

carload, McIlindly, of Kerry, were also embraced within this panorama of nature. While standing in this commanding spot, one of the most interesting, if not the finest in Europe, the captain's attention was arrested by a loud masculine but melancholy voice, issuing from the rocks that on one side border the small circular lake that lies between the eastern and western peaks of Knockineldown. The tune was quite familiar to his ear, but he could only catch at a few of the words of the ditty, which was the well-known *Shim-ban-bodht*.

God save you, sir," said the tall peasant, who now made his appearance above ground, evidently embarrassed, and blushing at the thought that his rude voice should be heard by such a skillful ear as he fancied the stranger must be possessed of, in judging of the music and measure of the above very patriotic lay.

God save you, kindly, friend," said the O'Donnell. "What do you call this mountain?"

You must be a stranger, then, if you don't know that this is Knockineldown. There is Waterford in the south. Here is Tipperary, darling Tipperary, on the north, and Kilkenny east, Clare west, Cork south west, and, in fact, all Munster and a good deal of Leinster is here in prospect, answered the bold peasant.

I find you have a taste for music. What song is that I heard you sing just now?"

Oh, nothing but a bit of nonsense," answered the frizzle-coated peasant. "I seldom or never attempt to sing, though I have got a second half that can give you a bit of rebel song well enough, to shorten the winter's night."

The captain could not help noticing the independent bearing and language of this countryman, who never once made use of the word "your honor," or even "sir," but, on the contrary, talked to him as if he were his equal, a thing very unusual at that day, or even yet, in Ireland, where every little squire looks on it as an unpardonable insult, if he is not "sirred" and "honored" by every bareheaded peasant whom he has condescension to admit to his presence.

A rebel song," repeated the captain, after a few moments' pause. "You don't call yourself a rebel, do you?"

The stalwart peasant looked at him with a scrutinizing glance, and seeing him unarmed, and concluding from his accent that he was no foreigner, notwithstanding his mustachios, answered—

I may be as good a rebel as yourself, every bit, for I can't believe you belong to the red-coats. I am not an actual rebel, however, tho' God knows it is not for want of cause or good will."

But your song had some allusion to the landing of the French, and expressed a fear for the safety of the yeomanry. Do you not belong to a yeomanry corps?"

No, friend; nor never can or will be. Is that any crime in your eyes, may I ask?"

Well, to be candid with you, no. I belong to the proscribed race and creed, for the destruction of which the English government seems solely to exist."

Ha, ha! I knew that well," said Terence O'Mara, for this was the name of our stalwart peasant.

But did you hear," continued O'Mara, "sure you did, what is going to take place down in that town yonder to-morrow! The parish priest is going to be hanged, ay, hanged like a dog, for no other crime but that he is a good and faithful pastor. I tell you the truth, sir."

Could there be nothing done to save him?"—said the captain.

I do not know," answered O'Mara, cautiously.

I cannot say what may be done."

Will the people of this great county of Tipperary stand as idle spectators, while their pastor is swinging from the gallows like a felon?"

How can I tell?" said the peasant, fearing he had betrayed himself. "But see here, young gentleman," he said, drawing a sword from under his riding-coat, and grasping the reins by the left hand, "tell me who you are at once, and what is your errand, or you die instantly, and that bottomless lake will be your grave. Come, speak at once, or prepare for death."

Well, I am brother to this Father O'Donnell whom you seem to love so much, and determined, if I can, to save him from the ignominious halter of the Saxon."

Forgive me, captain, I know you now. Forgive me, I pray you on my knees," exclaimed the brave O'Mara.

Rise up, friend, I beseech you. So far from having anything to ask forgiveness for, I applaud your caution, and admire your courage. Give us your hand; O'Mara, I suspect, is your name. You are the man of whom the Rev. John Murphy gave me such a high character."

Yes, I am the man, Terence O'Mara. But what can we do for your brother, our dear pastor? Here is my plan. I have about five hundred of the neighboring farmers' sons enrolled in body, and pledged to break open the goal and rescue our pastor to-night; and if we fail in that, go in disguise to-morrow to the place of execution, and with concealed pistols and daggers, make a rush on his ruffian captors and rescue him, or die in the attempt."

Five hundred young men, you said."

Aye, that exactly."

And what is the number of the enemy; I mean the redcoats in the town?"

Two thousand, at least, besides the militia or yeomanry."

