

prise when he saw who stood without, yet he answered the Dean's 'God save you, Bryan,' with a cheerful 'God save you kindly, your reverence, is it you that is it, sir?'

'And who else would it be?' said the Dean of Cashel, stepping in whilst Bryan took hold of the bride.

'Will I tie the baste to the door-post, your reverence?'

'No, no, Bryan! no, no, I have only a moment to stay.'

'Well, but I can't leave the door open on your reverence such a night as this, and if I shut it, maybe the baste would run away.'

The Dean looked round; Cauth had retreated into the farthest corner of the cabin where the bazy light scarcely penetrated.

'I merely wished to know,' said the Priest, lowering his voice, 'if you can tell me where the Murthes are gone?'

'Gone, your reverence?' said Bryan much amazed, 'and do you tell me they are gone?'

'Certainly; I have been knocking repeatedly at the door of the hut where they had taken shelter, and I find it entirely deserted. Do you know anything of them?'

'O the sorrow thing, your reverence, the sorrow thing. God help them! what's come of them, at all? Sure, it'll come down hot and heavy on them that brought them to this!'

'Hush, Bryan, hush!' said the Dean solemnly, 'those things must be left to the Great Ruler of all. It is not for you or me to judge our fellow-creatures. So you don't know anything at all about Tim, or where he's gone to?'

Before Bryan answered he looked cautiously out into the darkness, peering on every side, as if to make sure that no one was within ear-shot. He then moved close to the Dean, and motioning for him to bend down his head, whispered in his ear:—

'I'll tell your reverence what I wouldn't tell the face of clay barrin' yourself. Tim is not the man he used to be, at all, at all, an' I'm afraid there's something running in his mind this time back that's not for the good for his soul!'

He stepped back a pace, and the two exchanged a look of solemn import. 'It was that very thing brought me out to-night,' said the Dean, in an under tone; 'I have heard things that troubled me not a little, and I thought I would make an effort to prevent bloodshed.'

Bryan shook his head. 'I'm afraid the art of man can't do it—but if anybody can, in conscience, if you can only get speech of them.'

'Which I now begin to fear will be no easy matter. Well, good night, Bryan; we must only do our best, and leave the rest to God.'

So saying, the Dean mounted his horse, and had just exchanged a last kind greeting with the old man, when a hoarse voice spoke in the hearing of both, though where it came from they could not ascertain, and it said:—

'Go home, Dean McDermott, and let justice take its course—you might as well think to soften that Rock there as the hearts of them you're looking for this night.'

'God bless us!' said Bryan, 'who can that be?'

'Friend!' said the Dean, addressing the invisible colloquist, 'it is an evil purpose that shuns the eye of God's anointed minister.—Could I but speak even a few words with those persons to whom you have reference, it might be their own salvation, temporal and eternal!'

A scoffing laugh was the only answer, and the Dean, seeing that nothing could then be done, reluctantly took his way homeward, leaving Bryan as ill at ease as himself, though he tried to conceal it from Cauth, who, strange enough, made neither remark nor inquiry as to the object of the Dean's visit.

(To be continued.)

#### THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS ON POLAND.

The Bishop of Orleans has published the following reply to the appeal made by M. E. Quinet to the Catholic clergy in favor of Poland:—

Sir,—Among the astonishing events which one often experiences in these extraordinary times, it has rarely happened to me to meet any equal to that caused by the appeal to the Catholic clergy, published by you in the columns of the *Siecle* and the *Opinion Nationale*.

It is you, Sir, who some years since wrote this phrase, 'Catholicism must be dishonoured—that is not enough, it must be smothered in mud.' Son and Pontiff of the Catholic Church, my hand trembles in copying this outrage. I must surmount a strong repugnance in order to write to the author, and you would esteem me but little if I entertained any other feeling. You would laugh at my credulity if I did not mistrust the prayers you address to-day to that church, whose faith you so cruelly attacked yesterday, and whose honor you would even in that prayer.

