

'Nay, nay,' hastily said Honora; 'thou hast been arming for some trial of poet prowess under the discipline of thine old bard of Slémish. If thou dost assail me with weapons so fearful, I shall fly the encounter.'

'Trust me, fair Honora,' said O'Neill; 'I lie here thinking less of either fair speech or merry conceit of compliment, than of losses and wrongs, and the hopeless sorrow of seeing that these are well nigh as irretrievable as those beyond my power to redress. I would to God,' he said, passionately, 'that I had either never been my father's son, or that when I did come to visit our ancient kingdoms, it had been with the weapons of war in my hands, and its sternness in my heart, that I might not have been thus unmaimed by living with the stranger, till I love his daughter better than my own—better, Honora, than all my hopes of sovereignty of honor.'

A deeper blush than ever covered Honora's face and neck, while she replied, as though she had understood him, generally, 'Shame on thee, Prince, to depreciate the love of any. We have been commanded to love even our enemies.'

'And couldst thou, Honora, love an enemy of the English?' said O'Neill, fixing his blue eyes ardently upon her beautiful countenance.

'With all Christian kindness and good-will,' she replied; 'and there was a tone of conscious expectancy in her voice, and the lawn trembled over her fluttering bosom; 'with such love that I would have them forget their wrongs, and come and live among us like brothers and sisters,' she added; 'but ere she said so much, O'Neill had taken her hand, and told all she had anticipated.'

'Honora,' he added, after the first confusion of her mingling pleasure and timidity had subsided, 'I have confessed my love for thee before I have told what, alas! thou shouldst have known before I had claimed any place in thy thoughts. I am son of the O'Neil; but as he and his kindred may sanction my marriage, so and so only will I enjoy the rights of my birth. I will not conceal from thee that Loughlin Phelim did, on the day after our first meeting, warn me that they would hesitate to sanction this: but I have other kinsmen in the west. I would be well content, for mine own part, to forego my claims to any share of sovereignty, and live an unknown chieftain under the O'Donnell, so that thy presence might atone for the absence of all other splendor, while thy love would supply a hundred fold the loss of any kinsman's affections.'

'I care not for power or splendor,' said Honora; 'but thou wert made for honor and dominion, and it shall not be my hand that will take the crown from thy head.'

'I will back to Tyrone to-night,' cried O'Neill; 'and if my father yields not to my entreaties, we will fly together, Honora, to Tyrconnell or to Donegal, or to my cousins in Inis Owen.'

'Alas!' she said, 'thou knowest not whither to fly. Come to us, Phelim—come within our pale, and be a fellow subject of our king. But woe is me, I know not how long I may myself be an English subject! My mother is incensed against their laws; my uncles are suffering imprisonment, and threatened death at their hands; I know not what to say. Alas, I only know that I have now a dearer solitude than ever.'

O'Neill clasped her to his breast as she made the avowal, and had gently pressed her cheek when her mother and the Erenach, with Sir Robert Mandevill, appeared at a distance, making their way along the rocks by the side of the little river's channel. The lovers rose in confusion; but Honora did not shrink from O'Neill's side as her mother approached.

'Here will be little preparation necessary,' said the Erenach, and advanced before the lady to where they stood, she with downcast face, but he with eyes fiercely fixed on the intruders.

'How now, Sir Erenach?' cried he; 'what make you here unbidden?' but he stopped short to perceive a smile of satisfaction upon Loughlin's countenance, while Lady Gyle's, through all its mournfulness, expressed a fond pleasure.

'Dear children,' said the Erenach, offering a hand to each, 'we have come to make you as happy as loving hearts can desire. We have seen you plighting your troth, and have come to lead you to your bridal—it ye will, within an hour.'

'Tis all good sooth he tells thee, love,' said Gyle, who now stood by her astonished and incredulous daughter, while she parted the curls from her brow, and kissed her forehead; but tears were falling on Honora's face as she said so.

'Oh, not so soon, dear mother, not so soon, cried the amazed girl; but O'Neill had taken her hand, and reluctance and denial were melting in its pressure.

