the trial was refused by the court, and the plaintiff, after consulting his counsel, withdrew the record. This is probably the last of the case.

IRISH CHURCH.—A return, moved for by Sir F. Heygate, contains a statement by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for Ireland, showing that there are 1,504 benefices of the Established Church in Ireland. This would give an average of about one benefice to every 460 persons returned at the census as belonging to the Established Church. There are, according to the census, 2,428 parishes in Ireland, 2,229 whereof have residents belonging to the Established Church. The Commissioners report that in 619 benefices the emolument does not exceed 200l. a year, in 453 (of the 619) it does not exceed 150l., and in 264 it does not exceed 100l. a year. The deduction for 'tax to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners,' under the Church Temporalities Act, amounted in 1862 to 14,523l., but that included the tax on bishops.

EMIGRATION.—The Inman steamer, the City of Baltimore, Captain Mirehouse, arrived in the harbor of Cork lately. The Baltimore on this occasion was employed as an extra boat. She brought from Liverpool 400 passengers, and took in here something over one hundred, leaving for the next steamer 400 more, of whom it is probable not more than half will be able to find room. The *Onward* extra steamer, which sails this week, will not only carry a full complement, but booking was stopped ten days ago. The emigrants now leaving are of a class that one cannot help regretting. We defy even the fiercest doctrinaires to stand upon the deck of one of these departing vessels, and say that the absence of the people he sees there can by any possibility be a source of benefit. They comprise all ages, but in very different proportions. The young and the old are to be seen—the hoary father, the tottering mother, the feeble child, have their places. But the bulk is comprised of the adolescent or those in the prime of life. Stalwart young men, full of health and vigor; young women, the gaudy bad taste of whose attire cannot conceal that they have the beauty, the activity, the bounding health for which the Irish peasant girl has been remarkable. Amongst them all there is scarcely one to be seen poorly attired. The men are generally clad in comfortable garments; the girls are decked out in every absurdity of hat and hoops, and feather and ribbon. One would doubtless rather see the woolsey petticoat, or the noble drapery of the old Irish hood, as being more useful. But at all events the presence of these absurd gawags shows the capacity on the part of the wearers of purchasing the outfit for their voyage. This fact is further attested by the appearance of their luggage which is generally substantial looking enough, in most cases, some such trifle as a couple of feather beds. With a large number of those departing we see evidence that the household of a small farmer has been broken up, and the probability is suggested that an addition has been made for Mr. Donnelly's next statistics to the figures under the head of 'hog and waste.' It is a pretty good guarantee for the character of those people that their demeanor is remarkably quiet and steady. Though they are often a week together, and, by many hundreds at a time, staying at Queestown, under circumstances very likely to create a disposition to 'agree,' they are almost universally sober. It is very rare to find amongst them tumult or drunkenness. Even at the actual period of embarkation, though they may be a little, very little, noisy—an Irish crowd must make somewhat more noise than phlegmatic races—they are singularly orderly and amenable to regulation. Considering that one-half of them know as much about a ship as they do about the pramids it is really wonderful to see how well upon the whole, and how orderly the embarkations are gone through.—*Cork Examiner.*

THE EXODUS.—In seven months of the year 1862-63, the emigration from Ireland amounted to eighty thousand five hundred and judging from what has been passing under our own eyes during the last six months, we are prepared to learn from the returns of the Registrar-General, that the exodus has been even a larger scale since the date of the statistics from which we take the total, given above. Within the period mentioned, we have repeatedly seen crowds of emigrants at the several stations on the Midland Railway, and every week hundreds of the peasantry of both sexes may be seen crowding about the offices of the emigration agents in Sligo, Mr. M. Foley and Mr. O'Donovan, to procure tickets. Last week a large number of well-dressed, healthy looking young men and women passed through the town on their way to Queenstown, and some to Derry, the steamers sailing from these ports appearing to be in high favor with the emigrants. We learn from our correspondents that an unprecedentedly large number of emigrants have this week left the neighborhood of Ballina, Swinford, Sooy and Ballymote, to

take shipping for America. Of those who went from the vicinity of Swinford, we have heard that there were several young women whose parents are in circumstances to give them fortunes of from £40 to £50 each. This we have from good authority, and we mention it to show that the emigration is not confined to the impoverished class. This vast outpouring of the people is going on notwithstanding the hopes held out from an increase of flax cultivation—a tolerably convincing proof that it will require something more substantial to entice the small farmers to remain at home.—*Sligo Champion.*

EMIGRATION.—The stream of emigration towards America still continues to flow from our shores, but the class of persons leaving the country is no longer confined to the peasantry alone. We have heard of districts on both sides of the Shannon from which farmers once in comfortable circumstances have succumbed to the pressure of low markets, and are preparing to abandon their holdings with the view of trying their fortunes in the far west.—*Western Star.*

The *Tyravley* (Galway *Herald* of March 9 says, speaking of emigration: "It is no unusual thing, on any day of the week in Ballina, to count 19 emigrants between old and young, upon one of Bianconi's long cars, and this three times in the day, and at the same time to see the long van of a private car-owner, with smaller cars, and carts, more numerous still, filled, all of them, by the same class, proceeding to Sligo, en route to Liverpool and America. We are informed that no less than 121 persons from a single parish within five miles of this town, are preparing, and intend setting off in company for America. And this is no isolated case. The entire country would seem to be on the *qui vive*, and to be determined to know no quiet and happiness till it shall be enjoyed in the midst of new associations and new labours in the New World. At the present rate of progress outwards, Eriskilly will soon be depopulated, and many parts of Tyravley will be in no better plight."

