

was used to that I didn't let it worry me too much, and the Stars and Stripes continued for to wave over my little tent. Moor over, I was a son of Malley and a member of several other Temperance Societies, and my wife, she was a Dawter of Malley, and I sposed these 'ax would scorum me the infonoz and pertection of the fust famerlies. — Alas! I was disapointed—State after State seseshed, and it grewed hotter and hotter and hotter for the undersaged. Things come to a climback in a small town in Alabama, where I was premtorally ordered to haul down the Stars and Stripes. A deppitashun of red-faced men come up to the door of my tent, where I was standin takin money (the afternoon exhibition had commet, and my Italyun organist was jerkin his sole-stirrin chimes.) "We air cum, sir," said a military man in a cockt-hat, "upon a hi and holey mishun. The Southern Eagle is screamin threout this sunny land—proudly and defiantly screamin, sir."

"What's the matter with him, sez I, don't his vittles sit well on his stummock?"

"That eagle, sir, will contanner to scream all over this Brit and tremenjus land."

"Wall, let him scream. If your Eagle can amuse hussel by screamin, let him went. The men annoyed me for I was busy makin change."

"We are cum, sir, upon a matter of dooty—"

"You're right, Captin. It's every man's dooty to visit my show," sez I.

"We are cum—"

"And that's the reason you are here," said I, larfin one of my silvery larfs. I thawt if he wanted to goax I'd give him sum of my sparklin eppigrams.

"Sir, you're insentent. The plain question is, will you haul down the Star-Spangled banner, and hit the Southern flag?"

"Nary hist." Those was my reply.

"Your wax works and beasts is then confiscated and you are arrested as a spy."

"Sez I, 'my fragrant roses of the Southern chime and blooming daffodils, what's the price of whiskey in this town, and how many cubic feet of that seductive flood can you individoally hold?"

"They made no reply to that, but said my wax figgers was confiscated. I asked them if that was generally the style among thives in that country, to which they also made no reply but sed I was arrested as a spy, and must go to Montgomery in irons. They was by this time jined by a large crowd of other Southern patriots, who comment hollerin, "hang the bald-headed ableritionist, and bust up his immoral exhibition." I was ceased and tied to a stump, and the crowd went for tent—that water proof parition, wherein instruction and amossement had been so muchly combined, at 15 cents per head—and tore it to pieces. Meanwhile dirty-faced boys were throwing stuns and empty beer bottles at my massiv brow, and taken other improper liberties with my person. Resistance was useless, for a variety of reasons, as I readily observed.

The Seseshers confiscated my statoots by smashin them to atoms. They then went to my money box and confiscated all the loose change therein contained. Then they went and burst in my cages, letting all the animals loose, a small belthy tiger among the rest. This tiger had an excentric way of tearing dogs to pieces, and I allers sposed from his general conduct that he'd have no hesitation in servin human beins in the same way if he could get at them. Excuse me if I was in crooil, bet I larled boysterously when I saw the tiger spring in among the people.—"Go it my sweet cuss," I inardly exclaimed, "I lorgive you for bitin off my left thum with all my hart. Rip 'em up like a bully tiger whose Lare has been invaded by the Seseshers."

I can't say for certain that the tiger serisly injured them, but as he was seen a few days after some miles distaut, with a large and well selected assortment of seats of trowsis in his mouth, and as he lookt as though he'd bin havin sun vilent exercise, I rayther guess he did. You will therefore perceive that they didn't confiscate him too much.

I was carried to Montgomery in irons, and placed in duras vile. The jail was an ornery ediffis, but the table was liberally supplied with bakin and cabbage. This was a good variety, for when I didn't hanker after bakin I could help myself to the cabbage.

