

of life, that there were woes and miseries in the hearts of their fellow-beings. Owen was remanded to prison, as his execution was not to take place till the commission was over, thus giving him more than a week to prepare for that final doom. The light that struggled through the bars of his cell rested fully on the stooping figure of his wife, as she bent over the rude bed on which he lay; and her hot tears fell fast down her cheeks, as she thought how soon they were doomed to part for ever. Hope was not, however, entirely dead within her, for the jury had strongly recommended him to mercy; and ignorant as she was of forms and ceremonies—helpless as lone woman in misfortune always is—she had determined on going to Dublin, to kneel at the feet of the Lord Lieutenant—then the proud and whimsical Duke of —, and there to solicit his pardon. Having hesitated for some time as to the manner in which she should break it to him, and ask his advice, she thus began—

“Owen, dear Owen! do you know what I’ve been thinkin’ ov, an’ where I’ve been thinkin’ ov goin’?”

There was no answer returned for some time, and on looking at him more earnestly, she was astonished to find that he had sunk into a profound slumber. “Guilt,” thought she, “is not there!” and her resolution was taken instantly—she would not wake him—she would not let him know her purpose—and if she succeeded, her eyes flashed through her tears at the anticipation of his rapturous surprise. Stooping lower, she gently pressed her lips to his; and kneeling beside his bed, poured forth a short but fervent prayer to Him in whom alone we can put our trust—“In whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind!”

“Who preserveth not the life of the wicked, but giveth right to the poor.” There was something exceedingly and touchingly beautiful in the attitude of that young wife—her hands clasped, her lips moving with her prayer, like rose-leaves with the evening breeze, and her upturned face, with its holy and deep religious expression. Having concluded her fervent petition, she noiselessly arose, and giving her sleeping husband one long and lingering look of affection, that death could not estrange, she silently glided from the cell.

On the third night from the events which we have narrated, a poor woman was observed wending her toilsome way through the streets of the metropolis. Her appearance bespoke fatigue and long travel; and as she neared the Upper Castle-gate, she had to lean against the railing for support. The lamps were lighted, carriages rolling to and fro, and all the buzz of life was ringing in her ears; but oh! from the expression of pain and suffering in her face, and the shrinking with which she surveyed the sentinels pacing up and down, it was evident that her mind but little accorded with the scenes by which she was surrounded. She slowly and fearfully entered the wide court-yard—a flood of light was streaming from the windows of the vice-regal dwelling, and a crowd of idlers stood round about, viewing the entrance of the visitors, for it appeared as if there were a revel of some kind going on. Ellen’s heart sank within her, as she heard the carriages rolling and dashing across the pavement, for she felt that amid the bustle of company and splendor her poor appeal must be entirely unnoticed. As she waited, she saw several of the persons assembled thrust rudely back by the soldiers that were on guard, and when she advanced a step or two for the purpose of entering, a brute in human shape pushed her with a blow of the end of his musket back against the pillar. He was about to repeat his violence, when the poor creature fell on her knees before him, and screamed—

“Sojer darlin’, don’t step me! I’m only goin’, in to play for my husband’s life, an’ shure you wont prevint me? I’ve travell’d many a wairy mile to get here in time; an’, oh! fur marcy’s sake let me pass.”

At this moment the carriage of the eccentric and beautiful Lady —, one of the wildest, strangest, and best hearted females of the Irish Court, set down its lovely burden. She had seen the whole transaction of the sentinel, and heard Ellen’s pathetic appeal, and her heart was instantly moved in her favor, for the example of fashion had not yet frozen up its finer feelings. Partly through the workings of a softened heart, and partly to make what was then all the rage, a scene or sensation, she resolved instantly to get her admitted to the presence of the Duke—nay, to present her herself. She was well known to be a favorite, and whatever whim of hers took place, no matter how extravagant, was sure to meet his hearty concurrence. She desired Ellen to rise and follow her; and the poor creature’s eyes streamed with tears as she invoked a fervent blessing on the head of her lovely protectress. While passing up the grand staircase, amid the wondering gaze and suppressed titter of many a pampered mien, she instructed her how to proceed; and having received a hasty account of all, and desired her not to be faint-hearted, she turned to the simpering master of the ceremonies to tell him of her “dear delightful freak?” there was a glad smile on her lip, and a glowing crimson on her cheek, but still there was a glistening moisture in her fine eyes, that told of soft and womanish feelings.