Nevertheless, I will—I ought—to respond to a challenge so strange that one asks oneself, while reading it, whether it is a homage or an insult—a snare or a defiance.

You accuse us in the first words of taking our place on the strongest side. This calumny enrages me. We are in Great Britain, on the side of Ireland; in the East, for the Christians of the Lebanon; in America, on the side of the slaves; in Russia, on the side of Poland; in Italy, on the side of the Pope; throughout the entire world, on the side of the weak, the poor, the children, the deserted; on the side of modesty, conscience, probity, of all here below that is buffeted, insulted, crucified with Jesus Christ. That is how we are on the strongest side.

You say that we have during the last century broken the heart of Poland.

When I open the history of the last century I see that Pope Clement XIII. wrote on the 30th of April, 1757, to the King of France, to the King of Spain, to the Emperor of Germany, in favour of Poland; that Clement XIV. again recommended that great cause on the 7th of September, 1774, 15 days before he appeared before God; that 20 times—bear this in mind—in public and solemn documents these two Popes alone in Europe protested with all the energy inspired by faith, charity, love of justice, against the iniquity of the conquest and partition.

And I read in the same history of the last century that on the 18th of November, 1773, Voltaire wrote to the King of Prussia, 'It is pretended that it was you, Sir, who imagined the partition of Poland; and I believe it, because it was a stroke of genius.'

What do you want, then? Acts? What acts? That we should march forward; that we should sound the tocsin; in a word, that we should make an appeal to arms?'

I answer you. All that can be done by the clergy the Polish clergy are doing valiantly. They bless, they console, they care, they support. The churches are open to the wounded; the priests fear not to expose themselves to all perils in order to succour their brethren, and I bless them for it.

When one knows what has passed and is passing on that land—what souls and faith have suffered there during a century, it is impossible not to feel that there is a great Catholic cause there. The Polish clergy are national, and there is not a single priest among them whose heart does not beat with the heart of his country.

You wish that we should preach war. Should we do so, are you certain that some of your party would not remind us that we are ministers of peace?'

Could we not, however, do more than we are doing—speak louder and excite all hearts for this unfortunate nation? I examine not whether we could do so; but, if we do not, who prevents us? Who? It is you; yes, you, who always drive the clergy behind the altar, and who call them forward when that suits you; you, who fetter them, and then reproach them for not acting; you, who wish that arms should be laid down at Castelfidardo and wish that they should be taken up at Warsaw; you, who exhort them to silence when they speak of defending themselves against you, and to be violent when you think they may assist you.

There is something more serious on this occasion, which both the most elevated and the gravest interests of Poland induce me to tell you. It is you, Sir, and those who follow you—it is you who not only cast a cloud over, but destroy the best causes, by meddling with them; you who render liberty respected, and ruin it by uniting it with force and revolution, which destroy it. An honourable man does not know how to move, pressed between two obstacles—laws which prevent what he wishes to say—parties which corrupt what he wishes to accomplish.

If we could give the signal you demand, who would come to the meeting? Those not called on. We could induce generous souls and Christian heroes to hasten, and at your voice would come revolutionists to fall on that noble and religious nation to make it their prey. We could summon eagles, and vultures would come. This is the great danger of Poland. I am ready to obey you if you promise that the revolution shall not meddle with it. If La Vendee was great, it is because you were not there. If 1789 was compromised, it is because you were present.

Moreover, the signal is no longer to be given; it is done. Men are dying; we are praying. What shall happen to-morrow? Should God permit it, the victory or defeat must be glorious—that Poland shall come out of this unequal struggle more free and more deserving than ever of love, compassion, and respect.

You say that that nation will not be free except through us. You are right. Abandoned to revolution, it should tremble for its liberty. But no; I entertain better hopes. The blood which flows is fruitful when it is pure. Even victorious, were the cause corrupted by the agitators throughout Europe, it is lost; even vanquished, if served by patriotism and faith only, it will rise again, for justice is eternally just.