I fear your force would never effect what you have resolved on."

What is to be done, then? I am sure I will never survive to-morrow if Father O'Donnell is hanged, or I will escape after the slaughter of some of his executioners."

We must try stratagem in the business. See and get him out of their hands first, and then fight afterwards, if necessary."

Aye, but how can that be done?"

I cannot tell you, as I do not know whether or not my plan will succeed. Let me see how were your followers to be brought together?"

By signal. We light a fire on the left peak of this two-headed mountain, to tell the boys to stay at home and the right peak blazes to call them to arms."

Well, if I succeed in my strategy well and good; but if I fail, a messenger will meet you here at dusk to give order about the signals. Let's see, if my messenger does not arrive an hour after night, that will be a sign of my success; stop your followers, by lighting the fire on the left; if, on the contrary, a man with a white crape on his head instead of a hat, appear, summon your followers, and attack the prison at midnight."

All right; it shall be done as you say. Success to the brave. God be with you. Stay, one word more. When you advance about two miles, turn to the left, at the base of the hill, and by crossing over the river mile below the bridge, where it is fordable, you will guard against interruption and annoyance from these rascally yeomen, who are scouting around the highways in all directions. Here, take these pistols."

No, thank you. My mission was begun peacefully under the auspices of holy religious personages, and I will carry it out as it began, leaving the issue to Him who is able to save the unarmed as well as the armed. I will follow your instructions regarding the by-road. Farewell for the present." He spoke, and was instantly out of sight on his way to the home of his childhood, and the scenes of his earliest recollections.

(To be Continued.)

PASTORAL OF HIS GRACE, THE MOST REV. DR. MACHALE, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

TO THE VERT REVEREND AND REVEREND THE CLERGY, AND TO THE FAITHFUL OF THE DIOCESE OF TUAM.

St. Jarlath's Tuam, Feb. 27, 1862.

Venerable and Dearly beloved Brethren,—The Church, continually solicitous for the salvation of its children, takes care to awaken their attention to those particular times and seasons, in which God's grace is dispensed in greater abundance. Among those seasons Lent holds a conspicuous place, being known as the acceptable time, and its days being deservedly called the days of salvation. In their weary passage through this vale of tears, the faithful have frequent opportunities of being refreshed and strengthened by the waters of life which, through the channel of the sacraments, are springing up on their passage. Now, however, these fountains of grace are more accessible than at any other season; the devotion of the people is animated by the exhortations of their pastors, and hundreds who have felt a distaste for the heavenly manna, or who, perhaps, like the prodigal child, wasted all the rich inheritance of their baptism, and were reduced to feed on the husks of swine, are now seen striving to return to their father's home, to be cheered with the abundance which they had left, and restored to the blessing which they had forfeited. To the rigorous fast which is prescribed and practised in this holy season, the faithful are to unite more frequent and fervent prayer, as well as more abundant alms. By the fast they will mortify and subdue the deeds of the flesh, that deadly enemy by which man is continually encompassed, and which, if not watched and conquered, will make him the victim of its corruption. By prayer, they will elevate their souls to God, meditating on the bliss which is prepared for those who fulfil His commandments, and by such meditation, fortifying themselves against the misfortunes and persecutions to which they may be exposed. And by alms-deeds, that virtue which has, in a special manner, sprung from the prolific bosom of the Catholic Church, they secure the gratitude and prayers of their suffering fellow-creatures, and cancel the sins into which they may have fallen.

We have all frequently recorded our conviction of the evils of the mixed system, and warned the faithful against its dangers. We have denounced the godless colleges and the model schools, kindred institutions springing from the same unwholesome root. Yet, supporting the Commissioners who are encouraging these model schools, and have been erecting them at immense cost, there are several Catholics, nay, ecclesiastics too, perplexing the people with the strange inconsistency of practical encouragement and verbal condemnation found in the same quarter. Such strange ambiguity of conduct and of language, however frequent among those who are versed in state councils, cannot be reconciled with the simple maxims of the Catholic Church. It disowns the dishonest and deceitful policy of being at once the censurers and supporters of the same evil system.