I had nobody to talk to nor nothing to talk about however, and I was very lonely specially on the first day; so when the jaler passed my lonely sell, I put a few stray hairs on the back part of my hed (I'm bald now, but there was a time when I wore auburn ringlets) into as disn bevild a state as possible, a rollin my eyes like a many-puck, I cride, "stay, jailer, stay! I am not mad, but soon shall be if you don't bring me sulhin to talk." He brung me suin noospapers, for which I thanked him kindly.

At last I got an interview with Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Contheryary.—He was quite perlitte and asked me to sit down and state my case. I did it, when he larfed and sed his gallant men had been a little enthooastisic in confiscatin my show.

"Yes, sez I, 'you confiscated me too muchly. I had some hosses confiscated in the same way onct, but the confiscaters air now poundin stun in State Prison at Injinnappylus."

"Wall, wall, Mr. Ward, you air at liberty to depart; you air friendly to the South, I know. Even now we have many frens in the North, who sympathise with us and won't mingle with this fight."

"J. Davis, there's your great mistake. Many of us was your sincere friends, and thought certain parties among your consarns intirely too much.—But J. Davis, the minut you fire a gun at the piece of dry goods called the Star Spangled banner, the North gits up and rises en massy, in defence of that banner. Not agin you as individoals—not agin the South even—but to save the flag. We should indeed be weak in the knees, un-sound in the heart, milk-white in the liver, and soft in the hed, if we stood quietly by and saw this glorius govyment smashed to pieces either by a ferrin or a intestine foe. The gen-tlehearted mother hates to take her naughty child

across her knee, but she knows it is her dooty to do it. So we shall hate to whip the naughty South, but we must do it if you don't make back tracks onct, and we shall wollup you out of your boots. — J. Davis, it is my decided opinion that the Sunny South is making a egregius mit-toonhead of herself."

"Go on, sir, you're safe enuff. You're too small powder for me," sed the President of the Southern Contheryary.

"Wait till I go home and start out the Balins-vil Mounted Hose Cavalry. I'm Captin' of that corps, and J. Davis beware! Jefferson D. I now leave you! Farewell, my gay Saler Boy! Good by, my bold buccaneer. Pirut of the deep blue sea, adoo!"

My tower threw the Southern Contheryary on my way home was thrillin enuff for yaller covers. It will from the subjeck of my next.—Betsy Jane and the progeny air well.

Yours respectively,  
A. WARD.

THE LONDON TIMES ON SECESSION.

The Northern people regard the Union as a glorious fabric which it is treason to assail. The grandeur and power of the great American confederacy would be seriously impaired by the secession of a third of its members. No justification for such a rupture has as yet been given, and the Federal Government holds, therefore, that it is not only entitled but bound to employ its superior strength in preserving that integrity of the political structure which solemn engagements have established. By substituting the words "British Empire" for "American Union," we shall get very nearly to the case of George III. and his ministers. They too, held themselves bound to maintain the integrity of the political edifice. They too, conceived that the power of the Empire would be damaged by a rupture. Our correspondent observes that this damage was "comparatively slight," but he well knows that the case was otherwise regarded at the time. It was seriously believed in those days that with the loss of the American colonies would be lost half the strength of Britain. We felt for our transatlantic settlements precisely as the New Yorkers feel for the Southern provinces of the Union. The other day an intelligent American addressed a letter to us enumerating particularly the considerations which induced the Federal Government to resort to force. There was not a single argument in that letter which might not with equal justice have been employed by Lord North. President Davis certainly cannot prove that the Government of the Union has violated the terms of the compact to which the Southern States are sworn; but he can assert that ten millions of people desire to manage their own affairs, and against that argument President Lincoln would find it difficult to plead without danger to the foundations of the Union itself.

In reality, this rupture does but express the natural tendency of American institutions. Measured by the rule of law, the conduct of the Southern Statesmen in breaking up the Union cannot be justified. But the rule of law is not the rule commonly prevailing in America. In its stead has been substituted, almost unrestrictedly, the rule of self-will. The liberty of the individual citizen, pushed to the verge of license, has been the great principle of American politics. It can hardly be said that the Americans have had any Government. The civil war itself has been organized and conducted by a self-appointed "Committee" sitting in New York, and our correspondence from the spot informed us that without the co-operation of this Committee the Supreme Government would have been "paralyzed."