Do you know, Sir, how I should wish to serve Poland? It is in the councils of the nations of Europe. I would, at the cost of my blood, persuade those who can accomplish what we cannot that there is a great iniquity to be repaired, a right scandalously violated to be restored, a barrier necessary to Europe and to France to be raised. And may we never know to what extent we may require that barrier, of which Providence so admirably marked the place, and which has been so imprudently and unworthily sacrificed.

FELIX, Bishop of Orleans.

#### IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONVENTION.—On the 15th ult., Wm. Spooner was received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. J. Hughes, P.P. of Naas.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH.—The festival of our glorious Apostle was solemnized in the cathedral, Marlborough-street, Dublin, with great devotion and grandeur and ritual observance. The Most Rev. the Archbishop of Dublin celebrated the Pontifical Mass at twelve o'clock, and also delivered a most interesting and learned discourse on the eminent virtues and fruitful mission of our national saint. His Grace was attended by Very Rev. Canon Pope as assistant priest, and by Very Rev. Canons Keogh and Power as deacons assistant to the archiepiscopal throne. Rev. William Irwin, C.G., and Rev. Mr. O'Neill, C.C., officiated as deacons of the High Mass. Under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Murray and Rev. Dr. O'Connor, the imposing ceremonies were carried out most edifying by the students of the Holy Cross, Clonliffe. Much credit is due to professor Glover for the truly effective manner in which the fine organ choir of the church rendered the sacred music on the occasion. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament having been imparted by the most Rev. Celebrant, the vast concourse left the church, edified and consoled by the solemn function they had witnessed, and the eloquent discourse they had heard.

THE GREAT CATHEDRAL OF ST. PATRICK AT ARMAGH.—To the Irish Catholics at Home and Abroad.—We, the unworthy successor of St. Patrick in the See of Armagh, make this appeal to you, Irish Catholics, with the fullest confidence in that generosity, which has ever distinguished the genuine Irish Catholic, as often as the cause of religion, of charity, or of true patriotism, has called for its exercise. Our cathedral is now approaching its completion. We have made a last appeal, therefore, to the people of our diocese for aid to finish it. That appeal, we doubt not, will meet with a generous response. But as the aid which we still require for the finishing of the work, is very considerable, it has been suggested to us that we ought to seek on this occasion the co-operation with our own people of the Catholic countrymen in other dioceses and in other lands. And, indeed, where is the Irish Catholic to be found, in any part of the world, who will say that Armagh has no claims upon him? Is not Armagh a household word with him? Armagh, the name of the sacred city of Ireland—the Jerusalem of our country—where that glorious Christian temple stands on its own Sion, proclaiming to all who see it the triumph of the faith of the Irish Catholics over ages of suffering, and at the same time their undying veneration and love for the memory of their great St. Patrick. Yes, be it remembered that this is the most beautiful church ever seen in Ireland—the noblest monument ever raised to the memory of our apostle. Now, then, that, with the blessing of God, we are about to put the finishing hand to this great work, we may count with certainty on the aid of our faithful countrymen throughout the world. And the daughters of Ireland, who by the ardor of their faith and the purity of their lives shed a glorious lustre on their country at home and abroad—who are ever in the van where religion or charity leads, will not be indifferent to this appeal. They would rather, if necessary, in their desire to see this great Christian temple of Ireland completed, rival the zeal of the women of Israel, when they offered their bracelets and earrings for the work of the Tabernacle, as we read in the 35th chapter of the book of Exodus. Let us in conclusion observe, that it would be impossible to send a collector to everyone who will wish to contribute on this occasion, the Post-office affords a ready means to all of forwarding their subscriptions, whether by letters, of credit, post-office orders, or postage stamps. All communications may be addressed to the Rev. Charles Quinn, C.O.,

Armagh, who will acknowledge their receipt, enter the subscriptions in a book to be kept specially for the purpose, and publish them in due time in the leading newspapers of the province, and of Dublin.