The Duke was sitting on a chair of crimson velvet; a cushion of the same costly material supported his feet; and he was looking with an appearance of apathy and ennui on the splendid group around him. The glitter of the lights, the lustre of the jewels, and the graceful waving of the many-colored plumes, gave every thing a courtly, sumptuous appearance, and the air was heavy with odors, the fragrant offering of many a costly exotic. Suddenly every eye was turned on the door with wonder and astonishment, and every voice was hushed as Lady — entered, her cheeks blushing from excitement, and her eye bright with anticipated triumph. She led the poor and humbly clad Ellen by the hand who dared not look up, but with her gaze riveted on the splendid carpet, was brought like an automaton to the feet of the Duke, where she mechanically knelt down.

“Will yer Excellency be plazed,” began Lady —, playfully mimicking the brogue, “to hear this poor creatur’s complaint. Her husband has

been condemned to die for a murder he didn’t commit by no manner of means, as the sayin’ is; an’ as there was a strong recommendation to marcy, if you’ll grant him a reprieve, you’ll have all our prayers, and (in an under tone) your Excellency knows you want them?”

The Duke seemed a little bewildered, as if he could not make out what it meant, and the glittering crowd now all surrounded the group; when Ellen, who had ventured to look timidly up, conceiving that the Duke hesitated about the pardon (poor creature! she little knew that he had not even heard of Owen’s trial) eagerly grasped the drapery of his chair, and while the big tears rolled from beneath her eyelids, exclaimed—

“Oh! may the great and just Providence, that sees the workin’ ov all our hearts, pour a blessin’ on yer Lordship’s head—may His holy grace be wid you for iver an’ iver, an’ do listen to my prayers! My husband is innocent—an’ oh! as you hope for marcy at the last day, be merciful now to him.”

“Lady —,” said the Duke, “what is the meaning of all this—will you explain?”

“Your Excellency,” answered she, in the natural sweet pathos of her tones, “it is a poor man who has been condemned to die on circumstantial evidence. He has been strongly recommended to marcy, and this weeping female is his wife. I found her outside praying for admission, and have brought her hither. She has travelled mostly on foot upwards of ninety miles to ask a pardon; and I trust you will not refuse a reprieve, till your Grace has time to inquire into the circumstance. This is the head and front of my offendin’.”

“May heaven bless yer Ladyship,” burst from the depths of Ellen’s grateful heart, “fur befrindin’ thim that had no support but his gracious marcy.”

Lady —’s suit was eagerly seconded by many a fair creature, who thronged around; and the Duke smiled, as he answered.

“Well, well! one could not refuse so many fair beseechers, so we will order him to be reprieved. And there now, let the poor woman be removed.”

Ellen’s heart was light, and her eye was glad, and her very inmost soul was thankful to the Omnipotent, as she that night rested for a few hours, ere she set out on her return; and Lady —, as she pressed her costly pillow, felt a fuller sense of happiness in being useful to her fellow-creature than ever she experienced before. Oh! that all the wealthy and in power were incited by similar feelings.

The remainder of our simple tale is soon told. The reprieve arrived—the sentence was changed to banishment—and the very day appointed for Owen’s death was that of his wife’s successful return. One week previous to the embarkation of those sentenced to transportation, a man was to be executed for sheep-stealing. On the drop he confessed his guilt, and that he, and not Duncan, was the murderer of Daly. Owen was immediately released, and a subscription raised for him, with which, as well as with a weighty purse presented to Ellen by Lady —, he took a comfortable farm, and rebought “Black Bess.”

