

grasp that clung to it, and yet there still hung the powerful seaman, almost lifeless, and yet clinging instinctively, as it were, to his only hope.

To paint the emotions of one being on shore, would be a weak and presumptuous attempt. The powers of language are far too limited to venture on a description of feelings, the intensity of which can only be measured by the depth of woman's heart. No—the one heart which could have told its own tale is now still—and let it not be supposed that passion can be represented in the colors of the imagination.

Meantime, the little skiff, which had pushed boldly out to seaward, had now stretched sufficiently far to effect her object, and accordingly she began to let herself drop down in the direction of the mast, and at the same time the crew gave a hearty cheer, which had the intended effect, by making the sufferer aware that help was at hand. He was distinctly seen to raise up his head, and look round in the direction of the sound. He saw his preservers within a couple of hundred yards of him.

"Yes!" cried the agonised woman, "he sees them. Look, there he attempts to waive his hand over his head. God of mercy! will he hold out? He has fallen away again, and—Strain, strain for your lives, generous young men—his life, our lives, depend on you!"

The interest of the assemblage was at the highest pitch. Loud exclamations, oaths, cheers were to be heard on all sides—the excitement was intense. Even the chief officer was restless and the good owner of—house paced up and down in a frenzy between nervousness for his sons' peril and pride at their heroism.

They are within a few boats' length. The crowd, from the extreme of clamor and confusion, become gradually stiller and more still. As they come up, every breath is held, for a few seconds will decide his fate. The woman stands like a statue—not a word escapes her—she looks straight upon him, her eyes fixed, her hands clasped before her. They drop a little on one side of the sunken vessel, making motions to the man to hold his place, and have just brought the boat up again so as to approach by her leeward side, for the purpose of grappling the mast, when a wave, more tremendous than the rest, rolled clean over it, sweeping back the boat some yards; and when it receded, and allowed those on shore to see the mast once more, he was gone!

A cry of horror burst from the crowd. The woman alone continued silent and immovable. Another moment, and the cry was changed into a shout of exultation! The bow oarsman had seized the perishing wretch by the hair, as he was swept by, and dragged him safely into the boat.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted a thousand voices. Mr. —, of — house, actually jumped into the air, and the officer waded his telescope over his head.

"Safe—safe!" weakly sighed the poor woman, as she sank down upon the bank and closed her eyes.

In a short time the throng was collected upon the harbor beach again, ready to receive the triumphant adventurers, at the same place they had landed the evening before; and among them was the happy woman, now trembling with weakness and agitation. She sobbed and cried hysterically, and turned a deaf ear to the soothing expostulations of the physician, who was not a little alarmed at the sudden and violent reaction which had taken place. She screamed with impatience, and cried wildly to the crew to hasten to shore with the hope of her heart. They neared the land, and were hailed by shouts and cheers from all sides, to which, however, they made no reply. The rescued man was in the bow of the boat, doubtless dreadfully exhausted—one of the oars was shipped, and the oarsman stooped over him as he lay.

A few strokes more, and her keel was on the ground. The transported woman rushed into the water, and bent over the gunwale. Her lover lay at the bottom of the boat—dead!

THE END.

BEAST BUTLER.

(By George A. Sala in the London Telegraph.)

General Butler is "at it again." It was once said of George III's "own" Lord Chancellor that no human being could ever possibly have been so wise as Lord Eldon looked. I doubt whether there was a man so wicked and so brutal as General Butler endeavours to appear. I don't say that he is wicked or brutal. The real state of the case, if it is ever known may prove quite the contrary. Circumstances may be against him, as they were against Tilly, against Sawney Bean, against Haynan, and as they are now against Mowraief—who is, I have been assured by a Russian acquaintance in this city, quite a charming man. His deeds may have been misrepresented; but, of a surety, the Major-General commanding at Fortress Monroe never misses an opportunity to convince the public that he is the "beast Butler" whom the pretty Seeseh ladies so vehemently denounce. Here is the most recent instance of his conciliatory disposition, telegraphed to us no later than yesterday. There is published in New York a journal of undeniable ability and unblemished respectability, called the World. The proprietors are gentlemen, occupying the very highest position, social and financial, in American society. The editor of the World, Mr. Manton Marble, a university graduate, a ripe scholar, a distinguished mathematician, and a most thoughtful and cultivated writer, has, in conjunction with other publicists of mark, given to the leading articles of the paper in question a temperate and dignified tone not to be surpassed in any department of European journalism. Unhappily, the World is not an Administration paper, not a corruption paper. It is loyalty and constitutionally Democratic; but tells the truth about persons of Gen. Butler's way of thinking and action. Hence it sinks in the nostrils of fanaticism and venality. There is another newspaper in New York, the Daily Times, a supporter of the Government; if not a governmental organ. It is "through" in its Republicanism, but eschews blackguardism, and it is edited by Mr. Henry Raymond, who has been a member of the Legislature and Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York. For some reason or another, the Daily Times has become as distasteful to Butler as the World; and how he has chosen to wreak his spite on both papers may be gathered from the following order:—