J. JOSEPH DIXON,  
Archbishop of Armagh.

Armagh, March 2, 1863.  
DISTRESS IN KERRY.—The following has been received by Mr. Maguire, M.P., from the Bishop of Kerry:—

'The Palace, Killarney, March 12, 1863.  
'Dear Mr. Maguire—My attention was attracted some time since by an able article in the *Times* newspaper, which went to prove, from the diminished number of marriages, the extent of distress in the cotton districts of England. I wished to apply the same test to this country. As nearly all the marriages of our people take place in Shrovetide, and as their number at that season is principally affected by the preceding harvest, I have had the returns made from Ash Wednesday to Ash Wednesday of the last three years. The number of Catholic marriages in the county of Kerry during that time is as follows:—  
From Ash Wednesday, 1860, to Ash }  
Wednesday, 1861, ..... } 1,352  
Do. 1861-62, ..... } 1,212  
Do. 1862-63, ..... } 834

I leave you to calculate the decrease per cent. The Catholic population of the county, according to the census of 1861, is 195,159. Those who are skilled in such statistics will be able to say how far the number is an index of the poverty of our people.—Supposing the population to remain the same as in '61, the marriages are this year about 1 in 234. According to the registration tables for England, in 1861 they seem to have been about 1 in 121; and I think I saw in the *Home and Foreign Review* that, according to a late census, in Spain they were 1 in 125. On matters of this kind, however, my sources of information are very scanty. The Protestant population of the county of all denominations is given in the census of 1861 as 6,037. As these belong generally to the more opulent class, the number of their marriages is not likely to have been much affected by the prevailing distress, and may, therefore, be assumed as a constant quantity.—I remain, my dear Mr. Maguire, yours very faithfully,

DAVID MORIARTY,  
Bishop of Kerry.

'John F. Maguire, Esq., Cork.'

THE CORK RIOTS.—In an address to his fellow-citizens Mr. J. F. Maguire writes:—  
The wanton and disgraceful outrages which took place on the night of the 10th, render it necessary that some reference should be made to them by me thus publicly.

There may be some persons in this city so swollen with self-conceit and folly, as to imagine that they achieved a triumph by the stupid and wanton destruction of the property of their inoffensive fellow-citizens, who never did harm to them; but the only result which has been achieved, is this—that a heavy burden will be imposed upon the industrious ratepayers of the city, who will have to pay, by increased rates, in a time of severe pressure, for every shilling of damage done on that night—that forbearance has been entirely exhausted on the part of those responsible for the peace of the community—and that those who have incited others to violence, or themselves taken part in the outrages which have taken place, have rendered their principles, if such they really have, odious in the estimation of every friend of true liberty.

It is the merest folly to pretend that the bad conduct of that evening was not the result of premeditation, or that the inflammatory appeals posted through the city on the night of Saturday and the morning of Sunday did not necessarily incite to acts of violence. The premeditation was displayed in a manner quite notorious—by the marching of large bodies of young men, affecting military order and precision, and evidently acting under orders. The effect of the placards was evident not only in the destruction of the property of those who illuminated, but in the songs, cries, and catch-words which were repeated during the night in every part of the city. So that, beyond doubt, those who organized the marching and the demonstrations of physical strength, and who scattered their placards over the walls of the city, are morally, if not legally, responsible for every act of outrage committed on that night, and for every shilling's worth of damage done to property, as well as for the payment for the damage in the shape of taxation. Whether such was the intention contemplated by the authors of the absurd manifestoes, and the affectation of military parade, I should not say; but they must have known that they were wantonly and wickedly playing with the passions of the unreflecting and inconsiderate, and so far as they could do so, giving a license to the very worst-class in the community. It is to be hoped that those who are responsible for what took place are thoroughly ashamed of the fruits of their evil example, and that on no future occasion will they venture to offer the same provocation to the authorities, or to imperil the property and the lives of their fellow citizens.

