

served that they had a prisoner in the midst whom they bore along by the neck and heels with loud shouts and exclamations of triumph. Enraptured at his prize, the chief ordered them to be brought into the barrack, while handcuffs were pressed upon the culprit, and a room allotted for his confinement. The crisis of the adventure approached. On a signal given by the prisoner, his captors loosed their hold, he sprang to his feet, struck the chief a blow that levelled him, shouted aloud to his companions, and exclaimed, "The arms, the arms! Down with the tyrants!" Down with the "Peelers!"

All was confusion in an instant. The arms were seized, the police were laid on their backs, and tied, neck and heels, the doors were dashed in upon their hinges, the prisoners rushed out into the open air, and, before five minutes, the whole stratagem was successfully concluded. The police were left, bound head and foot in their own barrack, and the rebels were in the heart of the mountains.

The rage of Lacy at discovering this circumstance was extreme. The cleverness with which the feat was performed made it the subject of general conversation, and much disloyal laughter was indulged at the expense of the simple chief. After many exertions, and the lapse of some time, Lacy discovered that the fugitive prisoner was again lurking about his home, and, having tracked him with a party of police one night, arrested him in the hayloft of a stable adjoining Riordan's house, where the unfortunate man had taken refuge. Meeting Frank, who was then from home, next day, on the mountain road, he charged him openly with affording shelter to a condemned criminal, and more than insinuated he was privy to the rescue. The accusation was answered by a blow, upon which Lacy drew a pistol from his breast, and, as Riordan was also armed, an exchange of shots took place. The result proved nearly fatal to the former: he was so dangerously wounded in the side, that it was thought requisite his depositions of the rescue, and of an attempt to murder him by Riordan, who, he said, was necessary to it, should be taken next day before a magistrate, and a warrant issued for the arrest of the accused.

All the circumstances of the transaction, unexplained as they were, told very unfavorably with the public for Francis Riordan; unfortunately there had been no witnesses to the conflict, and a report of Lacy's death, current for some days, magnified the danger. Our hero, under the circumstances, compelled to absent himself from the country, joined the body of patriots, who were then on the point of embarking for South America, and, more fortunate than his ill-starred companions, returned home, after some years, with wealth and honor. For the present, however, he felt it prudent to use some caution in making himself known, until he could ascertain whether Lacy would still venture to persist in his accusation, and how he should repudiate it.

He now stood, awaiting the arrival of David Lenigan, forming a thousand conjectures as to the nature of Miss Wilderming's answer, and walking back and forward over the withered branches, with his cloak gathered close about his person, and his eyes bent on the ground. A rustling among the boughs made him start, and he beheld David approaching, with a face which had no omen of pleasing news in its expression. "Well, Lenigan," he said, in a hasty tone, "what answer have you from Miss Wilderming? Does she forget me altogether? or have I anything to hope?"

David's first reply was a troubled look and a deep sigh. "Speak, speak, man! If you have evil news, David, I know how to bear it. I have been used to disappointments of the kind."

"Tell me, master Frank, what road did you take in comin' here?"

"The road from Roundwood, to be sure."

"An' what sights did you see on the way?"

"I saw," said Francis, turning pale and speaking faintly, "a carriage and servants with white favors."

"Ah, but that was comin' from the house?"

"It was."

"She was not in it, sir. I didn't speak of that. Did you see nothin' going the road to the lakes?"

"Not I. There was no other carriage of any kind—there was, ha! I met a hearse!"

"A hearse with white plumes?"

"Aye!"

"Oh, master Frank, I have no good news to tell you. Turn your face away from me, for I wouldn't like to look at you after what I have to say."

Francis made several efforts to speak, but his voice failed him. At length, stooping down and grasping the arm of his attendant, he said in a low voice: "Go on, my good fellow, tell me the whole at once."