'Dearest Honora,' he whispered, 'Loughlin has full power from my father; he consents, and there is no fear. Let us be happy to-day, we know not what to-morrow may bring. Let us go to the Priory, at least, and be led her forward, while she, blushing and smiling through her tears, and still clinging to her mother, yielded herself into their hands, and ere she had ceased to weep, was placed upon her palfrey, with her bridegroom by her side, upon the way to Holy-cross. They alighted at the door of the chapel, and entered; Honora threw herself upon her mother's neck, as Gyle unlaid her plumed head-dress, and smoothed down her hair; Mandevill paced the aisle impatiently, and O'Neill, grasping the Erenach by the arm, drew him aside, and 'Loughlin,' said he, 'how is this? bast heard from Aodh Boye?'

'Chaneoy will bless the marriage,' replied the other, emphatically; and O'Neill returned to lead his bride to the altar.

Early next morning, fresh horses were at the gate of the Priory, and the bridal party were again mounted. 'We give thee a weeny beginning to thy honey-moon, Princess,' said the Erenach, as they turned their horses' heads towards the road; 'but thou shalt have rest in Muckamore, where none will be in danger—it were unsafe to tarry longer here.'

'But this is not the nearer way to Muckamore,' said Honora, for her mother and Sir Robert, who led the party, had now passed the castle, and were riding by the same path that William had taken to the lords.

'Thy lady mother has chosen this way, rather than the other,' was the reply, and the Erenach spurred forward to join her. After an hour's ride along the western shore of the lough, passing White Abbey and Beacoolie, they took their way between the woods and the broad beach, for the tide had now ebbed, far off the black and muddy banks that lie along the mouth of the Lagan. As they advanced the ground became low and marshy, overrun with osiers and coarse sedge, and skirted towards the water with flats of still blacker sleet, among which the river lay in the reaches of a gloomy furrow, discolored, silent, and monotonous.

'The ford should be passable now,' said Mandevill; 'I see the top of the low water mark.'

'They will wait for the turn of the tide,' said the Erenach; 'the current of the river is too strong till checked by the counter flood.' By this time their path had led to the river's edge, where the water seemed shallower, and a rude road was laid upon the soft banks at either side. O'Neill and his bride both uttered exclamations of astonishment as they drew up. Each had been so wholly engaged with the other, that till now they had paid little attention to aught else, although Honora had once expressed surprise at their going so far south-ward; but when they found themselves at the boundary of Down, both rode up to their conductors, and questioned whether they were going.

'We do not cross,' said the Erenach, in reply to O'Neill; 'we wait the arrival of friends; while Gyle turned at her daughter's expressions of amazement with a face so expressive of anguish, that Honora could scarce restrain a cry of alarm.'

'Dear mother,' she exclaimed, 'thou art unwell; let us dismount and we will spread a cloak for thee to lie down upon.'

'No, no, child, we must not dismount,' replied her mother, and there was a bitterness of agony in her voice that betrayed even greater suffering than her looks; 'but,' she added faintly, looking towards the Erenach, 'were it not well that well that we should ride on till they come?'

'No lady,' said he, 'we must keep together. Sir Robert I heard the sound of horses' hoofs beyond the bank. Cross over now, and fall not out. Prince look to thy bridle; and thou, keep a good heart,' he added to Gyle, whose agitation was becoming momentarily greater. 'Hah,' he continued, 'they come! now then for the cause of the red hand!' and spurred forward to the water's edge. As he spoke a party of horsemen appeared upon the opposite bank, and drew down to the ford, Lady Gyle averted her eyes, and sunk her face upon Honora's breast.

'Oh, I am sick at heart,' she said. 'Dear mother,' cried Honora, 'here is a sight will make thee well again; yonder is my brother Robert since the Earl. Look, how tall he has grown since Christmas.' But Gyle did not raise her head.

'And there is good Sir John Logan. How Robert Fitz Martin whispers them, and wrings their hands! See, they are coming now. Oh Phelim, my mother is fainting,' she exclaimed, as the head of the head of the miserable lady sunk lower on her bosom; but O'Neill shout aloud, and drew his sword, for a cry of 'Lamh dearg abao!' suddenly arose on all sides, and from the sedge and thickets there started up a dozen kerns and rushed towards the river.