We have seen throughout the dispute that every State and every town has exercised its private judgment in taking either side, or no side, without the smallest heed to President or Constitution. The neutrality of Kentucky and the disobedience of Maryland in the face of the President's Proclamation were almost as plain acts of rebellion as the Secession of the Carolinas. But we need not refer to the war alone. Look at the ordinary proceedings of the citizens in any State of the Union on any occasion of political excitement, and then say whether a dozen States together may not claim the same liberty of action which every American asserts unhesitatingly for himself.

It is a curious chapter in the history of political vicissitudes. Less than a century ago Massachusetts and Virginia were closely leagued for the promotion of rebellion. Franklin in one State and Patrick Henry in the other combined their talents for the assertion of liberty, and were successful. Now, before even the contemporaries of these very men have all expired, we see Virginia once more advocating the principles of Revolution, while Massachusetts is enforcing at the sword's point the doctrines of Legitimacy and Toryism. The errand of the New England battalions to Washington resembles more nearly than they would care to believe the errand of General Grant's regiments to Concord. It is a remarkable conversion, but not an unexampled one. We see the principle in action everywhere. The Government of a Revolution always declares itself "legitimate" at the first opportunity, and a congregation of Seceders eagerly protests against a repetition of secession. The Americans, however, are all dissenters together. They all combined to repudiate the old political establishment, and they must not be surprised to find that schism reproduces itself in politics as well as religion. On the general prospects of the case we concur entirely with our correspondent. We admit that the proceedings of the Confederate States express nothing less than revolution. We admit that this revolution has not been provoked. We deplore the rupture, and we are too disposed to fear, though on this point there can be no certainty, that the results will be fraught with disaster. But all this is beside the question. The Southerners have no real case against their Northern brethren, but they have an argument against which the North will kick in vain. They claim to be the best judges of their own interests, and they hold that their interests require independence. The North appeals to the sword exactly as we did. It is confident in its strength and so were we. Whether the parallel will continue to be traceable in the event of the contest is a question which time alone can determine.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

On Sunday last, May 5, at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Wexford, the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, administered the sacrament of confirmation to Mr. James Joseph McNulty, and his wife Mary Anabella. Both are natives of Glasgow, who, after due deliberation, renounced the errors of Protestantism, and were received into the true Church on the 29th of March, and made their first Communion on Easter Sunday.—Wexford Paper.

TAKEING THE VIL.—On the 13th inst. Miss O'Connell's third daughter of the late John O'Brien, Esq., M.L., Elmvale, received the white veil at Laurel Hill, Convent, Limerick. The Very Rev. Dr. O'Connell, P. P., V.G., acted as celebrant, assisted by Rev. M. Malone, Chaplain to the Convent. The Very Rev. Father Plunkett, O.S.S., preached a very beautiful and appropriate sermon on the occasion.—Munster News.

The late James Fallon, of 36 Arran-quay, Dublin, has bequeathed the following:—To the Mater Misericordie Hospital, Eccles street, £25; to the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Oabra, £25; to the Blind Institution at Portobello, £25.