I shall now only say to those who have been, beyond all doubt, the authors of the mischief on Tuesday night, and who, in the name of their country, have incited ignorant and unreflecting people to acts of which the authors and instigators have every reason to be ashamed, that they, by their conduct, bring the cause of nationality into disgrace and contempt, and associate its idea with violence, fanaticism, and tyranny. If they really hold the cause of country so sacred as they affect to do, they take the worst possible mode of exhibiting their sincerity; for what enemy to their cause could inflict upon it greater injury than they do by their own deliberate manifestoes, and the manner in which they follow them up.

GOVERNMENT REWARD.—In compliance with the formal request of the city magistrates, the government have directed that a reward of £50 be offered for information leading to the arrest of the persons who committed breaches of the public peace on the night of the 10th. It is intended that this sum shall be divided into smaller sums.—*Examiner*.

CORK, Saturday Night.—Mr. John Lynch was charged to-day at the police-office with having been concerned in inciting the mob to the destruction of property on Tuesday night last. After the hearing of some evidence on the part of the Crown, the magistrates decided on taking informations, but returned to assizes, accepted bail for the defendant's appearance. The court was crowded to excess.—*Id.*

CORK, March 17.—The riots in Cork were renewed last night being St. Patrick's Eve, by the Nationalists, who broke the windows of several houses, and broke into the house of an obnoxious Dissenter. The mob marched through the city in military array, about 1,000 strong. The magistrates are prepared with a strong force of cavalry, infantry, and police, to suppress any further outbreak.

A respectable person named Lynch was prosecuted on Saturday by the police, at Cork, for having been one of those who incited or encouraged the mob to commit the outrages which disgraced that city on Tuesday night. The magistrates took informations against him, and sent the case for trial at the assizes. It is to be hoped that some of the guilty parties will be brought to justice. The Government has offered a reward of £50 for information leading to the arrest of any of the rioters.

The *Cork Examiner* of Thursday, contains the following paragraph:—

The number of persons hurt in the disgraceful riots of the 10th is much larger than was at first imagined. On the night of the riots Sub-constable Levy, of the Patrick's Hill Station, was brought to the North Infirmary, suffering from severe scalp wounds, a deep cut on the hand, and several contusions on other parts of his body. The sub-constable stated he was endeavoring to arrest a man whom he saw throwing stones, when he was knocked down, beaten, kicked, and pelted with stones by the mob. Sub-constables Feaghery and Irwin, two country police-

men, were also brought to the North Infirmary, both suffering from contusions on the head and face, the effects of the night's stone-throwing. The three sub-constables now lie at the infirmary, and are rapidly becoming convalescent. The rioters themselves did not come off entirely scatheless. During the night two men Leary and Cronin came to the North Infirmary to have their wounds dressed. The former had received a bayonet thrust in the head, but the wound was of a very slight nature, and after the wound had been dressed, he left the infirmary. The injuries of the other man were, however, of a more serious nature, he having received three bayonet wounds in the thigh, and being bleeding most profusely. Dr. Sullivan, the house surgeon, having dressed the wounds, endeavored to induce the man to stay in the infirmary, but probably fearful of the consequences of being identified as engaged in the night's rioting, he refused to do so. Last night passed off most peacefully. There was not a single attempt made to renew the rioting of the night before.

CAUTIONED.—M. Moynahan and Jeremiah O'Donovan (Rosa), were warned this week by Mr. O'Connell, R.M., and cautioned as to their future conduct. They were plainly informed that sympathy meetings would not be allowed, and that if they persisted in them they will be called up for judgment.—*Shibberden Eagle*.

