

give force to a dreadful heresy. Aggravated by the fact that we have not seen the inspiration of the Scriptures as a rule, and even the authenticity of the Scriptures itself. Do we not observe that the doctrine of eternal retribution has been abandoned? A doctrine which terrified the wicked, and led to amendment, and one of the seeds of Aaron has done much of this. Why did not the Protestant Church speak boldly out? Why did they not assemble some solemn Synod to pass judgment upon these awful innovations? I do not wish to depreciate those from whom we differ. I am free to admit that if Protestant Bishops and Catholic Bishops were rivals in the editing of some difficult classical author, or in the critical elimination of some nicety of language, we would probably be the conquered side. The Protestant Prelates are probably more learned. But learning is not faith, learning is not unity, learning is not stability. They may be oracles in classic lore, and yet in points of faith they may be despised by their flocks. These flocks tell them, "We do not believe." The trumpet is uncertain in its sound. The soldiers trust it not and many come over to us from the turmoil of doubt. As if in a besieged city the inhabitants quarrelled with each other, and some crossed the walls to enter the hostile camp.

There is another matter still worse, and I shall speak of it with as much delicacy as I can. You know from history that near the close of the last century a revolution burst forth in a neighboring country and that everything holy was assailed. Bishops and Priests were massacred, and the guillotine was red with the blood of all that was holy and noble and good in France. It seemed as if a legion of infernal fiends had suddenly taken possession of human bodies. The worship of the true God was abolished for the time. But it was deemed necessary that some worship should be found, and the religion of France became the worship of the Goddess of Reason. I will not outrage your feelings by alluding to the form which this religion took. It is well known that it was not imaginative, but that an attempt was made to symbolize the idea and make it patent to the senses in a manner hideous and detestable, not only with reference to the House of God but even any civilised home. Seventy years have passed away since society was afflicted with the sight of the hideous spectacle to which I refer. A long time had passed since that foul idolatry, when at last an effort was attempted to be made to revive the idea. A letter was addressed to the English nation calling on them to restore the principles of 1789, and to substitute in Italy reason for what the writer called the monstrosity of the Papacy. England was called upon to raise up again the vile principles I have referred to, and France, which had flung them aside, was scoffed at for clinging to the throne of Peter. This letter appeared in a leading paper in England. The man who wrote those lines has been lately in London, and has been received with open arms and with open hearts by almost all classes. I have nothing here to do with that man as a statesman or a soldier. Certainly, our idea of a hero used to be that such a character meant one who was true and loyal to his flag, and did not wage war against his own Prince. I cannot understand how a man whose principal aim it is to overthrow all thrones can be revered by those who are bound to entertain opposite feelings. It is only as a preacher I can speak here and I say that it astonished me to see him who proposed to return to the principles which led to the worship of reason, welcomed and idolized by those whose solemn duty it is to hold to Christianity. Several Archbishops and Bishops went forward to greet him; and this was done with studious prominence in a place where those Prelates were supposed to represent the Church. With one hand they grasp this man, and with the other they sign a condemnation of Bishop Colenso, or of "Essays and Review." They accept him, and yet they denounce the miserable streamlets which dribble from corruption. We cannot allow such profanation to pass uncondemned. Those who did this have indeed lost their claim to be considered as guardians of the flock. In this church which we open to-day, you will never hear such lax doctrine preached, you will here possess what the Evangelists have preached; you will here receive in its purity that teaching which mirrors the love of the good God who commissioned His Church to instruct all nations. After the conclusion of the Cardinal's sermon the Pontifical Blessing was given with the usual solemnity, and the Mass was proceeded with, at the termination of which the procession returned to the sacristy.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

PASTORAL ADDRESS OF HIS GRACE THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.—We take the following from the Pastoral of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, which was read in all the churches of the Diocese on Sunday last:—