The Archbishop of Dublin has returned home, but is about starting again for London to give evidence before the Poor-law Committee. I believe the committee will hear some most important evidence from the lips of His Grace. The class of witnesses going over on the Catholic side of the question is in every respect unexceptionable. In addition to the Archbishop, I have heard of the names of Mr. George Godfrey Place, one of the Guardians of the South Dublin Union, and Dr. Daniel Brady, from the North Union. The former has for many years made the administration of the Poor-law his unremitting study, and been most assiduous in his attendance at the meetings of the Board of Guardians and this is precisely the very reason why a large majority of Protestant bigots at that Board refused to sanction his being sent over as a witness, and adopted in his stead a miserable little pervert, overflowing with hatred for the religion he had deserted. Dr. Brady for many years filled the office of vice-chairman to the North Dublin Union; but was too good a guardian for the Protestant bigots, who by use of their tyrant majorities, expelled him from that position. A letter from the pen of a Catholic Priest of this diocese, containing a number of valuable suggestions in reference to the Poor-law, has appeared in the Dublin papers within the last few days. I am acquainted with the Rev. writer, and know him to be a man eminently practical. The Bazaar of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul has been held within the last few days, and has proved a decided success. It is likely that upwards of £1,000 has been realized by it. Lord Carlisle with his suite attended and made several purchases. The severity of the last winter not only exhausted the funds at the disposal of the members, but left them largely in debt.—Cor. of Weekly Register.

THE ORDER OF NURSESTENDERS.—The Dublin correspondent of the Register supplies the subjoined particulars of a new religious order of French ladies which has just been established in Dublin. Our contemporary says—"This great Catholic city, which is already blessed by the presence of almost every religious order of men and women known to the Church, has found room for another. Within the last few days, five Sisters of the Order of 'Les Sœurs de bon Secours' have arrived here, and have established a convent in Grenville-street, near Mountjoy-square. Those good Sisters are better known as the Order of Nurses, or, as it is called here, 'Nursentenders,' and they are likely to confer the most signal blessings on the upper classes of society. Their object is to attend the sick, not in the manner of the Sisters of Charity and Mercy, but strictly in the capacity of nurses. Hence, one of the Sisters becomes domiciled in the house of a sick person, does not shrink from her post by day or by night until she either closes his eyes in death, or sees him so far restored as to stand in no need of her ministrations. I have had the pleasure of being introduced to two of those holy Sisters, and have received from them the most interesting details of the duty which their Order imposes on them. They charge themselves with carrying out with the most scrupulous exactness the directions of the attending physician. With their own hands they administer the remedies to the patient. If necessary they watch through the night at the bedside. Their rule requires them to take their meals alone, and the exacting propensities, unfortunately so characteristic of nurses, as a class, will never be experienced from them. Of course the especial blessings is in the spiritual consolation and instruction. One of these Sisters has already been engaged, and is at present attending in the house of one of our most respectable Catholic families. The Catholic physicians have taken them up most warmly and I have no doubt that even Protestant doctors will very soon discover that it will be their own interests, and the interests of their patients to call their services into requisition.

The last number of the Kilkenny Journal thus announces the death in that city of the Very Rev. Dean Dunphy, of Halifax:—"Died on last Saturday, the 11th inst., at his temporary residence in Parliament-street, in this city, the Very Rev. James Dunphy, Dean of Halifax, at the advanced age of 72 years. The deceased Rev. gentleman was a native of the county Waterford, and has resided in this city for some months past, on account of his declining health. His remains were accompanied to their last resting place in Maullin-street churchyard, on last Monday, by a large number of the clergy of the city and neighborhood. It is said that Dean Dunphy has left immense wealth which he has bequeathed to the poor of Halifax, leaving, as we have been informed, £3000 to the Mater Misericordie Hospital, in Dublin."

Death has just deprived the Catholic Church in Ireland of one of its brightest ornaments; a woman raised up by Providence for the good of Religion, at a period when Religion badly needed bulwarks. Mrs. Ball, the foundress of Loretto Convent, and indirectly of about forty other houses of the same Order, has just been called to receive the reward of a long life devoted to the service of God. She was a very remarkable woman in her generation, and has left behind her enduring monuments of her zeal not only in this country and England, but in the remotest antipodes. This excellent Religiosa was sister to Judge Ball, one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland.