Fortress Monroe, Feb. 10, 1864.

W. W. Shore being, by his own confession, the

correspondent of the New York World and Times, the articles and letters from which papers are copied with approbation into many of the rebel papers, to the injury of the Government and the cause of the country, he is ordered to leave this department forthwith, and not to return, under pain of being put to hard but honest labour.

By order of Major-General BUTLER. R. S. DAVIS, Major and A. G. You will have observed the sneering qualification as to the hard labor threatened. It is to be "hard," but "honest." I suppose the sarcastic general means that the employment of a newspaper correspondent is not honest. How would it be if, remembering that the major-general commanding at Fortress Monroe was once a lawyer, we started with the assumption that he was necessarily a thief? As to Butler carrying out his menace in the event of the return of Mr. Shore to his "department," I have not the slightest doubt of his at once having him arrested, fettered, and put to chopping wood for the use of negro soldiers, or some such honest and easy employment. You will bear in mind that, in one of my earliest letters, I refrained from giving a decided opinion on the acts of brutality towards females charged against Butler when in command at New Orleans. Only a day or two since, however, an army officer, a strong Republican and Butlerite, told me of his own knowledge that at least one lady of acknowledged position had been sent by this man to the Calaboose. What do you think was her offence? She had made a face at a Union officer who passed her in the street. Do you know what kind of a place is the Calaboose? It is the common and filthy Bridewell of New Orleans, where the most debauched characters are confined, and where quadroon slave girls are sent by their owners to be flogged.

However, ere many days I hope to be at New Orleans myself, and I may hear something more definite regarding the achievements of this notorious person. Meanwhile it is, perhaps, to be regretted that circumstances should be so much against him. He may be the kindest of living men, but in his photograph he has certainly a countenance more villainous than was ever seen out of Madame Tassaud's Chamber of Horrors. Imagine the Grand Duke Constantine—not the present one, but Nicholas' brother—graffed on the late Mr. Manning. There, facially, you have Benjamin F. Butler. But what is there in a man's face? It is seldom the index to his mind. Sir Hudson Lowe had the appearance of a hyena, and yet everybody knows him to have been a most high-minded and humane character. Haynan was disagreeably like a cat-a-mountain; yet I have heard Austrian officers declare that the late field-marshal had been scandalously belied, and that he never had ought to do with the outrage on Madame de Maderspach. At Homburg his memory is yet cherished, not by the administration of the Kursal, but by all philanthropists; for winning twenty thousand florins at rouge-et-noir, he gave ten thousand to the poor of the town. When the Southern planters are all reduced to beggary, when down-east pedlars loaf in their verandahs, and Wall-street brokers gather their cotton crops, when their wives are glad to nurse the babies of the 'codfish aristocracy of Boston and the 'shoddy' aristocracy of New York, and their daughters are toiling at the sewing-machines of Philadelphia, or trimming greenbacks in the Treasury at Washington, then perhaps a fancy fair will be given for the relief of the starved-out charity, and Benjamin F. Butler will prove, like Haynan, a benefactor of his species, and send, say a few autographs, or cartes de visite, or the MS. of his proclamations against women, to the managers of the festival. They would fetch a handsome price.