"Why, then, I will, master Frank. I told you before that she was very ill, an' so when I went to the house after I partin' you, I giv the paper to Mrs. Keleher, an' I told her that an answer was expected direct. Well, she went, an' if she did, it wasn't long after, when I heard a screech that pierced through my two ears. I asked what was the matter? an' I'm sure it's too soon I got my answer. Ah, master Frank, you never more will see that darlin', she's in a better place than any this world could afford her although bein' a methodish, an' all."

When he had heard this speech, Francis trembled exceedingly, and remained silent and dejected for many minutes. It seemed as if he were making an effort to man himself, and avoid betraying any emotion that would show a want of fortitude. But it was impossible that such a struggle could be successful. He walked a few paces, and his knees began to shake with so much violence that he was obliged to look around for a seat. Before he could find one, the weakness increased, and he fell senseless to the earth.

(To be continued.)

On and after the first of October next, packages of printed matter not exceeding 4oz in weight, can be sent from Great Britain to the Colonies by payment of 6d sterling each package. The lowest charge at present, by the colonial book post, is 1s. 6d.

REV. DR. CAHILL

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

MY LORD.—Beyond all doubt I feel that in the present crisis of our Indian empire a letter from me to your lordship is a duty which I owe, as well to my own character as to the public expectations. It is now nearly six years since I warned the English cabinet, of which you were then a member, of the disastrous policy which you encouraged in several countries on the Continent of Europe. The English press in your interest laughed at the prophetic results which, as I then published, would arise from the anti-Christian revolutionary course of your official diplomatic conduct. The present state of Europe the condition of England, and the crisis of India, are now my triumphant evidence before the public, that every word I wrote, every statement which I then made are fully and literally fulfilled at the present time. I regret much that in the communication which I now make to you, I am compelled to speak at all of so humble an individual as myself, but your lordship will see that this circumstance does not result from any silly personal presumption on my part in your distinguished presence, but from the natural necessity of the full clear statement of my case.

Firstly, then, through the encouragement to the French, the Italian, and Austrian Revolutionists, you were the principal instrument in collecting together in Switzerland, in the year 1847, as in one burning focus, no less a number than seventy-five thousand of the most atrocious political miscreants and assassin infidels recorded in either ancient or modern history. Your instructions to Sir Robert Peel the younger, as your Envoy at Berné at that time, are now a matter of national history; and his intimacy with "the free corps" who threw down Catholic Colleges, sequestered Catholic property, plundered Catholic convents, ridiculed, persecuted the Catholic faith, and reddened the soil of two Catholic Cantons, are facts which your best apologies have never been able to explain in your defence. Beyond all dispute, the French, the Italian, the Neapolitan, the Austrian governments; hold you accountable as the principal conspirator in the Swiss disastrous Revolution of 1847.

Secondly—It is a fact, which your supporters in those days never attempted to deny or explain that Lord Minto, through your diplomatic commission, encouraged the Revolution in Rome, which threatened the very Chair of Peter, banished the Pope from the Vatican, and precipitated a state of things which promised a repetition of the ancient sack and ruin of the city under the insatiable fury of the General of the ferocious Huns. This incipient flame from Mount Aventine spread, under skilful management, to Florence on one part, and to Naples on the other: bands of English military men, under pretence of preaching the Gospel, were scattered through the entire peninsula; and adding fresh daily brands to the burning material, they encouraged the popular infidel fury to an almost resistless conflagration, threatening to consume, in one confused heap of ruin, order, morality, and religion.

Thirdly—Your English press, in its unceasing attack on Austrian tyranny, has been, on all hands, considered as the mainstay of the Hungarian rebellion; and if any doubt could remain on the mind of a European jury, in reference to your advocacy of the Revolutionary party there that doubt is removed when one recollects your reception of Kossuth on the English soil. You patronized the head, the leader of the Hungarian Revolution: and as you performed this public office in your official character, you have, beyond all doubt, implicated the Queen of England and the British nation in this notorious support of the arch-rebel to the imperial throne of Austria.

