

we to do with wars? The priest himself told us it was at last too much, and that we ought to have peace. You shall not go. Do not cry, Catharine; I say he shall not go!

'This carnage,' she continued, 'has lasted long enough. Our two poor cousins, Kasper and Yvick, are already going to lose their lives in Spain for this emperor, and now he comes to ask us for the younger ones. He is not satisfied to have slain three hundred thousand in Russia. Instead of thinking of peace, like a man of sense, he thinks only of massacring the few who remain. We will see.'

'In the name of Heaven! Aunt Gredel, be quiet; speak lower,' said I, looking at the window. 'If they hear you, we are lost.'

'I speak for you to bear me,' she replied. 'Your Napoleon does not frighten me. He commenced by closing our mouths, so that he might do as he pleased; but the end approaches. Four young women are losing their husbands in our village alone, and ten poor young men are forced to abandon everything, despite father, mother, religion, justice, God! Is not this horrible?'

Then Aunt Gredel became silent. Instead of giving us an ordinary dinner, she gave us a better one than on Catherine's fête day, and said, with the air of one who has taken a resolution: 'Eat, my children, and fear not; there will soon be a change!'

I returned about four in the evening to Phalsbourg, somewhat more calm than when I set out. But as I went up the Rue Munitionnaire, I heard at the corner of the college the drum of the *sergent de ville*, Harmoutier, and I saw a throng gathered around him. I ran to hear what was going on, and I arrived just as he began reading a proclamation.

Harmoutier read that, by the *senatus consultus* of the 3d, the drawing for the conscription would take place on the 15th.

It was already the 5th, and only seven days remained. This upset me completely.

The crowd dispersed in the deepest silence. I went home sad enough, and said to Monsieur Goulden:

'The drawing takes place next Thursday.'

'Ah,' he exclaimed, 'they are losing no time; things are pressing.'

It is easy to imagine my grief that day and the days following. I could scarcely stand; I constantly saw myself on the point of leaving home. I saw myself flying to the woods, the *gens d'armes* at my heels, crying, 'Halt, halt!' Then I thought of the misery of Catherine, of Aunt Gredel, of Monsieur Goulden. Then I imagined myself marching in the ranks with a number of other wretches, to whom they were crying out, 'Forward, charge bayonets!' while whole files were being swept away. I heard bullets whistle and shells shriek; in a word, I was in a pitiable state.

'Be calm, Joseph,' said Monsieur Goulden; 'do not torment yourself thus. I think that of all who may be drawn there are probably not ten who can give as good reasons as you for staying at home. The surgeon must be blind to receive you. Besides, I will see Monsieur the Commandant. Calm yourself.'

But these kind words could not reassure me.

Thus I passed an entire week almost in a trance, and when the day of the drawing arrived, Thursday morning, I was so pale, so sick looking, that the parents of conscripts envied, so to speak, my appearance for their sons. 'That fellow,' they said, 'has a chance; he would drop the first mile. Some people are born under a lucky star.'

The marie of Phalsbourg, that Thursday morning, January 15th, 1813, during the drawing for the conscription, was a sight to be seen. To-day it is bad enough to be drawn, to be forced to leave parents, friends, home, one's goods and one's fields, to go and learn—God knows where—'One, two, one, two, halt! eyes left, eyes right, front, carry arms,' etc. etc.—Yes, this is all bad enough, but there is a chance of returning. One can say, with something like confidence: 'In seven years I will see my old nest again, and my parents, and perhaps my sweetheart. I shall have seen the world, and will perhaps have some title to be appointed forester or gendarme.' This is a comfort for reasonable people. But then, if you had the ill-luck to lose in the lottery, there was an end of you; often not one in a hundred returned.—The idea that you were only going for a time never entered your head.

The enrolled of Harberg, of Garbourg, and of Quatre Vents were to draw first; then those of the city, and lastly those of Wechem and Mittlebronn.

I was up early in the morning, and with my elbows on the work bench I watched the people pass by; young men in blouses, poor old men in cotton caps and short vests; old women in jackets and woolen skirts, but almost double, with staff or umbrella under their arms. They arrived by families. Monsieur the Sous Prefet of Larrebourg, with his silver collar, and his secretary, had stopped the day before at the 'Red Ox,' and they were also looking out of the window. Toward eight o'clock, Monsieur Goulden began work, after breakfast. I ate nothing, but stared and stared until Monsieur the Mayor, Parmentier and his adjutor, came for Monsieur the Sous-Prefet.