There are few more curious subjects for speculation than that involved in the probable reception which would be met with by the political refugees whom the chances of this contest may force, ere long, to seek an asylum in Great Britain. We have been from time immemorial accustomed to extend a frank hospitality to exiles of every shade of creed and party. The detested tyrant and the escaped slave have been equally welcomed. Louis Philippe or Louis Napoleon; Metternich or Mazzini; Kossuth or Juan de Bourbon; Charles the Tenth or Casimir; it is all one to us. We should be glad to harbour Souloque; we should be happy to see Haurez; and if his Holiness the Pope turned up some fine morning at Mivart's, Exeter Hall would leave its card upon him and strive to convert him. Abraham Lincoln to London would be a lion; and Mr. Beresford Hope, the Marquis of Bath, and Lord Robert Cecil would be prolific of civilities to Jefferson Davis. But how would it be if Benjamin F. Butler came among us? Would there be one spot on English, or French, or Italian ground, where he could find rest for the sole of his foot? I seem to hear the managers of the Grand Hotel and the Louvre saying they were very sorry, but they had not a single bed left, and hundreds of guests vowing that they would pack up and leave immediately if Butler were harboured. I seem to see the waiters at table d'hotes and cafes turning away from him. I seem to hear the whole European continent crying out that Benjamin F. Butler is a pariah and an outlaw.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. BUTLER—MODEL SCHOOLS.—On Sunday week the Right Rev. Dr. Butler celebrated the eighth anniversary of St. Michael's, Limerick, assisted by the Rev. T. Browne, Administrator. After enumerating and commenting on the many facilities possessed by the Catholics of Limerick for the education of their children, his Lordship proceeded—Now, with these abundant facilities of pure Catholic education for all classes, and at every figure, and at no figure at all, what excuse can any Catholic parent have for sending his children to the condemned model school?—for confiding the training of his little ones, not only in secular learning, but also in religious knowledge to the hired agents of the British Government? There is no excuse for it—no shadow of justification any longer for so reckless, so shameful a betrayal of the best, the eternal interests of their children. Indeed it seems now to be felt by all; for at this day and for a long time past the government school is deserted by Catholic children. A few days ago I had the numbers there taken, and I am happy to announce that, with the exception of the children of the school officials, and the children of mixed marriages, where the father is a Protestant, and some few children of no marriages at all—with these exceptions there are now in the model school but eleven Catholic children. As regard the school officials whose children attend the school, we have no control over them—they do not, strictly speaking, belong to our flock—they are strangers sent here by their employers, and to remain here only as long as it shall please their employers. They are constantly changed about from place to place, and some of them I know send their children to the condemned school, sorely against their will and against their conscience, but they fear if they did otherwise they would be marked for persecution by their masters, and so lose their daily bread. The children of mixed marriages who attend the school we cannot of course interfere with. The father of these few children are not Catholics, and though they allow the children to be reared in the Catholic faith, they choose to send them to a school condemned by the Catholic Church. We have no power in the case. They are not bound to obey us, for they do not believe that we have authority to command them from God. Yet it would seem a wiser course for them, as they allow their children to be brought up Catholics, to take care that they shall be good Catholics, and that they shall not grow up in indifference to all religion, which must be the fate of Catholic children trained at the model school. There are then a few Catholic