In our last Pastoral we required that henceforth no teacher, from this diocese, either male or female, should go to be trained in the Metropolitan Model School, the most active centre of all the evils of that mixed education so frequently condemned. This is yet but an essay of the extent to which we mean to carry our opposition to that unwholesome system and its executive central Board of Education. Unless it be upturned at the root it is in vain to strive to lop off all the branches which it is ready to shoot forth with a more deadly fecundity. It is in vain that you war against Godless Colleges or Universities, while you leave their noxious parent, the Board of National Education, untouched. Witness its recent unblushing attempt to connect in closer alliance the National Schools with the Godless Colleges, by turning the masters into proselytising agents for the support of those infidel institutions. It will, no doubt, be asked whether Catholic ecclesiastics continue to be members of such a hostile and aggressive Board, or whether Catholic laymen lend their aid as Commissioners to carry on, in defiance of the ordinary, a system of education in such intimate connexion with the colleges condemned by the successor of St. Peter. To their co-operation the continuance of this obnoxious system is to be attributed; for, were those Catholics who appear to be sleeping at their posts, and thus enabling the vigilant enemies to carry on their proselytising schemes with the concurrence of those sleeping partners; were they at once to retire and raise their warning voice against its enormous evils, your National Board would not survive this session, nor could any ministry last that would refuse the people of Ireland one of the most sacred of all rights—a free Catholic education.

As it is difficult to estimate the value of a purely Catholic education for our children, the evils of any other cannot be sufficiently deplored. To those who receive it, a mixed education becomes a two-edged sword, capable of evil as well as of good, and opener of the former, and in consequence of its use being more under the direction of masters practised in mischief, and zealous as well as skillful in its propagation. This cannot be more strongly exemplified than in the contrast between the disciples of both regarding the value of purity, which is not only the charm of domestic life but the chief ornament of Christian Society, and the best proof that its firmest stay is found in an habitual observance of the divine law. It is unnecessary to dwell on the contrast between the modest deportment of the one and the licentious carriage of the pupils of both schools, arising from the reverence which the one are taught to feel for this virtue, and the profane levity with which its observance is ridiculed by the others. The consequence is, the supply of a profligate literature in every form, to inflame the worst of passions and to minister to a corrupt taste. By those who are not taught its evils, such literature is devoured with avidity, and it becomes a stumbling block in the way even of those who are warned of its dangers. That the utmost reverence is due to the young, was a maxim even among the wisest of the Pagans. It is necessary, then, to guard their ears against immodest conversations, and to keep improper productions out of their way. It is deplorable with what want of due consideration for the interests of morality, subjects are admitted into some public journals—nay, treated with minute and disgusting detail, which never

should meet the public eye, and should be exclusively confined to the studies or practices of the medical profession. We trust that it will be quite unnecessary to advert again to this subject, and that parents seasonably warned, will not suffer the precious virtue of their offspring, to be lost or tainted, and their faith impaired in those mixed schools and colleges, that are so fatal to both.

We hope, too, that out of this diocesan fund, hitherto confined to elementary schools, we may in future be enabled, to apply a portion to the extension and improvement of our colleges, and to the purchase of such books and instruments as may be necessary to illustrate the sciences that are there taught. We are the more sanguine in the increasing value of this fund, employed as it is in that free and independent diocesan education, always so dear to the Church, and because we are forbearing from trespassing on your slender means, by an inconvenient multiplicity of applications. The only collection of paramount obligation, to which we should feel it our duty at any time to call your attention, is one for the Holy Father, as long as he continues to be robbed of the revenues of those dominions, which have been rightfully called the patrimony of St. Peter. From your noble generosity on more than one occasion, we are certain that an appeal in behalf of our common Father, will never be made to the faithful in vain. At present, however, it would be unseasonable, placed, as numbers are, from the failure of the potato crop, which to them was the staff of life, on the very verge of starvation. The intense destitution which is daily more widely spreading, is afflicting enough; but what aggravates the evil, is the unfeeling indifference shown to the famishing people by those who, in a particular manner, are bound to relieve them. But notwithstanding this cruel indifference, there is found a source of great consolation in the spirit of charity that has reached us from distant regions, and especially those of America. From Montreal and Kingston, and Quebec and Toronto, the bishops, clergy, and people have been rivalling each other in their charitable efforts, and have already sent us near two hundred pounds, to help to mitigate the sufferings of the people. This is a large sum, no doubt, and an evidence of the great generosity of those who sent it; but, spread over an immense surface, and broken to meet the crying starvation of thousands, one is reminded of the words of Philip, the Apostle: "quid inter tantos," "what among such a starving multitude?" Now, take notice further of the strange inconsistencies of those who are so stubborn in controverting the existence of the famine. They own, because there is no denying it, the failure of the potato crop. What is there then left with the poor people of Ireland to feed on, unless that, with the malignant affection of Satan's reverence for our Redeemer, they may be desired to convert the stones into bread to appease the pangs of hunger. It is not thus the good Catholics of Canada felt, or spoke, or acted. They knew that there is a mysterious fecundity in the alms of the Church; and, whilst the taxes, wrung by law for the relief of the poor from the poor themselves, are diminished by more than one half, by the cost of their corrupt management, before they can reach the victims of destitution; the blessing of the loaves and fishes on the mountain, descends on charities of the Church, and multiplies them an hundred fold.

