

estimate the prodigious vastness of the United States, not speaking of the British Provinces of North America. We may form some vague notion of the gigantic whole by referring to a single State as an illustration, and comparing it with what is most familiar to our own mind. If we look to California—that State whose golden sands are washed by the Pacific, and in which the Irish emigrant has marvellously thriven—we find that the quantity of land, or millions of acres, yet unsurveyed, exceeds in extent the entire area occupied by England and Scotland, Ireland, and the Channel Islands. America is capable of receiving, without inconvenience, the surplus population of the Old World; and possibly in the design of Providence, it may be her destiny to do so. Everything belonging to America is on a scale of grandeur unknown to European experience. Her rivers, flowing for thousands of miles from their source, and passing through various climates; here reflecting the hardy pine in their clear waters, there sweeping through the region of the cotton and the sugar cane, and whirling along in their impetuous current masses of rich soil, teeming with the exuberance of tropical vegetation—her lakes, inland seas, on which tall ships are wrecked, and over whose storm-swept surface a mighty stream of traffic and commerce is continually borne, and compared to which our most boasted lakes are as the ornamental ponds in a gentleman's park—her plains, to cross which in safety is at once a peril and a triumph, and to which the railway, with its comfort and its speed, is almost as necessary as the Cunard or the Inman steamship is to the Atlantic—its forests, seemingly limitless, through which, in many districts, one may pass for an entire day without seeing aught beyond an occasional shanty, or the first rude outline of a future town, ere long to become the busy lazar of man; forests, presenting a strange semblance to the economy of human life—youth occupying the place of age, vigor of decay—the sturdy tree of yesterday's growth, with spreading limbs and head crowned with leafy splendor, shooting up amidst the gaunt frames and blanched crests of withered old age—its iron treasures disdaining, as it were, to lie hidden in the bowels of the earth, and lifting themselves above the soil with the bulk and elevation of a mountain—its coal-fields by many times exceeding those with which Europe lights her myriad furnaces, borrows her wondrous motive power—one may say the very breath and life of her civilization and her power—and derives the cherished comfort of the domestic hearth. Nor are the people of America unworthy of the country they occupy, or unequal to the destiny that manifestly awaits them.

Perhaps there is no people in the world with a stronger faith in the power of human energy, and as a consequence, a truer conception of the dignity of human labor. The Americans do not despise—far from it—the reflected lustre of a staid ancestry, nor the distinction transmitted through the statesman or the patriot, the warrior or the poet; but they are not ashamed to admit—rather, they glory in proclaiming—that the hand now wearing on it the most delicate kid of Paris, was once horny with honest toil; or that the sturdy shoulders on which glisten the finest broadcloth of the looms of Yorkshire, were once protected from the cold of winter by the rude garb of the day-laborer. This respect for industry, and reverence for the skill of the brain, the cunning of the hand, and the sweat of the brow, should put to shame the miserable snobbery of the Old World; in which contemptible weakness we Irish—and I acknowledge it with profound humiliation—share far too largely for our credit and our country's advantage. For skill in invention, readiness of resource, perseverance in industry, boldness in enterprise, courage under difficulty, no people surpass the Americans.

But there is something more grand and striking in the American people—which will shed the brightest glory on their annals, and which I witnessed with astonishment and admiration—how, almost instantaneously after the boom of the last hostile gun was heard on their stupendous battle-fields, the sword was turned into the ploughshare; and how soldiers, bronzed in war, and hardened in well-nigh ceaseless conflict, laid down their animosities with their weapons, and quietly and without ostentation, resumed the profession, the trade, the industry, from which the shrill maddening of the trumpet had summoned them to the dangers and the glories of the camp. And of the various nationalities that in their aggregate constitute the population or people of America, there were none who, under both flags—Union and Confederate—fought with more splendid valor or more desperate heroism, or who, when the deadly strife was at an end, desired more earnestly to bury its bitter memories in patriotic and Christian oblivion, than those of our own race and blood.

