

STRIKING TERROR.—Judge Jackson told the men who were liberated by the disagreement of the jury in the Bateson murder case, to return to their homes and become loyal and peaceable subjects. They did return, but there were no homes for some of them. A great blow was meditated, and that was inflicted on the day after they were liberated. Landlord power displayed itself in Castleblayney in all its terrors. Five cars laden with police constables, and two carts filled with a crowbar brigade and their implements, drove rapidly to the farms of some of the liberated prisoners against whom ejection decrees had been obtained while they were in jail. It was determined to "strike terror" into the hearts of all who see this force on its way to this scene of action, and those who might behold it there. One house is first attacked, and, like a battering ram, sledges, picks, and crowbars, assail its walls. No resistance is offered; the walls give way, the timbers creak, and the roof comes down with a crash refreshing to the ear of landlordism, the dust rising high in the air, and proclaiming the triumph of the brigade over stones and mortar. Another house shares the same fate: and then, as the dusky shades of evening are drawing nigh, a third is fired, and roof-tree and thatch yielding to the blaze are soon reduced to ashes. The walls are next assailed, and down they come before the well-directed blows of sledge and crowbar. Hurrah! the work of the day is finished; and having thus "stricken terror" into all who look on from the hills, and wherever a sight could be obtained of the operations, the imposing force return to the place from whence they came, "resolved to meet another day," and finish the work they have begun. Happy land, and happy people who inhabit it! How quietly all repose beneath the shadow of that constitution, which is "the envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the world!" It is delightful truly; and if we are not, we ought to be, happy under a rule which sanctions such a display in asserting "the rights of property." Let the Turks envy us—let the Russian serfs gnash their teeth. We are a happy people, and have reason to rejoice and be glad.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

EMIGRANTS.—We would solemnly warn the people of Ireland from emigrating to the United States of America in future. An Irish Catholic will find it a home no longer. There is neither peace nor prosperity for him beyond the Atlantic, in that land which he has lifted up to the dignity of a Continent by the labor of his blistered hands. It is thus that the world pays Ireland back for the blessings she has conferred on it. Her people have benefited almost every land under the sun, but their own. The world owes her a debt, which it repays with scorn and persecution. The part she has acted in its history, the good she has accomplished for others, shows what she might have achieved for herself had she been blessed with a more fortunate destiny. We helped to free America—to make her great and happy; and in the day of her power and prosperity she manifests no other gratitude towards Ireland than the persecution of those of her people who seek refuge on its shores. We gave America the soldier's sword and the statesman's head; we gave her the blistered hand of labor and the ploughshare of the husbandman; we gave her a Fulton to build her the first steam-boat which was ever launched on American waters; we gave her a Colles, who was one of the first to lay the foundation of the inland navigation of the States, and to intersect America with canals for the convenience of its people and the promotion of its trade; we gave her head, and hand, and heart—but all in vain; our people starve in her streets; our priests are outraged or murdered; their chapels are wrecked; and at home and abroad Ireland is persecuted. It is the old story still—wherever the Anglo-Saxon rules the Irish suffer. The bigotry of England intrigues against the Catholic Church in America—that church which was the first to set an example of tolerance in the States by granting liberty of conscience to all sects of the community.—*Tipperary Leader.*

A gentleman named J. O'Connor, late of Parsonstown, King's County, Ireland, writes a letter from New York to the London *Times*, as follows:—"In the name of God and humanity, I entreat you to use your powerful and influential paper to stop the emigration of my miserable countrymen from dear old Ireland. They are suffering all kinds of privation here—thousands supported on public charity, lodging in the station-houses, and the thermometer 10 degrees below zero: no work, and no chance of any. In the midst of this distress 1,200 people landed to-day, and thousands are expected. Are the people mad, that they thus rush on death and destruction? The Americans are a liberal people; they do all they can, but millions will not sustain the poor foreigners here. Soup-houses in all the wards are daily crowded with poor. How can it be otherwise? The emigrants land here at the rate of 10,000 a week. 460,000 arrived last year, and there will be more this year if not stopped by the interference of humane men in England. The scene here is heartrending. The work in the ware-rooms, canals and factories is suspended, which adds to the misery I describe."