Fourthly—I have not as yet, for sufficient reasons, published your despatch to Sir Stratford Canning, in Constantinople, in the year 1853; but when the appropriate time shall arrive for my doing so, it will be proved beyond all doubt that Lord Aberdeen and yourself have been amongst the most strenuous advisers for the course pursued by the late Emperor of Russia in his passage over the Pruth, and in his advance on Constantinople. So exceedingly furious (if I may use the expression) have you been in the furtherance of this universal scheme of Revolution, that the Queen was compelled, at the instant entreaty of Lord John Russell, to remove you, at one day's notice, from your office of Foreign Secretary, and to place you in the comparatively innocuous position of Secretary of the Home Department. It would have been well for the Queen and for the interests of this country, if you had never been raised from the obscurity of this office to the giddy height of your present elevation where your incurable bigotry, your revolutionary ambition, and your anti-Catholic sectarianism have all united in your most inexplicable character to inflict upon England, at the present time, the deepest wound which she has ever received since the loss of Calais, or the Declaration of American Independence.

Fifthly—In this your mad career during several years, you seemed to pursue a twofold object, viz., the destruction of Catholicity in all the surrounding Catholic nations: and again, the placing one of the Coburgs on each of the Catholic thrones. In order to carry out this insane project, which is at once at variance with honor, truth, and justice, you have stopped at no obstacle, or listened to no warning voice raised from every kingdom, city, and town of Catholic Europe, against these English encroachments on the customs, the rights, and the religion of foreign nations. You would hear no argument, no reason, but, backed by your bribed emissaries, urged on by your official Soupers, you have, by the slanders, the lies, and the infidelity of these hated characters maddened Catholic monarchs, into one combined position of defence against the bigotry of England; a happy consummation which has rid these countries of a band of miscreants whom the French press has already designated "as the diseased scum of an atrocious impurity." No doubt, I thank God, that Catholic Europe has detected your Souper scheme, and have forever defeated this extended English machination: but unfeignedly I regret that you have lowered the name of England, and that you have

degraded her into the public and universal censure of being the most relentless tyrant in politics, and the most insatiable bigot in religion, while at the same time boasting, through her literature, her arts, and her parchment laws, of her pre-eminence in human liberties, and in religious toleration! English penal laws are removed by recent statute legislation; but these penal enactments are still in many instances kept in full penal force by the vengeance, the bigotry of English local administration.

Sixthly—Although detected and defeated in every Court of Catholic Europe, you are still untaught by experience, unimproved by the increasing civilization of the times; and with a feeling not to be conceived, you re-commence under Lord Canning, your Souper chief in India, a scheme of proselytism amongst the Sepoys and the Catholic soldiers, which for silliness, ridicule, and frantic sectarianism, far surpasses any Gospel rascal theory hitherto invented in the English Cabinet. I have already called the public attention to the military commandant at Madras, who attempted to compel ninety-two Catholic children to attend the Souper schools in his station: and when their fathers, the veteran Irish soldiers of the 1st Fusiliers and the Artillery, refused to comply with the order, the sum of two hundred and seventy-six pounds sterling yearly was withdrawn from the hard-earned pay of these poor faithful gallant Irish fellows. But the day, on the hour, this sum was withdrawn, you have made twenty thousand Irish Catholic soldiers in India revengeful and mutinous. The treatment of the priests in India, the neglect, the contempt of their Bishops, and the persecution of the poor soldier and his child, are recorded in the French journal as those unmistakable signs and symptoms which are the sure forerunner of national disaster. Your lordship knows as well as I do the feeling of hatred which this conduct has excited amongst the peasantry of Ireland: and daily newspaper report confirms the fatal results which this irritation must produce in diminishing the efficiency and weakening the stability of our armies in the East.

