

of his weapon, and another obeisance to the company. A fresh tumbler of punch was, by Hugh Lawlor's directions, handed to him—a refreshing compliment: it would be degenerate in a host or bridegroom to omit at the close of such a piece of ingenuity. The vanguard, placing his cudgel under his arm and raising aloft the beaker, advanced to the window to return thanks.—'Hearts a-piece to ye, gentle, and my blessing, Master Hugh, on you and Miss Ellen every day, ye see a paving stone, and may ye be as happy as the day is long!' He had just uttered the benediction, and was about to confirm it by draining the glass, when it was shattered to fragments in his grasp, cutting his solitary hand severely in the crash. A stone flung from the rear of the crowd, either by design or accident, was the cause of this untimely and ominous interruption. Yielding at once to the impulse of his savage nature, the fellow snatched his bludgeon, and turning round, without inquiry or hesitation, felled the person who stood next him to the ground.—Thus happened to be no other than Tim Carroll, an official high, as we have seen, in the household of old Nugent, and still higher in his estimation and that of his followers, who at once burst through the crowd upon the offender, and laid him low by the side of Carroll. A general fray now ensued. Bush, it will be remembered, belonged to the faction of the Dharrigs, to whom he had strongly recommended himself by his reckless and abandoned daring. Several of this party, as was natural, had attended the wedding of their principal chief, and now instantly rose en masse, and rushed from the different tables at which they had been carousing, to avenge their prostrate and insulted favorite. Arming themselves with loosened paving stones, (for they had left offensive weapons at home upon this occasion) and rising their cry of combat, 'Here's Dharrig!' they dashed upon the defenceless Cummins with resistless effect. The stones flew in every direction, sweeping down all before them with the devastation of grape-shot, dashing through the open doors, and shivering to pieces the windows of the surrounding buildings. So sudden and unexpected was the outbreak, scarcely occupying as many seconds as it has taken words to describe it, that not one of my audience among the assembled guests had time to stay the tumult before it had risen to a height that threatened the most disastrous consequences.—Before the dismayed host, seconded by his reverend guests, the clergymen, could gain the yard the Cummins in other words—the dwellers about Barna and its vicinity, including all the immediate retainers of the Nugents—had rallied, and were doing deadly battle, hand to hand, with their opponents, while fierce shouts of 'Here's Dharrig!'—'Here's Cummins!' were blent with the shrieks of affrighted women, and the loud battering of the missiles, as they tumbled upon the walls and windows of the edifice. At imminent peril to themselves, Davy Nugent and the priest flung themselves among the combatants, and, with uplifted hands and voices, besought them to have mercy on each other, and respect for the holy sacrament they had assembled to celebrate. 'The old master,' as I found he was familiarly termed, limited his exertions to indignant expostulations; but it cannot be concealed that his reverend assistants enforced their remonstrances with the more logical application of two stout horsewhips whose arguments were too convincing to be long resisted, and the rival factions at length retired—

"As mountain waves from wasted lands Sweeps back to ocean blue."

I was amazed at this scene of strife and clamor, that I scarce noticed the effects it had upon my companions. I saw, however, that Hugh Lawlor sprang up at the first cry of his faction, but Ellen Nugent was instantly at his side; she clung to his arm, terrified at the scene without, but doubly anxious, it seemed, to prevent her lover from mingling in it, although he assured her repeatedly that it was necessary that he should act as a mediator in the conflict. It was to no purpose; she appeared filled with a dread of his leaving her presence for a moment, and he was at last obliged to yield, and wait the efforts of her father's and the priest's interference.

(To be Continued.)

DISTRESS IN THE WEST—GREAT MEETING IN TUAM.

(From the Dublin Freeman.)

