

**THE ARMY IN IRELAND.**—It appears that the authorities are bent upon making a considerable reduction in the number of troops at present forming the Irish establishment. Several stations in the northern and western districts are, to the manifest regret of the townspeople, to be shorn of their proportion of military, and a local paper announces that the important town of Clonmel—the capital of Tipperary—is no longer to be headquarters for even one regiment of infantry. The artillery brigade had been already withdrawn from that garrison, and the 9th Regiment of infantry is about to be replaced there by the depot of the 13th Foot.—*Cor. of the Times.*

The *Munster News* states that upwards of 40 families have recently left the parishes of Lorrha and Durra, in the county Cork, for America. "All that district," adds the *News*, will ere long, be completely deserted.

Despite the unremitting exercise of official ingenuity and zeal, the origin of the Ulster outrages still remains an impenetrable mystery; but of course the enemies of the people still insist upon attributing them to the revival of Ribbonism. In several districts, outrages of a similar character are continually setting at defiance the vigilance of the magistracy and police—it being as difficult in almost every case to assign a plausible motive for the crime, as to detect the perpetrator. In Upper Fatham, for example, men well-known and popular among their neighbors, are waylaid and beaten almost every night, their assailants invariably managing to get off unrecognized. The house of the Rev. Mr. Rosborough, a Protestant clergyman, near Rathfriland, has just experienced an attack similar to that made upon the residence of Mr. Graham, of Meigh. A day after the Rev. gentleman, with his family, had proceeded to Belfast, his intended assassins fired into the window of an apartment occupied by an old servant woman—and then ran away! The old woman heard some noise, and saw the smoke of the powder; but when she looked out of the window the terrible party of Ribbonmen had disappeared! Our spirited contemporary, the *Dundalk Democrat*, certain to be well acquainted with the practices and opinions of the Northern peasantry, vehemently denounces them from complicity with these stupid outrages. "Their object," he affirms, "is not to murder a human being, but to assassinate the character of the district."—*Nation.*

**DESERTED CHILDREN IN DUBLIN.**—This affecting paragraph appeared in the usual metropolitan police report of a contemporary:—"A large number of young children, mostly females, were brought up on a charge of begging in the public streets. The constable in whose custody they were, stated that the children came to him in a body and requested him as a favor to take them to prison, as they were homeless, and without shelter from the inclemency of the season.—Dr. Kelly sentenced them to be imprisoned for three weeks, his object in doing so being to provide them with food and lodging until after Christmas Day. The poor creatures left the office in great delight; some of them clapping their hands, and repeating the words 'three weeks! three weeks!' with evident satisfaction at the prospect of such a lengthened imprisonment."

**KIDNAPING.**—Our readers may remember that about six weeks ago a woman named Fay was prosecuted by the Crown at the Dublin Commission Court, under a penal Act passed a few years since for the purpose of putting an end to the abominable practice of kidnapping children, which then prevailed in London. The accused was the child's aunt, and a Catholic; the father being a Protestant. The infant's mother died, and more recently the father also died. A day or two before his death he entered into a covenant with an evangelising lady, a Mrs. Doyle, to give her up the possession of the infant, in order that she might be educated and maintained by her. There was a formal deed to this effect, which the dying man signed; but within a day or two of his death the child's aunt took her away to the house of Mrs. Fay, the defendant's mother and the infant's grandmother, where she still remains. For this crime the Crown prosecuted the poor young woman, and as it appeared that Mrs. Doyle had not signed the deed until four days after the removal of the child, the prisoner's counsel contended that Mrs. Doyle had no claim to the custody of the infant, and that, consequently, the aunt and grandmother, being its natural guardians, the prosecution was untenable. The judges suggested an abandonment of the case, if the prisoner would even then give up the child. This she firmly refused to do, and ultimately the jury were discharged; eleven being for an acquittal and one for a conviction. On Monday last the case was again tried and the result has been an unanimous verdict of acquittal. In fact, as Mr. Curran, the prisoner's counsel maintained, the charge of kidnapping was the other way. The evangelisers thought to clutch the poor infant's body, to fill its soul; but the piety and firmness of Lucy Fay, defeated their plans. The Protestant press of this capital gave ample circulation to the charge, with comments on the horrors of Popery, but not a word of the second trial and acquittal.—*Catholic Standard.*

**TRACT DISTRIBUTING IN IRELAND.**—On Tuesday last a deputation from the committee of the Society for Irish Church Missions to the Catholics waited, by appointment, upon the Right Hon. Lord Palmerston, her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department, for the purpose of presenting to his lordship the memorial of the president and vice-president, and committee of the society, praying his lordship to institute an inquiry into the circumstances which have lately taken place in Dublin in reference to the decision of Hugh O'Callaghan, Esq., the police magistrate, in the case of William Smyth; and also into the instructions given by Colonel Browne to the police inspectors, in the matter of the placard exhibited in front of the society's office in Rutland-square, Dublin.