You would naturally pronounce that man mad who ventured to sea in a vessel without a rudder or helm to guide her course. Scarcely less demented is he who rushes to America without having a distinct object and purpose in view. The sea in its anger is not more fatal to him who is unprepared to brave its storms, than is America to the emigrant who is unsuited to fight his way against difficulties, or who carries his special aptitudes or distinctive qualifications to the wrong place, or to the pursuit or employment for which he is unfit, or not prepared by previous training. To this want of proper forethought, this luckless selection of the wrong place and the wrong pursuit, more than to any other cause, must be traced, not only the thousands of disastrous wrecks of hope and energy that are to be perpetually witnessed in the great cities of America, but the discredit which is too often brought upon the Irish name and character. It would appear almost idle to repeat that which everybody knows—that Ireland is an agricultural country; that the bulk of her population have been born amidst green fields; that the grateful sounds of nature and the pleasant scenes of rural life, were those which first arrested their attention; that the plough and the harrow, the spade and the sickle, were the implements most familiar to their hands; that the cultivation of the soil—if not the most ancient and most dignified, certainly the most useful of all human occupations—was that to which they had been unconsciously trained, as well by the necessary operations of the revolving seasons, as by the example of those who went before them. In their own country, the thoughts and feelings of the Irish are centred in the soil. The strongest passion of the heart of the Irish peasant is his love of the land on which his fathers lived and toiled; his most ambitious hope is to be able to transmit, not even its possession, but its occupation, to his children and his children's children, an inheritance only less sacred than that of his faith. Nor in other countries does

his love of the land desert the Irishman; for when ever he becomes possessed of what he so much covets at home, he clings to it with a desperate tenacity—roots himself into it, and becomes, as it were, incorporated with the very soil. The American will coolly surrender to the readiest bidder his farm, whether wholly or partially cleared, and push on to a new scene of action, which affords a wider field for his energies, or a more favorable provision for his family; but the Irishman—Irish-born—will never voluntarily relinquish the land he has redeemed from the wilderness, or purchased with his hard-earned savings. He will add to his farm, if he can; if frugality and thrift and stern self-denial will accomplish his object; but give it up, even to a good buyer and pass on in search of a new home, he will not. How, then, comes it that a rural people, a people whose love of the land is a passion at home, do not, when they emigrate, turn instinctively to the land—to the limitless plains and forests of the New World, that woo and wait for the sturdy energy of a vigorous and hardy race? Why is it that they rush to the cities, whose population they unduly swell, and whose resources, of labor and employment, they strain far beyond their utmost capacity? There were many causes—some of them independent of his own wishes or action, some to which he too easily yielded—that controlled the movements and influenced the destiny of the Irish emigrant in times now past, yet not remote. I can but barely enumerate, not describe, some of these many causes to which I am owing what I—in common with very many of the best and wisest of our kindred, who have spoken to me in America, or who had written to me since on this special subject—regard as a calamity inexplicably and grievous. Enormous masses of our people were driven across the ocean, either by the pressure of poverty or the power of the law—by the road of starvation, or the resistless logic of the crowd; and considering the circumstances under which they left their own country, and the little means they possessed on landing in America, and means the impossibility of their making their way to places where they were most required, and where their labor would have yielded them the best return, it is not to be wondered at that too large a proportion of them stopped in the towns and cities, and were absorbed in their populations. Even where the emigrant possessed both money and enterprise, fraud, in too many instances, succeeded in robbing him of the one, and paralyzing the other; for fraud, in various cunning guises, but ever inspired by villainous greed, dogged the footsteps of the emigrant in the streets of Liverpool, followed him in the steerage of the crowded sailing ship, met him with smiling face and friendly accents on the wharves of New York, pursued him to his lodging-house, and, with the bogus railway or steamboat ticket, and false money, struck him the last blow as he strove to make his way to the land, and escape from the temptations and perils of the city. Then the ready employment to be had where houses were being built, and works of various kinds were constantly in progress; the facility of attending his place of worship, and of educating his children; with the love of the Irish for association and fellowship—these causes and others, including the natural fascinations of a town life to the mind of the simple peasant, let to that habit so fatal to our countrymen, and—I say it in solemn seriousness—so disastrous to the honor of our name and country. No doubt, many of those who were thus thrown on the American seaboard, and whose power of pushing on to the land was denied by poverty, or crippled by fraud, found a home and made a fortune in the great cities. These were, however, the fewer in number; more hewers of wood and drawers of water; while too large a proportion of those whose lot was henceforth that of hard toil and scanty recompense, affected materially by depression of business, panic in trade, and even the inclemency of the seasons—fell lower in the social scale, and were to be heard of most frequently in the haunts of vice and dissipation; until at length, broken in health and lost in character, they flung themselves as a dead weight on the public charities, or became absorbed in the worst or most dangerous class in the community. It is true, there is scarcely a town in America—in the British Provinces or the States—in which are not to be found prosperous Irishmen, many of whom came out poor as Job, their only capital being health, strength, and willingness to work at anything that offered an honest employment. In no few cities of America the Irish possess considerable wealth, and exercise much influence; and in every profession, business, pursuit and occupation, they take a prominent and creditable place. There was not a place in which I stopped for a day in which the property owned by Irishmen, and humble Irishmen too, was not pointed out to me with pride by a countryman—the 'lot' just purchased, and certain ere long to be twice its then value—or the lot whose value had been amazingly enhanced by the rapid growth of town or city. It is true that prosperous and independent Irishmen are to be met with everywhere in America, and that a vast number of them enjoy an honorable and even distinguished position in their adopted country; but it is equally true that many, many thousands, are socially and morally wrecked in the foul waters of the great cities—lost, utterly and irredeemably lost, through the first and fatal error of not having sought the right place for their industry.