The drawing began at nine, and soon we heard the clarinet of Pfler-Karl and the violin of great Andres resounding through the streets.—They were playing the 'March the Swedes,' an air to which thousands of poor wretches had left old Alsace for ever. The conscripts danced, linked arms, shouted until their voices seemed to pierce the clouds, stamped on the ground, waved their hats, trying to seem joyful while death was at their hearts. Well, it was the fashion; and big Andres, with short, stiff, and yellow as box-wood, and his short chubby comrade, with cheeks extended to their utmost tension, seemed like people who would lead you to the church-yard all the while chatting indifferently.

That music, those cries, sent a shudder through my heart. I had just put on my swallow-tailed coat and

my beaver hat to go out, when Aunt Gredel and Catherine entered, saying:

'Good morning, Monsieur Goulden. We have come for the conscription.'

Then I saw how Catharine had been crying. Her eyes were red, and she threw her arms around my neck, while her mother turned to me.

Monsieur Goulden said: 'It will soon be the turn of the young men of the city.'

'Yes, Monsieur Goulden,' answered Catharine, in a choking voice; 'they have finished Harberg.'

'Then it is time for you to go, Joseph,' said he; 'but do not grieve; do not be frightened. These drawings, you know, are only a matter of form. For a long while past none can escape; or if they escape one drawing, they are caught a year or two after. All the numbers are bad. When the council of exemption meets, we will see what is best to be done. To-day it is merely a sort of satisfaction they give people to draw in the lottery; but every one loses.'

'No matter,' said Aunt Gredel; 'Joseph will win.'

'Yes, yes,' replied Monsieur Goulden, smiling; 'he cannot fail.'

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The following is from the Pastoral of the most Reverend Dr. Keane, Bishop of Clonon:—'It is beloved brethren, the wish of every Irish priest to save from secret societies and open insurrection young and high-minded men, strong in faith and pure in morals; to relieve the poor from that destitution which often prevents due attention in religious duties; to see their country made rich and happy by encouraging remunerative employment; to keep at home thousands of whom, if some prosper, it is certain that ruin, temporal and eternal, awaits others; and to secure for all classes the great advantages of sound religious education. In discussing these important topics with others, use only the language of charity and of reason. Anger, abuse, or provocation cannot make converts to political or religious opinions. We recommend you strongly to prepare in every parish petitions numerously signed on the three great questions of the day—the land, the Church and education—and to forward them to the House of Commons at the time it will be occupied with their discussion. We are quite aware of the unwillingness of the Irish people to have anything further to do with what they call the mockery of petitions. We are quite aware that petitions have been disregarded, and that those secret societies and open insurrection have appeared to many to be the only means of getting redress. But we are equally aware that the passionate earnestness of disaffected men, creating surprise, alarm, and danger, has roused the British statesmen, and that petitions strongly but respectfully worded will now meet with a reception which might have been denied them a few years ago. Printed forms will be in due time forwarded to each parish. Beloved brethren, the three great questions of which we are speaking were never so ripe for solution as now. Never was it more necessary that the combined energies of Ireland should be concentrated on the final settlement. But much will depend on yourselves. We quote again for your future guidance the words of the Pastoral of '59, in which the bishops of Ireland, assembled in Dublin at the request of the clergy and laity, to call upon their representatives to press their claims upon the attention of the Government, and if need be, to make the concession of them the condition of their support: 'You need not be told with what thrilling delight these words were read all over Ireland; and it is not difficult to say what would have been the effect of "episcopal policy"—it ought to be called "national policy"—here indicated, if carried out with the calm dignity and unswerving firmness of men thoroughly in earnest. We invite you to remember the past, to study the present, and to prepare for the future. Before Emancipation the gentry, the priests, and the people arose in their might, and with a voice that swayed the victor of Waterloo, demanded freedom. They triumphed. They deserved to triumph. In the cities and large towns the gentry nobly did their duty; but in the rural parishes the work was left almost exclusively to the clergy and to the electors. Since Emancipation the gains have been the portion of the gentry. The position of the clergy remains unchanged for themselves they want nothing, they ask for nothing, and they refuse endorsement. While as a class, the farmers count only losses; leaseholders before Emancipation, they have for well known political reasons been brought down to the position of tenants at will; and the personal sacrifices made by many of them while voting for their country and creed, would do honour to the Roman citizens of old. We are writing history with which you are all familiar. Men of position, of talent, of learning, of eloquence came forward as the advocates of popular rights; great efforts were made to ensure their return to Parliament; the displeasure of landlords was incurred and too frequently, eviction followed; but while the outcast family were paying the dear penalty of an independent vote, the successful candidate was making his voice heard and his influence felt in the House of Commons, that the cherished object of his ambition, personal promotion, might not be delayed. That promotion, when offered, was accepted; and to repeat the words addressed to you on a former occasion, priests and people had to begin again the profitless task of serving as convenient scaffolding for the elevation of other aspirants to office. No; beloved brethren, constituted as Parliament is, it is not enough to make speeches and to give votes in favour of a nation's rights. Irish members must do more. They must not support, and they ought to oppose, any Ministry, Whig or Tory, Liberal or Conservative, that will refuse those measures, which, when out of office, each party in turn declares to be indispensable for the welfare of Ireland. For nearly forty years since Emancipation was carried the policy pursued towards Ireland has on the whole been a policy of neglect, and it has ended in disaster. Let the praise or the blame of studied neglect or studied concessions be divided between the great governing parties in the State. Be the proportion what it may, it is too true that they gave powerful assistance to one another to do nothing; and that whichever party triumphed in the struggle for office and pension, Ireland was sure to be the loser. How long, beloved brethren, how long is this trifling with a nation's wants and hopes to continue? When are you to find a Ministry prepared, in thorough earnestness, to redress the wrongs of centuries? We repeat again, much depends on yourselves. We answer the question by asking—when will you, when will the electors of Ireland return to Parliament candidates thoroughly in earnest—again we say thoroughly in earnest—who will make the concession of certain measures the condition of their support—say, when will you and your fellow-electors return even twenty men who will impose on themselves, for only a few years, the sacrifice of not seeking and not accepting office, title, or compliment that would imply support of, or identification with any party contending there? This is the policy by which the bloodless battle of constitutional freedom can be fought with success. It has been called "episcopal policy" because renounced in the synodal pastoral of '59; it ought to be called "national" because adopted more than once by those whose duty and whose right it was to speak in the name of the people. It has been misrepresented. But, beloved brethren, plain and obvious as is its meaning, we believe it ne-