THE GUARDIANS OF THE PEACE.—A man was charged with being a party to a riot at a place called Leap, near Bantry, by resisting the police in the execution of their duty. The prisoner was acquitted, being proved to have done no act whatever. Some circumstances however came out on the trial, which took the court quite by surprise, and may justly excite a similar feeling among the public. The law seems to be that a policeman is justified in executing his duty, whatever it may be, even at the cost of taking away life. However, the use of firearms without necessity by the police is as distinctly criminal in point of law as it is rash and cruel in the most terrible degree. If the tragedy at Sixmilebridge or Ballinacorney was not re-enacted in this instance, the difference was owing rather to accident than to any less copious use of the fatal agencies employed on those occasions. "Did you fire any shots at all?" said the counsel for the prisoner to Constable M'Mahon. "I did, ten," was the cool reply. The two other policemen, we may assume, made equally free use of their pieces. Thus thirty lives might have been sacrificed upon the occasion—as many, in fact, as at a Russian sortie at Sebastopol. Constable M'Mahon seemed to be quite innocently unconscious of the impression caused by these startling revelations. Mr. Exham asked him whether he had stated in his report that his party retired firing by sections? The witness corrected his inaccuracy of military phrase. "We retired," he said, "with alternate file firing." There seems, in fact, to have been a desire, in the village of Leap, on the part of these three ambitious constables, to rival the strategic movements in the Crimea. One man

was actually shot. The witness did not think that any consequences would happen to him from the affair.—*Cork Examiner.*

Writing to the *Cork Examiner* upon Wednesday last—the day of fast and humiliation—the bon. member for Dingarven attempts to deny his individual participation in the sins of the British nation:—"I hope," he says, "a good and merciful Providence may forgive me for the want of compunction which I am too conscious of, sinner as I am; but really I have not yet been able to force the conviction on my unenlightened mind and hardened conscience, that I have been in any way guilty of rendering the British name contemptible in the eyes of Europe; that I have had any connexion with that career of blundering and mismanagement which have splayed huge heaps of dead than bayonet or sabre, bullet or shell; that I, or any such as I, had the remotest knowledge of the issue of green berries instead of roasted or ground coffee; that I ought to cover myself in a garb of sack-cloth, and strew ashes on my head because of the filth and confusion of Balaklava, the horrors of Scutari, and the murderous foulness of the decks of the ships that bore the mangled victims of war from the shores of the Crimea; that I ought to beat my breast because the ambulance waggons were too ponderous or too few, that their drivers were broken-down and dissipated old fogies; that the medicines, as well as all kinds of necessaries, were where they ought not to be, and were not where they ought to be; that fresh meat, in the shape of fat bullocks, was not allowed to enter the harbor when the soldiers were starving; or that fuel, in the convenient form of charcoal, was actually sent back, while the poor fellows in the trenches were stiffening with frost; in fine, I cannot, perhaps because of an inborn spirit of incredulity and impenitence, bring myself to think that I am in any way accountable before God or man for any portion of the misery and calamity which have made the nation weep tears of blood, and therefore I am daring enough to hope for Divine pardon, when I pronounce my opinion that this fast, humiliation, and prayer by proclamation has very much the semblance of a gigantic sham. I know I am very bad because of thinking anything so wicked, but for the life of me, I can't help it. Indeed, if I saw some half-dozen of the late Administration walking barefooted to St. Margaret's over the flintiest part of the pathway, and beating themselves with highly-improved cat-o'-nine-tails, and afterwards standing as marks for volleys or rotten eggs from all the public schools of the metropolis, why then I might begin to believe there was something in it, and might be induced to become a spectator of the cheering ceremonial. But I hold it rather too bad that a poor laborer is to lose his day's wages because the Duke of Newcastle grasped at an office for which he was not fit, and his subordinates, at home and abroad, proved, themselves the best practical allies of Russia."

GREAT BRITAIN.

BRADFORD CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Esq., from America, delivered a lecture to the members and friends of the above Society, in the Temperance Hall, Bradford, on Tuesday 2nd ult. to a crowded and attentive audience.

The *Times* inclines to the belief that the Cuban complications between Spain and America will lead to a war in which the Allied Powers will join the weaker side.