The deputation urged their views upon Lord Palmerston very earnestly. Here is a sample of the dialogue:—

The Rev. R. Bickersteth—I think we have distributed about 44,000 of these handbills monthly, for two or three years past, and this is the very first instance in which any complaint has arisen in consequence of our so doing. The man simply offered the handbill to the lady as she was passing by. He was on the side next her. And it was not until five minutes afterwards that Mr. O'Brennan ran after him.

The Hon. A. Kinnaird—It is what happens every day in London as we are walking along the streets.

Viscount Lifford—You never can tell what is put into your hands until afterwards.

Viscount Palmerston—Yes, but in London the handbills offer you cheap goods, instead of a creed.

In conclusion, his Lordship gave a vague promise that he would inquire into the matter.

**OPENING OF THE NEW BRIDGE IN CORK.**—On the 12th ult., the new bridge was delivered up to the committee, and the ceremony of opening performed by the Mayor, who christened it, amid the most enthusiastic applause of the crowds who collected "the Benson Bridge." After the christening had taken place, the numerous workmen who were employed on it chaired Sir John Benson.—*Cork Reporter.*

**MANUFACTURERS OF ULSTER.**—The *Belfast Banner* contains the following gratifying statement with respect to the linen and cotton manufactures of the province of Ulster:—"In the north of Ireland manufacturers seem to have created a world of their own, and to invest labor with the dignity which should ever be connected with social independence. Every year, that great principle of philanthropy which consists in teaching men effective systems of labor extends its domain, self-exertion is fast pushing aside parochial aid, and Ireland can no longer be branded as the cradle of pauperism. In the province of Ulster, we have fewer individuals supported at the several unions than has been known since the introduction of poor laws. Even at this moment, when all the necessities of life have been forced up to extra rates, the gross total of population, compared with the number of paupers, would stand the test beside the wealthiest districts of England."

**SEIZURE OF ARMS.**—The *Newry Telegraph* mentions the seizure of some ammunition and arms in the disturbed district of Meigh. It appears that the police acting on information which they had received, proceeded to the house of a man named Lawrence Shevlin, an umbrella-maker, and there found concealed under ground a quantity of ammunition, a large pistol, and a bag containing slugs. Shevlin, on being interrogated, denied that he had any arms, and he was then taken before Captain Warburton, R.M., and by him committed for trial at quarter sessions.

**THE EVANGELISERS IN IRELAND.**—It appears from a report, in the *Liverpool Standard*, of a meeting of the friends of Souperism in Ireland, that, with all their boasting and noise, their speculation is sinking. Mr. Dallas who ought to be good authority on the subject, stated to the meeting, "that the funds of the society for the last four years were in a state of gradual decline, whilst their liabilities were increasing in the inverse ratio." He stated that at one period their cash account was reduced to so low an ebb that they had a month's notice upon their emissaries. It has not yet transpired what the effect of this notice has been upon the pockets of the dupes.

**A FORTUNATE DETECTIVE.**—A case of a curious character, and which has excited a good deal of local interest, terminated, after occupying the court three days, in the Court of Exchequer, on Monday December 19. Mrs. Kelly, whose name has been so constantly before the public for some years past as one of the parties in the famous will case of "The *Wesley v. Kelly*," was the defendant in the case, and Sergeant Ryan, of the Dublin detective police, was the plaintiff, the action having been brought to recover the sum of £500, offered as a reward for the arrest of Mr. George Birch, a solicitor, charged by Mrs. Kelly with the embezzlement of £20,000, entrusted to him for her account. The chief defence set up was, that the plaintiff had only performed his duty as a policeman in making the arrest; that he was not, in fact, the discoverer of Birch, but was accompanied by France in search of him by Mrs. Kelly's attorney, Mr. Campion, all his expenses being defrayed, and Mr. Campion being the man who pointed out Birch to him to be arrested. A great deal of curious matters were evolved in the protracted cross-examination of the several witnesses, and the jury ultimately found that the plaintiff was the sole captor of Birch, and was consequently entitled to the full reward.