Seventhly—In addition to these Souper extravagancies which I published from the Examiner in reference to Catholic soldiers, bear, my Lord, an extract from a pamphlet written by a Mr. Malcolm Lewin (a high official in India) in reference to the natives. This is a subject over which your Lordship should weep, since beyond doubt it is your scheme of proselytism, which has caused our disasters in the East. Mr. Lewin makes especial notice of a Colonel Wheeler, who has been in the constant habit of preaching to the native soldiers as well as to the Catholics. quote in this instance from the Evening Post of last Saturday:—

Rumors having reached Government that the Colonel had been in the habit of holding language to the men under his command, indicating his expectation that they would all be converted to Christianity, an inquiry respecting the truth of these reports was addressed to Major General Hearsay. The General, with the bluntness of a soldier, applied in the first instance to Col. Wheeler himself for information. The result was two letters, in the first of which the Colonel admits that he has for years been active and indefatigable in his efforts to convert the natives. The first letter was so expressed that a cursory perusal might lead to the conclusion that the Colonel had abstained from his missionary endeavors in so far as the native soldiers immediately under his command were concerned. A closer inspection, however, shows that there is considerable ambiguity in the expressions calculated to convey this impression. In his second letter he admits that he has been as indefatigable in his efforts to convert his own Sepoys as other natives.

As a specimen of his style, we quote the following paragraph from the first letter of Colonel Wheeler, of whom it is but justice to say that he appears to be thoroughly sincere in his fanaticism:—

"With regard to my having addressed the Sepoy on religious subjects, I beg to state that during the last twenty years and upwards I have been in the habit of speaking to the natives of all classes, Sepoys and others, making no distinction, since there is no respect of persons with God, on the subject of our religion, in the highways, cities, bazaars and villages (not in the lines and regimental bazaars). I have done this from a conviction that every converted Christian is expected, or rather commanded, by the Scriptures to make known the glad tidings of salvation to his lost fellow-creatures, our Savior having offered himself up as a sacrifice for the sins of the whole world, by which salvation should be freely offered to all, without exception."

In those official papers we have Minutes by the Governor General, Lord Canning, a Minute by Mr. Peacock, dated April 11, 1857. Correspondence between the Secretary of the Indian Government and General Hearsay, and military reports. In a letter, dated Barrackpore, April 16, 1857, addressed to the Assistant Adjutant General, Colonel Wheeler says:—

"The justice of God demands an infinite punishment for sin, and there is but one way guilty men can stand just before God, who is infinite in holiness and purity, and that is by believing and embracing the sacrifice made for sin by Jesus Christ, the son of God; in this way, and only this, can the sinner become reconciled to an offended God, and this salvation is freely offered to Hindoos, Mussulmans and every denomination of men in the whole world. . . . On matters connected with religion, I feel myself called upon to act in two capacities.—To render unto Caesar (or the Government) the things that are Caesars, and to render unto God the things that are God's." Temporal matters and spiritual matters are in this passage clearly placed under their respective heads. When speaking, therefore, to a native upon the subject of religion, I am then acting in the capacity of a Christian soldier under the authority of my Heavenly Superior; whereas in temporal matters I act as a Government officer under the authority and orders of my earthly superior. In carrying out these duties towards my Heavenly Superior, I am reminded by the Saviour that I must count the cost and expect to meet persecution; to be brought before kings and rulers for His sake; to be condemned by the world and all around me; but His favor and protection is promised, and grace and strength in every time of trouble and difficulty, and rich reward hereafter. I take shame to myself in having manifested such coldness and lukewarmness in the service of Him who underwent the most agonising and ignominious death, in order that He might fully atone for our guilt and sin."

Eighthly—My lord, read the following remarks of the Daily News, on the results of the souperism of this preaching Colonel:—

