

camp, bear more irons than any man in the garrison, and so long as I know I am wronged, half food will suffice me."

"Take away this stubborn young man," said Davers; "and have him loaded with those irons which he seems to regard so little; we shall try his unbending spirit."

Poor young McQuillan was led away by the same military escort that brought him, through many windings, until they came to a small cell on the south-eastern side of the castle; a window from this apartment overlooks a part of the bay, and indeed has a giddy appearance from a boat entering the creek. Here they strip from his hand the shackles formed from his own native plant the Shillelagh, and put in their place a huge pair of rusty iron manacles, that seemed not to have been used since the days of Henry II., who probably had them made for some stubborn shoot of the same soil; they also put a pair of footlocks on him, from which a chain was united to his hands, and thus pinioned they left him to himself.

In leaving him, they said that this was Mave Roe's room, whose company he might have every night; and as she was a countrywoman of his own, might be more agreeable to him. With a leap from the ground and a shake of his irons, at which the whole cell rung again, he menaced them, they retreating as fast as possible, and not forgetting to lock his prison door firmly, for indeed they imagined all securities little enough with such a man.

The cell was that one which went by the name of Mave Roe, the Banshee whom I have mentioned. She was of the family of McKewen, and in her thirteenth year, they say, took the veil and retired from the world, that she might spend her time in secret devotion and meditation, for she was known to be of a pious disposition from a child. The Banshee is considered one of the good genii, or guardian spirits, by the ancient Irish families, and many of them never fail to leave a small tribute in the place said to be frequented by her.

The prisoner being somewhat exhausted, reclined on a kind of bench that stood against the wall, and from his seat, as it was now broad day-light, could behold that part of the ocean which surrounded the east side of the castle. From the turret to the water was a most awful depth, and to add to the terror of this, at the extremity of the gulf, a wall of rugged rocks crowned the precipice. The thoughts of escape notwithstanding those formidable barriers, haunted his mind all day; there was nothing before him but climbing, swimming, and leaping; and his imagination was so far infected with these ideas that his hands and feet would often assume their proper functions, until the weight of his bolts brought him back to his own natural reason.—The cause of these chimerical notions was this,—bondage and imprisonment were strangers to him, he was accustomed to range as free as the wind that sweeps the high forelands of his native island. He had been taught from his infancy to shrink at no kind of danger, nor consider any achievement, however hazardous, too difficult for accomplishment, and on this account he hid himself for being taken as he supposed tamely.

(To be Continued.)

STATE OF IRELAND.

There is a publication which for forty years has been growing in scope, breadth, arrangement, and accuracy, so that in literal truth it has no equal of its class in the world; we mean *Thom's Irish Almanac and Official Directory*. In this annual series of forty volumes, ample materials will be found from which the undulating wavelike of Irish progress can be laid down and its fluctuations studied. Nor are our researches confined to this rich and reliable cyclopaedia alone, nor yet the tons of reports, returns, and blue books, relating to the subject; but we also shall speak from data furnished by a widespread personal observation, reaching from before the famine to the present time and extending over every locality in Ireland.

The impressions of personal observation, if the observer be competent, are entitled to most reliance; while such observation can be tested by statistical returns. Before the famine, the small farming class, together with those of the huxters, the artisans, and the labouring population, were in a deplorable condition. The Poor Law, passed in 1838, was not brought into full or general operation until a year or so before the famine. The universal food of the mass of the population was the potato; the vast majority lived in mud cabins, with a single apartment, in which the whole family, with the general addition of a pig or two, huddled together; and their clothing night and day, was of the most wretched character. Judged by their material condition, they were the most degraded population in Christendom; while, judged by their feelings and their moral life, they were a study worthy of the highest imitation. Their purity and delicacy of feeling passed untroubled and unblunted through domestic circumstances calculated to destroy them; their instinctive sense of self-respect and of honesty led them to close the cabin doors and die of starvation sooner than either steal or enter a workhouse; while the intense strength of their family ties was weakened neither by famine nor pestilence, and survived the shock of separation, though oceans divided the inmates of the same home. The world never before presented such a moral spectacle; the world is little likely ever again to see such gigantic results as the exodus of millions, and the foundation of great colonies and peoples arising out of the destruction of an esculent tuber. The Census Report for 1851 supplies the following extraordinary items for the preceding decade:—

Table with 2 columns: Cause of death, Number of deaths. Includes fever (222,029), cholera (35,989), dysentery and diarrhoea (134,585), and starvation (21,770).