It appears that although the investigation (at which no foreigner is allowed to be present) into the case of the Irish factory girls in Louvain, has naturally given but little satisfaction in Belfast, it is stated that there is a female agent in Belfast endeavoring to engage more girls for the firm complained against.

Are we really going to have a supplement to the Ecclesiastical Titles Act? Some say that the new Reform Bill will contain a provision of equal oppression, insult, and absurdity. "It is said," says the *Mail*, "that Lord John Russell has screwed up his courage to the necessary point, and intends, when he lets in the whole mob by his new Irish Reform Bill, to bar out the priests. It is another phase of the *Duane* Partition plan; but that good lady wisely, though unsuccessfully, opposed the whole flood. Lord John, on the other hand (according to report,) will open wide the sluice, and take his stand in the breach, resolute to stem and throw back the froth that careers on the top of the rushing torrent." This is a piece of intelligence that we apprehend will be a little agitating to the nerves of those who have joined the Government on the strength of their supposed leaning towards Catholics. What step they will take, if the rumored contingency should come to pass, and "Mumery Russell" should again appear in his true character, we cannot anticipate. But at all events the "fix" will be very complete, and will not admit such a solution as took place on the last occasion when that tolerant statesman gave the public a bit of his mind about Popery and civil liberty. As to the alleged attempt—which may perhaps take the form of an enactment preventing clergymen from attending at elections, or even depriving them of the franchise—of course what we think is quite clear. We consider it a piece of paltry and tyrannical insolence, such as only could spring from the intolerant mind of the author of the Titles Act; and we have not the least to fear, if such an effort should be made to violate the Constitution, that it will be successful. Our opinion of such a measure is implied in the effect which our opponents attribute to it. They say "it is the most vulnerable point" of the liberal party. Undoubtedly it is, in respect of their strength; and any restraint of the kind, we think, would have a disastrous effect on the popular cause. What our enemies see in it, we would be blind if we did not see in it. They think they ought to be at liberty to use every form of terror and corruption—that they ought to be permitted to intimidate, eject and bribe—and that they ought to meet with no opposition from the body, who represent the dictates of morality, of conscience and religion. The Catholic Clergy do not approach the hustings from taste, but from the necessity created by landlord and Tory tyranny. Let the Mumery Lord "bar out" bigotry and cruel oppression from elections, and then the clergy will retire from a scene that can possess but few attractions for them. But until he can persuade

off the wolves from their prey, he must endure the presence of the shepherds—however little his Protestant stomach may like it.—*Cork Examiner.*

"MISSIONS" TO IRELAND.

(From the *Northern Whig*.)

We hear of Missionaries to China, to Kaffraria, to Patagonia, and to Ireland. Now, why to Ireland more than to England or to Scotland? It is true that England and Scotland are in mass Protestant, and that Ireland is in mass Roman Catholic; and it is true also that Roman Catholics, if not less eager than Protestants to make converts, are less inclined or less able to employ the means of Missions and agitation. Still it does seem strange that the population of one of the Three United Kingdoms which have been for centuries under one Monarch, should still be talked of as a species of heathens, and should be made the subject of the same operations as are employed on Hottentots and Red Indians. The speeches at the meeting of the "friends and supporters of the Society for Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics," held in London last week, would lead an ignorant foreigner to think that a first effort was now about to be made to a portion of our fellow-countrymen within the pale of civilization and Christianity. Now, we are not going to say that the members of this Society for converting Irish Roman Catholics to the Church of England, have not a right, if they think it true or tasteful, to apply the strongest epithets of condemnation and contempt to the religion held by the great majority of the people of Ireland and of Christendom; nor do we question for a moment the goodness of intention of the orators and subscribers—nor, further, do we wish them any ill success in their efforts. But we do desire to take the opportunity of reminding these good people that efforts to precisely the same end, not proceeding by the same means, but by others ordinarily considered much more powerful, have been in operation for a couple of centuries; and then to ask the questions whether these older and greater efforts have failed, and, if so, why they have failed?