Colonel Wheeler's conduct on the occasion when Adjutant Daugh was cut down by a mutinous Sepoy, will be best described in his own words. When Colonel Wheeler arrived on the ground he saw the assassin stalking about with a loaded musket. At first he merely ordered two or three men of the guard to load, and it was only upon the suggestion of an officer who accompanied him that he extended the order to the whole. He next ordered the jemadar to apprehend the mutineer. The jemadar murmured and hesitated. The order was repeated; whereupon,

says Colonel Wheeler, "he (the jemadar) at last ordered the guard to advance. They did so, six or eight paces, and then halted. The native officer returned to me, stating that none of the men would go on; all of it was useless going on any further in the matter. Some one, a native in undress, mentioned to me that the Sepoy in front was a Brahmin, and that no one would hurt him. I considered it quite useless and a useless sacrifice of life, to order an European officer with the guard to seize him, as he would doubt have picked off the European officer without receiving any assistance from the guard itself. I then left the guard and reported the matter to the Brigadier." A few minutes after the Colonel commanding the regiment had sneaked off, General Hearsay rode up, and at once compelled the guard to follow him. On their approach the mutineer shot himself, no person showing any desire to rescue him.

Here then we have the Colonel of a regiment devoting himself exclusively to missionary labors, and zealously exerting himself to convert the men under his command. Under any circumstances such conduct on the part of a commanding officer would be calculated to inspire dissatisfaction in a regiment in which more than one-half of the men were high caste Hindoos. It would be impossible to persuade them that he did not rely upon his power to confer or withhold favors as a means of persuading those he addressed to profess Christianity. But in addition to this, Colonel Wheeler, while busy preaching, entirely neglected the duty of preserving discipline in his regiment. He allowed a spirit of insolence and insubordination to spread through the ranks, and when his attention was drawn to the cases of individual offenders, he ordered them to be dismissed without punishment—assigning as his reason that if the conduct of these men were to be noticed, he would have to put half the regiment into confinement. We have the testimony of Colonel Aubert that this unsoldierlike conduct was persevered in by Colonel Wheeler for at least a year. During a whole year was this insubordinate spirit allowed to pervade the regiment unchecked, while the Colonel was intent solely upon the conversion of his men. And his disregard of duty reached its climax when, after having seen his adjutant carried bleeding from the field, he timidly and irresolutely desisted from obliging the guard to arrest the assassin—a task which was performed by General Hearsay with perfect ease a few minutes after the gallant Colonel had skulked off the field. One other fact requires to be noticed: in his first letter, giving an account of his missionary labors, he equivocates; in his second, when obliged to tell the whole truth, he whines and affects to play the part of a martyr.

I take great credit to myself for having six years ago foretold that you would, by your bigotry, bring England sooner or later to national ruin. By the clearest argument from facts, I now claim the right of being your superior in political wisdom; and I equally demand the public attention while I continue to expose the pitiable weakness in which you have exposed this country. In the language of the immortal Grattan, "when one nation lives at the will of another nation, this condition is the very definition of slavery." From this fact, so well expressed by the Irish orator, I conclude that England is at this moment the slave of America and of France. If either of these Powers chose at this moment to make war upon your country, she could not command the resources necessary to repel the enemy, and thus in the short space of seven years you have reduced a first rate power, your own country, from the elevated pre-eminence of a dictator to the neighboring nations to be a base cringer at the gates of Washington, and crawling sycophant at the feet of the Emperor of the French. And now, forsooth, besides ten millions sterling which you want to repress the Indian revolt, your organ, the Times, calls again for the maintenance of a large standing army. So your souperism has at once degraded your country, has robbed your Exchequer, has humbled your throne, and has compelled you to demand an increase to your army from the ranks of the poor, whom your laws have expelled by an extermination not known in ancient history. Hear the extract on the lamentations of the Times on the new army:—