MILITARY PREPARATIONS.—The *Observer* says:—"The French are about to establish a large reserve force in the neighborhood of Constantinople—and our reserve at Malta will be fixed at 10,000 men. Thirty British transports of the first class are ordered to be at Genoa in the first week of April to embark the Sardinian force of 15,000 men for the seat of war. We are also glad to be able to announce that the Foreign Legion is not only much advanced, but that it is expected to be completed in a few days. One depot for this auxiliary force will be formed at our own Island of Heligoland, and the other at Shorncliff Barracks, in Kent, which are being prepared for the purpose of receiving these troops, where there is admirable training ground, and a facility of embarkation from the Downs. General Beaton has succeeded in organizing 4,000 Turkish irregular horse in Thessaly, and we believe that much progress is already made in enlisting General Vivian's contingent of 20,000, which are expected to be able to take the field in April. Two regiments of cavalry, the 10th and 12th, and five battalions of infantry, composed of tried and disciplined soldiers, are on their way from India, and are expected to reach the Crimea about the middle of April, when the large reinforcements of cavalry from home may also be expected to arrive. It is evident that Russia is concentrating all her force in the Crimea, and we must do the same." It is the intention of the government to erect new fortifications, and to strengthen and put into a state of defence the existing forts, towers, and batteries on the eastern coast of the kingdom, and on the coast of Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire. The works will be done by contract; and it is stated that the batteries when completed, are to be garrisoned by the Coast Volunteers, enrolled Chelsea pensioners, and militia regiments, the men belonging to which will be instructed in the great gun exercise. In order to guard against any surprise by an enemy, a cordon of telegraphs, on a similar system to that adopted by Captain (now Admiral) Sir H. Pigot, K. C. B., when in Command of the Coast Blockade, is to be established. The first detachment of cavalry to embark for the Crimea will number 600 men and 1,150 horses. The total rank and file now proceeding from the depots of the three regiments of the Guards and 40 battalions of the line, to form the provisional depot to the army in the Crimea at Malta, will number 5,504.

THE INDIAN ARMY.—The *Daily News* says:—"Government has called upon a number of the most distinguished officers from the Queen's and the Indian army to state, in writing, their opinions as to the advisability of amalgamating the two services."

The *Morning Chronicle* says:—"The British people are growing uneasy on the subject of the attitude assumed by this country towards Russia; more especially in the Vienna negotiations. It is felt by a kind of instinct, which seldom mistakes a whole people, that we are on the eve of some shameful compromise, some hollow, inadequate, and patched-up peace."

The *Daily News* states that—"The ugly report, that the French and English governments have consented to conclude a peace that will leave the fortifications of Sebastopol unimpaired, and in the possession of Russia, gains ground."

Lord Dundonald writes as follows to the *Times*:—"Sir,—The perilous duties to which our five-fold decimated army is still exposed by rival co-operation in the desperate act of storming Sebastopol, or by the continuance of the siege until pestilence or other causes shall complete its ruin, induce me thus singly to encounter all the ridicule anticipated by those who avoid compromising their judgment even by condescending to inquire if my plans are absurd, or whether in truth they are capable 'speedily, certainly, and cheaply to surmount obstacles which our gallant, persevering, and costly armies and fleets have failed to accomplish.' I therefore, as a faithful subject of Her Majesty, and for the interest of humanity, now declare my intention, without further delay, to communicate to the wise and energetic ally of Her Most Gracious Majesty the means not only to spare the remnant of the British army, but to insure that of France, by the speedy destruction of the defences of Sebastopol. As to the fortresses in the Baltic, I have offered to annihilate them, the acceptance or rejection of which offer rests with Her Majesty's Government. I am, Sir, your obliged and obedient servant,
DUNDONALD.

ENGLAND ON HER KNEES.—The nation seems quite proud of its Day of Humiliation, in the belief, that the sitting of parliament down at St. Margaret's on last Wednesday, has placated Providence and induced the favorable turn now visible in the news both from Balaklava and Vienna. It is such a struggle for that highly practical assembly, the House of Commons, to put on a pious air, that one may naturally look for surprising consequences, once the operation of going to church has been accomplished. Lord Palmerston, with his views about the Redemption—which he thinks the Home Minister of the period ought to have discouraged—could not be expected to see with any great degree of acuteness the necessity of spending a morning in the hideous little church which is chapel to the house. And how still more severe must have been the energy evidenced by Mr. Disraeli in his dull attendance on Wednesday—when you could see that he was doing his best, as the leader of his side, to catch Providence's eye. It was a picture, a touching picture, to see the pains he took to pray as English Tory gentlemen pray, to the God of the Jews. Here and there were consolations for him in the service; you could see that the eyelashes, carefully drooping over the livid cheek, were now and then raised in pleasant surprise when he found the ceremonial required that an English Tory Protestant gentleman should turn to the East.—*The Stranger in Parliament.*

There was not a single case of drunkenness recorded of an Irishman at Liverpool on St. Patrick's Day.