It would be painful, without being useful, to enter into any argument or detail to show that in no sense is Protestantism stronger in Ireland than it was two hundred years ago. The striking and puzzling fact, that for one hundred and fifty years Protestantism has (proportionally) made no advance in Europe, numerically or geographically, is sought to be accounted for in one of Macaulay's essays, on grounds with which we have here nothing to do; but, had the learned and acute essayist dealt especially with the case of Ireland, he would have found a much more striking phenomenon, although with a more simple explanation. Popery, or Catholicism, or whatever we may term it, without offence to either side, is not only at least as strong in Ireland as it was hundreds of years ago, but it has actually more of vigor and vitality than in perhaps any other country in the world. In Italy, Austria, and other Continental countries, the Roman Church is very powerful, but it is powerful much more through alliance with the civil and military powers than by, than through the beliefs and attachments of the population. Look into any of the splendid churches provided in German and Italian, or even Spanish cities, and where will you find the crowded, sincere, and zealous congregations that you will find filling the humble way-side Chapels of three out of the four Provinces of Ireland? In other countries, the Roman Church is strong in high places, and losing its head in low places—here, discountenanced and evilly spoken against by the prevailing classes, it possesses a hold upon the millions nowhere equalled in these days, and not often excelled even in the more believing days of old. This, then, is the position in which the matter stands after two hundred years of effort towards an opposite result—and this, we say, is a failure, undeniable, conspicuous, and melancholy.

As notorious as the failure is the nature of the means employed. For something like a century and a-half, the law made every Irish Roman Catholic virtually a branded serf, and aimed at making him a pauper.—After that system failed, and down to within twenty years of this time, Roman Catholics were refused all voice in the Legislature of a country of which they formed a third—to be a Roman Catholic, and especially an Irish Roman Catholic, was to be shut out, not only from the gifts and honors of the State, but from the humblest rights of citizenship. And during these centuries, and down also, to this very day, there existed an institution unparalleled elsewhere in Christendom—ay, unparalleled even beyond Christendom—an Established Church different from, and inimical to, the Church of the nation. There never was, we repeat, such another institution upon the earth—the very Turk, barbarous and fanatical though he was, did not venture to inflict on any of the provinces that fell before, a yoke so humiliating, a burden so oppressive as England inflicted upon Ireland. And we would suggest to the members of the Church Mission Society that, possibly, in the unparalleled nature—we would say unparalleled badness—of the means, they may find an explanation of the undeniably unparalleled badness of the results.

Indeed, the fact is one which they virtually, though not explicitly, confess themselves; for besides their lamentations over the unconverted condition of the Irish masses, they proclaim that Irish Roman Catholics, who have remained unconverted for the last two hundred years under the influence of the English-Irish Church, are converted readily enough as soon as they get away from it!

There is another aspect in which the promoters of Church of England Missions to Ireland should regard the history and existence of the establishment. For all these generations it has supplied, at least, one "Missionary" to every parish in Ireland, with ample supervision by Deans and Bishops. Now, if these have not succeeded, how can success be reasonably expected from flying visits, or even missionary residences, by men of the same Church? If the princely revenues of the Established Church have done nothing in centuries, what can be expected to be done at this time of day by collecting half-crowns in London?—For English Church-men to send a "mission" to a country where their own Church is established, is the most deadly insult to that Church that imagination could conceive; but there is also reason to suspect that it may be almost as great a folly. It is much the same as if a town had failed to be taken by a whole army and a regular siege, its walls should be expected to fall down before the shouts of the women and camp-followers. We mean no paradox in saying that the best chance of promoting Protestantism in Ireland would be, not so much by sending more Clergy, as by relieving us of some of those that we have.

**AN ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF THE HERO OF SCINDE.**—An enthusiastic correspondent of the *Louth and Down Pilot* relates the following story:—After Sir Charles J. Napier's return from the conquest of Scinde, he, along with Lady Napier, visited Dublin, and the warm greeting he received in the capital of his native land is on record. A "command night" was advertised in the morning papers, "under the patronage of Sir Charles James Napier," and, as may be justly supposed, Hawkins's-street Theatre, to the great gratification of Mr. Calcraft, the then lessee, was densely thronged, from the pit to the upper gallery, long before the curtain rose. When Sir Charles appeared the peak of welcome with which he was received was Irish, and that is saying quite enough. After the first piece was over, "God save the Queen"—was played—at which every person stood up. Then came "Patrick's Day," which being "morely Irish," supplied a sufficient hint to the exquisites of both sexes, who have no country but the realm of fashion, to resume their seats. Not so the war-worn soldier. He knew the Irish heart. He knew when the belonches, the most warlike tribe in India, clothed in mail, and numbering six to one, stood in proud array behind their lines of defence, that the Irish war-cry, and the Irish bayonet, on the muzzle of that "queen of weapons"—the musket—struck terror into their hearts, and hurled them back in blood and slaughter, and he recognised the thrilling cheer he had so often heard in victory on the battle-field, and, while acknowledging the spirit-stirring tune, he suddenly plucked up Lady Napier, who, through mistake, had resumed her seat, amidst such a thundering roar of applause as is now-a-days rarely heard in a theatre. "Three cheers for the Sikhs!" cries a "god" with a small treble voice. The old soldier laughed joyously, and stroked his hooked nose and grey beard. "Nine cheers for 'old Charley,' that bated them," roared another "god," with a voice like a Stentor, and the house rose as if actuated by one impulse, whilst fair jewelled hands waved kerchiefs, and deep voices roared out the brave old warrior's name. I marked the old General's face, as that tempest of enthusiasm burst upon his ear, and when I saw the bold features—grave and sternly marked, but not harsh or stern—quivering with emotion, the bright eye suffused with moisture, and the tremulous motion of his withered hand, as rising again he placed it upon his breast, covered with orders, and sealed with scars—when I saw how he bowed that thin, slight form, inside of which throbbed as noble a heart, just, kindly, and humane as ever beat behind a rampart of human clay—I thanked God that the "bearded vision," the "Devil's brother," who swept over the plains of Scinde in triumph, was an Irishman.