The *Tralee Chronicle*, of March 9 says: "With regard to emigration, a gentleman, whose position affords peculiar facilities for observation regarding the movements of the peasantry, has assured us that their excitement respecting emigration exceeds all belief. Not a farmer who does not seriously consider the advantage of leaving land and home; not a laborer who does not long for the means which shall enable him to fly from this miserable land. He instances one case of this sort, and it merely indicates the process which is going on throughout the country, and which promises to leave Kerry a waste, if some means shall not be taken to remove the causes which excite to this lamentable depopulation. Church Hill is a hamlet, situated a few miles from Tralee, from which 25 emigrants left for America on Monday last. This, we believe, was fully half the population, and much more than half the able-bodied inhabitants of Church Hill."

Recently two broadsheets were posted on the gates and doors of Roman Catholic churches in Dublin. Both are signed 'Sacros' and one is headed 'Letters of his Holiness Pius IX. on the American war,' and the other 'Letters of John Mitchell, William Smith O'Brien, John Martin, and 'Sacros' on the American war.' Their object is to discourage Federal enlistment in Ireland. Mr. Smith O'Brien has written a letter to the *Dublin Morning News*, declining to preside as chairman at a lecture. 'The uproar and strife,' he says, 'which took place at the Rotunda meeting have brought disgrace on the Nationalists of Ireland.' He utterly despairs of any advancement of the cause of the country, when he finds that even in the Irish metropolis men who call themselves patriots demean themselves like a 'mob of ruffians,' and exult in the disorder they create.—Lest, however, his expressions should be considered too strong, he qualifies them thus: "Believing that there are to be found, among the Fenians, many enthusiastic young men who are animated by noble impulses, and who are sincerely desirous to serve Ireland, I sincerely exhort such men, even as I exhorted them in 1858 and at successive intervals, to abandon an organization which has, during the last five years, obstructed all the other national movements, and which has brought disgrace upon those who would otherwise have been proud to call themselves 'Nationalists.'"

The guardians of the Armagh Union are undoubtedly of the real and genuine true-blue ascendancy class, and they gave good and substantial proof of it a few days since. A poor woman named Anne Valley applied for admission into the workhouse of a child deserted under the following circumstances:—A short time before a woman, with the child in her arms, came to Anne Valley's humble door, and asked leave to go in to warm some drink for the child. The permission was at once given. The woman entered, set about warming a drink for the child, and then suddenly left the house upon some pretence. She never returned. Anne Valley was poor and unable to support the child. Her first thought, however, for the poor woman, true to the Catholic instincts of her heart, was for its spiritual welfare. The child was young, and might not have been baptised. Such a matter should not be left in doubt, and accordingly Anne Valley brought the child to a priest, who, as in conscience bound, baptised it. She then applied for its admission into the poorhouse. The guardians of the poor of Armagh refused admission to the deserted infant. And wherefore? Because it had been baptised in the Catholic faith, and should be educated in it. One of the guardians thought he had said a capital thing when he gave forth that, as the priest was so fond of baptising children, he should support them. Another wiseacre remarked that the infant was not deserted, for here was a woman taking care of it. The matter has, we believe, been referred to the Poor Law Commissioners. We trust their decision will teach the gentlemen of the Armagh Board that they are elected to fulfil the law, and not act as champions of Protestant ascendancy.—*Nation.*

A HUMANS JUDGE.—A case came before Judge Keon in the county of Limerick. 'This is an extraordinary matter,' said the Judge. 'This man Hennessey, was drunk at a fair held at Kilsenan in the month of last October. He had put up his horse, but, on the termination of his drinking bout, he leaves his own horse behind him, and, while staggering down the road, meets a boy riding a horse, which he insists is his. He compels him to dismount, gets up himself, and rides four or five miles, when beginning to get sober, he finds that he is mounted on a strange horse. He dismounts, turns the horse loose, and makes his way home. The horse is found straying about the roads, and is taken to the pound, where it is discovered by the boy, and returned to the owner. The man was going to Australia; he sold his lands, and took his passage. The owner of the horse finds him out before the vessel sailed, and demands £5 for alleged damage done him. Hennessey said that he was willing to make reasonable compensation, but he would not pay £5, which he held was too much; and accordingly this man goes before a magistrate, who receives an information, and directs a warrant issued on it. Hennessey was arrested on this information, and sent here for trial. The grand jury ignored the bill for robbery, but for common assault and having no one to appear for him, they sentenced him to a month's imprisonment. The grand jury have become acquainted with other facts in the case since yesterday evening, and have brought them under my notice. Hennessey's wife and children have sailed for London; and if he is now imprisoned he will become a pauper in the country, and his wife and children will be landed penniless in Australia. There ought to be great precautions taken by men in authority, otherwise great evils may result; and it strikes me that this was an attempt to extort money from this man.' The humane judge then broke through the technical rules of law, by reversing his own sentence, and ordered Hennessey to be instantly discharged, that he might sail for London by four o'clock. He accordingly departed, attended by the greater part of the auditory into the street.