Reverend Brethren—You all know how much our Holy Father has had to suffer for the past, and it is undoubted that his enemies and the enemies of religion are still panting for his destruction. The intensity of the hatred which heresy and infidelity bear to the Pope, was never more fully manifested than in the honors lately conferred on an Italian adventurer, a man of no military genius, a man who was successful only when his opponents were bribed to submit to him, and whose career of rapine, perfidy, violence, and revolution was put an end to as soon as he encountered a handful of men faithful to their trust. Yet, because this adventurer had proclaimed himself an enemy of the Pope, and had assailed the Catholic priesthood, and blasphemed the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and had apostatized from the faith of his baptism, hundreds of thousands of men and women went out to greet him as a hero, and the nobles and rulers of the land dignified themselves by paying him honors almost divine. When the man who is the personification of every evil principle, and of everything dangerous to the Church and to society, is thus treated in the empire under the severest afflictions. Nearly three millions of our people have been forced to leave the land of their birth, and trade and commerce are at the lowest ebb; great poverty prevails; and all those

who can find the means of emigrating are trying to forsake their lands, and exposing themselves to every danger in order to avoid the miseries which they suffer at home. In the meantime, no attempts are made by those in power to redress the evils of the country. The Church Establishment—the greatest nuisance that ever afflicted or disgraced any nation—is still upheld; the occupiers of the soil are oftentimes subjected to the greatest hardships, and have no legal security for their improvements; no encouragement for energy and industry. The poor are deprived of the rights accorded to their class in England, and are subjected to the severest privations, being treated with greater hardships in the workhouses than convicted in the prisons; indeed, poverty, though commended in the Gospel, is punished as a crime. Moreover, attempts are made to divorce religion from instruction; the training of Catholic teachers is frequently committed to Protestants, Presbyterians, or Unitarians; Catholic books and Catholic practices are banished from the schools; and the Catholic children are left in utter ignorance of the history of their Church and their country. On the contrary, in England, training and model schools for Catholics are supported at the public expense, and a denominational system of education is established, under which Catholics enjoy the advantage of using Catholic books, and of maintaining in the schools all Catholic practices, under the recognised authority of the Catholic bishops. Now, as in the hour of our weakness we are thus treated by those who should provide for our wants in a spirit of equity, as we are deprived of rights granted to others, what are we to do? If we speak of prayer in such cases, modern economists and materialists, who pretend to banish the Creator from the management of the universe, would scoff at our folly or our simplicity; yet, if we be guided by the revelations of heaven, and by the practice of the saints, it is in prayer we should place our greatest hope. It was by prayer that Moses defeated the Amalecites—it was by prayer that David overcame his persecutors—it was by prayer that so many saints obtained temporal and spiritual protection for the faithful. Notwithstanding the scoffs of a world sunk in materialism or indifference, it is our duty to have recourse to God, as man will not hear us, begging of Him to arise, to judge our cause, and to compel those who can do so to grant us that need of justice which we require. At the same time we are not to forget that we are to help ourselves, by all legitimate means; to petition, to bring our grievances before the legislature, and to call on our representatives to aid in redressing them. However, in seeking for redress, and protesting against the injustice and oppression which we have to suffer, no one ought to allow himself to be led astray by those politicians who can think of nothing but revolution and bloodshed, and who are anxious to drive into open resistance a people that has neither arms, nor ammunition, nor any means of aggression or defence at their disposal, and who could not resist for a moment the first assault of a disciplined and well-organised army. Those who give such counsels are our greatest enemies; probably many of the leaders among them are in the pay of the men who wish to divide and weaken the country. In 1798, and again in 1848, some of those who were for the most violent measures and for driving others into the field, were traitors to the cause they pretended to espouse, and whilst proclaiming themselves patriots, were compassing the ruin of those who became their dupes. Very probably, also, the great projects proposed by the Fenian Brotherhood and their doings beyond the seas, have no other object but to induce brave young men to go to America, there to fight the battles of the States, and to sacrifice their lives in the swamps of Virginia, or on the battle-fields of Louisiana or Mississippi. At all events, it is evident that, as those whose aid we are promised to free us from oppression, cannot terminate their own dissensions, or re-establish the union of the country in which they live, we who are separated from them by the waters of the vast ocean, across which it would be almost impossible to transport a large army, especially in the face of hostile and powerful fleets, we, I say, should hope for no good result from their promises or interference. To those who have evil designs in view, or who hope to promote their worldly prospects, by encouraging revolution and violence, it is useless to address any advice. But there are good men, young and inexperienced; there are lovers of their country, led astray by the enthusiasm of their nature; there are patriots, acting in good faith and swayed by noble inspirations, but carried away by an over-zealous desire of serving their country, and to those, when, through want of consideration, they embark in dangerous and utopian projects, we may address a word of counsel, with the hope of being heard. As, therefore, persons, such as I have described, are under the influence of reason and religion, I would exhort them to be on their guard against interested and unprincipled men; to take care not to be led astray by delusive hopes and baseless promises, not to undertake anything unlawful, not to enter into dangerous or condemned brotherhoods and societies, and not to let themselves be made the dupes and victims of men who neither love friends nor country, and who think of nothing but the gratification of vanity, or self-interest. I would exhort them in a special manner to avoid dangerous reading, and to be on their guard against publications which, under the pretence of being the organs of the Irish people, insult our religion, promote revolutionary doctrines, and endeavor to drive the country into a foolish warfare, in which everything would be lost that has been gained within the present century, and deprive us of the blessing of Heaven. And here, let me add, that though I have frequently spoken of dangerous brotherhoods and societies, I am persuaded they are not widely spread in this city; and I know they have no influence. However, I consider it my duty to caution good young men against them, because I am anxious that not even one of my beloved children should imbibe doctrines dangerous to religion or society, or let themselves be led astray by men who talk loudly, and who promise to restore the golden age to the world, whilst they are only capable of doing mischief, and robbing us of any good we possess. A long experience teaches the world that revolutions in general produce the greatest evils, and that secret associations always inflict serious wounds on religion and society. Undoubtedly we have to suffer great wrongs; but let us seek for redress for them by begging of God to relieve us, and by having recourse to all the lawful means at our disposal. It would be folly to embark in projects certain to aggravate our misery, or to do anything sinful and unlawful that would rob us of the merits to which sufferings borne for justice sake give us a claim.