The Archbishop of Tuam, who was received with loud and continued cheering, proposed the first resolution. His Grace said—Nearly five months have now elapsed since several of us assembled in this very hall for the sacred object of preserving human life, which again has brought us here together (loud cheers). You then gave expression to your conviction of the deep distress from want of fuel which then prevailed, and to your fears of the more terrible destitution from want of food, which awaited the people at a more advanced season of the coming year. You then put upon record your calm, solemn, and deliberate contradiction to the random utterances of an executive minister of the crown, denying the melancholy condition of the western district, and you proved the sincerity of your sympathy with the poor by generous subscriptions, which rescued hundreds from perishing by excessive cold. Being if not the very first, at least one of the earliest meetings that were held for that benevolent purpose, you had to encounter all the obloquy of that disinterested portion of the public press which receives its inspirations from those whose continual theme has been for some time past the prosperity of Ireland (loud cheering). However, the bubble has burst at last; the artificial delusion so long and so elaborately kept up has vanished into thin air and the piping of a golden age in Ireland, which cheered and gladdened the saloons of aristocratic graziers taking the round of every province, has ceased at length, or has been drowned in the louder and more dissonant cries of hunger and starvation which now assail the public ear, and shall reach the obtuse organs of the minister before the assembling of Parliament (loud and continued cheering). We are no longer reproached with being solitary in the promulgation of distress; and if there be any comfort in championship, we have, alas, the melancholy consolation of having our cry of famine re-echoed by thousands throughout the land (hear, hear, and cheers). It is fortunate we were not too tardy in awakening attention to the people's sufferings. It required some time and perseverance to press forward the truth through the close ranks of adverse interest that were drawn around to obstruct its beneficent passage. It fell powerless, it is true upon the high places of the government at which it was directed, yet it produced its effect in other quarters, and before your first store of fuel was exhausted, we were