Total 414,343. The Poor Law Commissioners testify in their Reports that it was established at countless inquests and other official investigations that numbers of the persons who died of starvation closed their cabins, voluntarily dying of hunger, while sheep and cattle, pigs and poultry, were found there unprotected in their neighbors' fields or farm-yards, and the work-houses wide open to shelter and save them. If the history of the famine be not soon written, while its dark, tragic, and horrible details can be verified by persons who witnessed them, a generation or two later they will be deemed utterly incredible.

The famine produced emigration, and to this latter, far more than the former, Ireland is mainly indebted for the radical changes in her population and social condition. It was the passenger, the small farmer, the cottier, and laboring classes chiefly that emigrated. Hence the enormous decline in the number, absolutely and relatively, of cabins and

lower class houses; hence the relative decrease in the percentage of illiterates, because removed by emigration; hence the vast decrease in the number of small farms; hence the enormous increase in wages, and, as a consequence, the vast decrease in pauperism. Upwards of two millions of persons were relieved, continuously or successively, during 1847, the cost of such relief having been £2,177,651; whereas, in 1871, the number so relieved was only 282,492, and the expense £685,668; or little more than one-eighth of the numbers and at much less than one-third of the expense—still less, increased prices considered. In fact, the average daily number of inmates, at present in the 163 Irish workhouses, from a population of more than 5,200,000, is only about 46,000, the vast majority of whom are sick, aged and infirm, or children. These are proofs of prosperity in 25 years, that have gone on steadily with trifling checks over the whole period. They are a complete contrast to England and Scotland, where the extent of pauperism is many times greater than in Ireland.

And, as with pauperism, so with crime, which has been steadily decreasing for the last 30 or 40 years. The number of criminals tried at assizes and quarter sessions in 1846, when the famine appeared, was 18,422, which rose to 41,989 in 1849; while in 1871, the number was only 4,485, or little more than one-tenth of the number 22 years ago. There was one person convicted for every 386 of the population in 1849, and the following numbers during these three decades:—

Table with 2 columns: Year, Population. 1851: 453; 1861: 1,762; 1871: 2,153.

The last report upon the Irish prisons shows that in many of them the staff of officials considerably exceeds the number in custody; so that it is proposed to close the country prisons, as such, convert them into local Bridewells, and centralize the whole in four provincial jails. Nor do these highly gratifying figures fairly measure or fully express the decrease in crime; because the decrease in gravity of character of the crime has been greater than even the diminution in quantity. For example, agrarian murders and outrages, long the standing dark blot on Ireland, have strikingly diminished under the Land Act, which secured fair and equitable rights to the tenant, and protection against landlord oppression.

The mass of the laboring classes are, therefore, in receipt of better wages; and more assured of employment are better fed, somewhat better lodged, although an immense work still remains to be done under this head; they are also much better clothed. Pauperism and crime have so diminished that in both respects Ireland contrasts favorably with England and Scotland. The tenant farmer has already derived very great benefit from the Land Act. His past improvements in steading, fencing, draining and manuring, are now legally secured against landlord rapacity. So severe a penalty is placed on capricious eviction as practically to deter from that species of tyranny. The agricultural valuation of Ireland, excluding that of towns, is £19,000,000, representing a rental of about £15,000,000. There are nearly 600,000 holdings, containing 153 millions of statute acres under crops or grass. With the exception of the holdings that exceed fifty acres, and of some others, the vast mass of these tenants have an aggregate interest consisting partly of the value of their improvements and partly of the worth of their tenant-right, equal to several years' rental of their holdings. So that here is an enormous mortgage or charge on the land, equal to at least 100 millions sterling, at the low rate of six to seven years' purchase. This mortgage-ship, created by the Land Act, is practically equivalent to a joint proprietorship with the landlord; which, strange to say, instead of lowering, has actually raised the value of landed property in Ireland, owing to the increased demand, the certainty of the rent, and the improved relations between owners and occupiers. These beneficial changes must be regarded as amongst some of the most hopeful signs of Irish prosperity. The tenants heretofore squatting, or at best encamped, on the soil, are now rooted in it.—Improved husbandry will rapidly spring up, and the produce of the soil be vastly increased. Thrift and saving will take the place of improvidence and recklessness, and every interest in the kingdom must share the benefits of the change.