Nothing is more natural than prejudice of race and country. This exists in America as it does in Europe—as it does in these countries. And when the American sneers at the Irish, from any motive—possibly one of party, possibly one of religion—he thinks only of those who are not a credit to their race; while he gives no consideration to that noble army of patient workers, to the multitudes of good and useful citizens who, by their virtues and their industry, add to the greatness of America, and reflect lustre on the country of their birth. Now, I would, if possible, prove that which, more than any cause of which I am aware, tends to lower the Irish in the esteem of the Americans; by counselling those who will emigrate, to seek the right place for their industry and capacity; and impugning my countrymen in America who possess influence, to employ it in inducing those still capable of feeling themselves from the allurements of a town life, and who have the heart to face the temporary trials and difficulties incidental to making a home on the land, to do so without loss of time.

And not only in the great cities of America, but in the great cities of England and Scotland—in mines, and factories, and workshops, as on wharves and highways—employed in the rudest and most precarious labor—are myriads of Irish who, had they, or those of them who could have done so, at once turned their faces to the forests and plains of America, instead of crossing a narrow channel, and contenting themselves with a miserable lot, would now be in independent circumstances, with a brighter prospect for their old age than the cold charity of a parish, or, more probable still, eventual transmission to their native union, there to moulder away in a workhouse-ward, and rot in a pauper's grave. If I would advise any of my countrymen to emigrate, it would be those to whom I now refer—who, having abandoned the healthful labor of the field, sought ungenial employment, amidst unsympathizing communities. I have seen Irishmen in Glasgow, or Liverpool, or Manchester, or London, where they had no chance of doing any permanent good for themselves and their families, and who went bravely out on the land in search of a home—I have seen them contented and prosperous, respected for their worth and industry; and I have heard them bless the hour they listened to those who counselled them to their fortunate change of scene and occupation. Were it possible for men to do so, I would take my countrymen

from where their virtues are unappreciated, their manners are derided, and their simplicity of character suffers rapid and fearful deterioration. I would inspire them, in the midst of their rude and thankless toil, with the sustaining hope of social redemption. I would urge them to save and hoard in preparation for this great venture—and though a few of those who tried the experiment might falter or fail in the attempt, I feel satisfied that the majority would succeed in creating an independence for themselves, and laying the foundation of prosperous families. No doubt some resolutions are necessary for a humble working man to venture on so great a change; but where there is the will there is also the way; and that way has led to the good fortune of hundreds of thousands of Irishmen, who were as poorly furnished with the world's wealth as those of their class who now live from hand to mouth in the cities and great towns of England and Scotland. To them, as to their brethren similarly circumstanced in America—that is, those who were born on the land, and trained from their youth to its cultivation—I would say, in God's name, and for the sake of your own and children's happiness, shake the dust of the city from your feet and turn your footsteps to the homes which you can make yours by little more of toil or trial, or suffering, than you had to endure in occupations which have left you small recompense, and no hope for the future.