enabled to recruit it, and warm the dismal cabins of the poor with the seasonable contributions of distant strangers. And from what quarter, think you, did the heat and light come forth, that cast some gleam of comfort over the dreariness of the past winter? Not from the lordly owners of the coalmines of England, who are too comfortable and warm to understand what it is to live in an unsheltered hut with its open roof receiving all the rains of heaven—its inmates lying on the damp floor, with no covering but the wet rags worn by day, and without one sod of turf or shovelful of coal to cast even the faintest gleam through the melancholy abode (great cheering). All the particulars just now alluded to, and scenes far more appalling, have been witnessed in all the sad variety of woe, throughout this populous town, by the members of the relief committee (hear, hear, and cheers). It was not from the proprietors of the coal quarries of England, but from those who inhabit the snowy regions of Canada, that a generous aid was sent to alleviate sufferings which have been ridiculed as imaginary by those who, had they any bowels of compassion, should have felt it their duty to come to their relief. Yes, though some would have thought it far more decorous that the people should have starved in silence rather than dissolve the vision of national prosperity by their unreasonable clamour for food still the wail of famishing thousands was sent forth among the nations, and has drawn a practical sympathy from hearts that have been attuned to the sacred sounds of Christian charity (loud cheering). But what need is there of any foreign, or even government aid, when the starving appease their hunger and slake their thirst, and are covered with warm raiment in the refectories and dormitories of the workhouse? The workhouses are not fitted. Therefore there is no destitution. Such is the coat of mail that renders the heart of the government impenetrable to every appeal of pity and of duty. Why, they say, do not the people if they are starving, take shelter in the workhouses? They will allow me to reply, that it is not necessary for us now to enter into all the reasons which deter the people from filling the workhouse. Sufficient for us the fact that the people will not through starving, go into those abodes, which they look on beyond conception. They may on that account be very foolish, and perverse, if you will; but they may be looked on as so infatuated a race that the next benevolent project of the government must be to build up lunatic asylums adjoining every workhouse, and to immure within their walls the famishing lunatics who would not avail themselves of the blessings of the workhouse. But before they incur such enormous expense, and risk another failure they ought to inquire whether the Catholic poor and Catholic farmers of Ireland have any sound reason for their resolve not to enter those abodes. Our respected chairman has an influential position among the poor law guardians, which he fills with much credit. He will therefore, understand that my animadversions on those institutions chiefly regard abuses that are not under the control of the guardians themselves. The Irish Catholic is most jealous of the spiritual independence of his priesthood. The Irish maiden prizes female chastity beyond the apple of her eye. Do the Commissioners attempt to exercise no authority over the bishop's jurisdiction? (loud cheers). Are all the authorities sufficiently jealous to guard the virtue of the innocent from moral contamination? The old and the young have had bitter experience on this subject, and have, on high and sacred grounds their abhorrence of houses in which such precious treasures are endangered—the workhouses. I am surrounded here by persons of experience. I speak in the hearing of our respected chairman, who has a high position in controlling those workhouses, and who has exercised his office with great credit to himself and benefit to the public (cheers). And I will remark, for him and for others who are associated with him in the discharge of those very onerous duties, that when I allude to the abuses of the workhouse, I allude to the constitutional abuses that are interwoven with the system, and which neither the energy nor zeal of all the Catholic members of those institutions could control (cheers). I ask, is the spiritual independence of the clergy sufficiently provided for, and is the episcopal authority sufficiently protected by the commissioners and the government, with which the guardians have nothing to do? (hear, hear). I ask, in the second place, is female virtue sufficiently guarded—is that lily, which sickens in a corrupt atmosphere, and which only blooms in the desert or in the virtuous village, so guarded there that the poor helpless female is not exposed to danger from moral contamination? (hear, hear). If the people of Ireland found that the spiritual independence of their clergy, and the virtue of their daughter, may be more or less in danger, there is sufficient reason for the loathing aversion with which they contemplate those houses (hear). However, to come to a fiscal view of the subject—a portion of the subject which is better understood than the other, and often, perhaps, more zealously attended to—I will ask the fiscal position of the workhouses such as that it should encourage all the people to flock into them in times of dire distress? I will freely admit that if the workhouses were such as are in Catholic countries—if they were hospitals for the sick, asylums for the aged and the infirm, and for every other form of human suffering—there is very little doubt but I would myself give a vote to send that man into the lunatic asylum who would refuse to go into such institutions of mercy (hear, hear). Or, again, if the workhouses of Ireland were to be supported by a portion of the Consolidated Fund—that is, if they were supported by a portion of the immense revenue which the greatest empire the earth ever saw can boast of, amounting to seventy millions of money annually; or even if the charge had been spread all over the kingdom, or even over a province; or if it had been spread equitably over entire unions, perhaps then there might not be the same reason to object to entering those places, on the score of finance, as there is at present. But I will call the attention of the people of Tuam especially to this view of the subject. You are all aware that the poor rate varies in the different electoral divisions. In some parts it is exceedingly heavy, in other parts it is exceedingly light. In no place is it more heavy than where the people are least able to sustain the burthen—in no place is it less light than in the neighborhood of those palaces and mansions whose revenues could very well afford to pay their full share of the poor rate (hear, hear). In this very town there are at least 300 families, at this moment, without money, without provisions, some without seed to put into the earth, and all without credit; and whose lot, if not relieved by the government, must be necessarily either starvation or entrance into the workhouse (hear, hear). I dare say, in mentioning 300 as the number, I am under the mark (hear, hear). If you send those 300 families, composed, at an average, of five persons in each, and numbering altogether some 1,500 individuals, into the workhouse how are they to be supported (hear). You would imagine from English returns that the workhouses are a sort of California—that they supply an ample share of gold to support all these who enter them. What is the fact? The support of the inmates is wrung from the vitals of their own class; they are partly fed by what is earned by the sweat of their own brow. In the present state of Ireland, without leases from the landlords (and almost all the tenants of Ireland are now without leases), the people are doomed in the first instance to bear all the burthen of the poor rates. The letter of the law is that the tenant is to be refunded half the rate. But if there is no covenant, no rule but the caprice of the landlord, who periodically increases the rent on pain of eviction, the consequence is that there is an accumulating amount of arrears against the poor tenant, and he is not entitled to the allowance for poor rates from the landlord until he is able to produce his receipt in full.—When not able to do so what is the consequence? The weight of the entire rate falls on the shoulders of almost the very class for whose relief the Poor Law system was established (hear). Here, then, we have in Tuam about 1,500 persons, and what would