cessary, in order to guard against future mistakes, to anticipate a not improbable dialogue between a candidate and a voter at the next election. The candidate is asked will he speak in favour of the measures on which the heart of Ireland is set? He answers: 'Yes.' Will he vote in favour of them? 'Yes.' Does he believe that for the peace and happiness of Ireland those measures are indispensable? 'Yes.' Will he support the Ministry, Whig and Tory, that will take them up in thorough earnestness and press them on the attention of Parliament as the Duke of Wellington pressed emancipation? 'Yes.' But—and here comes the test—if the Ministry will persevere in the studied neglect of Irish grievances, will he support that Ministry in doing nothing? Heaved brethren, should he as he may, at a time when fierce passions kindled by despair, are making the foundations of the empire to rock, there must be an emphasis 'yes' or 'no,' to this crucial question; and if you and your fellow-electors accept the 'yes,' you and they and the representatives of your choice are helping English statesmen to perpetuate the misery of your country. We entreat of you here to make no mistake. The meaning of our words must be as clear as crystal. Therefore, we say again, that with the stern resolve of men determined to have their rights, you are to refuse influence, support, and vote to any candidate, whose answer will not be a decided 'no.' Return only the 'no' who will be ready to say—'no; I will not support any Ministry, Whig, or Tory, in doing nothing. The state of Ireland is too serious; it can no longer be trifled with. I will oppose, and, if I can, I will put out the statesmen, to whatever party they belong, who refuse or delay remedial measures, admitted by all to be necessary for the welfare of my afflicted country.' Had this 'national policy' been steadily followed for some years past, instead of having to deplore secret societies and the treachery of informers, open insurrection and crushing defeat, trials, imprisonment, execution, alarm districts, and trials, Ireland forgetting the past and confident of the future, would 'for conscience sake' cheerfully submit to the higher powers; the kind services of a paternal Government would be rewarded by the loyal allegiance of a grateful and warm-hearted people; and though there may be a diminution in the number of appointments to office or to title, the country at large would be enjoying the sunshine of quickened and progressive improvement of steady wages, of increasing trade, of settled peace, and mutual confidence amongst all classes.