But what is the state of the case? According to Lord Ellenborough the efforts absolutely necessary to recover India leave us almost defenceless at home. We have now 39,000 fewer armed men in this country than we had during the Crimean war, and that when, on all ordinary rules, we are much more exposed to European attack than we were then; for however much the Crimean alliance gave us to do in the east of Europe, that very alliance protected us completely in the west, whereas now we are thrown back upon ourselves again, and we have only our own army to depend on, and our ordinary relations with our neighbors on which to rely. It is true we have ten more battalions of the line or 8,000 more regulars at home now than we had then; but whereas then we had 55,000 militia, we have now only 9,000, and those only pledged to us for six months, for the grant of £200,000 will not keep them longer. But such a force, if inadequate for self-defence is still less sufficient as a basis of reinforcement to our troops in India. Lord Ellenborough calculates that the Queen's troops and the company's troops together in India will need reinforcement at the rate of 15,000 annually, taking all the casualties of the climate and war into account. But where is this reinforcement to come from? Why, one year, upon this calculation, will swallow up the greater part of the whole army at home, regular and militia too, which, united, only amount to some 25,000. Does not this sudden periodical call for soldiers, this costly and undignified hurry every four or five years to arm ourselves and prepare for some emergency, inculcate, at last the lesson that we want a better standing army than we have? Must we not sooner or later make up our minds to this? We think every fresh occasion for troops that arises will be the last, that we shall never want an army again, and that our neighbors will always be friendly, as now.—Between 1848 and 1854 war was more than once possible. Then the Russian war came, but that would certainly be the very last. Now an Indian mutiny has come, and that, we seem to fancy, will be, when it is quelled, the very last mutiny that will ever happen. But do not these facts, taking place one after another, amount to a law, and, if we somehow or other always find ourselves in a great self-protective hurry every four or five years, and getting together an army by hook or by crook, may we not as well assume these date as fixed ones, and act upon them by keeping a sufficient army by us? It may not be wanted at this very moment, but we know of a law of events according to which the country has a want of an army at certain intervals. Then, why not acquiesce in this law and anticipated events? Why not recognise the fact that we have a great empire and must keep it? A great empire implies many causes of disturbances at work, and we must be prepared not only for a normal, but for an extraordinary state of things. We look around us now in vain for some remnants of our Crimean force. They are all gone. The Foreign Legion is just disbanded, part of which would have been very useful in India; 2,000 artillery are disbanded; they would have been invaluable in India; 30,000 of the line are disbanded, and so many in great numbers. The pressure is now for soldiers at any price, and not a seaman can be got.

Ha! my Lord, there is the rub: you want now a large army: not a soldier, not a seaman can be got! But surely you cannot be dis-

appointed in men: you can supply the foreign legion! You can buy soldiers from Gardiner, you can recruit men from the Soupers of Exeter Hall, you can raise an army from the exterminating landlords of Ireland: you can call on Mazzini and the Swiss infidels, and surely they won't refuse to fight for you! Ha! my Lord, you are caught at last in your favorite scheme; and you are compelled to publish before the whole world that England is the slave of America and France: and that your bigotry has left you so powerless at home that you cannot procure a soldier or a seaman for the service over which you preside! This same Times has said not long ago "that the Irish race had disappeared with a vengeance." But you would now give all the treasure of your Exchequer to bring them back from the emigrant ship, where persecution has banished them, or to recall them from the grave, where landlord cruelty has buried them, dead and alive. I now proudly triumph over you: I have long warned the country and the Queen of your disastrous career: and if I desired revenge towards English rule, which I do not, I would exult in the catastrophe which you have caused. As a remarkable instance of the incurable Souperism which you have awakened in this country, I have read in the papers of the very last week that Souper Missionaries are stationed at Gravesend, where the troops for the East are embarked; and that these creatures hand Protestant testament and slanderous tracts to the poor faithful Catholic soldiers as they put their feet on shore, to go fight for the Queen, to spill their blood, and to recover the empire which your conduct has lost. This surely is the incurable disease of the maniac, first being deprived of reason by heaven, and then hanging himself in his sanity.

I have no personal prejudice to your lordship: I consider myself a more valuable supporter of the laws than you are: I am decidedly a better friend to the Queen: and my political advice, if allowed in your regard, would have saved England from the degradation, the disgrace, and the impending ruin which your reckless bigotry has brought on the entire state.