We trust that we have in our general outline today established clearly that Ireland has made considerable material and moral progress within the last thirty years.—London Tablet.

OUR PROTESTANT CONTEMPORARIES.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—A CONTOUR THEOLOGIAN.—THE MILLENNIUM POSTPONED.—NEWSPAPER DUTY.

It is a common saying with the more conspicuous unbelievers of our generation, who know how to express their convictions in emphatic language, that Christianity is a transparent failure if Anglicanism is one of its genuine products, and that the Church of Christ is a human institution if the Church of England is any part of it. It is true that these writers are equally hostile to the Catholic Church, but in a different way, and on totally opposite grounds. They do not confound her with purely national sects, such as the Russian or English Establishments, having quite another origin and history. They even celebrate, with a kind of transient enthusiasm, her "immense services to mankind"; and writers of such different schools as Mr. Lecky and Professor Huxley openly contrast the majesty and confusion of the sect of Parker, which sprang, as the former observes, "from the intrigues of a corrupt court," and has never ceased to be worthy of its origin. While Ritualists announce every day that the very truths impiously rejected by the so-called Reformers were really of Divine faith Rationalists justify the Church against these impostors revolted in another way, by contending that either she was the appointed teacher of the nations, or there never was one. It would be an easy task to prove, by the combined evidence of these independent witnesses, that Christianity is a fable, or that the Church of Rome is all that she claims to be.

It would not be more difficult to show, from the pages of contemporary literature, that the growth of unbelief in England is largely due to the contempt and aversion with which educated men have learned to regard the official sect. It is their own daily confession. A recent example, which we find in the September number of the *Contemporary Review* (pp 582-591), deserves notice. The writer, who appears to be a clergyman, thinks that disestablishment would be "on the whole a calamity, yet gives the following account of the national Church:—"Its blood-thirstiness in the reign of Elizabeth, its arrogance under the Stuarts, its slothfulness under the earlier Georges, and its worldliness under the later, must for ever preclude the impartial historian from according to it that praise which the learning and piety of some of its sons would else perchance have secured it." And if its history in the past is one of shame, and of continual progress towards a lower level, here is his picture of its present condition, after an existence of three centuries:—"Her Bishops are appointed at the caprice of an Erastian Minister; her incumbents are those who have best known how to ingratiate themselves with their ordinary or his wife; if not, as is too often the case, simoniacal purchasers of their own preferment."

We have often wondered how Anglican journalists can talk seriously of some unhappy Greek or Egyptian Bishop, who has bought his see by outbidding other competitors, and pays for it by fleecing his flock—so that the phrase "Phanariote Bishop" has become a proverb in the East—but it appears

that they are quite as tolerant of simony at home, and are not likely to reproach in others what they practise themselves. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that the conclusion of the friendly writer in the *Contemporary Review* is this, that "every day deepens in men's minds the conviction that, as at present constituted, the Church of England cannot much longer continue to exist."

Yet at the very moment when the true character of this divided and decaying sect is becoming more and more apparent, even to those who love not the Church from which it revolted, so that they begin to ask why it is permitted to cumber the earth, to the permanent discredit of Christianity; we see men going round the tottering fabric in a grotesque procession, to the sound of trumpets and cymbals, bidding all the earth admire its matchless proportions, and affecting to wonder that the whole universe does not begin to dance to their harmonious piping. While others are hiding their faces in expectation of the coming ruin, or warning all whom they love to fly while there is time, the people called Ritualists are singing fantastic litanies in their own praise, and inviting the whole human race to bow down before the graven image which they have set up. They do not scruple, indeed, to throw stones at it themselves, an exercise in which they appear to find extreme satisfaction, and their loudest songs of triumph are mingled with ribald invectives; they ridicule its chief custodians, flout its presiding architect as "a Scotch Erastian," and tell everybody that it would fall to pieces in an hour if they ceased to prop it up; but in the same breath they affect to speak of the uncouth idol with rapture, and repeat, at the bidding of the spirit who rules them, their new version of the old antiphon: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." And the builders of this Babel have only scorn for an older and more enduring temple. Their habitual language towards the Church of God, whose doctrines they profess to have adopted, and whose ritual they pretend to imitate, is a shriek of rage and contumely. If she were not immortal they would gladly strangle her. More intemperate than Luther, more defiant than Calvin, more contemptuous of all authority than a Scotch Cameronian or a New England Puritan, they have only sneers for the True Witness who has been teaching for nearly 2,000 years the very truths which they have been rebuking for about twenty, which they learned by listening outside her door, and but for her would never have learned at all. And they repay the boon by insulting their teacher. "There is something sad and humiliating," says the Protestant writer whom we have already quoted, "in the spectacle of the tamed lion of the English Church—sans teeth, sans claws, sans everything, save constant but impotent roar."