be the result if these 1,500 persons were not so infatuated as not to go into the workhouse? The consequences would be that you would suffer more from their wisdom than from their folly, and you, the struggling shopkeepers of this town, would have to bear exclusively the weight of the support of many of those persons who have been driven from their homes (hear, hear, and cheers). First, the shopkeepers have lost their custom from the depopulation of the neighboring villages, and then they are obliged to support those very persons who have been driven into their towns by the very authors of this depopulation (cheers). Hence, there is no doubt, I think, but we will have a reform of the poor laws; and if I should offer a suggestion I would say, the best reform in the world would be to return to the ancient system, and have a sound relation between landlord and tenant; and you may rest assured that would contribute most effectually to the interests of both, and we should no longer have the vexed question of the poor laws to annoy us (loud applause). It must appear astounding to the world that a government which exercised such commiseration for the imaginary or exaggerated evils of Italian misgovernment, and particularly for that of the Papal dominions, should show such indifference to the condition of its subjects nearer home as no Italian government ever exhibited. The administration of the Papal States has been identified with every imaginable abuse; but neither the Papal States nor any other Italian government have incurred the awful reproach of abandoning their subjects to starvation (great cheering). This pre-eminence in political science has been reserved for a government that boasts of its superior civilization. What it had to do to interfere with the concerns of Italy and its people, and its rulers, exceed all comprehension, except from the old inveterate hatred to the Catholic Church and its venerated head, the successor of St. Peter. We need have no apprehension about the spiritual authority of the Pope, nor of his ample political dominion, with which it has been invested by the veneration of past times, in order to protect it against the revolutionary spirit that pants for the prostration of all legitimate authority. Italy, by her geographical formation, refuses a united political authority.—Never but once under the Roman power were those distant and heterogeneous provinces kept in political cohesion. Nature has scarcely separated Ireland from England by the British channel than it has separated the north from the south of Italy by the feeble length of that peninsula. Nay, more, though supposed to possess a common language, the provincialisms of Sardinia are as unintelligible to the provincialism of Naples as the language of Yorkshire is to the London judges, who are obliged, as in Ireland in the case of Irish witnesses, to employ an interpreter to understand the rude dialect of that portion of the English people. What a reproach to the members from Ireland to aid, under the mask of liberality, in thus tearing asunder the connection between the Pope and his subjects, and distributing the quiet of the Italian people for the sake of a unity, or, as they term it, a unification of states, which from their dissimilarity of manners, customs, traditions, and even language, nature has forbidden, except in a liberal coalition, to be united. Before concluding, I have one more topic, both of a melancholy and consoling nature, to advert to—the grateful recognition which we owe to our several benefactors. The scale by which we must regulate our several topics prevent me from dwelling on this one at the length which it deserves (hear, hear). I have had aid from France, England, and Scotland, as well as from Ireland (cheers); but the noble and generous contributions of the Americans, especially of those of Canada, are entitled to special grateful commendation.—The clergy of Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, and California have laid us under great obligations. To particularly name them is not here necessary, after forwarding to each particular acknowledgment, as well as registering them in the journals. The patriotic proprietor of the Boston Pilot has not been unmindful of the land of his nativity; and the Most Rev. Dr. Horan, a branch of an Irish stock, has sent £1,000 to allay the sufferings of the Irish people. It is, then, gratifying that in those days of joy and gladness, I am enabled to send to the poor suffering people more than £300 of those foreign contributions (cheers)—Is that to say that such aid, however generous, can meet the magnitude of the evil? Quite the reverse, unless the government come in time to save the people. They are already emigrating in despair; and from a dislike of British rule, they are preferring the United States, with all their troubles, to the wide regions of Canada. On the wisdom of their preference, I offer no opinion. This is rather a question for the British Government. They ought to reflect on their treatment of Ireland, when it is known to the world that the exiles from Ireland prefer the United States, with all its wars and anarchy, rather than locate themselves under the dominion of Great Britain (hear, hear). My advice to them and you is this, not to quit your country; like the wild geese of old to adhere to the native soil, and to insist on obtaining from your rulers the ample justice to which you are entitled. Why not exhibit at home that sense of a subject's rights, and that constitutional energy which has distinguished the Irish Catholic in foreign countries? (hear, hear). There is surely nothing in the soil of Ireland forbidding you, whilst you discharge your duties to the throne, from requiring and demanding for your heirs safety and protection. Should you, however, be forced to emigrate, and I hope you will not, you need not fear that the British rule in Canada is the same as the British rule in Ireland. The same objects can wear different completions, according to the variety of circumstances, as in ancient mythology—the being which shed its baneful influence on one unfortunate region was the revived benefactor of another (great cheering). Canada, as composed of French and Irish Catholics—the one proud of their connection with the most powerful and most chivalrous Catholic nation in the world—the other treasuring up the doings of the British Government in Ireland, and handing down those traditions to their children, while both feel their proximity to the United States, and are within the reach of those accents of freedom that are descending from the South as forcible and continuous as the falling waters of Niagara (hear, hear, and loud cheers). I have deemed it my duty to advert to those particulars for the guidance of the poor, should they still resolve on quitting Ireland, whilst my advice should be to stay at home, if possible, and labour to keep Ireland, instead of being a pasture for bullocks, the land of sages and of saints, and edifying the Christian world by the more fervent faith of the superior morality of its children. Why not instead of wandering in quest of settlements, look for your own in a fair partition of the seventy millions foreign, now the annual amount of revenue of what is called the British Empire? Seventy millions, quite an untold amount of revenue in the palmiest days of Imperial Rome. And yet within twelve hours distance from the centre of this huge heap of revenue, there is a nation peopled with a distinguished race, experiencing all the horrors of periodical starvation. In this unnatural state of things you look in vain for just proportions of joints of the same body. It is a monstrous shape, with a plethoric head, and emaciated members. It reminds one of the statue of which the head was gold and the feet of clay; and should Great Britain continue as it has yet done to worship the golden idol, regardless of what is due to the people of Ireland, it will have reason to fear that, like the similar idol of old, its golden head may be shivered by a just and mysterious retribution (loud and continued cheering).