(To be continued.)

'The cause of the Red Hand!'—O'Neill's war cry.

WHY ENGLAND WILL NOT INTERFERE FOR POLAND.

Some of our French contemporaries are expressing more than surprise at the absence of any effective response of English opinion to their call for a war with Russia on behalf of Poland. They remind us of the enthusiasm of our public meetings, the unanimous condemnation of the Russian government by our press, and the stern note of our diplomatic notes, and appear to think that these justify them in claiming us as comrades in a great European war. The claim has not been recognised. There is no war party among us. English opinion is only heard on the side of peace. Peace is not only the demand of those who make the material interests of society their care, but of those who more especially represent Liberal tendencies in politics. These manifestations of opinion perplex and annoy our contemporaries, and it is right that they should be explained. As old and sincere friends of Poland, as old and sincere friends of the French alliance, we will briefly state why we find it impossible to urge our leaders to war; why, on the contrary, we are compelled to deprecate such an issue of the present negotiations. And although we should speak only for ourselves, we believe that the considerations which weigh with us are those which underlie the general wish of the nation. The war for Poland, to which we are invited, is an enterprise so contradictory in its nature that its inconsistency would trouble us with misgivings at every stage of its prosecution. Nominally a war for the independence and liberty of a nation, it would have at its head the greatest enemy of the liberty and independence of nations who has appeared since the days of the Holy Alliance. The fourteen years which have elapsed since Louis Napoleon acquired supreme power in France have been wholly spent in defeating and destroying liberty in that country, and in undermining the independence of other states. The author of the deportations to Cayenne and Algeria may profess horror at the Warsaw conscription and exile to Siberia, and the author of the confiscations in Mexico may think he is shocked by the confiscations of Mourvièze, but we, as a nation, are incredulous. Nobody amongst us believes that the French Emperor would engage in a war with Russia from a chivalrous regard for the independence of Poland. We see how much regard he has shown for the independence of Italy. He began the war in the country with an appeal to the people to rise from the Alps to the Adriatic; and although he finished it without freeing Venice, he exacted, as the price of his help, one province which was the cradle of the reigning house, and another which was the birth-place of the popular hero. And still he maintains a French garrison at Rome. Can we believe in the simplicity and sincerity of Louis Napoleon's love of Polish independence when such is the respect he pays to the independence of Italy? His latest exploits are more flagrant than any enterprise against a foreign state with which history reproaches the Czar Nicholas. The invasion of Mexico was a daring crime, for which not the shadow of an excuse can be pretended, and which marks its author for universal suspicion and constant vigilance. It is sometimes said that we should join the

French Emperor in a war for Poland in order to secure the limitation of the war to its proper and legitimate objects. But an undertaking in which we should not only have to overcome an enemy but repress a powerfully, is too adventurous for a sober nation. No doubt we could go into such a war cheaply enough; if not, we could not enter into it at all. Compelled to maintain an immense volunteer army for our own safety, we have not at our disposal the resources that would enable us to take our proper place in a war for Poland. The force which might place us at the head of the free peoples of Europe is dispersed all over the world. It occupies petty rocks, and it has a footing on distant continents, where its presence may any day involve us in hostilities which would task our utmost strength. It may be that, associated with France and Austria, we should have little more to do than co-operate with our fleet in blockading the coasts and annihilating the commerce of Russia. Possibly an arrangement of that kind might be made. France, with such alliances as she could command, could, no doubt, dispense with our help by land. But our influence and authority in the conduct of the war would certainly be measured by the sacrifices made in its prosecution, and it would not become the dignity of Great Britain, perhaps it would not be consistent with our safety, to sanction by our participation an enterprise over which we could exercise no effective control. We cannot forget the manner in which Louis Napoleon's share of the war with Russia was managed; the scope given to the common enemy in Asia, and the attempt to huddle up the Emperor's policy had been gained. The joint Mexican expedition, in which we were very nearly made accomplices in the nefarious Jecker Bonds claim, and in the subsequent destruction of Mexican independence, is a more recent instance of the risks we run in associating ourselves with an adventurer whose course is regulated by no known principles. Thus shut up to the alternative of a neutrality and non-interference, or of furnishing a contingent to the forces of the Second Empire, the choice cannot be doubtful. It is already made, and a cry of alarm would go up from one end of England to the other, if the country were not well assured that the wisdom and firmness of its government will preserve it from becoming the tool of an ambition which is the chief danger of the world.—London Daily News.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONVERSION.—On Monday last, Eliza Denne, residing at Gowran, was received into the One True Church by the Rev. P. Dunne, C.C., of that parish.—Kilkenny Journal.