DENIS O’DONOHU.

REV. DR. CAHILL

THE IRISH EMIGRANTS TO AMERICA RETURNING TO IRELAND.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

Alas! where can the poor persecuted Irish find a resting place from their sorrows: or is there an abyss below an abyss in their national sufferings? The newspaper, within the last month, state the melancholy facts that ships crowded with hundreds of the Irish were about to sail from New York; thus preferring the poverty of their native land, the Irish Poorhouse, and the Irish grave, to the misery felt at this moment in the States of America. This is a sad picture, and makes the case of Ireland, in reference to these homeless creatures a deplorable instance of mislegislation in some quarter or other. In no part of the entire globe can a similar tale be told—namely, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of its inhabitants first flying from home in terror of extermination; and then flying from larger horrors in a foreign land, where a money crisis and a consequent stagnation of trade and of employment make their condition a case of unavoidable famine or helpless mendicancy. Ireland pities these her poor children, but she cannot, alas! remedy their endless misfortunes: the cure of these and similar scenes of distress lies in acts of imperial and local legislation, at present placed beyond the most sanguine exertions of Ireland’s best friends. The unhappy fate of the Irish, referred to, has been graphically depicted by one whose sympathy and truth the Irish poor may rely on with implicit confidence: and whoever will take on himself the duty of reading the statement made in this case by the celebrated Thomas Francis Meagher will learn, beyond all dispute, that this is not the season for emigration to America; and that every new draft of adventurers from Ireland, will share the fate of their unhappy countrymen there—namely, when their little means are exhausted, and their hopes blasted, they must return on the same voyage of grief to the former scenes of their national despair.

It is a strange fact to see thousands of the subjects of England seeking a home in America and elsewhere, while the English Empire holds untenanted kingdoms sufficient to feed and support ten times, aye twenty times, her own population. It is almost an incredible assertion to write, that she will hire some thousands of Germans and French to fill her national services, while the bravest of her own subjects are standing at the gates of Washington, seeking employment, or begging bread for themselves and for their children in the alms-houses of Bunker’s Hill. All other European nations maintain their people in labor and in abundance, although far below England in national wealth; while England, with boundless territory, with an unrivalled commercial power, with an unfathomable amount of monetary resources, looks on in apathy while her people are driven from home as houseless

wanderers, and perish in painful destitution on the foreign shores of the neighbouring States. Spain has planted Spanish colonists in Andalusia and the West Indies; and she has expended on this system of home colonization sums which should otherwise be spent in hospitals, asylums, and poorhouses. Napoleon has also, from his own private purse, planned the formation of model farms in Algeria; and he has laid the foundation of making this province a French colony, in place of an African population: and he will reap the benefit of this benevolent scheme in the loyalty and the devotion of the children of France in Africa, England, with larger possessions, with an idle, a starving, an evicted population, and with more abundant money, will not follow this brilliant example: and thus end the wanderings, gratify the hopes, put a stop to the persecutions, and dry the tears of the faithful Irish people.