Sister Mary Gertrude Joseph Mulchaby departed this life on the 19th of April, at the Convent of Mercy, Baniskillen. Belonging to a family in Limerick, remarkable as well for its piety as for its social standing in the world, she early conceived the idea of devoting herself in religion to the works of charity. When the Baniskillen convent became disconnected with Sligo, she was one of the first nuns professed in it, and since her first admission has been a dearly-loved and valued member. It is with most unaffected sorrow that we announce the death of the Rev. James Davis, O.C. of this diocese, and nephew of the late lamented Very Rev. Dean Burke, P.P. Westport. The melancholy event occurred on the 17th of April, at Rome, after a long and painful illness, in the 81st year of his age, and the seventh of his sacred ministry. *Tuam Herald.*

DEATH OF THE MOST REV. DR. GEOGHEGAN.—It is our painful duty to announce the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Geoghegan, Lord Bishop of Adelaide. The sad event took place at Corrig Avenue, Kingtonoway, on Tuesday morning. The deceased prelate was a most distinguished member of the Franciscan Order,

and many of our fellow-citizens remember him as an eloquent preacher, and a zealous, exemplary missionary priest, when the late lamented Bishop Hughes was the superior of the Franciscan chapter on Merchants Quay, and when the Bishop of Newfoundland, and the zealous and apostolic Dean Coffey were his fellow-labourers. Dr. Geoghegan volunteered for the mission of Australia at a time when much more even than at present, the harvest was great and the labourers few. His zealous and indefatigable exertions earned for him every promotion, until he was finally elevated to the bishopric of Adelaide, by the reigning Pontiff. His lordship had returned to this country to seek for an additional number of priests for his extensive and increasing diocese, when a bronchial affection attacked him, and from the effects of which he had been suffering during the voyage, finally proved fatal. The remains of the deceased prelate were removed to the Church of Adam and Eve, Merchants Quay, where the solemn obsequies were celebrated on Thursday at eleven o'clock, his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin presiding.