CONVERSION.—Mr. Henry Gilberston, of Kilmallock, was received into the Catholic Church, a few days ago by the Rev. Thomas Fitzgerald, O.C., Kilmallock. Mr. Gilberston, who is a highly respectable and worthy man, was a witness to be examined for the plaintiff in the case of the Rev. T. Fitzgerald v. the Rev. Joseph Gabbett. This is the third conversion in this town for the present year—the two others being Mr. George Aherne and Mr. Wm. Bennett.—Limerick Reporter.

DEATH OF AN OBLATE FATHER.—It is our painful duty to announce the death of the Rev. Robert Power, O.M.L., son of Mr. John Power, parish of Fews, in this county, who, on Thursday, the 6th inst., departed this life, at Birkenhead, after a short illness of violent typhus fever. Two years ago he was ordained priest of the Oblate Order, to which he would have been an honor and an ornament had the Almighty spared him his life, as well as an invaluable acquisition from his thorough acquaintance with the Irish language, so indispensable in those country districts to which they are so often called on missions.—Waterford News.

THE NEW CONVENT AT CAVAN.—We are happy to learn that the distress now so generally felt amongst the working classes of the country towns throughout Ireland has been much alleviated in that town by the kind thoughtfulness of the Venerable Bishop of Kilmore, the Most Rev. Dr. Browne, a considerable number of tradesmen and laborers being for some time employed on the building of a large addition to the Orphanage in the Main street by his lordship. The large addition now being built is intended as a convent for the Poor Clares, having every accommodation that will be required for a large community. It is expected to be fit for occupation in March next. John Ryan, Esq., of Dublin, is the architect, and Mr. William Haigne, the builder, of Cavan, is the contractor.

REMEMBRANCES DE LA SAINTE UNION.—It is with much pleasure that we have to announce the arrival of three of the Sisters of this order at Banagher, where a branch has been established, being the first in this country. The Order of the Sainte Union owes its origin, like a great many others which have reflected lustre on the Catholic Church, and have done good service in guarding its flock from the assaults of heresy and indifference, to France, having been instituted in 1839 by the Archbishop of Cambrai.—Freeman's Journal.

The Roman Catholic prelates have given, through their organ, the Morning News, some information of a general character of the subjects which have occupied their attention during their recent conferences. The scope of their deliberations was very comprehensive, embracing 'the land question, emigration, the poor-law and its administration, the education question, the Protestant Church Establishment, and the whole Civil Service. Ecclesiastical discipline and education, however, were the chief matters under consideration during the five days or which the convocate sat. The completion of the University was one of the most important matters discussed. The building is to be erected at a cost of £100,000, the collection of which is to be extended over five years, and appeals are to be made in Great Britain, in America, and in Australia, all to be done under the sanction of the bishops of the respective countries. All the diocesan and middle-class schools connected with the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland are already affiliated with the Catholic University, and are thus brought directly under the control of the central authority in Dublin. The primary schools remain to be brought into the same condition of dependence upon the Church. This it is proposed to effect, not by employing the National Schools, but by training the National teachers. The parish priests have been already forbidden to send their teachers to be trained in the model schools of the National Board, and now the prelates have decided on establishing 'Catholic training colleges for teachers, masters and mistresses.' The staff of the Catholic University will be made available for this purpose, and the schools of the Christian Brothers in Dublin and the Roman Catholic parochial schools are to serve for imparting the art of teaching, and all that is wanted is a domestic establishment in which the teachers can be lodged. If this plan be carried out it will be a great inroad on the National system, and will materially alter the spirit of the teachers, and through them the liberalizing tendencies of the instruction to be given to the masses of the population at the expense of the State.—Times Cor.