It is not intended in these remarks, that every man must be supported who wants bread; and that labor must be procured for every man who is idle, without reference to the former habits of extravagance, or the imprudence of the parties referred to. No, these observations of mine go only so far as to prove that the veriest stranger of Germany or Holland is encouraged, favored, treated with confidence, while the Irish, under similar circumstances, are neglected, despised, and looked on as aliens or enemies. Every page of our social history proves this singular incongruity; and while several amiable men in high station attempt to contradict these censures on the partialities of England against Catholic Ireland, my statement, and my accurate facts, can be read, not in Indian ink and paper, but in the official, practical exclusion, in the concerted social inferiority which are inflicted on us throughout the varied departments of the private and public service of the Empire. Fine words, generous sentiments, and liberal laws will dazzle foreign nations, and may for a season deceive even the Irish themselves; but a glance at the Army and Navy, a view at all the Public Offices, the discouragement of Irish manufacture and trade at home, will demonstrate to the most sceptical on this point that a system of fair promises but foul performance runs through the whole machinery of British legislation towards Ireland, which has eventuated in the melancholy results that form a part of the subject of my letter on this day. The common taunt, which every Irishman hears at every turn in London, is that “the Irish are always complaining;” and the next observation which is sure to follow this insult is, that we never do anything for ourselves, and are never satisfied with the favors we receive. This English gibe has been often replied to by the well-known saying of the drummer in Cromwell’s army, while in the act of flogging a poor Irishman. The poor victim writhing in agony, implored the drummer to strike him higher on the back, and then begged him to strike lower down, and then again higher up. The drummer replied—“It is the d— to please you; you are not satisfied wherever I strike you.” In fact our Irish complaints are sometimes laughed at, and the assertions of our grievances, and our petition, our earnest petition, for a change or cessation of our inflictions, are heard with apathy, and answered with disdain. Even the man who takes up the case of the Irish poor, and exposes the injustice of Irish grievances, is considered an unhappy, discontented disturber, and is often branded as a revolutionist, or a disloyal subject.

I am quite aware that many a man can grumble at the present order of things, while he never proposes the arrangement he would substitute for the laws to which he objects. I do not belong to this class. Nor do I hope that all Irish grievances can be removed in a year. The disorders of a nation must be cured by a slow process; and the minds of men cannot take up a new class of ideas except precisely as they learned their lessons at school, namely, by a slow advance every day. Change of old prejudices is a work far more difficult than the most abstruse problem in conic sections: and perhaps the point which is most unattainable in society is to surrender long-exercised power, or to receive on terms of political equality those who for centuries have been marked as inferiors. I am following the old prudent maxim of the illustrious O’Connell: I would only struggle for a reasonable instalment of justice at a time: and without alluding to several matters of great importance, I would confine the mind and the exertions of the Irish people at the present crisis to an organized plan of seeking the fulfilment of the old promised law of Tenant Right. The question has numerous advocates amongst the landed proprietors of Ireland and England: any color of a Cabinet which may be formed will not be hostile to a reasonable bill on the subject: and I firmly believe that it only requires the temperate, united force of the Irish tenantry to secure its speedy attainment. The granting this question to Ireland is a case of vital importance even to the English Government.

Within the last month have been made in the Incumbered Estates Court sales of land which have come up to the enormous price of forty-two years’ purchase: and in one instance, I believe, amounted to fifty-six years’ purchase. This fact, amongst many others, proves that land in Ireland is sold at this moment at a price which, under ordinary circumstances, must be ruinous in the end to the purchaser. Although the cases referred to are, of course, exceptions in point of high price, yet the rage for land in every rank of tenancy is so engrossing and the prices for every description of cattle and of agricultural produce are so unusually high, that we may fairly anticipate now the same reckless bidding for land which occurred during the wars of Napoleon. Without arguing in this place that the same fatal causes in this period of Ireland’s history will eventuate in the same fatal results of the last ten years, it is a clear case, that the unnatural price of land at one time must, when the natural scale returns, produce a proportional depression in payments: and that like the moon’s phases, Ireland will again pass through the same social darkness which has hung over her during the late famine and heartless expulsion of her people. Although Tenant Right will not produce all these

happy results which its enthusiastic advocates seem to expect, yet it will originate a system of confidence which will inspire the tenantry with new hopes, turn their minds to rely on their own exertions, and give to agriculture an encouragement which is the basis of national wealth, and indeed of national peace. Of late an apathy like the coldness of death seems to have seized on the advocates of the measure; and while some of the leaders of the bill are censured and others applauded, the people, in whose hands the success of the case rests, content themselves with the abuse or the praise of their neighbors without moving one step themselves towards this attainment. A powerful party from Ireland in the House of Commons might heretofore, under given circumstances, force the measure; but the day for such successful triumph has passed; and it would be far better, and wiser at present, to make friends than opponents in Parliament. To gain the ear of the House, to win their advocacy is a thing more attainable in these modern days than to challenge their strength and almost defy their hostility.