I do not assume to myself the responsibility of advising my countrymen, who are bent on emigrating, where they ought to go. I but desire to impress upon them the danger—nay, the disastrous consequence—of not going to the right place. There is no difficulty whatever in obtaining land in America. It abounds in all directions. It is to be had everywhere—in every State, in every county, in every district. There are farms to be had, either partially or wholly cleared; farms too small for the necessity or ambition of their proprietors; or farms which their owners consider exhausted, but which the Irishman knows how to bring back to condition. Then there are Government lands, to be had at the lowest prices or on the simplest conditions—to be had, in fact, for their mere occupation; and lands in the possession of railroad companies, or less moderate terms, but with the advantage of facilities for the transit of agricultural produce. In every State the settler will meet with a friendly welcome. States now vie with each other in representing their rival attractions and advantages. Southern States, I know, ardently desire some share of that priceless stream of human wealth which is enriching other portions of the Union. They long for some of that fresh energy which is driving back the forest, and carving civilization into the depths of the wilderness—that is building up cities and forming thriving communities thousands of miles from where the wave of European emigration first touches the eastern shores of the New World. I do not venture to indicate the State to which the emigrant should direct his steps, nor the description of land which he ought to select. I simply say, any State, any land—anything, or anywhere, rather than the city, its dangerous fascinations, its deadly contamination—anything, or anywhere, for the Irish peasant who leaves his own home with the bloom of health on his cheek, and a simple purity of the country in his mind and heart, rather than the precarious occupation of a day-laborer in a crowded city, and the costly occupation of a garret or a cellar in a tenement-house. Some will recommend prairie land; others timber and prairie; others forest. The medium appears to be the best. But let the emigrant face the gloomiest forest that ever shrouded the earth with its leafy horror, and with his bold arm open its recesses to the sunlight; and the sturdy pioneer of civilization will in a few years have a result—home and independence—such as the longest and hardest life of toil in city or in town could never achieve for him. To any one who has the means of living in his own country, I say do not go across the ocean in search of a home; but to those who are bent on going, and who will go, and whom no advice or prayer can influence to remain, I say—push on bravely, and do not linger a moment more than necessary in a city lodging-house. If he is to go, let it be at the right time, when the soil of Spring is freeing the earth from the shackles of the rigorous Winter, and agricultural servants are at a premium. If he land at New York, as he most likely will, he may learn, at the office in the Castle Garden, where there is a demand for labor such as he has been accustomed to; and if he is without money to push on at once to the place of his ultimate destination, a few months' saving of his pay as a farm-hand will enable him to go further, until he reaches the spot that he feels to suit him, or which he has marked out in his own mind as the scene of his future exertions. I repeat where there is the will, there is sure also to be the way.

The path of the modern emigrant may still be rough, but it is no longer encumbered with the difficulties that beset his predecessor of fifty, or thirty, or even twenty years since. There are facilities of travel in every direction, of steamboat and of rail; and no emigrant whatever by his creed, need now fear that in any part of Canada or the States he will be far from the reach of the ministrations of his church. In former times, many a humble Irishman trudged his ten and twenty miles through forest track—frequently with a child by his side or on his back—to listen to the voice of his clergyman on the Sunday; and in former times too, the priest or the minister had to make periodical circuits of hundreds of miles to teach and console his scattered flock. It is only in a very rare instance that such a state of things, or anything approaching to it, is to be met within the present day; for let the emigrant turn his footsteps where he may, he is almost certain to find a church, a pastor and a congregation, within easy reach. Education also follows the march of the pioneer; and there is little fear that the youth of the country will grow up without that knowledge which, aided by the holler teaching of his home, fits him for the duties of citizenship, and prepares him for the battle of life. Thus there is no excuse for the agricultural emigrant to linger in the city, and risk the influence of its contagion.

I have seen the Irishman who came out a peasant, with nothing whatever but his strength and his acquaintance with rural life—who manfully faced the forest with his axe, and with his own hand erected the first shelter with the branches of the tree that fell beneath his sturdy blows—I have seen him in the midst of modest affluence, surrounded by his children and his grandchildren, not a few of whom had been educated in colleges of repute, and were filling positions of credit, or preparing for a learned profession. I have beheld this venerable Irishman in his American home, crowned with the simple dignity of the patriarch, and honored by his offspring, who were proud of his worth, his energy, and his success; and as I viewed this picture of the happy lot of the Irishman who made the wise selection in the supreme moment of his destiny, I thought to myself, what would have been his fate and theirs, had he remained in the city, instead of having gone into the country, for which he was fitted by habit and by sympathy?