THE RIOT AT BALLINA.—It is stated to be the intention of the government to institute an inquiry into the riots at Ballina and the alleged inaction of the constabulary, on the occasion.—*Evening Post*.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—An attempt to vitally injure this great Catholic institution has been made by publishing gross misstatements respecting the conduct of its students, on the occasion of the rejoicings for the Royal Marriage. In this attempt the 'disaffected' party here, and the anti-Catholic party beyond the channel, have united their efforts. It was a serious peril for the great cause of religious education because, if the statements, boastfully published by the *Nation*, were not as we assert them to be, a tissue of gross exaggerations, the Catholic University would have received a vital blow. The character of the University is not affected by the misconduct of a few individual students, no matter how bad and censurable that misconduct may have been, but it would be almost irretrievably injured if the boastful statement of the *Nation* that the entire body of the students shared in a disloyal *complot* were not as untrue as it is scandalous. That a few of the students acted on the promptings of an anonymous letter published in the daily organs of 'disaffection' is unfortunately true. That incendiary production though signed a 'Student of the Catholic University,' was not, we are assured, written by any one connected with the University. The fact that a few hot-headed youths were misled by the rabid declamations of a sensational writer is less to be wondered at than deplored. But it is an outrage upon truth and decency that the misconduct of these two or three should be exultantly ascribed to the entire body of the students by the very parties to whose evil influence the Catholics of Ireland and indebted for the first serious blow attempted upon their most cherished educational institution. The anti-Catholic press, both here and in England, have improved the occasion by making the boasts of the *Nation* the groundwork for injurious assaults upon the University. These attacks, however, can do harm only in proportion as the misstatements find credence. We feel called on, then, to declare that the story told by the *Nation* respecting the misconduct of the Catholic University students is a gross exaggeration and perversion of the real facts of the case. An authoritative statement on the subject will be believed, in due time be given to the Catholic public, and it will then be seen that the University has promptly taken every proper step to free itself from the slightest stain of 'disaffection' or disloyalty to the throne. It must be a matter of painful surprise to our readers that any step of the sort should have become necessary. The Catholic University was founded by the Pope and the Bishops of Ireland as a barrier or bulwark against the revolutionary spirit of the age. Catholics are loyal not from interested motives but on principle, and as a matter of strict religious duty. Such loyalty is in no way inconsistent with devoted fidelity to their faith, or the most earnest aspirations for the freedom and welfare of their native land. But it is totally inconsistent and irreconcilable with the conduct which the *Nation* untruthfully ascribes to the great body of the students of the Catholic University on the occasion of the marriage of the eldest son of their Sovereign. This is a matter upon which no apprehension ought for one moment be allowed to exist. The Catholic Prelates, in their solemn address to the clergy and people of Ireland on the occasion of the foundation of the University, thus clearly define the spirit which should prevail amongst its students. They say:—'Should the Sovereign of these realms ever have to invoke the loyalty of the well-disposed against the designs of turbulent men, the youth brought up in a Catholic University would be found in the front rank of the defenders of order, and hence the British statesman who would surround the throne with devoted subjects, and give to society good citizens, must, on the ground at least of a wise state policy, sincerely desire to see the youth of Ireland brought up according to the strict principles of the Catholic faith.' We think these emphatic words of the Fathers of the Irish Church are entitled to more weight than the incendiary declamation of any anonymous writer pretending to be a 'student of the Catholic University.' The meaning of these words cannot be misunderstood or disputed. We are perfectly certain that the great bulk of the University Students fully answer the description anticipated given of them by the Bishops. The thoughtless misconduct of a few, urged on and stimulated by professional disturbers, has been used the pretext for assailing the whole body, and for attempting to injure the institution to which they belong. The attempt, will fail, as it will have afforded an occasion to vindicate the true Catholic principles of loyalty and attachment to the throne upon which alone a great educational institution could attain to solid and durable success.—*Catholic Telegraph*.