If it may be said of any living men that modesty, meekness, gratitude, and reverence are virtues unknown and unrecognized in their system of ethics, it is to the journalists of the Ritualistic school that the reproach may be addressed. In vain may we search in their pages for a Christian sentiment.—They seem to value nothing in religion but its external, and while they exhaust the vocabulary of laudation in speaking of themselves, they have only insult and mockery for all that is not themselves. The one thing of which they never seem to think is the glory of God, and all their aspirations tend to the triumph of a party, and the glorification of a clique. They are quite willing to represent the Spouse of Christ as corrupt and impure, and make her the jest of the unbeliever, if the impious theory is necessary for their own defence—the interest of their sect being always dearer to them than those of the Universal Church. It is they who confirm the enemy in his opinion that the Church of Christ is a mere human confederation, by assuring him every day that it is lawful to revolt against her, that she has long since lost both unity and authority, that Christians can live without the one, and owe no submission to the other. And he takes them at their word. He only follows their instructive example, and laughs at the Church which they have taught him to despise. They tell him she has become corrupt and divided, so that it was their duty to separate from her, and he is quite willing to believe them. Yet even he is scandalized by the lesson which they teach him. "Let Anglicans cease to mander about 'schism,'" cries the *Spectator*, "or cease to be Anglicans;" while the *Westminster Review* adds, that "if any revelation has been made, it is evident that the Roman Church is its only witness. Even infidels are shocked by the ignoble man-worship of Ritualists, their constant outrages against the very Church of which they affect to be a branch, and their silence about Him of whom the Church is the living witness and mouthpiece.—Speaking of their characteristic comments upon the end of a lately deceased prelate, the writer in the *Contemporary Review* says:—"An ancient Greek would have been struck by the almost universal omission of any reference to a possible immortality of the soul." But men who worship a sect are apt to worship nothing else.

On all sides the comments are heard. Even the professional jester becomes serious in the judgment of Ritualism. We do not go to Punch for the highest wisdom, and should not find it if we did, yet he can discern truisms which are hidden from the seculars in question. Speaking of one of their representative men, who has lately defied all the Bishops of the Anglican sect after defying all his life those of the Catholic Church, our comic contemporary says:—"Archdeacon Denison appears to repudiate the name of Protestant, but in the eyes of every Catholic whose Catholicity is recognized by Catholics at large, he deserves it as much as Dr. Cumming (Scotus)." Such is the verdict of English common sense. What else can be said of a school in which, as the same writer observes, "every man is his own Pope, and his Bishop's or any other Bishop's Pope too." Yet these violently Protestant laymen, who scorn all authority, but profess to obey what they call the "Primitive Church" because it does not exist to claim their obedience, call themselves, and entreat the world to call them "Catholic priests." The world is ready to do many foolish things, but not that.

We are far from confounding the Ritualistic leaders and journalists, who are a law to themselves, either with their pious disciples, or with the mass of sober High-Churchmen, many of whom, we rejoice to know, are inspired by true humility, refuse to revile the Church of God, and cherish already a certain reverence for the august Vicar of Christ.—Such men deserve our tender sympathy, and we may regard their conversion as only a question of time. The God whom they desire to love will break the chains which bind them, and when their hour of grace arrives, they will not turn a deaf ear to the compassionate voice for which they are already listening.