While the main purpose of this address is to appeal to the agricultural emigrant, and so far as voice and counsel of mine can do so, to guide him to the proper place for his special industry, I must not omit a word of advice to a class of adventurers who have to encounter even greater peril than have those whose only capital is their physical strength. I would earnestly caution those who leave their home in search of situations, and who, with the sanguine credulity of youth, believe that there are to be had for the mere application in any of the great cities of America, against the terrible danger of delay. I would warn them against exhausting what little money they possess, in their search for what they consider would meet out their talent or capacity; or indulging in the Mieswether policy—waiting for something to turn up—while their clothes are wearing out at the elbows, and whitening at the seams, and their boots are

falling alike in upper and in sole. My solemn advice—based upon a multitude of cases, many full of sorrow, many full of comfort—is that they should grasp at any employment rather than wait on from day to day, rising in the morning with declining hope, and lying down at night with sickening despair. Clothes will become shabby, so will boots, so will hats, almost as rapidly as the last dollar will melt into the last cent; and then what is to become of the helpless stranger, far away from home and friends? For the respectable, tenderly reared young Irishman, I can conceive nothing more sad or terrible than to be caught in such a dilemma as this. Let him rather accept any employment, however rude, however foreign to his taste or repugnant to his pride—anything that, being honest, will give him the means of living, and thus of waiting in safety for the right time and favorable opportunity. I have the pleasure of knowing Irishmen in various parts of America, holding excellent positions, and standing well in public esteem, who had to put their native pride under foot, and do work of which they never dreamed themselves capable until the necessity for doing it became inexorable. They drove carts, trundled barrows, rubbed down horses; they attended mechanics; they worked with the spade and crowbar; they earned and saved the punctually-paid dollars, and were ever on the watch to do better—to rise out of their lowly position, and assume that for which they were suited by education and previous training. Nor did they watch in vain; for they too enjoyed an independence, not the less sweet, nor the less honorable, because of early trial and momentary humiliation.

To the striver, and the man with small capital, I would suggest, whether it might not be more prudent to turn towards the new States and rising cities, rather than crowd the places in which competition is keener, and chances are necessarily fewer. What the famous cities were some years ago, rising cities are at the present day; and with 'lots' to be still had on favorable terms, but which must increase enormously in value with the progress of the city and the district—are, in my judgment, best for the adventurer; unless as may possibly be the case, work, or the opportunity of investment awaits him in one of the old places, where he has friends who are willing to assist and help him. I know many wealthy Irishmen who were fortunate enough to pitch their tent in the midst of a rising city, and whose affluence is mainly owing to their judicious selection and wise forethought.

But there is one class to whom America can only afford a shameful grave—drunkards. Let the drunkard remain at home, where sorrowing relatives will throw the veil of family affection over his errors, and a compassionate people will speak tenderly of his madness. Let him seek the shade amidst those who knew him in better days, and die amidst the prayers of those who tried in vain to wean him from disgrace. But let him not bring his shame to America, or add to the number of those who bring discredit to the name Irishman. He can do no good in America, but much evil. No one will trust him, or employ him; and so surely as he ventures amidst strangers, with his miserable infatuation, he will find himself spurned, despised, walked over—trampled into the mire of the most abject poverty and degradation. For the sober, self-respecting Irishman, America has everywhere a welcome; but for the drunkard, there is nothing but scorn and contempt, failure and despair. If he can not cure himself at home, let him remain there; let him not do dishonor to his name and race in a new country.

I have now done my task, with what imperfectness of manner no one can be more conscious than I am. I might possibly have sought to enliven this address with illustrations of a humorous and cheerful nature; but I confess I was too much in earnest in my intention, and the subject is also too grave for mere amusement. I brought no stronger impression with me from America than that which I have sought to communicate to my hearers; and I do not urge on me with greater solemnity by the worthiest and most distinguished of my countrymen, from the day I landed in Halifax, to the day I left New York, than that of warning those who were yet to leave Ireland from the dangers of overcrowded cities, and advising them, to push on to the land, as people of other nationalities have done, and continue to do, with system and success. The Irish have done much for America, as America has for the Irish race; but the Irish could do much more for America, and infinitely more for their own fame and honor, if those whose youth was spent amidst the green fields and beautiful hills and valleys of their native home, would turn with strong and grateful hearts to the new lands which Providence has prepared for their reception, and has specially fitted them to conquer, cultivate, and enjoy.

#### THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN ON THE PROPOSED COLLECTION FOR THE FAMILIES OF THE FENIAN PRISONERS.

The following letter appeared in the Freeman's Journal of Saturday 13th ult.