Friendship is a silent gentleman that makes no parade; the true heart dances no hornpipe on the tongue. If you would be known, and not know, reside in a village. If you would know, and not be known, live a city. It is a singular fact that before a man can be put into a passion, he must first be put out.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

PASTORAL LETTER

OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO THE CLERGY OF THIS DIOCESE.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir—It is scarcely necessary to remind you that the usual devotions of the month of May, in honor of the Most Holy Mother of God, will commence on next Thursday. Whilst endeavoring to sanctify the coming month, you will not fail to exhort the faithful to put great confidence in the powerful intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and to secure her protection by studying her example, and imitating her admirable virtues. In your instructions, exhort your flock to pray for the peace of the Church, and for the speedy triumph of our glorious Pontiff, Pius IX., over those wicked statesmen who are so anxious to compass his ruin, and the destruction of the holy Catholic Church. Inculcate the practice of charity, now so necessary, as the poor in many districts, abandoned to their fate by those whose duty it is to protect them, are pining away in want and destitution. Whilst the poor members of Jesus Christ are thus suffering, it would be deplorable, indeed, were any to abandon themselves to drunkenness or dissipation, or to throw away on idle amusements, or in extravagant expenses, the means given to them by God to be devoted to charity.—Caution your flocks against secret societies, and dangerous Brotherhoods; such institutions, as being most baneful to religion and society, are severely condemned by the Church. Her censures have been fulfilled, not only against persons enrolled in them, but also against those who encourage, foster, or promote them in any way, directly or indirectly. Members of such societies, or persons connected with them, cannot be admitted to the sacraments. As enthusiasm for their religion, and a sense of the sufferings and wrongs of their country, may lead astray good and virtuous young men, it is desirable to warn them against the dangers to which they would expose their religion by listening to the artful suggestions of designing and insidious men, constituting themselves leaders of the Secret Societies and Brotherhoods, who, if we are to judge from past experience, are often ready to involve others in ruin, provided they can carry out their own dark designs.—Many persons of this kind appeared some few years ago, and at the end of the last century, who, with loud professions of patriotism and a pretended love for religious liberty on their lips, were paid for dividing and weakening the country, and receiving the wages of iniquity for betraying those whom they had saved. At present every man of sense must see that such adventurers have no power to accomplish what they promise; the most they could effect would be to bring ruin on the peaceful inhabitants of the country, and to deprive them of any advantages they possess. During the month of May, after the Institution or Lecture of the Rosary, Benediction may be given each day with the Holy Sacrament. As his Holiness has invited the bishops of the Catholic Church to assist at the canonisation of several martyrs of Japan who laid down their lives rather than renounce their faith, I am desirous to correspond to the wishes of the successor of St. Peter, and intend to proceed to Rome towards the end of May. When in his presence I shall not fail to endeavor to console our Holy Father in his sufferings by informing him of the love and veneration you bear him, and of your anxiety to assist him by your contributions to the Peter's Pence Association, and also by describing to him the progress of religion among you, and your many good works. On my return I propose to hold the usual visitation in Castledermot, Athy, Drookstown, Kiltullen, Blessington, Blackditches, Ballymore, Saggard, Rathfriland, Celbridge, and Maynooth. The days for the visitation will be fixed at the proper time, but the children should all be prepared for Confirmation before the 20th of July. Wishing you every blessing, and begging your special prayers during the month of May, I remain your faithful servant in Christ,