RAILWAY TO BANTRY.—We understand Lord Bantry has received letters from Lord Bandon and Mr. Conyngham, engineer, stating that they intend applying next session of Parliament for a bill to extend the railway to Bantry.—Slibberreen Eagle.

SMALL POX IN DUNDALK.—We are enabled to state on the authority of E.H. Mowdley, Esq., J.P., that this fearful disease has nearly disappeared from Dundalk. There were yesterday but one or two cases in the town. Most active measures have been taken by the sanitary inspectors to remove everything likely to be conducive to the disease. Very few cases have appeared in the town.

The Irish Revolution.—The Times, in a review of the late volume of Mr. Massey's History of England, speaks of the chapter which relates to the dealing of the English government with Ireland as the period of the Union. It is difficult to see, before the period of the Union, the state of misgovernment, disorder, and wretchedness of the Ireland of 1783-98, even before the spirit of the French Revolution had maddened her factions and set to anarchy. The influence of British policy and statesmanship could only penetrate the Irish Legislature through the foul and crooked channel of corruption; and the island, ruled by a feeble executive that rested upon a grasping oligarchy, whose bigotry or avidity it was necessary to conciliate. Good government was impossible in this state of things; and, at the same time, the whole frame of society had been distorted by the sectarian ascendancy, which formed the principles of Irish institutions, and made three-fourths of the nation helots. Can we wonder that in a country like this the beneficent action of the British Constitution should have been entirely unfelt and unknown; that for one section of the Irish people the government means partiality and patronage, and for the other undefined oppression; that power, wherever it showed itself, should have seemed either corrupt or odious; that the dominant aristocracy should have been greedy and despised, and the subject Irishry degraded and miserable. Such was the nation whose disintegrated elements were stirred into terrible activity in 1798 by rebellion. Mr. Massey's account of this outburst of crimes, derived chiefly from the Cornwallis Papers, is very full and worthy of attention. The movement commenced, as is well known, with the remains of the Volunteers of 1783, who, having already extorted concession at the crisis of the American war, availed themselves of the conflict with France to press for a reform in parliament, and for the emancipation of their Celtic fellow-countrymen. But, being frustrated in this just demand by a hostile oligarchy and a corrupt government, they gradually formed themselves into associations which looked to the French Republic for aid, and sought to shake off all allegiance on England. Such a movement could not fail to reach the brute mass of misery and discontent which was then the Celtic nation of Ireland; and, accordingly, a league unnatural and portentous was established between a few northern Protestants and the ill-fated peasantry of the south and west, who instinctively tried to escape oppression. Against this league was arrayed the Government and the Protestant oligarchy with the majority of their dependents; and it cannot be doubted that the crimes they authorised were a main cause that the conspiracy they teared broke out into bloody and perilous rebellion. The following is Mr. Massey's picture of Ireland in 1796, two years before the actual conflict:—'The government, instead of repressing these outrages with firmness and moderation, aided the savage policy of retaliation to which the exasperated Protestants were too willing to resort. Lord Carhampton, the general commanding the forces in the disturbed districts, let loose his troops upon the wretched peasantry. It was enough for a magistrate, a squire, or even a farmer to point out any one as suspected to have his habitation burnt down, his family turned adrift, and himself either shot or transported, without trial, without inquiry. An Act of Indemnity was passed by the Irish Parliament in 1796 to protect these enormities, and the Insurrection Act gave them for the future the sanction of law.' The atrocities of the conflict which ensued have been so fully and often described that there is no necessity again to repeat them. If the rebels showed the cruelty and revenge of the slave who has suddenly broken his chains, the oligarchy and the Irish Legislature displayed a spirit even more detestable. It was not enough that old English Generals declared that the scenes of 1798 were worse than those which succeeded Culloden—that ruthless executions and shameless tortures accompanied the bloody path of the rioters, and that Lord Cornwallis asserts that the object of 'the principal persons in the country and parliament was the extirpation of the greater number of the inhabitants.' For excesses in the hour of passion or terror there may, perhaps, be a wretched excuse; but what brands with special infamy the conduct of the faction which then disgraced Ireland was its cool resolution, when all peril was past, to give the enduring sanction of law to the worst crimes of its worst adherents. The Indemnity Acts of the Irish Parliament, which threw a protection over every misdeed that had murdered or tortured in the name of loyalty, are, perhaps, the most remarkable monument of the spirit of Protestant ascendancy when triumphant. By these acts redress was denied even in a civil action to sufferers from the cruelties committed by the victorious faction; and worked, as they were, by Orange jurists, we may conceive what memories they have left of law and justice among the Irish people. Mr. Massey thus records the operation of one of these infamous licenses to crime in the case of Sheriff Judkin Fitzgerald, a vigorous champion of loyalty and order:—'After the act was passed, the sheriff conducted himself with an insolence which the most hardened ruffian has seldom exhibited. William Doyle, a tradesman, in the town of Carrick, was seized by Fitzgerald, and hogged until he fainted. No charge having been brought against him, Doyle brought an action of assault and false imprisonment; Fitzgerald pleaded the statute, and conducted his own defence. One of the witnesses, Captain Upham, who commanded a troop of Yeomanry, declared that the conduct of the sheriff had been calculated to convert loyal men into rebels, and that he himself had been in any other situation, would have been driven by such wanton cruelty as he had witnessed to join the rebellion. Fitzgerald addressed the jury in a speech the like of which, it may be safely asserted, was never before heard in a court of justice, and such as no criminal in the dock would now be suffered to utter without rebuke. He was, indeed, more like an outlaw vaunting his exploits to his gang of cutthroats in their den than a sane man making a part in a transaction of civilised life. He named several persons whom he had flogged under circumstances more aggravated than those of the case before the court. He mentioned one man who had cut his throat to escape the horrors and ignominy of torture. He admitted, or boasted that, in his search for rebels, he had flogged many persons who proved to be perfectly innocent. Lord Avonmore, the Chief Baron who tried the case, did not dissemble his grief and indignation at having to administer such a law as that which had recently been enacted. 'Before the Indemnity Act passed,' he said in summing up to the jury, 'no damages you could give would be too great, but those are the words of the act, which places an insuperable bar between injury and redress, and sets all equity and justice at defiance.' With these words the judge dashed the act upon the cushion, and threw himself upon his seat. The jury found for the defendant, who thereupon sued the plaintiff for double costs under the statute, and obtained a verdict. It remains to be noticed with reference to this subject that among the persons ultimately recommended for their services to the special favour of the Crown was Mr. Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald, who received a considerable pension, and after the Union was created a baronet of the United Kingdom. If we bear in mind that men still alive can recall tales of iniquity such as this, and have witnessed that detestable conflict between an ascendant faction and a down-trodden people, we shall make allowances for the bitter memories which still separate Irish parties.