The late Luke Butler, formerly of Christ-church-place, Dublin, and of Leinster-road, Rathmines, has bequeathed the following:—To St. Vincent's Hospital and Dispensary, £100; to Jersey street Hospital, £100; to the Catholic institution for Deaf and Dumb Females, St. Mary's Oabra, £100; to the Catholic Institution for Deaf and Dumb Males, St. Joseph's, Prospect, £100; to St. Clare Convent, Harold's-cross, £100; to St. Michael and John's Catholic National Free Schools, £200; to St. Joseph's Asylum, Portland-row, Summer-hill, £100; to the Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers of all religious persuasions, £100; to the Christian Brother's Schools in North Richmond Street, £100; to the Catholic Charity Schools in Meath street, £100; to the Catholic Poor Schools, Lower Rutland street, £100.

DIED, on the 13th ult., Joseph Burke, Esq., of Ower, at an advanced age. He was a solicitor in 1800. The deceased, who was a member of a very respectable Catholic family, was much respected through life. A great many families of respectability will, by his death, be placed in mourning. His eldest son, William J. Burke, Esq., barrister, succeeds as heir to the family estate.—R.I.P.—Connaught Patriot.

On Wednesday, the 4th of June, the long-cherished motion of poor old Spooner about Maynooth, having been taken up by a fresh hand, will be brought forward by the "liberal" member for Peterborough, Mr. George Whalley, a descendant (we are informed by Dad) of Edward Whalley, first cousin of John Hampden and of Oliver Cromwell) of the same family and kith, I may add, of the renowned "Burn-chapel Whalley," of Wicklow notoriety, and of the notorious "Buck Whalley," whose forbear came over with Cromwell and shared in the plunder of that model gosseller. The member for Southampton, however, intends to propose a rider to the proposition of Mr. Whalley, which will, at least, have the effect to speak relatively of imparting more interest to the debate. Mr. Digby Seymour proposes to move as an amendment, after the words "Consolidated Fund," to insert: "and also to consider the expediency of withdrawing all other State endowments and grants for ecclesiastical and religious purposes in Ireland." Of course, both proposals come to nothing; but the event is much spoken of, and will lead, at all events, to the unusual occurrence of a full house on the Wednesday. By the way, your readers might not consider a few particulars uninteresting with regard to their very talented countryman.—Cor. of Dublin Telegraph.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Patrick Savage, Esq., of Bloomfield, Rathfarnham, and Edward Lawrenson, Esq., of Sutton House, Baldoyle, to be magistrates for the county of Dublin.

THE NATIONAL PETITION.—BANQUET TO THE O'DONOGHUE IN LONDON.—The Banquet given to The O'Donoghue, M.P., on Monday, the 13th inst., at the London Coffee House (Ludgate-hill), by the Irish Nationalists of London, was the most striking and imposing demonstration of Irish national opinion made in England for many years. The large room was crowded to excess, admission being obliged to be refused to several; on a green drape above the Chair was the old Irish graying "Cead mille failte"; a splendid band was in attendance, and the proceedings were characterised by the utmost enthusiasm.

The O'Donoghue, on entering, was received with loud cheers.

The Chair was taken at eight o'clock by A. W. Harnett, Esq., Universal News. The cloth having been removed.

The Chairman rose to propose the first toast on the list—"Ireland as a Nation"—which was received with vehement cheering.

Mr. Bowen proposed the toast of "The People," and said he had great hopes of seeing Ireland yet a nation, and there was in the meeting before him every sign of success in the effort to obtain a native parliament. The toast was then drunk amidst loud cheers.

The Chairman then, in the highest terms of eulogy proposed the health of "The O'Donoghue of the Glens," the first and only man of high and distinguished position who had come forward for Irish independence. The toast was received with enthusiastic cheering, which continued for several minutes.