SECRET SOCIETIES.—The Most Reverend Dr. Kieran Archbishop of Armagh, after referring, in his Lenten Pastoral, to the state of Ireland and the relations which exist between the Irish people and their clergy makes the following remarks on Secret Societies:—

Nothing, except their eternal salvation, would afford us greater delight than to see our people in the full enjoyment of their rights. But we do not believe that secret societies are the means which should be employed to bring about this happy consummation. The history of these societies—a sickening record, written in tears and in blood—affords no grounds for expecting anything from them but disaster and ruin to the interests which they undertake to promote. Whether we judge them by the principles on which they are based, or the elements of which they are composed, or the effects they have produced, or the means by which they seek to attain their ends, they must fall under our reprobation. The bond by which they are held together has been swollen over and over again by the anathemas of the Church which can directly trace to them the worst evils she is now suffering in Italy and other countries. In our own country they have produced nothing but drunkenness, strife, and bloodshed. Many a hearth they have left desolate, and from many a family they have torn a father, a son, or a husband. Indeed, no one has ever gained anything by them except the enemies of our country, who have always found in them a plausible pretext for continuing and even aggravating the wrongs that have pressed us down for centuries or some designing men who joined them and sometimes organised them, for the purpose of delivering up to the Government for value received the very men whom they had first initiated into their mysteries of iniquity. Begotten of knives and their dunes, nursed in darkness because anything that is evil drags the light, supported by menace and intimidation, generally ending, at least for a while, in the perjury of some of their members and the excommunication of others, the existence of these societies forms the blackest spot in our history, presenting as it does, the sad spectacle of Ireland's own children rivelling her chains, exasperating her wounds, and throwing their own folly and treachery into the bitter cup she has been compelled to drink. The sufferings we have endured from other causes had something to redeem them, and inferred nothing dishonourable on the part of the sufferers. The sufferings brought upon us by secret societies have stung our hearts with the painful sensation which no rational creature is capable of producing, and forced us to hang down our heads in shame and confusion of face. We cannot, indeed, say of Ireland what was said of the house of Israel—that its perdition was the work of its own hands. But we can truly say that such of her children as have joined secret societies have inflicted deep disgrace on her name, and done much to retard her in her progress towards prosperity and happiness.

Having reason to fear that some members of the flock committed to our care have been inveigled into these societies, we earnestly beseech them to disavow at once and for ever—connection by which they incur the censures of the Church and deprive themselves of the grace of the Sacraments. Their first duty is to God, and every other love including that which they may legitimately entertain for their country must be subordinate to the love they owe to Him. What will it profit them if they gain the whole world and lose their own souls? Even if secret societies had been as productive of unmitigated evil no Christian who tends his eternal salvation would be justified in continuing a member of them in the face of the solemn anathemas which the Church has imposed on them. What hesitation can our people feel about abandoning them, when they are told by men who never deceived them, and who watch over them, as being to render an account for their souls, that these societies have been the bane and curse of Ireland?

It is our duty to add that all who have attached themselves to these societies are not only bound to abandon them but to atone for the crimes they have committed by becoming members of them; and what we say to them, we say to all who have had the misfortune to fall into grievous sin. The guilt of sin and the eternal punishment due to it are remitted by the Sacrament of Penance; but when these are forgiven there still remains a debt which must be paid to the justice of God in this world or the world to come. The payment of this debt is called satisfaction, and forms the external part or body of penance.

THE MARCH OF ABERDEEN ON THE STATE OF IRELAND.—At a banquet given by the Lord Mayor of Dublin on the 25th, the Lord Lieutenant (the Marquis of Abercorn) made a speech on Irish affairs. He held out hopes of a better railway system, and with regard to emigration said there was reason to hope that the decrease, which was last year 19,000, would be still larger in 1868. He proceeded:—I believe the state of a large part of Ireland to be fairly satisfactory. (Hear, hear.) There is no doubt a large amount of discontent—call it dissatisfaction if you will—in many quarters. (Hear.) But I believe the core is found in three-quarters of the country—(applause)—and that, were it not for the storm clouds and thunder lowering beyond the western main the summer sun of content might yet shine on the greater part of the fair valley of Ireland. (Applause.) But that an insurrectionary and seditious spirit is rampant in some districts—and I may specially name Cork and its surrounding localities—it would be idle to deny. I believe, however, that spirit, where-