A clergyman preaching last week, said that the horrible disasters of the Crimea were "a judgement of Divine Providence upon Protestant England, for the heinous sin of tolerating Catholicism in these realms."

UNITED STATES.

PROVINCIAL COUNCIL.—We learn from the *Mirror*, that the Provincial Council of Baltimore will open on May 6th, being the 4th Sunday after Easter.

HONOR CONFERRED BY HIS HOLINESS ON DR. FORBES.—We are much pleased to learn that on the 14th of January last, the Holy Father, on the recommendation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, conferred the degree of Dr. of Divinity, with all the rights, honors, and duties of the same, on the Rev. J. M. Forbes, Pastor of St. Ann's Church. It will be a pleasing coincidence for Dr. Forbes that this was the date of the learned and eloquent discourse delivered by him at St. Peter's church on the Immaculate Conception of our most Blessed Lady.—*N. Y. Freeman.*

CONVERSION OF ANOTHER PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CLERGYMAN.—We learn with particular satisfaction that the Rev. Homer Wheaton, formerly pastor of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of Poughkeepsie, was received into the Catholic Church, on Easter Eve at Albany, by the Right Rev. Bishop McClosky.—*Id.*

THE CINCINNATI RIOTS.—The scene on the occasion was disgraceful, but not half as much so as the attempt made to put the blame of it on the "Germans and Irish." The reports circulated throughout the country about the character of the riots were maliciously false. What is the true history of this affair?—On the north side of the city is an eminence called Jackson's Hill, which is frequently the scene of German festivities; and here the Germans had a cannon for the purpose of firing a *feu de joie* on the day previous, Jefferson's birthday. A mob of Know-Nothing rowdies seized the weapon, brought it into the crowded streets of the city, loaded it with boulders and bricks, and fired it into the crowd. An immense mass of people, called together by the triangular red paper signal of the K.-Ns. assembled in the Market place, and the Germans being informed that an attack was to be made on them by a strong body of Know-Nothing who were to cross the Canal-bridge which separates the German quarter from the lower part of the city, and commence a massacre, very prudently erected formidable barricades at three different points, filled the windows with riflemen, and prepared to defend their lives. A slight attack was made, but the rowdies were met with a brisk charge and a volley that drove them back over the bridge, which they did not attempt to cross again. Two men were killed, and several wounded in this rencontre. During the previous night the Germans had recovered their cannon, but on its being demanded by the Sheriff, gave it up, retaining the carriage lest the cowardly act of the day before should be repeated. They subsequently gave up the carriage to the authorities; but refused to surrender it to the mob. Their conduct throughout the whole proceedings evinced a determination to respect the law, but to resist every attempt on their rights. Finding on the evening of election that the ticket was beaten, the Know-Nothings made a rush on the polls of the eleventh ward, and fighting their way with revolvers and knives, seized the ballot boxes, crushed them under their feet, and scattered the tickets abroad. Next day they made a similar attack in the twelfth ward, and burned the polling books. But fortunately, in both cases, the count was made, and the judges were able to swear to the returns. The whole Democratic ticket, therefore, was declared elected by over a thousand majority, and the candidates sworn into office. Thus, after three days' fighting, and the loss of four lives, Know-Nothingism, which at the fall election had five thousand majority, was utterly routed in Cincinnati.—*Citizen.*

The *Lowell Advertiser*, commenting on the late disgraceful proceedings of the Massachusetts Legislature Committee, indignantly says:—"Although we had made up our minds, long since, not to be surprised at any act of scoundrelism on the part of the Know-Nothing Legislature of Massachusetts, yet we are free to confess that we were not prepared for such an exhibition of blackguardism, such gross and unblushing violation of the rights of persons and property, and such an unpardonable breach of all the rules of decency and good manners, as was shown by this Committee of the Legislature. We have no words to speak our indignation at such conduct, and our extreme contempt for men who could so far outrage the most common decencies of civilized life, as thus to obtrude themselves into the privacy of defenceless females, and insult them by such infamous treatment. The most depraved wretch to be picked up in the Five Points of New York could hardly be hired at any price to perpetrate so gross an outrage."

THE ERICSSON.—A New York correspondent of the *Boston Journal* says:—"The Ericsson experiment is at an end. The invention is conceded to be a failure, and poor Ericsson is a ruined man. He has spent all his fortune in building his caloric ship and in the experiments he has made on the vessel. He has done more, he has spent all his wife's fortune, which was great, and she, too, is beggared. Had he been successful, his name would have been enrolled with that of Columbus, Newton, Fulton and other men of illustrious renown."