THE EXODUS.—The stream of emigration still continues from this port. Upwards of forty emigrants left this week, and during the past four months the average has been about thirty a month. These large numbers are principally farmers and agricultural labourers—they are, in fact, the flower of those classes; they are comfortably dressed, and appear to be well provided with the necessaries for the passage. What the destiny of these people may be who can say—but it is sad to think that the chances are that many of them will go to swell the huge aggregate of slaughtered Irishmen who once composed the strength and spirit of the Federal armies in the present desolating war. *Westford People.*

On last Tuesday morning the steamboat Laurel sailed from Sligo to Glasgow, having on board one hundred and five passengers, many of whom were emigrants who were to take shipping from the Clyde for America; and on Wednesday evening the Sligo left for Liverpool with seventy-four emigrants. On Saturday the Shamrock sailed for Liverpool with about two hundred emigrants en route to America, making in all, during the last few weeks, two thousand and forty persons who have left this port for what they expect will be to them a more favored land than their own misgoverned and unfortunate Ireland. *Sligo Champion.*

The tide of emigration still rolls as vigorously and unceasingly from Queenstown as if, instead of continuing for years, it had only commenced yesterday. In addition to three hundred passengers for the shores of America, which embarked in the Onard Company's steamer on Monday, nearly five hundred passengers were on Wednesday taken on board the Iman steamer City of London, and as many more were left behind to wait for an extra steamer, which will be despatched next Monday. The City of London had all her cabin berths, except three, filled, and as for stowage passengers, if she had the capacity of a cormorant, joined to the digestion of an ostrich, she could not swallow half the quantity that awaited her. It was remarkable—it was strikingly apparent—that amongst those now emigrating to America there is a large increase of young men, strong, stalwart, vigorous fellows, able to work and probably willing to fight. Indeed, some of them made no secret of the likelihood of their joining the American army, and from some of their expressions it could scarcely be doubted that the greater part of them will follow the example of many who have gone before them, and perhaps leave their bones bleaching in the battle-fields of their adopted country. There were women amongst the passengers, but they were fewer in proportion than they have hitherto been, and there was a considerable diminution of aged people and children. *Cork Reporter.*

The appalling progress of the depopulation of the country may be conceived from the crowds who are leaving one district, the West of Clare alone. The emigration from that division through the town of Kilrush is computed to have been two hundred a week every week of the last month; and this month the numbers each week are not fewer. The emigrants come and go principally from Miltoon and Carrigrohilly, and within a month no fewer than two hundred (free) passage forms reached residents of the latter place from friends abroad. *Munster News.*

The consequences of the Exodus are beginning to manifest themselves in the very great numbers of farms in the market, particularly in Clare, where whole districts are depopulated. Thirty cars laden with emigrants passed to the terminus in one day last week. *Limerick Reporter.*

The emigration which is carrying away so many of our young and unmarried men is showing itself conspicuously upon the results of the military recruiting. At one time it was no uncommon thing to have the weekly number of recruits obtained in Cork as high as a hundred and ten, or a hundred and twenty; now it is down to nil, as a week we believe often passes without any accession being made to the ranks. Indeed to so low an ebb has success in this department fallen that there are rumors of an intention to abolish it altogether in Cork. *Cork Examiner.*

In this, as in nearly every other county in Ireland the population is rapidly diminishing by emigration. The offices of the local agents for the numerous shipping companies are daily crowded with applicants for berths in their vessels; but the inevitable response is—wait; we are already full. Indeed we were told yesterday evening that the Onard steamers are engaged up to the 9th of June; and the Montreal Ocean Royal Mail Steamships, to the 27th of this month. The sailing vessels are also pre-engaged for months to come; and the intending emigrants only regret that they cannot leave the country as soon as they would, owing to the difficulty experienced in procuring berths. Although such is the state of things in Ireland, yet the government look on with the most heartless indifference. *Kilkenny Journal.*

KILLARNEY.—It is astonishing to witness the numbers of the bone and sinew of the country that are still leaving this part of the country for America. On every Tuesday our railway station is crowded by the people of the town, who regularly attend to witness the departure of hundreds from the land of their birth. The principal portion of the population leaving every week are those of the farming class; mostly all of whom find it an utter impossibility to obtain even a struggling existence in the homes hitherto occupied by the forefathers of those who are now quitting the country. Though pre-paid passages have been received in large numbers every week from New York or Boston, they are very meagre in comparison to the numbers that leave at their own expense, and who are, in several instances glad to be afforded a berth a month after booking, with the local agents. This morning the latest departure of a large batch took place from this, and the Tralee railway station. The number that left averaged between sixty and seventy, of which number twenty-six were from this part of the county. This is the smallest number that left Killarney for the last three months; but the number are booked to leave here on the 24th inst. to sail from Queenstown, the Liverpool of Ireland. At the present rate of progress outwards, Kerry will soon be depopulated. *Freeman Correspondent.*

THE CLERICAL REPORT.—Under the name of the emigrants from Clare, a young man, the name of Lord Annally, who receives a salary of £25 for each member of the family, including children and infants. Already the drain from Clare is literally enormous.