ever it exists, is utterly powerless for anything but the annoyance and irritation of the local authorities—(applause)—as well as the alarm and disturbance of all well disposed persons in their vicinity. (Hear, hear.) I believe the number really actively engaged in that are contemptibly few, whatever may be the number of those who sympathize with them, and that the leaders, sooner or later, as we have lately seen in a notable instance will be brought to condign punishment. (Applause.) To re-fer, it is that, while not underrating the disquiet and inconvenience of disturbances, I regret that the exceptional state of Cork, and some similar districts, should be too much considered by the public on the other side of the water—(hear, hear.)—and that the plunder of a few gunsmiths' shops, and a few attempts to storm martello towers—a feat, by the way about as useful to the conspirators and about as rational as the feat recorded of Don Quixote on the windmills. (Applause and laughter.) I regret that this exceptional state should be set down as the condition of some of its remotest corners. (Hear, hear.)—I believe, now that the first shock of the Clerkenwell outrage has been got over, that there never was a time when Englishmen of all classes were disposed to look upon the Irish people as a nation with so much interest. (Hear, hear.) I believe that in the minds of the great bulk of the British people a complete line of demarcation is drawn between the infamous and dastardly perpetrators of such outrages and the great mass of the Irish people. (Applause)—even I will say, of those among the Irish people who would be classed amongst the disaffected and discontented, and that there is a universal desire to consider the grievances of Ireland, to examine the condition of the people—(applause)—and more than that, to sympathize as far as possible with their ideas. (Cheers.) I believe this feeling to be one which in spite of temporary Fenian alarms, is rapidly gaining ground every day in the sister island. If we turn from these grave subjects of imperial importance to those which more especially concern the state of the city of which you are chief magistrate, we shall find reasonable grounds for satisfaction. The tonnage of the port of Dublin has risen from 880,000 tons in 1857, to 1,438,000 tons in 1867—[applause]—while at the same time the revenue of the port has risen from £25,000 a year to £44,000 a year 1867, being an increase in ten years of nearly 66 per cent., which is certainly satisfactory proof to us that it is no falling off in that. [Hear, hear.] Without being over sanguine, without overlooking the doubts and difficulties which throw a cloud upon Irish prospects, I believe that, looking to the earnest desire of the British people to do justice to Ireland, [hear, hear] looking to the anxiety of all governments to speak not of this party or of that party, but all alike, to fairly consider and found remedial measures for the wishes and wants of the Irish people [hear, hear]—and looking to the good sense and the respect for the law by a large portion of the Irish people themselves during the past year, I believe that we may yet live in hope that many of us here present may see the day that Britain shall look with honour on Ireland as the brightest and most highly prized jewel of her crown and when Ireland may be proud and satisfied with her place as a prosperous, contented, and highly-valued sister of the great imperial family of the United Kingdom. [Loud applause.]

The Catholic journals have, with one or two exceptions, observed a significant silence on the press prosecutions. It is satisfactory, however, to find an independent organ such as the *Cork Reporter* offering the following sensible remarks:—'The conviction and sentence of Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Pigott should be a salutary lesson to those who, having the control of public journals, are tempted by a desire to win popular favour or to obtain the substantial advantages of popular support to play "fast and loose" with what law defines to be "seditious." We have expressed our opinion on the subject of Fenianism in this journal too distinctly for any one to doubt what those opinions are. We have repeatedly declared it to be fraught with evil to Ireland, and have done all we could to dissuade the people from giving it any countenance—pointing out its folly, its danger and its criminality. We consider it the bounden duty of every Irish journalist who desires to serve his country to do it in a like course; and we hold those who, whether from sympathy or through desire of gain act otherwise, to be in the highest degree culpable. In the recent prosecutions no one reading the evidence, we think could come to any other conclusion than that the direct, nay, the inevitable, tendency of the writings in both the journals involved was to excite the passions of the people in the highest degree, and that at a time when the gravest public dangers were likely to result from such conduct. No one, then, can quarrel with the verdicts, save those who consider that the jurors should have found verdicts against their oaths, and that the condition of the country is such as to release men from all moral obligations. No one, in fact can justify the writing in the two newspapers who is not prepared to justify Fenianism. It is all very well to regret the imprisonment of a couple of newspaper editors for excess in the language used by them against the State. But we have witnessed very many worse punishments during the last two or three years of men whose zeal was certainly as sincere, whose patriotism was as warm, and whose intentions were as honest—not merely involving months of imprisonment but years, nay, in some cases a whole life of penal servitude. Who shall say how many who have had to suffer in this way have to thank writings like those of the *Weekly News* and the *Irishman* for the punishment they endure? If the editors of these journals had been checked before now in their reckless diatribes against the institutions under which we live, it might have been the salvation of many a high-spirited, gallant-hearted youth. And we confess the consideration that their sentences may do much to save such persons from the fate of others like them reconciles us not a little to the verdicts, but comparatively easy, punishment of Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Pigott.'