The O'Donoghue, on rising, was received with loud and enthusiastic cheers, and waving of handkerchiefs. He said—Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, as your respected Chairman has told you, I am, ever have been and no doubt ever shall be for Irish Independence (cheers and cries of "We will back you.") I accept with gratitude the compliment you pay me this evening. I am sensible it is far more than is due to any humble efforts of mine (no, no). I accept it not so much as a reward for anything I have done, but as an expression of opinion on your part that my public conduct has been in accordance with the national spirit of our country (cheers)—and I also consider it as an encouragement to me to proceed onward in the path of duty.

Your demonstration says plainly that although the sea separates us from Ireland, we are united to those who are still permitted to remain there by the memories of home, by imperishable traditions, by the holiest of all bonds of union—that longing for freedom and a determination to be free (loud cheers).—Many of us may entertain different opinions on various subjects; many of us may have peculiar prejudices arising from various causes; nevertheless there is one feeling in which we all participate, which is paramount to every other, and which manifests itself in the desire to make the will of the Irish people omnipotent in Ireland [great cheering].—Lord John Russell—as we have heard to-night in the able and argumentative speech of our excellent chairman—Lord Palmerston, and other organs of English opinion have declared, and declared truly, that each individual nation is the best judge of what is best for itself; and moreover, that what constitutes good or bad government must be decided by those who are governed, and not by those who govern [cheers]. Now, without pretending to be wiser than other men, I venture to assert that what Irishmen stand most in need of is freedom to determine as they think proper, all industrial, commercial, financial, political, and social questions affecting their own country; and I also venture to assert that the history of Ireland is a record of misgovernment without parallel in the whole civilized world [loud and prolonged cheering]. Although Irishmen have never ceased to protest against English misrule, the English press and English statesmen have never ceased to declare that if discontent and misery prevail Irishmen have only themselves to blame—that is to say, it is their fault that all political power and property are vested in a class—that their houses are levelled, their lands taken from them, and a choice left them between emigration and pauperism. We say our population is diminished, our agricultural products are diminished. Are not these indications of national decline, not of prosperity? But then, we are invariably told, "You know nothing about it; Ireland is prosperous; you, mere Irishmen, should not advance opinions in opposition to ours." [laughter]. Thus matters are going on, and will go on unless an effort be made to check the evil [cheers]. Yet this continual obstinacy on the part of the English Government has produced some beneficial results. The people have become convinced that from the English parliament they have nothing to expect [cheers]—that English legislation must inevitably lead to national annihilation, and that the first step to be taken towards the amelioration of their condition must be the recovery of their legislative independence [loud cheers]. The National Petition is a proof of this, and you may rely on it that the National Petition is only the commencement of a mighty struggle [enthusiastic cheers, prolonged for some moments]. How much good the National Petition has done may be a matter of dispute; but I am certain that it has already done, and will yet do, a great deal of good [cheers]. Some persons think that better means than a petition might have been devised as a commencement; but now that the movement is drawing to a close, I admit that we have enough of petitioning [cries of bravo, and enthusiastic cheering]. I am far from claiming exclusive merit for the National Petition, in whose success I have felt the deepest interest. I am ready to follow any leader, and join any movement, provided it be onward and not backward—provided it discards useless weapons; provided its policy be calculated to develop national sentiments, among the people, and give their aspirations and expectations a practical direction; provided it insists on civil and religious equality amongst all classes of Irishmen; and though last not least, provided its avowed object be the attainment of Irish independence [applause]. I think we ought to be tolerant of every thing except him who, having himself in favour of the English Parliament, has, in fact, ceased to be an Irishman [cheers]. We ought to remember that the first duty of every man, be he peer or commoner, priest or prelate, is to be faithful to Ireland [loud cheering]. And we ought never cease to proclaim that we have no confidence in any man, no matter how exalted his rank or sacred his calling, who is not a Nationalist [prolonged cheering]. Let us lay next our hearts the words of the poet:—

Far dearer the grave or the prison,  
Illum'd by one patriot's name,  
Than the trophies of all who have risen  
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