children of no marriage at all going to this school. I mean illegitimate children. With the exception, then, of these children—and they are but few, not more than twenty in all—these children of the officials, the children of mixed marriages, and the illegitimate children, there are, as I said, but eleven Catholic children now attending the model school. Some few of these eleven are the children of a poor washerwoman, who says that her customers are Protestant ladies, and that these good people would no longer employ her if she withdrew her children. But such as they are—these eleven children—they are only a few, and I have reason to hope that before many days they will be still fewer; and now that the Catholic children of the city have fled from the model schools it is time, I think, for the Catholic inhabitants of Limerick to ask the Government why they should open a school at the public expense, in the people of the city without distinction of creed, and establish that school upon a principle which effectually shuts out all true Catholics—shuts them out, unless they are prepared to violate conscience, to rebel against the lawfully constituted authorities of their Church, and to expose the faith and morals of their children to imminent peril. Is this fair—is it impartial—is it just dealing on the part of our rulers? The Limerick model school cost for building over 5,000l.—all taken out of the public taxes, and paid by Catholics as well as Protestants. It costs now for its support over eleven hundred a year—all taken from the public pocket, and paid by Catholics as well as Protestants. Did the Government intend that this enormous outlay of public money should be devoted exclusively to the education of the Protestants of Limerick. The Protestants of Limerick did not want or wish for this outlay. They have no need to fall back upon the public taxes for the education of their children. They can afford to educate them, and they have abundant opportunities of doing so at their own private expense. What, then, is the meaning of opening a school for the people of Limerick, from which all these who want it are shut out? If the Government really intended this school for the Catholics as well as for the Protestants of Limerick, they should have counted, considering the population of the city, that out of every hundred children who entered the school, ninety would be Catholics. The school, then, if honestly meant, must, though open to all, have been intended chiefly for the Catholic youth of the city. What means, then, the bungle, the insult, the outrage upon common sense of opening such a school upon principles which oblige every Catholic to shun it for conscience sake, which shut out the ninety and admit only the ten? Are we to suppose that it was set up as a lure to draw the Catholic people of the city from their allegiance to the Church of God, and to root out of their souls by an infidel system of education that Holy Catholic Faith to which their fathers clung in spite of the sword and the rack, and the gibbets of other days. It is surely time for the Catholic laity of Limerick to look to this and if they cannot remove its evil, at least make it understood to the civilised world that plain justice is denied to us because we are Catholics, and that religious liberty, in the hands of the present Government, is a cruel delusion—an insulting mockery. It is often said how it happens that the Catholic Commissioners can sanction these model schools, or why they do not effect such changes in them as would render them safe for Catholic youth, and acceptable to the Catholic faith. But we are not to suppose that the present Catholic Commissioners have sanctioned the model schools. We should rather believe that they heartily condemn them, and regard them as fraught with danger to faith and morals; but what can they do? They are ten in number against ten Protestants. They are gentlemen of high station, of undoubted honor, of great intelligence and ability, and I have no doubt, sincerely attached to the Church of which they are members, and to the faith which they profess; indeed I may say of some among them, whom I know personally, that they are most sincere and devoted Catholics, and that there is no sacrifice they would not cheerfully make to protect the faith and morals of their co-religionists; but what can they do? They did not create the model schools. They found them already established with all their present abuses and dangers. They can hinder them from becoming worse, if such a thing were possible, but they cannot make them better. The moment they attempt any change in favor of justice and common sense they are immediately opposed, man for man, by the ten Protestant Commissioners. They are opposed not only by these, but also by the illiberal portion of the Protestant community throughout the country. It was only the other day that they succeeded in passing a resolution to the effect that schools under the National Board that had attained precedence of the rest by reason of their numbers and their success in teaching should have the privilege of training pupil teachers, and be paid for so doing by the board. It was quickly seen that this advantage would fall chiefly to convent schools, as they were the largest and the best in every sense in connexion with the National Board. Well instantly this was discovered 'twas a howl set up in the Protestant Press and through the country, as if the whole empire was going to pieces. The Catholic Commissioners were accused, assailed, roared at—deputations rushed up from the north, calling upon the Lord Lieutenant to interpose and save the world from ruin; and all this because the Nuns were to be allowed to train Catholic pupil teachers, and to receive some miserable stipend from the board for so doing, which stipend the Nuns did not ask or want and which they would be sure to expend not upon themselves, but upon the school, and upon the children. This is the spirit of intolerance and injustice which the Catholic Commissioners have to encounter both in and out of doors, and which really renders them powerless for the removal of abuses which I am sure they feel and deplore, in common with their fellow-Catholics throughout the country.—Limerick Reporter.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, STRANORLAR.—This magnificent church was opened for Divine Service on Scaxagesima Sunday, the 31st ultimo. If the gorgeous rites of the Church, which were solemnised with the utmost grandeur; the immense numbers of every rank and religious persuasion that filled the superb building; if a brilliant discourse, bearing the impress of a master mind, replete with sound instruction, and sparkling with flashes of the highest eloquence—if all these could invest, so grand an occasion with sufficient eclat, then the consecration of St. Mary's Stranorlar, was imposing indeed. The first object which arrested the attention of the stranger was the edifice itself. The style of the architecture is pure Gothic, and no other proof would be wanted of the transcendent sublimity of this style, and of its superior fitness for Christian churches than the superb structure whose majestic and graceful proportions are reflected in the glassy surface of the River Finn. The most eminent judges who have passed through Stranorlar, along the greatest thoroughfare in the North of Ireland, have expressed their admiration of the beauty of its design, its graceful symmetry, and massive grandeur. While I was gazing in silent wonder on its artistic beauty and grand outlines, I was struck by the appearance of several aged men and women, who were wending their way to the church, their heads raised heavenwards and clasped in prayer, their eyes streaming with tears. Their earnest manner and fervent raptures recalled vividly to my mind the pious ejaculations of the holy Simon—"Now thou dost dismiss thy servant in peace; for my eyes have seen thy salvation." The church was consecrated by the Right Rev. Dr. McGeehan, Lord Bishop of Raphoe.—Ulster Observer.