The Millennium announced last week by the *Saturday Review* is postponed till further notice. Old habits have proved too strong, and the luxury of reviling the Church has triumphed over the feeble attractions of the era of peace which we were promised by our relaxed contemporary. His virtue has yielded to temptation. It is much to be feared that he will die in final impenitence. In an article on the Pilgrimage, of which even the *Times* speaks with unwonted reserve, and which the *Conservative* calls "the greatest religious revival of the nineteenth century," the *Saturday Review* contrives to surpass even its Ritualistic rivals in flippant mockery. If the pilgrims had gone to Munich or Mecca they would have merited praise. The whole article may be described as a sneer in two columns, and quite discourages any immediate hope of the Millennium. In another effusion, of which every line is either a blunder or untrue, the influence of "the priest" in Rome and its neighborhood, especially in the matter of education, is described in language which

sounds like an echo from the conventicles of Holywell or Islington. "He has not taught (the people) to read, for fear they might read heretical books. He has not taught them to write, for fear their daughters might write love-letters." Yet the late Mr. Colclough told his friends that "the best elementary school" he had ever seen "were in the States of the Church," and Mr. Laing relates, in a well-known work, not only that "there are as many schools in Rome as in Berlin," with three times its population, but that the subjects taught in Rome are "exactly those taught in Berlin." This was thirty years ago. If the highest merit of the journalist is to affirm without regard to facts, and when corrected to repeat the affirmation, there is perhaps not a journal in Europe which has acquired it in such an eminent degree as the *Saturday Review*.

The only writer, as far as we have noticed, who maintains a feeble rivalry with the Dollingerist weekly organ in the matter of the Pilgrimage is the ingenious Paris correspondent of the *Standard*. His religious sensibilities are wounded, this gentleman tells us, because "The Sacre Coeur has utterly displaced the Cross." He laments it on purely conscientious grounds, being a man of solid piety. We should ourselves have thought that to adore the Heart which was pierced on the Cross was hardly a disparagement of the latter. But newspaper theologians have perhaps some special illumination not vouchsafed to ordinary men. We can only hope that their zeal for the Cross, however mistaken, may last a little longer than that of the *Saturday Review* for the Millennium.—London Tablet.

It is really curious to see how the unscrupulous statements of the *Saturday Review* about the Pilgrimage are flatly contradicted, one by one, by the honest correspondent of the *Times* on Monday last.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

A PARLIAMENTARY PROGRAMME.—The *Kilkenny Journal* publishes an "Address of the Clergy and Electors of the Queen's County," to Messrs. Digby and Dease, parliamentary representatives of the county. After stating their belief that every constituency in Ireland should make timely preparation before the dissolution of Parliament, and inquiring whether it is the intention of those gentlemen to present themselves for re-election, they set forth the following statement of their political opinions and future policy:—

"1. We demand Home Rule for Ireland—the Queen and her successors, the Lords and Commons of Ireland, to have the right, under a Federal Union, to legislate for and regulate the internal affairs of Ireland; leaving to the Imperial Parliament power over all Imperial questions, and the control of all Imperial taxes and expenditure.

"2. We demand perpetuity of tenure, and valuation of rents for the tenantry, and due protection for the rights of the laborers of Ireland, and we accept in their entirety the resolutions adopted at the Land Conference of North and South, held in Dublin on the 16th and 17th April, 1873, as the final expression of our demand.

"3. We demand entire freedom of education; and, as Catholics, we shall continue to insist that the pupils and professors of all Catholic schools—whether primary, intermediate, or university—shall be duly recognised by the State, and shall receive their fair proportion of all public or national endowments.

"4. To render the Irish vote effective, we recommend that the Irish members shall form themselves into a permanent committee for the public discussion of every Ministerial or other proposal which may affect the interests of Ireland; that no individual representative shall introduce any bill, or give notice of any motion of importance, unless his proceeding shall be sanctioned and supported by such committee; and finally, that the Irish members shall always vote in a body, or abstain from voting, in all party divisions, as the majority may direct.

"Should you accede to this, our requisition, you will please to name some convenient day during the ensuing month of October, that we may summon a meeting of the electors at large, to be held in Maryborough, to proclaim these opinions and policy, and to support your candidature.—We are, &c., &c.

The following resolutions have just been adopted at the Conference of the Diocese of Cloyne:—

1st.—That the time has arrived when the interests of our country require from us, as Priests and as Irishmen, a public pronouncement on the vital question of Home Rule.

2nd.—That as impartial history has branded us unconstitutional and corrupt the means by which we have been deprived of our legislative independence, we regard the claim made by the Home Rule Association in Dublin for its restoration as the assertion of a true principle and the vindication of an outraged right.

3rd.—That whilst we emphatically disclaim any intention of seeking for separation from England, we would respectfully suggest as the best means of giving practical effect to these views, the holding of an aggregate meeting in Dublin of the representatives of all interested in this great question—and they are the entire people, without distinction of creed or class—for the purpose of placing, by constitutional means, on a broad and definite basis, the nation's demand for the restoration of its plundered rights.