The voice of the whole people put forth under the skillful management of even one influential member from Ireland, would go far under these circumstances to secure success. I do not, indeed, hope just at this time to see Ireland united on this or any other national question. Our divisions, the bickerings of the best men, have of late irritated the temper of the nation, and Ireland has not recovered as yet from this unfortunate mental attitude. But the topic must not be dropped, the people must be kept in mind of their time, position, and interests: and at a more favorable turn of the public opinion we may hope to see tenant right renewed with more than usual earnestness. In order to approach this favorable moment with advantage, public meetings ought to be planned, leaders invited, the press engaged, the people constitutionally excited; and if all these desirable preliminaries were successfully arranged and skilfully carried out, I feel certain that the cabinet could be easily influenced at the very next session to meet the public request, expressed by the universal Catholic people, joined by our Protestant friends, and conveyed in temperate, respectful, and earnest language.

Nov. 26. D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE IRISH VICEROYALTY.—It is stated with seeming confidence in the *Evening Mail* that a Bill is in preparation—if not actually prepared—for the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland. The proposal will, of course, be encountered with the usual hostility by the people of Dublin, who are alone the parties interested in this continuous struggle to place this country on a level with Scotland as an integral portion of the Queen’s dominions. As upon former occasions, the motion for the extinction of the Irish Court may be again defeated, but everyone knows and feels that delay will be the only end achieved by the supporters of viceroyalty. The office is doomed, and no amount of local displeasure will save it from the fate that sooner or later awaits it.

PRIEST PROSECUTIONS.—As you will see by the law reports, the application for a prolongation of time to plead made on behalf of Father Conway was acceded to by the crown on Saturday evening, so the Reverend gentleman’s counsel will have sufficient opportunity of maturing the course resolved on for his defence. I met Father Conway last evening, and I can only say that a more genuine specimen of a real Irish Priest I have seldom conversed with. He is in person a frank, handsome fellow, and in manner mild and gentlemanly, with, however, a large infusion of Celtic enthusiasm, and a profound veneration for George Henry Moore. He is in the best spirits, and looks confidently to defeating the prosecution of the Attorney-General. It is not yet certain whether the trial will take place here or in Mayo, and although it has been stated that the venue is laid in that county, I can say that the locality has not yet been decided upon. It is a curious circumstance that towards the close of the last century an *ex-officio* information was filed by the crown against a gentleman of position in the county of Mayo for murder. In “Ireland sixty years ago” life was held cheap enough, and as in this instance the victim was a poor man, and his assailant a rich one, there was almost a certainty that the squire of Mayo would not find bills against the accused. He was accordingly brought to trial in Dublin; seventy-two jurors from Mayo were summoned; from that number, after challenges by his attorney, a jury was empanelled, and he was tried, convicted, and executed for the crime of which he was charged. If the government decide upon trying Father Conway here, it must be by Mayo jurors, and even on the indictment it would be a matter of difficulty to find a verdict if the defence which he has prepared will not render it altogether a matter of impossibility. I regret to say that the Rev. Mr. Ryan, the other Mayo traverser, is in so delicate a state of health as to cause uneasiness to his many friends. It has been proposed that a fund for the defence of Father Conway will forthwith be organized, and I hear it rumored that his Clerical brethren feel warmly interested in the result of the extraordinary and ill-judged prosecution that has been undertaken against him.—*Tipperary Free Press*.