The O'Donoghue, M.P., has issued an address "To the Young Men of Dublin," inviting them to associate with him in the "enrolment of a Citizens' Meeting Volunteer Guard," for the maintenance of order and regularity at public meetings for patriotic purposes.

RELIGIOUS "PERSUASIONS" IN IRELAND.—Government has given to the public a document, which will have interest to readers who look beyond statistical tables. The document we speak of is the report of the last census of Ireland. And in running the eye over it, an Englishman cannot help regretting that the last census of England was rendered all but useless and senseless in a religious point of view, by omitting the religion of individuals. Fortunately for truth, the Irish members stood up, some for one reason and some for another, against the endeavour of the Government to put out of sight the religious question connected with the census.

Three hundred years ago, when it first occurred since the year 1 A.D., that a number of men, M.P.'s and Peers, could, sitting in a room, abolish the Christian worship and sacraments, and set up a new mode of worship instead, it was supposed that people, if only enabled to read the Bible, would stick, with their former tenacity, to the Protestant religion. Notwithstanding the severest penalties, recusancy or abjuration of the Church of England increased every year during the long reign of Elizabeth to such a degree that it is doubted by Macaulay when King James came to the throne in 1603, whether two-thirds or one-third of the nation were not Catholics. Even one-third of five millions of people, when we bear in mind the ways and means which had been taken by the Crown to root out of the country every thing Catholic from the death of Henry to the death of Edward, and from the death of Mary to the death of Elizabeth, was a large number to have kept the faith up till that time. If either one-third or two-thirds were Catholics, the Church of England body must have come down to something very small, as the events which shortly took place proved that Scotch Presbyterianism had taken hold of a very large proportion of those who went under the name of the Church of England at the time James was proclaimed King. Two hundred and sixty years have created wondrous changes in the religion of the people between that time, when only one was legal, and this when every man may profess what he pleases, or deny what he pleases, provided he pays his tithes or rent charge to the Rector of the parish. To follow the religious salient which is continually acting upon the Church of England and carrying people out of it into other religions still farther off from the great source and centre of truth, the Catholic Church, would, therefore be at the present day especially interesting and instructive. Perhaps it was foreseen when the last census of England was ordered by Parliament, that a religious census would be too instructive. It might tell what might be concealed.

Be that as it may, there is no way of learning from it what has been the proportionate increase or decrease in the various religious "persuasions" in England within the ten years previous to the last census. The nation may thus keep itself, or be kept, an ignorant in regard to the actual growth or decay of the various religious bodies within the British Islands. Politicians may thus, according as their religious instincts or wishes lead them, assume that the Church of England is gaining numerically, or that dissent from it is on the increase, while the contrary may be the case.

All assumptions of this kind, for whatever purpose are extinguished by the last census taken of Ireland.

A contemporary of high standing among the Protestant publications of the day, has gone to the trouble and pains of separately summing up the names, as put down by the people themselves of all who belong to the different creeds of the day in that country. The summary is a wonderful comment upon the principle of those who substituted for the ancient faith the miserable incoherent macellany of opinions which make up the religion of the Thirty nine Articles, given to Ireland at the point of the bayonet, as a panacea for all its miseries. The summary of the Daily News tells us, without betraying the least sign of mortification or surprise, that there are 112 people in Ireland who write themselves down simply "Christians," attached to no particular persuasion. He tells us also that there are 68 "High Church," who do not belong to the English Church at all. Then there are 91 "Christian Israelites" (does this mean Protestant Jews?), 40 "Brethren," 28 "Disciples of Christ," 14 "Darbyites," 9 "Kellyites," 3 "Wallberites," 3 "Morrisonians," and one "Cameronian," 9 simply declare themselves "Believers in Jesus"; 5 call themselves "Members of Christ's Church"; 6 write after their names "Sinners saved by Grace"; others are merely "Brethren in Christ," "Church of Christ," "Word of God alone," we wish we had been told what sort of worship these have. There are others who take a less modest line, who write themselves down, one "a saint of no sect"; 2 are "of no particular persuasion"; 2 are "undecided"; 2 are "doubtful"; 72 are of no religion; one is merely a philanthropist, another a positivist, and another a Cromwellian Protestant; 4 avow themselves socialists; 21 free-thinkers, 26 secularists (?), 10 deists, 1 an unbeliever, and 1 an atheist. This person did not, we presume, give his address. Only one puts himself down "a Puseyite," whereas 2 are rationalists, 2 "materialists," 2 "seekers," all in couples but the poor Puseyite. Respectively the various communities number as follows:—

Catholics	4,505,265
Church of England	683,357
Presbyterians	522,291
Methodists	45,399
Independents	4,632
Baptists	4,237
Quakers	3,300
Other persuasions	18,768
Jews	343

Between the males and females there is a difference in regard to number in all these except the Quakers; there is exactly one male for one female.