AN ILL-DOCKYARD.—The important motion on the subject of a separate dockyard for Ireland, of which the hon. member for Cork had given notice, has been postponed for the present, owing to an undertaking given by Lord O'Connell that before the select committee upon dockyards now sitting opportunities will be afforded for taken evidence on this point. When the basis may be laid, in this manner, for a successful application to the government next year, it would be manifestly inexpedient to urge on at present a discussion of the question which would be only partial, and could not be attended with any practical advantage this session. *Correspondent of the Mail.*

THE PROPOSED CONVENTION.—We trust the matter taken up in earnest, will be pursued with energy; and that, above all, every effort will be made to keep away division in the councils of those who take on themselves to try and benefit the land of their birth. We have seen trials made over and over again, to retrieve the condition of our country; and we have seen them, one and all, fall to the ground, chiefly owing to the dissensions of those who all themselves patriots, occurring so frequently as to render it almost impossible to hope for any success in an effort for the regeneration of Ireland. The Corporation of the chief cities of Ireland have taken on themselves to follow the path marked out for them by Dublin; we hope to see it universally adopted, and to find, for once, a united and a really determined appeal made for justice for our country. *Waterford Chronicle.*

DUBLIN, May 7.—A coroner's inquest held at Waterford yesterday reminds us of negro life in a Slave State. A man named Keown was found dead on the road in the townland of Grange on Thursday morning. The body was divested of coat, hat, and necktie, and discoloured under each ear. The coat was found in the house of Mr. Penrose, a gentleman of means, near whose residence the body was found. It appeared that the deceased, a man about 60, had been in the service of that gentleman, and slept in his house, which he had left at one o'clock on the night of his death. Under these circumstances the constabulary arrested Mr. Penrose, pending the coroner's inquiry, on suspicion of having murdered his servant. The first witness examined was his sister, Miss M. Penrose, who stated that she never heard her brother threaten, deceased, and that he could have gone out on the night in question without her knowledge. She had known servants to run away on one or two similar occasions to keep out of the way. Another witness, Mary Ann O'Brien, a servant in the house of Mr. Penrose, told the following story:—Her master came home about 11 o'clock on Wednesday night a little under the influence of drink. He neither saw her nor the man servant, but he threatened to take their lives. The witness left the gate, not wishing to be in his way, as he had several times struck her. Keown, as she then hid under a tree. Mr. Penrose had let out the dog, and the deceased hid his countenance behind the dog, and concealed themselves in the coal hole, where they remained for two hours. Witness then took courage, and crept out to Miss Penrose, who said she would leave the house and had written about lodgings. Witness then called Larry (the deceased), and said all was right as Mr. Penrose had gone to bed. But hearing his voice very cross she ran out at one o'clock. He came down and said he would take her life. She ran, and he followed her to the road gate. She heard him say that Larry was past his labour, and he would take both their lives as they were no use. He had attacked her three months ago and struck her very severely, and also three months before. When he was in liquor he often struck Larry. He knocked him down twice by striking him on the side of the head severely, and grasped his throat. Mr. Penrose seemed to have a great wish for Larry, though he struck him in a passion. Larry had taken off his coat and necktie because he was afraid his master would choke him with the handkerchief. He did so several times. Mr. Penrose was never cross when he was sober. He came home under the influence of drink two or three times a week. He was not always violent. Mr. Penrose was examined, and stated that he came home late on Wednesday evening, having taken some liquor during the day; he did not strike Larry that night, but he asked him about a dog and called out he was no use. He also scolded the cook about leaving the kitchen door open. He did not notice where deceased went. Dr. Carroll, who had made a post mortem examination, deposed that there were no marks of wounds or contusions or violence on the body. There was fatty degeneration of the heart, and the lungs were congested; the liver also was highly congested and full of blood. The disease of the heart was sufficient to cause death. The old man was not able to bear undue or extraordinary excitement.

The Coroner, Mr. Delahunty, summed up, and the jury found that deceased died by the visitation of God. Mr. Penrose was discharged.