Signed on behalf of the Fermoy Conference, WILLIAM KEANE. Signed on behalf of the Kanturk Conference, D. MAHONY, V.G. and Dean. Signed on behalf of the Coachford Conference, P. O'REGAN, P.P., V.G., Archdeacon. Signed on behalf of the Butevant Conference, JOHN CULLINAN, P.P., V.F., Canon. Signed on behalf of the Middleton Conference, D. DUNWORTH, D.D., P.P., V.F., Canon. Signed on behalf of the Middleton Conference, JOHN FITZPATRICK, P.P., V.F., Canon.

We have received intelligence to the effect that Mr. Gladstone will this year redeem the conditional promise he gave to an Ulster deputation last year, and come to see Ireland. The revived rumour suggests many and various considerations. We believe Mr. Gladstone is not likely to come to Ireland; but if he should come, we believe he will receive a friendly and respectful greeting. He deserves such a greeting; and on the occasion of a Prime Minister's visit to Ireland it will be more becoming and more in consonance with the character of our people to be justly grateful for concessions made, while not unmindful of legitimate demands unsatisfied. Mr. Gladstone is certainly entitled to all the praise which history will bestow upon the founder of religious equality and the man who did something to give life and liberty to the tiller of the Irish soil. We have never been slow to acknowledge his eminent services towards this country. We have ever been grateful for the steady though erratic interest which he showed in her welfare. His fervid eloquence, his untiring industry, his persuasive power, his marvellous energy, have all been felt on behalf of Ireland; and Ireland is not now, and never has been, ungrateful. But Mr. Gladstone has suffered, as many eminent English statesmen have suffered, from ignorance of the Irish question.—Dublin Freeman.

IRISH GRATITUDE.—The *Standard* tells the following story of the truth of which there need be no doubt:—In the year 1843, amongst other tenants on the Tyrone estate of the late Right Hon. Edward Litton, who were then assisted to emigrate by that model Irish landlord, there sailed to New York a youth named Patrick McElear. For several years after his departure no intelligence concerning him reached home, and it was supposed he had died. In 1869, however, a son of the late Master Little,

then on his travels, came across the former "Irish boy" in the city of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where by a steady course of self-education and prudence, as well as by the exercise of a rare talent for speculation, he had even by that time amassed a considerable fortune, and had purchased lands in Pennsylvania, on which were subsequently discovered coal-fields of great value, and, later on, oil-wells of almost inexhaustible depth. Having done good service to the country of his adoption in the great war of secession, Major McElear, being badly wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, retired from active service. Intelligence has just reached his fortunate legatee, his visitor of 1860, that by a will, dated two months before his death, which occurred in May, 1873, this "Irish emigrant" has bequeathed to the son of his former landlord, a junior member of the equity bar in England, the whole of the vast property. To a junior barrister "waiting for business" this example of Irish gratitude must prove as pleasing as it was unexpected.

SERIOUS CHARGES AGAINST THE INNISKILLING DRAGOONS.—Mr. Gould, R. M., Waterford; Lieutenant-Colonel Patterson, and Mr. Galwey, County Inspector for Limerick, held an investigation recently in the Court House, New Ross, into a number of charges preferred by the Constabulary against Captain Blackwood and a number of soldiers belonging to the G. troop, 6th Inniskilling Dragoons. Head-Constable Raleigh, and Constable Patterson, with four Sub-constables, alleged that the evening before the Inniskillings left New Ross en route for the Curragh, that a number of men, through revenge for supposed injuries inflicted on the troop during its sojourn in that town, rushed out of barracks, and having seriously assaulted several inhabitants, stabbed a man named Maddock, whose life was afterwards in peril; that having done so the soldiers took possession of the upper part of Michael street, which is on an elevation, and that from it they stoned the inhabitants of the town. The police allege that hearing of the row, a patrol was sent immediately to Michael-street, and that they called on the military to desist; that the military shouted that they would smash the bloody Irish, and that afterwards the military actually rounded on them, and pelted them with stones. The military then returned to the barracks at a late hour at night. The police assert that they informed Captain Blackwood who was in charge of the troop at Ross, of the outrage, and that having refused to hear any complaint except in barracks, they went up to report the matter, but were refused admittance; and that when they were admitted the following morning, he was apprized of the occurrence and refused to believe it. An official correspondence then took place between the police and military authorities, and as no satisfactory result was arrived at, the three gentlemen mentioned above were appointed to investigate the matter. The inquiry will probably continue for some days, as a great number of witnesses are to be examined.