Might it not be well to have those numbers stuck up in the lobby in the House of Commons, that honourable members might be reminded of the standing monstrosity, unheard of in any other part of the earth, civilised or savage, that 41 million of people were compelled, by the very throne which they have ever in the field of battle been the foremost to defend, to contribute a portion of their hard earnings for the support of a religion held by about 1 in 9 of the population, and, worse still of a religion which condemns their own?—Weekly Register.

FLAX.—In the Lenten Pastoral of the Right Rev. Bishop of Elphin, we find the following:—"Anxious as we are and ought to be for the temporal well-being of our dear and devoted children in every part of our Diocese, and deeply sympathizing with them in their want and sufferings, we have been long and anxiously considering by what available means the tenant farmers of our Diocese might best retrieve the losses of past years, and most securely provide for their own decent sustenance and that of their dependents. On such a subject we were unwilling to offer any advice until we should have assured ourselves, by diligent study and enquiry, that it might be followed with security and profit. On that point we were thoroughly satisfied, and the one means of future comfort and prosperity, which we now confidently recommend through you to the farming classes, is the cultivation of flax. This branch of industry we believe to be at the present time more suited than any other to their habits and circumstances, and more certain to yield them a speedy and adequate reward for their labor. If they only apply themselves to it with industry and perseverance, they need no other capital to ensure success. We have, therefore, to request that you advise, and if necessary urge, the farmers of your respective parishes to devote a portion of their land each year to the growth of flax. Let them begin this year on a moderate scale, studying attentively the requirements of the crop, and assisting each other in the various proceedings connected with it; and God will, if conscientiously hoped, bless the undertaking. You will be happy to lend your aid, in what way soever it may be required; and you will

give your best co-operation to the landlords, agents and other gentlemen, who will be disposed, individually or by committees, to direct and assist the farmers in this matter. It is on the wise guidance and generous assistance we must chiefly reckon for the permanent and successful results of the movement. We purpose communicating with you again on this important subject. Meanwhile we send you printed instructions for the growth of flax—which are of high authority and with which the farmers of your districts should be made familiar. You will have a copy hung up at each of your chapels on Sundays, where they can be conveniently read."

PROSECUTION IN ARRAN.—Mr. Kilbride, the Apostle of Souperism in Arran, has addressed a long letter to the Board of Guardians of the Galway Union, yesterday, denying the charge made against him by the relieving officer of establishing a proselytising school under the tutelage of a "Scripture reader," and of only giving relief from the funds of the relief committee of whose bounty he is the dispenser, to those who sent their children to the Souper Academy. Mr. Kilbride denies the charge "in toto." Poor simple man! He only gave the Indian meal to the pupils at the school. Of course this was not giving it to their parents. He only sent it to them by their children; and to get it, on his own showing, they were obliged to submit their children to the detestable tuition of the "Scripture reader." This is religious persecution of the most refined character. It is worse than the pitch-cap or triangle of the last century. It is a consolation, however, to know, from Mr. Kilbride himself, that he has not succeeded. The Board of Guardians deserve every credit for protecting the poor people of Arran from the Souper persecution. Every right-minded man will applaud them for the act. When shall the country be rid of the curse of Souperism? Surely the revelations made by the Rev. Mr. Webster, of Cork, should open the eyes of the people of England who supply the funds for this nefarious purpose to the swindle being perpetrated on them. Mr. Kilbride may pack up and leave the faithful Arranites to the undisturbed practice of the religion of their forefathers, to which the Souper persecution only makes them cling more tenaciously.—Galway Vindicator.