I am, my Lord, your Lordship's obedient servant,
August 20, 1857. D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH AT BALLYBAY, IN THE COUNTY OF MONAGHAN.—We are gratified to learn that Mrs. Leslie, the liberal and benevolent lady who is the owner of the Ballybay estate, has given, at Ballybay, for the erection of a Catholic Church, a most convenient and beautiful site, overlooking, at that town, the Dundalk and Enniskillen Railway.

THE ASPECT OF IRELAND.—The deep, fervid, and Celtic feelings of Ireland are just now calm and quiet, and foreigners begin to imagine that the country has become in love with English rule. Nay, the English themselves are under the impression that Ireland of to-day is far in advance of what she was ten short years ago, and that we have come to our senses at last, and seeing the errors of our ways, have resolved to attend to our business, and leave them to manage all our political concerns as they think proper. Well all, we have to say on the views both of England and other countries is this, that they have fallen into a very great error. Ireland has been a rebel to England and English power for nearly 700 years; and she is as rebellious as ever to-day. She is as convinced now as she was hundreds of years ago, that English authority here is an usurpation, and she hopes, as she always did, that the day will come when that authority will be swept root and branch from the island. Let people say what they will, this is the uppermost feeling in the breast of every true Irishman from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear. The quietness visible in Ireland to-day springs not from any new feeling of loyalty. In fact the heart of the country is as hostile as ever to England, and if the prayer she utters on the subject could be heard it would be found that it is for England's discomfiture and humiliation. The truth is, that the real voice of Ireland is not heard at this moment. The party whose voice is loudest now is the English party, for there is such a party in this country. It is this party which gathers round the Lord Lieutenant at cattle shows and other humbug gatherings, where so much nonsense is spoken, and so many misrepresentations of the state of Ireland placed before the empire. The English, or in other words, this Whig party, would fain make all men believe that the improvement of the country is due to English rule, and that the best thing that could be done would be to lie down quietly and let things take their natural course. They ridicule all improvements of a democratic kind; talk of the follies of the people and the wisdom of the aristocracy; and by plausible words strive to cast dust in the eyes of the multitude. They laugh at the labors of the Tenant League, and ridicule the policy of Independent Opposition. Tenant Right they know only by name, and they declare that the best course is to let the land question, rents and everything of that nature rest themselves. They contend that the best acts a member of parliament could perform would be to provide places for his leading supporters, and not to trouble himself too much about other things. It is the voice of this class which is loudest now in Ireland, and persons who are not acquainted with them or with the country believe them to be declaring the national will.—Dundalk Democrat.

GRAND JURY CEES IN DONSAL.—LETTERKENEY AUGUST 24.—This day all the constabulary of this town are gone to collect the sleep tax to be levied of the districts, on which the grand jury have assented to. The constabulary from the neighbouring towns are called out to assist. Who would not think from the number of police passing through this town to-day, that they were going to attack some stronghold of a powerful enemy, and not to aid in the collection of this tax from the peasantry, who cling to their little all with great tenacity. Only the men of these unfortunate districts are gone to the Scotch and English harvests to earn a pittance for the support of their families, there would, I think, be bad work, as their patience of suffering might not longer remain in check. The visit of the police was not expected, as the people were under the impression that the cess would not be called upon till Christmas. The police did not say where they were going. God look to the poor peasants!—Ulsterman.

It is with the deepest regret that we record the death of Mr. Paul M'Sweeney, who died on Sunday morning, at his residence in Monkstown, of gastric fever. For many years Cork has not lost a more valuable citizen, or one who was more thoroughly identified with every useful or charitable undertaking, than Mr. Paul M'Sweeney.—Cork Examiner.

The estates of Mr. Vincent Scully, whose unfortunate connexion with the Tipperary Bank has involved him in a sea of litigation, are to be sold in the Incumbered Estates Court in November next. The property lies in the counties of Tipperary and Cork, and comprises in the gross 3,165 acres, yielding a net rent of 2,100 a year. Mr. Scully's position as regards his relations with the broken bank is one of peculiar hardship, and fully entitles the late member for Cork to the sympathy which his case has excited among all classes of his fellow-citizens.