Very Rev. BRETHREN—A notice has just been sent to me by the honorary secretary of a body called the Central Amnesty Committee, that they propose to make a collection at the doors of all the Catholic churches in Ireland in favour of the 'lately released Fenian prisoners and their families. The secretary adds that he is instructed to ask for my co-operation in carrying out this humane act in the diocese of St. Patrick's Day, a request which has surprised me as no one inquired whether I approved of this undertaking or not. In reply to the request, conveyed to me in the name of the Amnesty Committee, I beg you will announce to your flock, if you think it necessary, that I will take no part in this movement, and that I will give no permission, direct or indirect, for the proposed collection at our churches. You all recollect that within the last eight years I repeatedly exhorted the Fenians, in season and out of season, to withdraw from the evil course on which they had entered, and cautioned them against the dangers to which they were exposing themselves, their families, and the country. I often informed them that they could not be admitted to the sacraments unless they renounced Fenianism, and that if they remained in the brotherhood they would incur the same censures as Ribbonmen, Freemasons, and members of all other secret societies, and that, like them, they would be cut off as rotten branches from the Church. And here I must bear testimony to the zeal with which you, rev. brethren, co-operated with me in preventing the spread of condemned societies, and to the charity with which you laboured to preserve every member of your flocks from danger or destruction. Thanks be to God, you have not laboured in vain. Your children, in general, listened to you in a spirit of docility and obedience, and hence you had the happiness of observing that the revolutionary contagion spread very little among them. However, there were some who displayed a different spirit; deluded by a false patriotism, or carried away by the revolutionary spirit of the age, they disregarded the paternal exhortations of their pastors, set at naught their counsels, and put at defiance the censures of the Church. Every one knows what sad consequences followed. Some misguided people were induced to take up arms and to assail the public forces, but the scenes which took place in the neighborhood of Dublin, at Tallaght, and elsewhere, soon proved that they had not the remotest chance of success, and an opportunity was given to the enemies of the country to taunt the Irish with being fools, ready to embark in a hopeless enterprise, and onwards prepared to fly as soon as the first shot should be fired. All this is now passed, the clouds that menaced the country have been dissipated, and Ireland is in so peaceful a state that those who had been sentenced to a long and painful imprisonment happily have been set at liberty, and are about to be, liberated by the clemency of her Majesty's Government. Prudence, in my opinion, ought to have suggested to their friends to allow those whose fathers had been struck off to pass quietly through the

world, to turn to some useful occupation, to endeavor to retrieve past losses by attending to industrial pursuits. The liberated prisoners, being very few in number, could easily have provided for themselves. It was not to be supposed that there were in immediate want, for the Amnesty Committee is said to have allotted to each of them a sum of money sufficient to meet present emergencies; and besides, it was stated in the public papers some time ago that large sums had been sent from America, for the use of their families. On one occasion I collected having seen in a single acknowledgment that a thousand pounds had been received for the same purpose. However, some friends, apparently very indiscreet, not satisfied with all this, have determined to undertake a collection in all the churches of Ireland, and they have fixed on St. Patrick's Day for holding it in this diocese. I am always unwilling to oppose anything tending to relieve human misery and purporting to assist those who are in distress; but I cannot look on the present movement as coming from the pure spirit of charity. In the first place, the small number of liberated prisoners, scarcely forty in all, who are in want of assistance, forbids us to suppose that a general collection through all Ireland is intended as a mere measure of relief. It seems rather to be a political stratagem to obtain from the country a mark of approbation of the conduct of the released prisoners, and an admission to the cause for which they suffered. Perhaps there is something more in it. Is it not an attempt to stultify the Catholic clergy by making them identify themselves with Fenianism, which they have constantly opposed for many years, and inducing to sanction secret societies, repeatedly denounced from their altars, as under the anathemas of the Church, and most dangerous and destructive. Besides, as charity is indiscriminating, it is to be remembered that in this city there are tens of thousands of widows and orphaned, distressed artisans, traders unsuccessful in business, sick and indigent roomkeepers, all pining away in direful misery, brought on, not by their own faults or crimes, but by the uncertain course of human events or the calamity of the times. Should not the claims of those classes so worthy of compassion, be preferred to the demands of others who blithely have rushed into danger, and despising the counsel of friends and the authority of superiors, have brought ruin and misfortune upon themselves? These few observations appear to me, Rev. Brethren, quite sufficient to mark out for us the course which we ought to follow in reference to the course of which we are now treating. Before I conclude you will allow me to add, that at present we congratulate the country, though it has still much to suffer, on being free from crime and from secret and illegal combinations. The measures proposed by the Prime Minister for the welfare of Ireland, if adopted by parliament, will improve our condition, and largely contribute to spread contentment and produce harmony among all classes; still, to assist in obtaining so important an object we must be watchful lest the cockle should spring up again, and it will be useful to remind our flocks from time to time that all who enrol themselves in secret societies tending to overthrow the true Church or civil society, such as Fenians, Ribbonmen, and Freemasons, are condemned by the Church and subjected to excommunication and other ecclesiastical penalties. It will be also well to inculcate on your hearers that the best patriots are those who properly discharge the duties of their state of life, who live in a Christian manner, and who, when seeking for the redress of the many grievances of their country, determine to avoid everything injurious to their neighbor, or contrary to the law of God.—Wishing you every blessing, I remain your faithful servant.