REV. MR. MCDONOUGH, arrested and to be tried for the marriage of Peterson to Miss Quinton (the Ward of Chancery), has obtained an order to have his trial take place in the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, instead of at Enniskillen. The above named Daniel Peterson was arrested in Cork on the 3rd inst., on a charge of having stolen £40 from his father, and on suspicion that he was leaving for America. Peterson denied the charge, and said he came to Cork to obtain employment, and in order to petition the Master of the Rolls for the release of his wife, which he could not do while he remained in Enniskillen. He was released on promising to return to Enniskillen.

THE GALWAY LINE.—The directors of the Atlantic Company have applied to the post-office authorities for permission to discontinue the mail service between Galway and America until June next. They have also intimated their intention of entering into negotiations with another company for the use of steamers to commence the service at that time, as the ships of the company will not be in readiness to sail even then. The directors are reported to be of opinion that they can never carry out the contract with the ships at present in their possession, and will, in all probability, endeavour to effect a sale of their interest in the project, with a transfer of the mail subsidy to some existing company more capable of carrying out the project than they are. Two or three companies are said to be in negotiation with the Atlantic Company on the subject at present.—Galway Gazette.

DUBLIN.—The Assizes are being proceeded with, and, as usual, they testify to the excellent conduct of the people of Ireland, the charges of the judges being, in every case, highly congratulatory on the general, almost total, absence of serious crime in the several jurisdictions. In the midst of much distress and suffering, no evidence could be stronger as to the truly Christian character and lives of the mass of the population than this absence of violence against either life or property.—Correspondent of Weekly Register.

THE FENIANS.—Origin of the Name.—Sir Robert Peel, Secretary for Ireland, recently gave the following explanation respecting the Fenians:—"As there were probably not ten members in the House of Commons who knew what a Fenian was, he thought it his duty to enlighten them. In the third century there was a certain King in Ireland, called King Cormac, who had ten daughters. One of these daughters married another king, who established a national militia under the title of the Finii, whose duty it was to protect the province, each member of the body being considered equal in battle to nine men of any other country. Their habits and dress were exceedingly primitive, they quartered themselves upon the population, and finally they became so great a nuisance, that in a succeeding age they were wholly annihilated."

A malediction against the Fenian Brotherhood has come opportunely across the Atlantic from the Bishop of Chicago. It was delivered on the last Sunday in January. The Cork Examiner states that Dr. Duggan is an Irishman by birth, and that his sympathies are naturally with the people of his own race and creed; yet after consulting a number of American Bishops, also Irishmen, he has publicly and solemnly denounced the Brotherhood as practising delusion and fraud, refusing to give any of the members the sacraments till they abandon the confederation, and warning his people against it. The most important part of his address is the testimony he bears as to the character of the combination and the evils it would bring upon Ireland if by any possibility it could succeed. He states that he had consulted the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops, as well as the American, and speaking in the name of the Church, he condemned the Brotherhood as a secret society, illegal and fraudulent. They have an inner secret, which he could not learn, but he understood the object of the confederacy to be to wrest Ireland from England by violence, force of arms, and bloodshed. The Bishop said he could not help recording his solemn conviction that the success of those men in their wild attempt would be the greatest misfortune that ever befell this unhappy country. He quoted the testimony of an Irish gentleman who had lost his estates and exposed his life for his country, and declared that he would do so again (evidently alluding to Mr. Smith O'Brien), who stated of the leaders of the American organization "that many of them were intent merely on acquiring salaries, and that men of no note made a handsome income by this traffic in the sympathies of their countrymen." He might, perhaps, say the same of the society, "existing under a milder form in Ireland, and known under the name of the 'National Brotherhood,' or the Brotherhood of St. Patrick." But with regard to the American Fenians, who have been threatening us with an invasion when the war is over, Dr. Duggan speaks his mind freely. He says:—"An appeal is made to your sympathies to encourage what I believe to be a delusion and a fraud.—These men have no thought of being able to reach Ireland, but in the mean time your kindly sympathies are appealed to, your purses are drawn open, and all is abused. I do not think—cannot believe, from what I know of the power of England and the weakness of Ireland, that any serious attempt is likely to be made to free Ireland, and in the recent life of Dr. Doyle especially, the greatest difficulty that the friends of Ireland had to contend with arose from these secret illegal societies, and the untiring efforts he brought to bear on these unhappy and deluded men, who join these dark cabals, rendered them in a great measure powerless." The tide of emigration has set in in this neighborhood much earlier, and more persons are leaving the homes of their birth day after day, than for years past.—Nenagh Guardian.