FITZGERALD THE FLOGGER.—From the Sligo Champion we quote the following account of the grandfather of the late Sir Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald (the name was originally Uniacke), who deliberately committed suicide in the Sair on the 26th ult. A curse seems to have tracked the Flogger and his descendants. He himself died miserably. His eldest son was drowned. His grandson kills himself. A young son of the late suicide hanged himself accidentally when showing his brothers and sisters how his grandfather used to hang the Cropsies in '98. Judkin Fitzgerald, ycleped the Flogger, was to O'Connell in particular and all Tipperary in general, what Jimmy O'Brien, John Claudius Beresford, and Major Sirr, were to the city of Dublin during the 'Rebellious' times. In his own person he embodied all the loyalty of the three worthies so notorious in the Irish metropolis—inasmuch as he performed the respective characters of informer, discoverer, and executioner. He ruled so supreme, that he did not consider it necessary to regularly employ an informer; occasionally he availed himself of the information of any miscreant who broke new ground in the county districts—but his rule was drawn with the Papists, and all of that proscribed crew were, without any overt act, treated as rebels, and punished accordingly. In his capacity as high sheriff he had the troops under his command; and many an soldierlike duty did he force upon them. He was, as well as Beresford, a riding horse, and for many a day his morning's amusement was to stand by while the lash was applied to the back of a rebel, until the sufferer sank so exhausted he was no longer capable of recovery. A favourite pastime of the Flogger was to have a rebel strung up by the wrist to a beam erected in the riding house, and the only means of retarding the body was by placing the foot-naked, for the purpose—on a sharp-pointed iron spike, placed within reach of the agonised man. It was the habit of the Flogger to superintend the suspension of his victims; he would then depart for an hour or two, perhaps to pick up another rebel, and return to witness the writhings of the exhausted

prisoner, and to lead to his torture by an inhuman flogging. A poor French teacher scoured and strangled at a lamp-post in Clonmel, because, being a republican, he fell under his suspicions. By his orders poor dealing women were tossed in a blanket by the Romney Fencibles, in Tipperary, in which town, standing on the altar, he ordered all United men to give themselves up.

No wonder the people of Tipperary should remember the monster; many hundreds of families had relatives who suffered under his lash, some of them to the death. Amongst other victims of the Flogger, there was a fine young fellow, named Magennis, who was a native of Dublin, but his ancestors were from Ulster—he was himself the fourth generation in regular descent from Lord Iveagh, whose estates were confiscated. Mathew Magennis, at thirty years of age, in 1798, stood six feet three inches, little of limb, active, brave, with a true Irish heart. It was a fact that he was a leader of 'rebels,' that he was known as 'General Magennis,' amongst Irishmen who yearned to overthrow the power which was subjecting their country to such cruel wrong; Magennis had repeatedly met the 'Flogger' in his walks through Clonmel, and although the 'Flogger' had no proof that he was a rebel beyond the fact of his being a Catholic, he had him arrested, and thrown into prison, where he remained for some months without trial; at length the 'Flogger' succeeded in procuring a witness against him—a man who had been himself imprisoned in Clonmel gaol, and was awaiting his trial. This scoundrel, to save his own neck, agreed to appear against Magennis, who was put on his trial, found guilty by a jury of the 'Flogger's' selection, and sentenced to be hanged. It was quite clear that the verdict was the result of perjured evidence, but that was nothing new in the 'good old time' of '98. The day for execution followed close upon the trial, and when leaving his cell heavily manacled, Magennis gave a leap down four stone steps, at the same time crying out, hurra for Magennis! It so happened that the officer in command of the troops was a Colonel Magennis, and when he heard the exclamation, he enquired into all the particulars of the case, took it upon himself to stay the execution, applied to the Castle, and ultimately succeeded in procuring the release of his namesake, to the great mortification of the 'Flogger.'

Mathew Magennis lived in the county Tipperary for many years after. Having met with considerable losses in business he came to Dublin, broken down in health in the year 1839. Accident threw him in the way of one who had heard of him, but had no previous personal knowledge; through his means the last two years of the life of this fine old Irishman were rendered comparatively happy, and he repaid what he considered friendship by recounting some of his own hairbreadth escapes, and the exploits of the 'Flogger,' whose grandson put a period to his own existence but a few days since. It should be mentioned that the 'Flogger' was so accustomed to command, that long after '98 he wantonly insulted a Catholic young gentleman in the county of Waterford, who on the spot gave him such a flagellation that the 'Flogger' never recovered it, but died in a few months afterwards.