PROSECUTION OF FATHER CONWAY.—Thank Heaven, we never trusted the Whigs, and never shall. In every Catholic country of Europe they have been sedulously sowing the seeds of dissension and infidelity, while some mistaken Catholics in this country looked upon them as the very pink of perfection. But the Irish heart is still sound, and the waves of corruption which threatened to overwhelm it are receding one by one, till, ere long, Irish opinion shall be more evident than there are no more dangerous enemies to the faith of Ireland than the Whigs. Dr. Cullen’s letter to Lord St. Leonards will show that we were right in denouncing them as the enemies of Ireland and the Irish faith, and we hope it will show also the mistakes which some well-intentioned men amongst us have made in favoring their corrupting policy in this country. The Priest-hunting which is now being inaugurated by this “base, bloody, and brutal party” will also serve to dispel the mists of Whiggery which have too long darkened our eyes, and hung like a pall over the heart of Ireland. The prosecution of Father Conway is a blow aimed at the political influence of the Irish Priesthood. This is the sole object of the prosecution. But it will only foil the effect which it is intended to produce. Instead of crushing the influence of the Priesthood it will make it still more potent, by investing it with the character of political martyrdom; it will show that, in proportion as the enemies of our country strive to destroy that influence, so is it valuable to the cause of Ireland. For our own part, we can hardly regret this prosecution, for the benefits that will result from it will more than counterbalance the persecution and annoyance it entails, and we have no doubt that Father Conway himself takes the same view of the subject. There is no other minister in the British empire that would attempt such a prosecution but Lord Palmerston or other government but the Whigs. It is well. It will show that O’Connell was right when he called them “base, bloody,

and brutal.” It will show that the Archbishop of Dublin was right when he denounced them as “a go-hope it will show also that those who have denounced were wrong; and that the Whigs should be no longer trusted by the Catholics of Ireland. But the country must not forget to sustain Father Conway in the struggle.—*Kilkenny Journal*.

A General meeting of the Irish Tenant League was held on Tuesday. The chair was taken by Mr. M. Evoy, M.P. The principal speeches were delivered by Mr. G. H. Moore and Mr. Maguire, M.P. Mr. Moore, after having taken a somewhat desponding view of the position of the party, said:—“Happily, I think, recent events and recent discussions have tended towards such a union as I think it is impossible but that the eyes of every honest man must now be opened, and that we must all see that, in the present state of affairs, differences amongst ourselves are not only unproductive, but suicidal. Whenever union takes place—and time will be required to organize it—I doubt not that it will find a Parliamentary party ready to its hand—I doubt not that the Irish people and the Irish Church will survive Lord Palmerston.” (Applause.) Some differences of opinion appeared to exist between Mr. Moore and Mr. Maguire as to the policy which should be adopted in Parliament in reference to the Tenant Right question, but ultimately the following resolution was passed:—

Resolved—That Mr. Maguire, M.P., be requested to introduce next session the amended League Bill, as adopted by the Tenant League last April, and then entrusted to the care of Mr. Moore. That Mr. MacMahon and The O’Donoghue be requested to allow their names to be placed on the back of the Bill with Mr. Maguire. A resolution complimentary to Mr. Moore, and another expressing warm sympathy towards the Rev. Messrs. Conway and Ryan, were also adopted.