SANITARY REFORM.—The *Freeman's Journal* is publishing a series of papers on the sanitary condition of Dublin, that promises to lead to much good in a grossly neglected domain of our social economy. The papers are carefully drawn up, and expose in an able and fearless manner the terrible state of neglect of the city. The government, the local government board, and the corporation, are bound to consider the grave matters revealed in these papers.

PASTORAL OF THE CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP.—His Eminence has issued a pastoral upon the Brief just published by the Holy Father regarding pilgrimages; commending them to the piety of the faithful. Perhaps in no country in the world is the pilgrim spirit so deeply rooted in popular veneration as in Ireland. "St. Patrick's Purgatory" in Lough Derg had to be suppressed, owing to the irregularities arising from such an annual concourse of tens of thousands of devotees. Armagh, Downpatrick, Kildare, Clonmacnoise, Glendalough, Cong, Gartin (Donegal), Durrrow, Kells, Ferns, Enly, Cashel—every diocese, in fact, in Ireland, had many holy places, churches, abbeys, wells—the resort, on Patron days (called in the vernacular *Patrons*), of vast numbers. It was this pilgrim-spirit that burst forth last month and sped 40,000 persons, who left £10,000 as votive offerings at the ancient shrine of the National Apostle in Armagh. The feeling is profound, and it is also ineradicable, in the Celtic nation. It manifested itself in Druidism; it is consecrated in Catholicity, for which Ireland has suffered so deeply and so long.

A depot for Irish coal from the Arigna coal mines has been opened in Sligo. The quality of the coal is superior to any yet obtained from the district, and it can be sold at a price considerably less than even Scotch coal. The company have made arrangements with the Midland Railway for the carriage of the coal on favorable terms.

THE ROBBERY FROM THE POLICE OFFICE.—An investigation of a somewhat novel character—perhaps the first of its kind ever held in Dublin—was brought to a formal conclusion on Saturday last at the Castle. The object was to ascertain the extent of blame attachable to two gentlemen connected with the carriage rates collection department of the Metropolitan Police, in regard to the robbery from the safe of their office of a sum of £600 odd, with the view of determining the amount of superannuation that may be allowed them, if any, on their compulsory retirement from the service; and also, if possible, to discover the robber. Mr. Coffey, Q.C., was the commissioner appointed under the Lord Lieutenant's warrant and he had the usual powers of taking evidence on oath, summoning witnesses, and requiring the production of documents. The evidence given developed the features of one of the most ingenious and successful robberies on record, but failed to discover the party or parties who effected it. The Carriage Registrar, Mr. Browne, and his chief assistant, Mr. G. O. Hanlon, are the officials with whose conduct the Commissioner had to deal, and those gentlemen are at present under suspension. The robbery was committed on the 28th of March last, between five and ten o'clock in the evening, and it may be mentioned as a curious fact, that three stone pounds weight of silver, together with weighty and bulky notes and gold, were carried away in the afternoon from a room over the heads of the Police-Inspector and his reserve of men in College-street Station. During the week, which ended for all official purposes on the 27th March, there had been a pressure of payments to the office by the public, and this unusually large sum was ready to be lodged in bank as soon as the accounts could be completed. Mr. Browne locked the safe at five o'clock, when the money was there, and denies any further knowledge of it. He had the key of the safe home with him that night, but on one occasion he left the safe open all night when there was more than a thousand pounds in it. The behaviour of Mr. Hanlon before and after the robbery was the heaviest subject of the investigation. It was deposed that on one occasion he made a statement to Mr. Browne some time before the robbery showing how the latter could embezzle £800 a-year Government money, and be himself £200 a-year. He admitted the statement with reference to himself, while he denied it in reference to the £800. It was also deposed that in the course of a chat in the office concerning keys, a cousin of his who had called in to see him showed how an impression of the key of the safe could be made with wax. This the cousin denied, though he admitted that there was talk about keys. Again, on the day on which the robbery was committed, Mr. Hanlon came back after business hours for the purpose, as he alleged, of getting a sovereign out of his drawer. Finally, the morning after the robbery he got a certificate of unfitness for business from Dr. Hamilton, gave it to his brother to deliver, with a letter