(Loud applause.) Some people say we are Nationalists after our own way; and they illustrate their notions of nationality by organising small cliques to do small jobs [laughter and sarcastic cheers]. They say "Let us do this, then do that, and afterwards raise the cry of nationality" [laughter]. Ah, yes; raise the cry of nationality when the people are gone—when Irishmen are to be met with only in America or Australia; or what is worse than that, when those left behind have become English at heart by being bribed with the spoils of their exiled brethren [cheers]. There is only one way of being national. What does nationality mean in Poland, in Hungary, in Italy—what did it ever mean—what must it ever mean? By a Nationalist we understand, as they understand it in Italy, in Poland, in Hungary, a man who loves his own nation best, and who is prepared to join his countrymen against their enemies—[cheers]—to help them in their struggle for freedom, knowing that without freedom there can be no real prosperity [great cheering].—Gentlemen, I do not despair of my country—[renewed cheering]—for I know that millions of the Irish

people are Nationalists; I know their desire to make Ireland free; I know that they cling to her soil as a sacred place in which the bones of their fathers have been laid as a holy heritage they would transmit to their children (emotion). As your chairman was kind enough to say in his very complimentary observations in reference to myself, that I would not be deterred by any sneering from doing what is right—I hope—indeed I may say it for myself—he has spoken truly [cheers]. I do not claim any extraordinary merit for doing what is right—moreover, when I remember that every man who takes the course that I do from a sense of duty and a love of Ireland will have the Irish people always at his back [cheers, and cries of "Depend upon it!"] I should be sorry to conceal, and I have never concealed it in public or private, and I have never concealed it in the House of Commons asserting Irish principles, has a very trying task to perform; and when, in the course of a few days, I bring forward in the house the motion which will raise the question of the repeal of the Union, I shall look forward with great anxiety to the support I shall receive from those who profess to be the representatives of the Irish people [hear, hear]. There never was a better test applied to that representation [hear, hear]. I have dared to express this opinion in public—that the Irish members who sit in the House of Commons only represent the Irish landlords; but I shall be only too glad to retract that statement, and say that the Irish representatives who sit in the house are genuine representatives of the Irish people if, when I bring forward my resolution in a few days, they shall be found on the side of Ireland [hear, hear].—Amongst the members to whom I look for support is my honorable friend the member for Dungarran [hisses and laughter]. As I have said already, we must be tolerant of certain differences of opinion.—That tolerance is essentially necessary for our cause. (A voice—"What about the Tory Hennessy?") [laughter]. The aid of Mr. Maguire's great ability will be most important to us in the debate which the Irish question will raise. He was nervous—[laughter]—and anxious—[renewed laughter]—less false inference might be drawn from his motion relative to the Ionian Islands (sarcastic cheers); but I believe that in bringing the motion forward his principal object was to expose the hypocrisy of the English Government. I have again to thank you for the great compliment you have done me. I am only a beginner in politics, but I hope to see the day when I may meet the Irishman of London and have some claim to such a favor. I hope we shall often discuss around the social board the position in which we aspire to see our country placed.—(The hon. gentleman resumed his seat in the midst of an enthusiastic ovation.)

Mr. J. W. Foley proposed in eloquent terms "The Irish Political Exiles," coupling the toast with the names of Thomas Francis Meagher, Garvan Duffy, and John Mitchell amid prolonged cheers.