**LEGENDS OF THE COONEY CLARE.**—About nine miles westward from the town of Ennis, in the midst of some of the wildest scenery in Ireland, lies the small but very beautiful Lake of Inchiquin, famous throughout the neighboring country for its red trout, and for being in winter the haunt of almost all the various kinds of waterfowl, including the wild swan, that are to be found in Ireland, while the woods that border one of its sides are amply stocked with woodcocks. At one extremity of the lake are the ruins of the Castle of Inchiquin, part of which is built on a rock projecting into the lake, there about one hundred feet deep, and the legend is related of the old castle:—Once upon a time, the chieftain of the Quins, whose stronghold it was, found in one of the caves (many of which are in the limestone hills that surround the lake, a lady of great beauty, fast asleep. While gazing on her in wrapt admiration, she awoke, and, according to the customs of the Heroic Age, soon consented to become his bride, merely stipulating that no one bearing the name of O'Brien should be allowed to enter the castle gates; this being agreed to, the wedding was celebrated with all due pomp, and in process of time one lovely boy blessed their union. Among the other rejoicings at the birth of an heir to the chief of the clan, a great hunting-match took place, and the chase having terminated near the castle, the chieftain, as in duty bound, requested the assembled nobles to partake of his hospitality. To this a ready assent was given, and the chiefs were ushered into the great hall with all becoming state; and then for the first time did their host discover that one bearing the forbidden name was among them. The banquet was served, and now the absence of the lady of the castle alone delayed the onslaught on the good things spread before them. Surprised and half afraid at her absence, her husband sought her chamber; on entering, he saw her sitting pensively with her child at the window which overlooked the lake; raising her head as he approached, he saw she was weeping, and as he advanced towards her with words of apology for having broken his promise, she sprang through the window with her child into the lake. The wretched man rushed forward with a cry of horror; for one moment he saw her gliding over the waters, now fearfully disturbed, chaunting a wild dirge, and then, with a mingled look of grief and reproach, she disappeared for ever! And the castle and the lordship, with many a broad acre besides, passed from the Quins, and are now the property of the O'Briens to this day; and while the rest of the castle is little better than a heap of ruins, the fatal window still remains nearly as perfect as when the lady sprang through it, an irrefragable proof of the truth of the legend in the eyes of the peasantry.—*Notes and Queries.*

The *London Times* is merry at the expense of Mississippi bonds and Yankee "Reputation." "We should like to witness a contested election in this same Mississippi. The popular appeals to the grand principle at issue must present a striking contrast to the slow, old-fashioned notions, of the elder world. Instead of the big loaf, a huge sponge must be the principal emblem in the procession of the popular candidate, while his motto, of course, will be—'Base is the slave that pays.' The public meetings must abound with that peculiar wit which once enlivened the realms of our metropolitan Asia, and still finds a home, though rather an ungenial one, in some of Her Majesty's prisons. The clergy of Mississippi can have no chance with their flocks unless they are up to the laws of debt, particularly as they bear on the indebted side, and can prove that neither the eighth nor the tenth commandment bears on the case of an American citizen who wants to make a railroad with good British gold without the annoyance of refunding it afterwards. The text 'Owe no man anything' is doubtless interpreted to mean, 'Acknowledge no pecuniary obligation'; and the Scriptural allusion to what will happen till the uttermost farthing is paid must be explained with an exception, z. c., the case of debts to foreigners, as nearly all the bondholders luckily are.