THE FIZGERALD SUICIDE.—Extraordinary Scene at the Burial.—The funeral of Sir Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald, who, as your readers are aware, put an end to his existence by drowning himself in the Sair on the 26th ult. took place in Golden Vale on yesterday. On the arrival of the body at the grave-yard, an extraordinary scene was witnessed. The people who had collected at the funeral from the surrounding country refused, amidst the greatest excitement, to allow the body to be deposited in the intended place—as they would never allow the ashes of such a man to mingle with the dust of their ancestors. That a serious riot did not take place, is entirely due to the exertions of the Rev. Mr. Ryan, P.P., who succeeded, to some extent, in calming the popular excitement, and by whose influence the people were prevented from carrying out their freely expressed intention. That a disturbance had been anticipated was fully proved by the presence of a large force of police, who were thus forced to protect even in death, the body of one who in life had been regarded with no very affectionate feelings by the people amongst whom he lived. *Dundrum Cor. of Nation.*

On Saturday morning a report reached this city (Londonderry) that one of Lord Leitrim's balliffs had been shot. The news turns out to be true enough. As we are informed, a person named M'Adoo, residing in the Fannit district, about fourteen miles from Ramelton, was in his own house on Wednesday, when a man entered and fired a gun or pistol at him, wounding the balliff in the thigh, and then ran off. Information having been given to the constabulary a search was at once made, and on Thursday evening the police arrested Peter Griffin on suspicion. Griffin now lies in Lifford Jail, charged with having fired the shot. We have not heard whether M'Adoo's wound is dangerous. *Derry Journal.*

THE OUTRAGE IN DONEGAL.—Since our last more correct details of the recent outrage in Donegal have come to hand, it appears it was the son of Lord Leitrim's balliff who was shot at, and not the balliff. The name of the prisoner is Michael Griffin, and he was summoned by the balliff Michael M'Adoo for trespass. The prisoner went to the house of M'Adoo at Leatbeg, in the Fannit district, on Wednesday, the 27th ult., armed with a loaded gun, and demanded admittance, which was refused. Griffin then fired through the kitchen window, and the shot struck M'Adoo's son, Joseph, a young lad. He left legless, was broken about the ankle. The prisoner was arrested by the constabulary shortly afterwards, and lodged in Lifford Jail. The elder M'Adoo identified Griffin as the person who fired the shot. The only cause as yet assigned for the outrage, is the fact that M'Adoo summoned Griffin for trespassing. *Derry Journal.*

Edward Synan, Esq., has generously abated 20 per cent. in the September rent of his tenants on the lands of Garrane, county Limerick. The Belfast Prisoners, The Fenians.—These men, after having undergone an imprisonment of five or six weeks, and been as many times remanded, have been discharged on their own recognizances, the police having been unable to obtain any evidence against them.

At the late Dingle (co. Kerry) Quarter Sessions, there was not a criminal case entered on the records of the court.

A correspondent of the Ulster Observer writes that there recently appeared at Dr. Brown's Dispensary, Howard street, Belfast, Richard Mackallay, the celebrated peasant controversialist, who had been blind from the effects of cataracts for more than a year. The writer, humbly availing himself of the sympathy of the truly benevolent, as he possesses a talent of the highest order, which he once used in defence of the religion and cause of Ireland, and he has even been distinguished by the excellence of his conduct. I hope, therefore, the Catholics of Belfast, Lurgan, and Portadown, and may add, all who remember the mastery and spirited letters he addressed to the press some years ago, when Dr. O'Shilly was engaged in controversy with a celebrated divine of this town, will come forward and render assistance. *Ulster Observer.*

The projected new light-house on the Kerry coast is to be erected on Tarach rock. The height of this rocky and stupendous rock is 591 feet above the level of the ocean. The first part of the work must be to make some hollow place of safety for the persons employed there, from the blasting, which must be carried to a great extent. The time specified for the completion of the work is seven years, and the estimated cost is £210,000. *Ulster Observer.*