We have become convinced that the United States is steadily, although almost insensibly, drifting into a war with Spain. All Newspaperdom is heaving into hysterics, and sickly looking paragraphs squeak generously for a cessation of amicable relations. When, how, or where all this trumpety shall end, none can tell; a few demagogues lead it, and all things which they control are consecrated to Doubtfulness. There can be no question, however, about the purpose of these demagogues: Cuba is a gem, and they wish to steal it. Every possible pretence for robbery will be brought into requisition, and what in other times might be named larceny—that they shall call patriotism.

A MODEL TEMPERANCE LECTURE.—A well dressed man, known as a temperance lecturer in Southern cities, was found in Boston on Monday night, lying on the sidewalk in a beastly state of intoxication. He was taken before the Police Court, and fined.—*Citizen.*

BILL POOLE'S EULOGY.—Capt. James N. Turner delivered Poole's eulogy at the Tabernacle on Sunday last, on which occasion the large audience were favored with the information that Captain Turner did not believe that the soul was answerable after death for natural errors; he believed that here man atoned for them; and with that consciousness he trusted and believed that eternal salvation was now the reward of William Poole's virtues and his fidelity to his father and his God, his country and his friends. The Rev. Mr. Brook blessed the congregation before and after the discourse. It is quite probable that they needed blessing.

In one of our American exchanges, we find the following admirable appreciation of the "True Yankee":—"Physically, he is hatchet-faced, long, lank, and skinny; he is prone to talk a great deal, and that through his nose; he is temperate because he is too economical to pay for his liquor; he does not hate others, he only loves himself more; he is the consecrated essence of selfishness. He fled in old times from religious persecution, to the rocky shores of Plymouth, and there erected an altar to religious liberty, and consecrated it with the blood of skinny witches and heretic quakers. The parts of the bible he loves most, treat of the sharp dealings of Jacob with Laban, and he laughs as he reads of the good bargain he made with Esau, and then goes south to find some Esau to play Jacob with, himself. His love of money predominates over every thing else; he has no poetical sensibilities; all feeling in him is utilitarian; if he had the remodelling of creation, the clouds would lose their fantastic shapes and colors, and cease to rove in the heavens, except as they went straight to that tract of country that needed a shower, and then discharging their contents with the direction of a waterpot; the shells would all be of one color, and of the best quality for the manufacture of lime; the mountains would be levelled, and the valleys filled up, so that the earth would be one vast plain, which he would cover with two story brick houses, all of one size and pattern, and their inmates would be forced on pain of death to subscribe for the *N. Y. Tribune*. He could about as soon compose an epic poem as could a steam engine. He can deliver a panegyric on the Star Spangled Banner, and then tell you how much it cost a yard."

Willis, in one of his last Idlewild letters, calls the skunk "an exclusive American," because he is found nowhere except in America. Does he mean by this remark the K.N.'s?

At an investigation before the Police of New York, into a charge of selling 'unwholesome meat,' the following revelations were made by one of the witnesses examined:—

"Pessinger asked accused if he knew whether the meat in question was veal or dog meat.

Jenkins did not know, but supposed it must be veal, as he bought it for that.

Pessinger—That comes from licensing men to sell meat that know nothing about it, the name is sufficient. I can produce a woman in Williamsburgh, that cooked steaks out from the thigh of the pirate Gibbs, who was hung, and people ate them, and pronounced them the finest they ever ate—being under the impression that it was the flesh of an animal.

Mr. Pessinger in explanation of the broiling of a portion of the flesh of Gibbs, said—it was at a hotel in the Bowery, kept by the husband of the woman referred to, at an affair called a 'Tackle,' in which every person participating, contributed some article of food to be prepared for the dinner. This place was a resort for medical students; and the body of Gibbs having been handed over to the medical faculty for dissection, a wag of a student conceived the idea of playing off a joke upon some of the participants at the 'Tackle'; he accordingly procured some slices of the remains of the pirate which were cooked and passed off as the flesh of some animal; those who partook pronounced it most delicious eating.

Pessinger attended one of those "Tackles" in his earlier days, where part of a dog was nicely cooked and served up; the meat was highly praised by all who partook, and it set nicely upon the stomach until the joke leaked out, and then in would not stay down.