THE IRISH PRESS.—The Kilkenny Journal says:—"We say it deliberately—there cannot, there will not, there ought not to be peace in Ireland, till the tenantry are protected from capricious or arbitrary eviction, whether it be by a fair lease at a fair rent, or by full compensation for all valuable improvements. This system of casting out poor creatures from their homes, and seizing upon the fruits of their industry or capital, under the name of landlord rights, is an abomination in the eyes of God and man—it has existed too long, to the ruin of the peace and prosperity of the country, and it is time that it should end. But it will not end of itself. A landlord parliament will never resign their power of the national will, exerted through a vigorous national agitation; and this agitation, there is no use in denying it, can only be aroused and wielded at present by the Bishops and Clergy of Ireland. It is simply absurd for some of our contemporaries to say—"Why don't the laymen do it: why throw all this work on the Bishops?" No layman, or number of laymen, can create an agitation in Ireland at present. The Whigs, and those who have abetted them, have crushed all public spirit—all public confidence in this country (not the least of the evils which their corruption has produced), and it is only by the call of the Church that spirit can be aroused, or that confidence restored. We do not want the saintly Hierarchy of Ireland to leave their holy retirement, and ascend the political platform; but we would certainly wish to see them call upon the Irish representatives to carry out the policy of their Pastoral, issued in August 1859, and use their powerful influence at elections to return those who support it, and to defeat those who are opposed or lukewarm towards it. We would also wish to see their lordships urge upon their faithful Clergy the carrying out of this policy; and if this be done, success is certain; if not, there is only one other remedy, and the people will wait in sullen silence till the opportunity comes. For the interests of religion, and the prosperity and peace of the country, we earnestly hope the Bishops will once more lead the people, and sympathise, as in the olden time, with their struggles and sufferings."

A return of the foreign and coasting trade at the port of Dublin for the month ended 30th April 1861, gives the following result:—Foreign—Entered inwards, 57 vessels, of 11,815 tons; cleared outwards, 6 vessels of 584 tons. Coastwise—Entered inwards, 837 vessels, of 1,068,936 tons; cleared outwards, 376 vessels, of 33,828.

The following is an abstract of duties received at the port of Dublin for the week ended 11th May:—Tea, £6,987 15s. 5d.; refined sugar, £210 5s. 6d.; Muscovado sugar, £1,412 10s. 7d.; coffee, £107 16s. 6d.; wine, £1,698 18s. 4d.; spirits, £203 4s. 11d.; tobacco, £6,922 18s. 4d.; timber, £107, 11s. 11d.; miscellaneous, £561 11s. 9d.—Total, £28,930 18s. 6d.

A NEW CENSUS.—The Government have ordered a new census of the children attending school in Ireland to be taken on Friday, the 17th instant, it having been pointed out to the Commissioners—by the Morning News—that the census taken on April 13th must be grossly incorrect, as most of the schools in the kingdom were empty at that time.—Nation.

Another disastrous fire has occurred in this city, and, as usual, on that night so famous for disasters—Saturday. By the present catastrophe many unfortunate families have been rendered houseless and homeless.

Mrs. Madgett, a lady of property from the County of Carlow, met with a fatal accident on the 11th ult., at No. 3 Webster-terrace, Haddington-road, Dublin. It appears that she was standing near the fire reading a newspaper, and that her cotinole having brought her dress against the grate. The dress immediately blazed up, burning the lady very severely. Doctor Woodroffe was at once called in, and rendered all the aid, that was possible under the circumstances. but Mrs. Madgett was so seriously injured that she died next day.

At an early hour on the morning of the 9th ult., a fatal accident, of a very melancholy kind, occurred near Kilkenny, a man named Anthony Burke, driver of a porter van in the employment of Mr. F. Sullivan being the victim. Burke was returning during the night from the Thomastown district, sitting on his van. In the morning, at half-past one o'clock, the driver of the Waterford Mail car, in passing along the Thomastown road, on the hill at the Black Quarry found his progress impeded by a porter van being upset in the middle of the road. He got down to see if he could remove the obstacle, and then found that the horse was still attached to the van, and on closer inspection found that a man (Burke) was lying under both, the shaft being across his neck in such a way as must have produced speedy suffocation. The mail car driver, procured the assistance of a man residing in the neighborhood, and on cutting the tackling and releasing the horse, the animal at once ran into town. The man was then removed from beneath the shaft, but was found quite lifeless.