On the coming Good Friday the passion sermon is, as last year, to be preached in the Irish language, during the ceremony at mid-day, in the several churches, for the benefit of the numerous congregations that assemble on the occasion.

We beg now in conclusion to call your attention to two paramount and obvious duties.

First.—Though their zeal in attending to the sick and the dying is well known, we implore of all the clergy to redouble their assiduity in visiting and consoling them during this season of terrible trials and privations. And as the mortality is daily on the increase, we require that they take down an accurate account of all the deaths that will occur in their respective parishes until the end of the present year, and send those documents to us in the first week of next January.

Secondly.—We request the fervent prayers both of the people and of the priests at the altar in behalf of the several benefactors who have so charitably assisted us in mitigating the severe destitution of so many of our people. Such men have come to our aid from France, England, and Scotland, as well as from our own country. But we request your special prayers in behalf of the bishops, clergy, and people of Canada for their commiseration for the poor of Ireland. Whilst you invoke every blessing on those our distant brethren, cease not to implore the Father of mercies that he enlighten the understandings, and move the hearts of your rulers to know and to feel for your destination. To them you will repeatedly, and firmly, and respectfully make known your wants, demanding protection for your lives in return for your support of the state, by sharing in all its burdens. On all occasions allowed by the Rubric, the clergy will add to the Collect of the Mass the *Oratio pro Papa*, and *pro quacunq; tribulatione*, until they receive further explicit instructions. And before or after Mass, the faithful will offer up a Pater and Ave Maria for the same pious intention, to protect the Holy Father from his enemies, and our poor destitute people, from the horrors of hunger and of pestilence.

We remain, beloved brethren,
Your affectionate servant in Christ,
JOHN,
Archbishop of Tuam.

NEW ENGLAND CIVILIZATION.

(From the Antigonish Casket.)

"It is meat and drink to me to see a clown." We can afford to laugh freely at the vainglorious boasting when it evidently proceeds from shallowness—its legitimate source, and is calculated to delude no one. Nothing amuses more than a notorious braggadocio strutting about with a slouched hat hitched to his bump of self-esteem, his hands thrust down to his elbows into his breeches' pockets, tossing his head quiver majestically, chewing his mighty quid of tobacco, making sad grimaces at all foreign countries, but triumphantly "guessing his own nation to be the greatest on the face of the earth by a long chalk and the most enlightened too." "Stumping the universe" and other kindred slang phrases pronounced by a genuine Yankee buffoon and applied exclusively to Yankee liberty and Yankee civilization are invariably followed by peals of laughter from an enlightened audience. There are on the other hand men of worth and ability, whom we honor and we are pained exceedingly when we find them descending from their lofty position and taking their place among common braggarts; for we learn from experience as well as from Shakspeare:

"That every braggart shall be found an ass."

This sentiment of distress we have seldom felt more keenly than while perusing the last number of the celebrated Dr. Brownson's "Review." There he repeats in almost every page and in every variety of phraseology that "The American is the most advanced civilization the world has yet seen—the farthest point in advance as yet reached by any age or nation" and that in respect of civilization the Yankees or New-Englanders are "the advance-guard of humanity." Nothing could tend more to make us feel disposed to endorse the unjust phrase of a rash contemporary that Americans are "expatriated villains" than such intolerable language. The vaunted superiority of the Social and political constitution of the United States, and of its efficient arrangements to secure practical and impartial freedom to all, its ridiculous hubbub and must move the scorn of every British subject whenever it is asserted in sober earnest. With us freedom is a glorious reality; in the States it is often little better than a dead letter. Their laws may be very good, but when their Executive is too weak to enforce them, they are to all intents and purposes of no avail whatsoever. "The

confessions of a deposed Minister" in Sam Slick's Clock-Maker, are characterized with as much sense and truth as wit and humor. The following extract is to the point:

"Freedom, what is it? We boast of freedom; tell me what freedom is. Is it havin' no kings and nobles? Then we are sartainly free. But is that freedom? Is it havin' no established religion? Then we are free enough, gracious knows. Is it havin' no hereditary government or vigorous executive? Then we are free beyond all doubt. Yes, we know what we are talkin' about; we are wise in our generation, wiser than the children of light—we are as free as the air of heaven. What that air is pr'aps they know who talk of it so flippantly and glibly; but it may not be so free to all comers as our own country is. But what is freedom? A colt is free, he is unrestrained—he acknowledges no master, no law but the law of nature. A man may get his brains knocked out among wild horses, but still they are free. Is our freedom like that of the wild horse and wild ass? If not, what is it? Is it in the right of openly preaching infidelity? Is it in a licentious press? Is it in the outpourings of popular apathy? Is it in the absence of all subordination or the insufficiency of all legal and moral restraint? I will define it. It is that happy condition of mankind where people are assembled in a community; where there is no government, no law, and no religion, but such as are imposed from day to day by a mob of freemen. That is freedom."

Were we disposed to reason a priori and forget these facts of which all impartial minds acquainted with the history of the United States are persuaded, and overlook the stone-blockade, the applauded rascality of Seward, &c., &c., we would find it extremely difficult to believe, that the civilization of the neighboring Republic could be superior to that of all other countries. Indeed what cause might be assigned for so remarkable a phenomenon? Should we look for it in the character of the people or is it to be found in the nature of their governmental constitution? It is well known those who originally emigrated to the United States and constituted their entire population were far from being recognized as the most civilized of the different countries from which they hailed. From such raw materials sprang men scarcely less uncivilized than their sires and their heirs were amalgamated with their predecessors. This Babel of nationalities would naturally be imbued with few feelings in common. They might strongly and perseveringly worship the almighty dollar, hate kings and nobles, and display other traits of character very compatible with low-bred minds, but they could not be expected to coalesce suddenly, harmonize and effectually conspire to outstrip all others in the race of civilization. Dr. Brownson not only admits but bitterly deplores the past and present injurious effects of civilization (even when composed of the most gifted men of other nations, on his pet civilization. Accordingly to him the Puritans of New England are the genuine philosopher's stone of civilization and would have long ere now attained to the term of human progress had not their energies been partially paralyzed by their necessary contact with the inferior civilization of foreigners. The descendants of the Pilgrims are simply a fraction of the population of the United States, but they are, quoth he, "the brains, the head, and the heart of America;" to these must we look for the sufficient reason of the supereminence of the whole country's civilization. This modest language naturally recalls the remembrance of the sterling stock, which has produced and infused its own spirit into the incomparable citizens of Yankeeland. The character of the Puritans as represented by historians, who strongly sympathized with their sufferings, admired their energy and palliated their foibles, can scarcely persuade us that they were men of such enlarged views, generous aspirations and superior enlightenment as to make them the suitable pioneers of the advance-guard of humanity." Savagery and stubbornness, we are told, were the chief characteristics of that fierce, gloomy and revolutionary sect. Nothing met their approbation except what seemed to countenance the indulgence of malevolent passions. The law of love as portrayed in the pages of the New Testament found no response in their unfeeling bosoms. The Old Testament, on the contrary was far more acceptable to them because it contained the history of a race selected by God to be the ministers of his vengeance and could therefore be more easily distorted to suit their wishes. Their preference for the Old Testament displayed itself in all their sentiments and habits. They baptized their children by the names of Hebrew Patriarchs and warriors. They turned the Christian Sunday into a Jewish Sabbath. They gleaned their jurisprudence from the Mosaic law and imbibed precedents to guide their ordinary conduct from the books of Judges and Kings. "The prophet who bowed to pieces a captive king, the rebel general, who gave the blood of a queen to the dogs, the matron, who in defiance of plighted faith, and of the laws of Eastern hospitality drove the nail into the brain of the fugitive ally, who had just fed at her board and who was sleeping under the shadow of her tent, were proposed as models to Christians suffering under the tyranny of princes and prelates. Morals and manners were subjected to a code resembling that of the synagogue when the synagogue was in its worst state. The dress, the deportment, the language, the studies, the amusements of the rigid sect were regulated on principles resembling that of the Pharisees who, proud of their washed hands and broad phylacteries, taunted the Redeemer as a Sabbath-breaker and a wine-bibber. It was a sin to hang garlands on a Maypole, to drink a friend's health, to fly a hawk, to hurt a stag, to play at chess, to wear love-locks, to put starch in a ruff. . . . Learning and eloquence were regarded by the new school of Protestants with suspicion, if not with aversion. Some precisians had scruples about teaching the Latin grammar because the names of Mars, Bacchus and Apollo occurred in it. The fine arts were all but proscribed. The solemn peal of the organ was superstitious. . . . Half the fine paintings in England were idolatrous and the other half indecent. The extreme Puritan was at once known from other men by his gait, his garb, his lank hair, the sour solemnity of his face, the upturned white of his eyes, the nasal twang with which he spoke, and above all by his peculiar dialect. Hebraisms violently introduced into the English language, and metaphors borrowed from the coldest lyric poetry of a remote age and country and applied to the common concerns of English life, were the most striking familiarities of this sect, which moved the derision both of Prelates and libertines." Such were the original colonists of New England, the forefathers of the present Yankees; and whether they are to be regarded as "the advance-guard of humanity" or rather as "expatriated villains" is a question the solution of which we leave to the reader. We will merely say, that judging a priori, the foregoing facts are calculated to convince him, who would thoroughly study civilization in its most advanced type and form, that there are many more promising subjects for his anatomy than "the brains of America." But is a republican form of Government more conducive to the complete development of civilization than limited monarchy? No; nay that the reverse is the case is demonstrated by reason and experience. We purposed to prove this proposition but want of room bids us forbear in the mean time, and so we are forced to conclude with a very slight tho' polite bow to Yankee civilization.—*Au Revoir*.