The collection for the “Indian Fund” has been most suitably received in several parts of Ireland during the past week, that is to say it was not received at all, having been very properly—rejected. While the just and moderate demand of the Archbishop of Dublin has not only not been acceded to, but calumnious abuse heaped upon his head, these people had the effrontery to present themselves before the people and open the performance of their farce. In Drogheda, where the intelligent artisans of the town are at this moment suffering the severest privations, they attempted to raise money more wanted in the humble homes of its lanes and villages; but thanks to the spirit of Mr. Lynch—who deserves the gratitude of his townsmen—and the natural indignation of the people, the audacious proceeding was summarily ended. Could anything be more shameful than that in a town where privation and suffering have for weeks been ravaging unchecked and noticed by the moneybags who were so ready to raise funds for less deserving objects five thousand miles away, these men should venture to actually invite the starving weavers to come and listen to orations which were to accompany the chink of the sovereigns! All honor to the gentleman who stood up to lead the right of charity to begin at home. In Kilmaree another triumph was achieved, which has been fully described by a correspondent in another page. It is clear that no funds are to be had from the people on the Roughly save what the agent may extort from the Lansdowne serfs. Persecution has, ere now, united the Catholics of Ireland, hierarchy and clergy, pastors and people; at the token of assault upon the faith, which is all of their ancient possessions they have preserved through centuries of bloody struggle, apathy has ere now started into energy, and division and feud into union and friendship. If the bigots of England, presuming upon either apathy or division, thought to strike down an Irish priest, and over his prostrate body raise a yell of fanatical exultation, they may find their mistake. It did not need the resuscitation of obsolete severities to arouse the Catholics of Ireland to the fact that Father Conway was sought to be hunted down by those whose ferocious abuse of the highest dignity of the church in Ireland has aroused, one and all, to the duty of common defence against a foe so unscrupulous and implacable. With unfeigned pleasure we note the fact that around the assailed priest have rallied, from every rank of the church, members of that sacred order, which they know right well it is the design to outrage in his person. Amongst the various clergymen and dignitaries of the church who have been foremost to assure Father Conway of their sympathy and support, we note with much pleasure Monsignore Yore; there is something particularly hopeful in seeing the old veteran who in many a hand a fight never flinched, nor faltered taking his stand by the side of the young soldier in the same good cause.—*Notices*.

We, of course, stand before the world charged with complicity in the acts which have brought on the revolt in India and for its accompanying circumstances, how shall we justify ourselves to mankind? How shall the teachers of the Irish soldier—his religious guides—answer, if they permit, with such an indignant protest as their position entitles them to utter, the work of proselytism to go on, and the souls for whom Christ died to be sacrificed by governmental agencies. We will not presume to speak for them, it is enough if we are able to vindicate ourselves. We have seen strange sights in our time. We have seen our peasantry fly from the soil on which their industry was not protected, we have heard of their tolls on a strange continent, and of the privations they suffered—the greatest being those connected with religion—but we have learned sadder tidings still, the daughters of the land consigned to the hold of the emigrant ship, where they lost all that made life desirable! Were not these things enough to fire the blood in the veins of the dullest, and to stir the heart of the most mercenary? Was it necessary to add to the hideous picture, the spectacle of our countrymen shedding their blood to maintain the English standard, and dying often without spiritual succour, while their little children were handed over to schools in which their fathers’ faith was derided? And yet we have looked calmly on, or at least taken no effective means to redress such monstrous evils. Shall we go on in this course—forget self-respect, abuse ourselves in the eyes of posterity, and incur the anger of Heaven—or shall Ireland, thoroughly roused to the necessities of the case, insist through her men of intelligence, worth and position that this state of things must come to an end?—*Wexford People*.

THE TIPPERARY BANK.—An important case—Mr. Dowell v. Doyle—which was argued during the present term, was fixed for judgment yesterday in the Court of Common Pleas. The decision of the Court being adverse to the plaintiff the creditors of the bank will be losers to the extent of several thousands of pounds. The facts are thus briefly recapitulated by the Lord Chief Justice:—“The question raised was a most important one; the Court had, however, been enabled to arrive at a unanimous decision upon it. The case came before them upon a demurrer taken by the plaintiff to one of the defences filed by the defendant, and the facts relied on were shortly these:—It appeared that the plaintiff in the suit was Mr. George M’Dowall, the official manager of the Tipperary Joint-Stock Bank, and defendant was a poor farmer in the county of Tipperary named Doyle; and the former had brought his action against the latter to recover the sum of £8, the amount of a promissory note which was overdue, and by which the defendant promised to pay Mr. James Sadler the amount when due. The defence filed was to the effect that the promissory note in question was never endorsed, and that it was made payable to Mr. James Sadler or order, and did not show that Mr. Sadler held any official situation in connexion with the Tipperary Bank, and that therefore the plaintiff, as official manager, was not entitled to sue upon foot of it. To this defence Mr. M’Dowall filed a demurrer, and raised an important question as to whether