There is an asylum for criminal lunatics at Dundrum, within four miles of Dublin, which contains at present 150 patients, many of them convicted of murder; but they are managed with little coercion or restraint. The building is in the midst of beautiful grounds, in an elevated situation, commanding extensive views. The sanitary condition of this asylum is said to be the best in the world, the mortality being under 3 per cent per annum. Similar attention to health and comfort, and reliance on moral influences, prevail throughout all the asylums in Ireland. Indeed, this humane system is carried so far that when the patients recover, and return to their humble stations in life, they sorely miss the luxuries which they enjoyed during their confinement.—Times Cor.

IRELAND AND ITS FUTURE.—The present season has been, and is, the first we remember for years in this country, and the consequence will be a conferring on us of inestimable favors, which we cannot over-estimate, and which we most deeply require.—The country over which presents a delightful aspect—the corn crops are most luxuriant—and every proof is afforded us of a most bountiful harvest. This will be the greatest blessing to our impoverished farmers, if the landlords will only permit it. If they act stringently towards their tenantry, if they demanded the last farthing—this bountiful harvest will prove nothing to them but a phantom, a curse instead of a blessing. We cannot think the landed proprietors will be so careless of their own interests, or so harsh to those, without whom their properties would be of little value, as to act in this manner, and we make the appeal in the full hope of its being acted on.—Waterford Chronicle.