ANOTHER CAMPAIGN AGAINST MAYNOOTH.—Mr. Whalley, the member for Peterborough, is decidedly a 'brick;' nay, to do him justice, he is more—*tenax propositi*—he clings firmly to his resolve, and thus becomes brick and mortar. With such materials for bricklaying in *propria persona*, it is not surprising that he should have built a tower in Wales, to stand as a bulwark against the ingress of Romanism into Britain. Everyone who notes parliamentary proceedings knows that certain members have certain hobbies, designated in parliamentary parlance, motions, which revolve as regularly as those of the planets round the sun. Mr. Whalley's motion is notably and invariably directed against that stronghold of Popery, Maynooth. Our Transatlantic cousins are declaiming each other; the French are gradually nestling themselves in Mexico; Victor Emmanuel's myrmidons are shooting down the loyal subjects of the legitimate King, as if they were so many crows, and the Poles are once more turning upon their oppressors. But Mr. Whalley heeds them not, and true as the needle to the pole, he turns him to the nursery of Romanism, and exclaims down with it. The heart of the empire is pouring forth its joyous welcome to the lovely bride of its future monarch; but the 'rueful countenance' of the Peterborough Quixot betrays no sign of gladness, as his lugubrious voice utters its wonted wail—

Whilst stands the Coliseum Rome shall stand;

When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall.

Maynooth once demolished, and Romanism must disappear—so, at least, thinks poor Mr. Whalley. That consummation once achieved, and Protestantism will need no tower to defend it against Popery. A dozen Colosseums may start up and level their sturdy blows at the State Church, and the State will prevent its demolition by propping it up with pillars of

gold. Essays and Reviews may throw their grape shot upon its outworks, and University professors undermine it with their subtleties, it will stand proof against them all whilst mammon can purchase outward conformity to it. Only let Maynooth be levelled to the ground and all will be well with the Church established by law and supported by such legislators as the Solon of Peterborough. He is not to be diverted from his noble purpose, either by the ridicule, the sarcasm, the laughter, or the abuse of bon gentlemen on either side or both sides of the House. They don't see the danger looming in the distance with his eyes. Short-sighted mortals that they are, they cannot detect a Phœnix sword of deal under every cassock, a Ribbonman's revolver concealed in each student's bosom, nor a knot of the St. Patrick's Brotherhood in every group assembled together in treason-brooding Maynooth. Far-seeing Mr. Whalley, and perhaps half a dozen more seers like himself, are the only ones amongst the 654 persons in whom the legislative wisdom of the Empire is concentrated who are gifted with his keen and unerring second-sight. Yet, with all his penetration he affects not to see the half million sterling or more squandered upon the Protestant Church in Ireland, nor the vast revenues of that nursery of rabid Protestantism, Trinity College, nor the thousands upon thousands flung away uselessly upon Endowed Schools, although five-sixths of the inhabitants of the country will have none of the ministry of the Church, and cannot, without endangerment of their faith and morals, avail themselves of the advantages and the education which the College affords to the professors of the State creed. But absurd and ridiculous as the Maynooth monomania was at first, it was, after all, enacted by monomania of a mild and comparatively modern type. But since Messrs. Spooner and Newdegate, with nearly the whole of the stock company who were engaged in the whole of the piece, have flung off their socks and hankies, it has, like most dramatic productions, been metamorphosed into an extravaganza, in which the mild and melancholy monomania of the gentle and impetuous Mr. Spooner has been converted into the 'monomaniac Furioso' vein of Mr. Whalley. This the member for Peterborough has now for several years adopted with so much 'unprecedented success' that he has uniformly succeeded in keeping the 'whole house in roars of laughter during the entire performance.'—*Dublin Telegraph*.