TIME.—Time wears slippers of list, and his trend is noiseless. The days come softly dawning, one after another; they creep in at the window; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips that part for it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for his own.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

IRISH SOCIETIES.—The Assizes will conclude, in a large number of counties, this week. In Limerick there was one bad case, supposed to be an agrarian murder, but the accused party, over whose head the pallid man had taken land, has been acquitted. Mullaskerry, in that county, has, for some time past, been the scene of constant excitement, owing to the indecent and offensive conduct of a branch of the Evangelising Brigade, which has fixed itself there. Several riots, provoked by the outrageous aggression on the religious feelings of the people, habitually made by the proselytising agents, both parsons and Scripture-readers, have, from time to time, matters of judicial inquiry before Petty and Quarter Sessions. On Sunday, the 14th June last, Rev. Mr. Waller, Protestant Rector, first attracted a number of the Catholic townspeople and peasantry to the front of his Missionary Depot, and then publicly exhibited to them a blasphemous placard, upon which the people attacked himself and his depot, and the police, whom he had pre-adviced of his intended proceedings, came to the rescue, and arrested several of the assailants. Six men and eleven women of the party were tried for this riot at the Quarter Sessions, in Rathkeale, but discharged, as the Jury disagreed; but now on their trial at the present Assizes, in Limerick, a conviction has been obtained, the result of which is that these seventeen unfortunate creatures, who had been openly and deliberately goaded into crime, are imprisoned, the men for six and the women for three months, with hard labour. Baron Hughes, before whom they were tried, in his charge, thus comments upon the infamous conduct of the Protestant clergymen:—