The Nation gives publicity to a secret circular which has emanated from one of the Protestant societies of Dublin, and, which certainly is of a character, of which its authors might well desire to keep secret, for not often has anything so treacherous, truculent and unchristian been issued by any society or body of men in these countries, as an instruction to their co-religionists or sympathisers. The society in this case is named 'The Employment and Aid Society for Protestants,' and has its offices at 17 Bachelor's-walk in this city. Its professed objects are the finding of employment for Protestant servants, mechanics, agriculturists, &c., and the supplying of those persons with such tracts as the society considers suitable for them. The circular, marked 'private,' which this society has sent out, addresses itself to Protestant heads of families and employers, and it warns them as they value their lives and properties, and dread assassination, not to employ Catholics as domestic or farm servants, or to locate them on their lands as small farmers or stewards. The circular is headed in large letters—'Assassination—Self preservation,' and from first to last it labors to show that the Catholics are assassinating the Protestants all over the country. To check this system of assassination it says the best thing that can be done is to carry out the suggestion which it has put forward. This atrocious document is addressed not to Protestant men, but to Protestant women, its cowardly and cold-blooded authors judging that the females would be the first that would then communicate their fears to men. What makes the whole affair doubly horrible is the mixture of sanctimonious cant with all this villainy. One's hair almost stands on end as he finds those black-hearted rascals mouthing of 'the love of God and of the country,' 'the way of Christ,' and 'the practice of Christian virtue,' and as he finds at the conclusion the Secretary who signs it winding up with the pious phrase, 'your very humble servant in Christ Jesus.' Mark, also, the sweeping nature of the sentence of disqualification which they pass on the Catholics. Landlords are bidden not to let land to them. If this counsel could be acted on, the country would be nearly swept clear of Catholic tenants, because the Catholic landlords are not many. Then, as regards the laudless Catholics, they are not to be employed either as stewards or as domestic or farm servants. But, in a subsequent part of their circular, the hypocritical ruffians who issued it talk of the 'heavenly love' they bear the Catholics, and the 'benign example' which they would show them. Observe the following paragraph:—

'While we would urge on every Protestant employer the absolute necessity of immediately adopting the practice of this law of self-preservation, according to his circumstances, we would by no means undervalue the services of Roman Catholics. We would love and try to do them good, and employ them in situations unaccompanied by risk and personal danger.'

From this it seems that the persons who do not think Catholics worthy of trust is the not very elevated positions of small farmers, stewards, farm or domestic servants, do not undervalue their services. But what the positions contemplated for them are, we are not informed. We are vaguely told that they should be 'stations unaccompanied by risk and personal danger'—to the employer, the writer means to say. But what are they? As chimney sweeps they might do a great deal of harm—put dry sticks or gunpowder in the flues, for instance, and thus burn out or blow up the Protestant family: as—'What else? I am puzzled to think what services are left open to them, if they may not black the boots or scour the floors, or cook the food or dig the fields of Protestants. In intention this pious document is a sentence of pauperism and death against a poor and innocent class of people who are honestly earning their bread in the employ of Protestants. Its meaning is simply murderous. A majority of the Protestants in the country will certainly not act on its suggestions; but some of the weaker minded and more fanatical may. Whether they do or not, no amount of public execration could be too heavy for the lay and reverend miscreants who are responsible for the issue of that disgraceful circular. But has the idea ever occurred to those fellows that the Catholics of the country have a strong retaliatory power in their hands? Did they ever calculate how many 'Protestant employers' would be left penniless if the Catholics only took away their trade and custom from them? What would be the consequence of such a course to all the Protestant shopkeepers throughout the South of Ireland? Speedy ruin would come upon them and their children—they should emigrate, beg or go to the workhouse. A terrible scene of sectarian strife would arise all over the country. But the authors of the circular thought to make their strokes so secret; they thought to work silently and stealthily, so that they might arouse no outcry against their deeds, meet with no resistance and receive no punishment in return. In this they have been disappointed; their plot has been laid bare, and the names of its scoundrel authors held up to public infamy.

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