† PAUL CARD. CULLEN, Archbishop of Dublin.

Dublin, 12th March, 1869.

#### IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

March 8.—The circumstances under which the Monaghan Assizes have been suddenly wound up have excited very general dissatisfaction, and will probably form a subject of inquiry in 'another place.' It is stated to be the first instance on the circuit in which a challenge to the array on the ground of partisanship in the Sheriff has been offered, or, at least, sustained. The fact that another prisoner belonged to the opposite party had been acquiesced in by the friends of the prisoner on whose behalf the challenge was taken more vigilant and suspicious. Mr. Keenan the accused, was indicted for a murder committed on the night of the polling at the county Monaghan election. The deceased was an Orangeman, and the society of which he was a member took an active interest in the prosecution. The grounds of challenge were, in substance, that the panel had been partially prepared and unequalled persons put on by the High Sheriff and Sub-Sheriff, who were alleged to belong to the Orange Society and to be subscribers to the funds. Counsel for the Crown traversed all the grounds, except the statement that the Sub-Sheriff was an Orangeman. As the Sub-Sheriff is the officer who really prepares the lists, the fact is suggestive. The two persons appointed to try the challenge were the first who answered to their names from the jurors' list and happened to be both Catholics. In stating his objection to the panel Mr. Butt, Q.C., relied chiefly upon the disproportion of Catholics to Protestants. He remarked that official returns prove that the Catholics of the county number 30,000; while the Protestants of all denominations number only 30,000. With a panel of 230, if the Crown chose to exercise its right the prisoner's privilege of challenge would be of little avail. The jury would generally be selected from the first 70 names, and here the names had been so arranged that there were only seven Catholics in the first 70. A still more remarkable feature in the panel was that the jurors were selected from a low class of farmers, the most likely to be influenced by party prejudice. The district master and another member of the Orange Society were examined and swore that the High Sheriff was not an Orangeman, but the Sub-Sheriff was. There were about 30 lodges in the county, but they knew nothing of any subscription to carry on the prosecution. The attorney for the defence deposed to the facts stated by Mr. Butt. Captain O'Connell, the High Sheriff, swore that he was not an Orangeman or subscriber to the funds of the society. Mr. Mitchell, the Sub-Sheriff, explained that 'it was purely by accident' that so few Catholics were in the first 70 names. He could not tell how many Orangemen were on the panel, but could not swear that there were not 100. Mr. Justice Morris, in charging the jury, observed that discrepancy in the proportion of Protestants as Roman Catholics was not a matter of inquiry. A stupid Catholic should not be summoned because he was a Catholic, nor a stupid Protestant because he was a Protestant, merely to preserve the proportion, and he saw no reason to complain because the panel was large. He also told them that would form no disqualification for their respective offices if the Sheriff or Sub-Sheriff was a member of the Orange Society. The finding of the trial in favour of the challenge excited no little interest, and will afford ample grounds for further comment upon the theory and practice of jury picking in Ireland.—Times Cor.

THE COUNTY MONAGHAN JURY PANEL.—There is considerable consternation amongst the assize party in the county Monaghan. The game of years has been spoiled. The long panel prepared for the assizes has been quashed. Some persons say it was packed to convict the Catholics, but we will not go to that extent. At all events it has been quashed. Two respectable men have declared on their oaths that the sheriff, declared that the fault was not his. Mitchell, the sub-sheriff, also pleaded not guilty. He declared himself an Orangeman, and said he had been one for many years. He thought, however, forty-eight Catholics and two hundred and two