The *Limerick Reporter*, an old and able advocate of strictly moral force agitation, has the following consolatory reflections on the subject:—'After all, compared with the sentence passed upon O'Connell and his companions, Messrs. Pigott and O'Sullivan can hardly complain of theirs while the law continues in its present state. Neither O'Connell nor the other traversers had ever employed any language in either speaking or writing, which could be tortured even into the semblance of sedition. There was no conspiracy existing in the country in their time. No outrage had occurred; no outrages had been committed. There was no organization in America openly menacing invasion of Ireland. The O'Connell agitation was peaceful and indigenous, unattended with public disturbances, strictly constitutional in every sense of the word; sanctioned by the authority of the Church, and therefore loyal; and participated in by some of the best and highest characters of the day. Young Ireland and the party to which the present prisoners belong had not as yet introduced the revolutionary element into the national agitation; and yet O'Connell and the other traversers were punished as severely as Messrs. Pigott and Sullivan are, except that the rigour of prison discipline as they exist at present were then unknown—an exception, it must be confessed, which makes a very serious difference in the punishment.'

In opening the commission at the Armagh Assizes, Judge Battersby made some remarks upon the state of the country at present compared with what it was in former years, and gave the following explanation of it:—'Down to a very recent period a species of crime, called agrarian outrage, prevailed all over Ireland, but I am happy to say that to all the countries through which we have passed I have seen no trace of it. In your country there is not the slightest vestige of it. As to the origin of that species of crime, and what has been the cause of its wholly ceasing,

down to the year 1832 the system of underletting on very small quantities of land, for the purpose of creating 40s freeholders, had led to a subdivision of the soil to such an extent that it was thought to be a public misfortune. In 1815, at the end of the French war, the value of agricultural produce fell to so low a rate that a great number of those small proprietors were absolutely ruined, and the land could not sustain all the inhabitants that were upon it. That became a universal subject of complaint and in the year 1828 the Subletting Act was passed. The effect of that act was to prevent subdivision for the future, and the natural consequence of it was to remove from the land a large proportion of that population which had previously occupied these small tenements. In 1832 came the Reform Act, which provided a £10 vote instead of a £2 vote. That created the necessity of dispossessing a great proportion of the population. After that came the repeal of the Corn Laws, and that, again, necessarily occasioned the dispossession of an immense number of tenants, the price of the produce of the land having been lowered. After that came the famine, which brought things to a crisis, and left an immense population in a state of destitution. In consequence of that famine emigration burst in a torrent on this country about the year 1847. Gentlemen, that immense torrent of emigration which flowed to America is now ceasing in violence, and it is to be hoped that it will cease altogether. Throughout all that period there were on your part, as magistrates and proprietors of land, duties of the most arduous and difficult nature to perform, and it is known throughout the country, beyond question, that no class of men could have conducted themselves better under such trying circumstances than the magistrates and landed proprietors did throughout that period. It has been attempted by many to fix upon the owners of land all the misfortune and blame, if blame there was, and also the mass of misery that prevailed in the country throughout that period. Nothing could be more unjust. The fault, if fault there was, was that of the Imperial Legislature, over which you had no control. They tie your hands, and fix you down to a certain course of proceeding from which you could not escape. To say that a man possessing landed property must starve himself to maintain a large population at his expense is utterly at variance with every principle of law and justice. I mention these things to you now, for so far as I can see, you are in the position the English people were when they had no opportunity of having recourse to manufactures, and when they had the opportunity of emigrating to the colonies. I trust the rest of Ireland will soon be in a position as you appear to be—that is, a combined population, the country perfectly cultivated, and prospect of the population settling down into a happy and prosperous state.