THE GALWAY MAIL STEAMERS.—The paddle-wheel steamship Columbia, Captain R. Leitch, one of the Atlantic Royal Mail Company's fleet, left Southampton docks on Wednesday week, and proceeded to Stokes Bay to undergo her official trial in the presence of the Government authorities. This vessel has been thoroughly overhauled and strengthened in every department, and among other improvements the whole of the condensers and air pumps are new, and are now worked by large eccentrics, the largest ever made. The work connected with the hull has been executed by Messrs. Laird & Sons, of Birkenhead, and that of the machinery department by Messrs. Ravenhill & Salkeld, of London. The Columbia made four runs at the measured mile with the following result:—First run, 4 min. 16 sec., equal to 14,229 knots per hour, 204 revolutions; second run, 4 min. 56 sec., equal to 12,162 knots, 207 revolutions; third run, 3 min. 59 sec., equal to 15,054 knots, 21 revolutions; fourth run, 5 min., equal to 12,000 knots, 21 revolutions; giving a true mean of 13,487 knots. Pressure of steam, 25 lbs.; vacuum, 24 inches; indicated horse-power, 4,000. Her draught of water was 19ft. 9in. forward, and 19ft. 2 one-half inches aft., the mean draught being 19ft. 6 one-half inches. She had 800 tons of coals on board, and 65 tons of water and spare gear. The machinery worked admirably throughout the trial, and to the complete satisfaction of the Government surveyors. While at full speed the vessel made a complete turn in 6 min. 55 sec. The Anglia, a sister ship to the Columbia in every respect, is refitting in the Thames, and will be taken round to Southampton, ready for her official trial, by the end of the month. The Adriatic, now lying in the Southampton Docks, and the Hibernia, at Liverpool, have been officially tested, and are ready for sea. In the course of a month, therefore, the Atlantic Company will be prepared to enter on the mail service between Galway and America with four as fine ocean-going steamers as any company can boast of.—*Times*.

INFORMATION WANTED.—James Crowe, of Rathgormick, Carrick-on-Suir, respectfully requests information respecting his brothers, Philip, Edmund, and William Crowe, and their sister Kate, Mrs. William O'Brien. They were natives of the parish of Donahill, county Tipperary, and emigrated in October, 1848. Shortly after landing Edmund separated from the others, and has not since been heard from; but Philip, William, and Mrs. O'Brien resided at Hanover, Leekington, State of Ohio, in the beginning of 1855, after which no account has been received of them. A private letter, in answer to the foregoing, addressed as above, would be thankfully received from any American friend.

SUICIDE IN BELFAST.—On Friday night, about nine o'clock, a man named William Ffiorde committed suicide by hanging himself in his own house on the Shankill-road. Deceased kept a grocer's shop, and was understood to be a highly respectable man. The cause of this suicide is not known.

DUBLIN, MARCH 19.—At the Nenagh assizes William Fogarty was tried and convicted for sending a letter to John Bridley, threatening him with death if he did not pay a debt of £20. After about half an hour's deliberation the jury found the prisoner *Guilty*. The Judge, in passing sentence, said:—

'William Fogarty, in the most providential manner the evidence in this case has come to light. You have been convicted on the clearest evidence of a most serious offence, for the man who will in secret send a threatening letter to another is coward enough to hire an assassin to take the life of him against whom he has a grudge. In an adjoining county a wretched man lies who will shortly forfeit his life to the outraged laws of his country, for hiring a felon, who has already sufficed, to commit murder. Your crime is one which breaks up social harmony, and spreads terror through the community. Your sentence is that you undergo four years' penal servitude.'

John Gilford, a teacher of writing, one of the witnesses in the case, was ordered into custody, in consequence of having given his evidence very reluctantly.

At a subsequent trial the Judge said he was just informed that a Crown witness had been arrested in the court in a civil suit. This was a contempt of Court, for which he had the power of committing the parties. He would hereafter deal most severely with any person who should be guilty of any such audacious attempt to check the administration of justice.

At Tralee, persons who had been tried at the quarter sessions for the Guvazzi riots and acquitted by the jury, the county Judge having censured the verdict as improper, were arraigned again at the assizes for substantially the same offence. They pleaded 'Guilty' on condition that they should be let out on their own recognizances to come up for judgement when called upon. It was believed that the ends of justice would be answered by this course, which the Crown was induced to adopt partly because the working classes in Tralee had behaved so well on the night of the 10th inst. The Chief Baron concurred in this course; but he said that if parties were brought up before he was convicted of such an offence he would have no hesitation in passing a severe sentence. The offence was assembling to prevent a holding of a Protestant meeting for religious worship.

It is an interesting fact that although as many as 100 cases arising out of drinking are brought before the magistrates of the police courts every Monday morning, there were only 44 on the morning after St. Patrick's at the two city police-offices and five at Kingstown.