Baron Hughes.—"Gentlemen of the jury: The prisoners at the bar—consisting, I believe, of six men and eleven women, are charged with joining in a riotous and unlawful assembly, in which the Rev. Mr. Waller was assaulted. At present we have nothing to do with the assault that was committed on Constable Jacob Taverer (as that is the subject of a distant indictment), except so far as the assault on that man would give a character and tone to the nature of the assembly which is charged with the riot. It would not become me, sitting here for the purpose of administering the laws of the kingdom, which have been enacted solely for preserving for the benefit of Queen, Lords, and Commons, the general peace of the country, to pass by a portion of the evidence which has been given in the course of this case without some observations. The Rev. Mr. Waller appeared on the table as a witness here. His calling and appearance indicted at once the position of a gentleman, and I have no doubt he possesses all the qualifications of a scholar. He is a beneficed clergyman of the Established Church, with a cure of souls in the immediate neighbourhood of the village of Pallaskeeny. And that gentleman has told you, in this open and public court, that at twelve o'clock on the 14th of June, he proceeded to the barrack (having had some previous communication with the police respecting their duty with regard to the exhibition of placards), and he then told the constable in charge there that he would give him three hours to consult his superior officer, and that at the end of those three hours he would hold forth the placard in reference to which he had been in communication. Gentlemen, he further tells you that at three o'clock he carried out the intimidation, if not the threat, he had given, and by his authority the placard in question was exhibited; and so surprised was I that any one occupying the position of a gentleman, not to say a Christian clergyman, would pronounce the opinion I then heard, that I especially noted it. I was told that while the mob was outside that house, he (the Rev. Mr. Waller) was aware that the exhibition of that placard by his authority would increase the excitement. Gentlemen, it is my duty to denounce such conduct as involving the guilt of exciting to a breach of the peace. But gentlemen, the question now before us in the guilt or innocence of the prisoners in the dock; and though I do express the strongest condemnation of the conduct of Mr. Waller on that occasion, our duty is with the prisoners, respecting the unlawful conduct in which they are now implicated. No one who heard the evidence can doubt that a riotous assembly took place in the town of Pallaskeeny on that day. No one can doubt who heard the evidence of the police and the Rev. Mr. Waller, that it was got up for the purpose of intimidation—for the purpose of disturbing the peace of the village and the peace of the village and the district."

For this charge, Baron Hughes, notwithstanding the extreme severity of the punishment that he has incurred the deep displeasure of the *Daily Express*, which devotes a leading article to an attack on him. In Longford and Meath there was little or no criminal business at the Assizes. In Roscommon, Judge O'Brien said, "The number of cases for trial at the present Assizes is only nineteen or twenty, and, with the exception of two of man-slaughter, the others are of an ordinary class, and not of an aggravated character." In Louth, Justice Fitzgerald said—

"The calendar is of the lightest character—it represents but six cases requiring any special instruction or observation from me. I feel pleasure in thinking that this truly represents the state of the county, which presents every evidence of peace."—With scarcely an exception, these have been the statements of the judges in all the counties.—*Cor. of the Weekly Register*.

The intrepid individual who holds the post of Chief Secretary in Ireland has just informed the world that he has no intention of resigning a very profitable situation. If the gallant baronet is defective in his knowledge of the moral code by which gentlemen are governed, he, at least, understands the value of money, and will not readily throw up a berth which is worth, per annum, some six thousand pounds, good current coin of the realm. We were not, by no means surprised when we find the "right honourable" official (for even he is legally qualified to claim the sounding title) loudly declaring that no "calumnious and malicious attacks" will force him to give up his place. We frankly confess we had some thought that, after the exhibition in the House of Commons, this man would have resigned the Secretaryship. His position was so unenviable that even he might have wished to seek retirement for a while. But we were mistaken: the Chief Secretary has a skin thicker than the sevenfold shield of Ajax—he takes foremost rank among the pachydermatous class of animals. But what will the man do? Inevitable as he seems to be to public scorn, he can hardly dream of coming back to Ireland. He had been sufficiently obnoxious to ridicule here already. His famous rides on the outside car had set all men laughing at him as a lunatic. His insolent abuse of the venerable dignitaries of the Catholic Church in Ireland had roused general indignation. At his familiar intercourse with the bowling Orange "Prentice Boys in Derry, and the proselytising gatherings in Dublin, there was mingled anger and amusement. His vulgar attacks on landlords and priests alike, for joining to relieve the starving poor, stamped him as a silly crack-brain. The ludicrous failure of his notable scheme to crush the Catholic University and found a fourth Queen's College, in a county where the three already in existence have nearly as many professors as pupils, provoked general mirth. But his conduct in Parliament, and the revelation of the man "in his true character," made by the O'Donoghue, crowned his career with a notoriety that any honourable Irish gentleman should shrink from with horror. Surely, this man can hardly come back to Ireland.—*Dublin Irishman*.

OUT-DOOR RELIEF IN IRELAND.—From an able letter on this subject, addressed to J. F. Maguire, Esq., M.P., by the Very Rev. J. Maher, Carlow-Graigue, we make the following extracts:—"To arrive at just conclusions on this subject we must take a comprehensive and yet a brief view of our present condition. Ireland, which is sometimes called, and not improperly, the right arm of England, has lost within a few years (from 1846 to 60) one million of people by starvation with all its frightful horrors. It has lost more