The stratagems used by the speakers in Dublin to prop up their unholy cause, and the sophistry they used are as amusing as they are ridiculous. Mr. J. H. Nunn demanded the maintenance of Protestant institutions under the Bill of Rights. Had he said under the Bill of Wrongs, he would have been more accurate; for the titles, properly speaking belong to the Catholics, and a gross wrong deprived them of them. Mr. Byrne, T. C. said the Act of Union was a treaty by which the Established Church should be maintained. But the Act of Union was a fraud on Ireland, and sound Protestant lawyers said, 'it might be maintained by force, but it could not be made binding on consciences.' The Rev. Mr. Keane proposed a resolution, stating that the Protestant religion, being based on the Word of God, it should be supported whether its congregations were large or composed of a few units. Well let those who think so, put their hands in their pockets and sustain it. The Catholics believe it is not based upon the Word of God, but on cross errors. Besides, the Word of God says: 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods,' and this is what the teachers and preachers of Protestantism have been doing for three centuries when they carried away the blanket and food of the widow and orphan and gave them nothing in return.—*Dunalk Democrat*.

Mr. G. F. Traill toppled over completely on Saturday. An afternoon lecture was announced, but when he came to deliver it he found an audience of only about 150 people in a room which holds 4,000. The performance was abandoned altogether. An evening lecture for 'Ireland's working men,' who were admitted at a reduced price, was then resorted to, but the expectation of a crowd was not fulfilled. He declared his intention to visit Sligo this week and lecture for the benefit of Judge Keogh during the trial of Nagle. He had a long interview on Saturday with Colonel L. K. Commissioner of Police, and General Lorcum, the Under Secretary at the Castle, respecting some papers which were taken from him at Queenstown, and which he was informed, were removed to London.

During a debate on the Irish question, Lord Mayo made an explanation with regard to the Fenian prosecutions. He said that the offer of pardon made to Johnson, who was accused of participating in an illegal procession, was not held out to Sullivan and Pigott, the Dublin editors, for the reason that the cases were widely different. McKay, who was recently tried at Cork on a charge of murder and acquitted, was to stay put upon trial again, on a charge of treason felony. Messrs. M. Gray, Corydon and M. Llaney are the chief witnesses against the prisoner.

The Dublin correspondent of the *Morning Post* writing from Dublin on Thursday night says:—'An outrage, supposed to be of a Fenian character, was perpetrated at 15, Grigg's lane, in this city, at nine o'clock to-night. A number of shop assistants were drinking, and a dispute having arisen, one of the party named Bisco was shot in the groin; the others escaped. A six-barrelled revolver was found in the street, with one barrel exploded; the others were loaded. Six arrests have been made in connection with the affair. Bisco, in his dying depositions, stated that he cannot identify the party who shot him.'

DUBLIN, March 16th.—Rooney, Kullery, Lawless and Hurley are the names of the four Fenians of the Jacmel party, who have just been released by the British Government, on condition of their returning to America. It is reported that all their companions including Gen. Nagle, who were arrested at Duncannon, will also be released on the same terms.

The Lord Mayor in reply to the false charges made in public print and alluded to in the House, said, Sullivan and Pigott, the Dublin editors, now in Richmond prison are treated with leniency. They are not compelled to wear the prison uniform; they are allowed to select their own table, and have all the exercise they desire.

DUBLIN March 18.—Mr. W. Johnson the Orange Secretary, who was imprisoned in the county of Down for taking the lead in an alleged illegal procession, had been made a candidate for Parliament from the city of Belfast.

John Joseph Corridon, the informer, took his departure yesterday, per the royal mail steamer, from Kingston. It is thought his services are required by the Crown at some of the English assizes.—*Dublin Freeman*, Feb. 29.

Fifteen of the Protestant processionists on the 12th of July and 28 Catholics and 14 Protestants charged with riot on Lady-day have received notice to that effect. The 17 July processionists and the 16 Lady-day rioters will be put on their trial.

The *Belfast News Letter* repeats the statement that Government have abandoned the prosecution against a large number of the persons sent for trial for breaches of the Party Processions Act.

CORK, March 17.—An attack was made last night upon the house of Esquire Pigott, near this city, by a party of men in disguise, but the assailants were driven off.