PAUL CULLEN.

Dublin, 25th April, 1862.

FATHER DALY.—We are rejoiced to learn that the unfortunate differences between this venerable Priest and his amiable Ordinary, the Bishop of Galway, are completely at an end. On Easter Sunday, at the commencement of the 12 o'clock Mass, Father Daly entered the parish church of St. Nicholas from the Sacristy, and having ascended the altar, read publicly his apology for the offence given to his Bishop, and then withdrew. The Galway Vineyard publishes the following as the Rev. Peter Daly's apology to the Bishop, which was read by the Rev. gentleman in the church of St. Nicholas:—"I beg leave to express my sincere regret in not having obeyed the mandate of my bishop, issued to me on the 26th Dec. last, which was preceded by several letters of exhortation and remonstrance. I also have to express my sincere regret for having violated by the public celebration of Mass, and by bearing confession, the suspension inflicted on me by my bishop. I regret having addressed the people on Sunday, Jan. 5, in the chapel of Bushpark, and subsequently in this Parish Church of St. Nicholas on the subject of the suspension. I regret the excitement created in the House of God and in the public streets, and as a minister of religion I conjure those who behaved irreverently in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, to make reparation for the insults offered to our Blessed Lord in the Sacrament of His love. I desire to express my entire disapprobation of the use of language derogatory to the office and authority of my Bishop, and of any line of conduct or form of expression, on the part of any person whatsoever, calculated to coerce or overawe those whom alone the Holy Ghost has appointed to govern the Church of God in the free exercise of that authority confided to them by the successor of St. Peter, the supreme visible head of God's Church, the Vicar of Christ upon earth. I do hereby request my bishop in virtue of the powers specially delegated to him by the Apostolic See, to absolve me from the suspension he inflicted on me, and the irregularities I incurred by its violation.—(Signed) P. DALY."

The Galway correspondent of the Saunders' News, writing on Sunday, says:—"As expected, the chapel of St. Nicholas to day at 12 o'clock, was crowded to excess; about 2,000 persons were present. Before the celebration of high mass the Bishop being present, Father Daly appeared, habited in a soutan.—There was immediately great sensation in the chapel, and expressions of sympathy were openly given. He appeared deeply moved. After reading the above document he retired, and the service was proceeded with. He is to go into 'retreat' for one week, and at the expiration of that time he will be fully restored to his ministerial offices. It is generally stated that the Rev. Sir Michael Bellow, principal of the Jesuit College of St. Ignatius, in this town, is the person who effected this reconciliation."

THE JURY QUESTION.—On a recent occasion we called attention to an issue which was raised in the County of Tyrone regarding the formation of the jury panel. In that county, since the period of the so-called "reformation," it would appear that only two Catholics have filled the office of sub-Sheriff. The first was a Mr. Arthur Quinn, and the present occupant of the office is Mr. Charles McCrossan. Whether the former appointment gave offence to the dominant faction, we are not prepared to say; but as regards the latter, we have the clearest and most positive proof that his appointment has given anything but satisfaction. Mr. McCrossan and his brother have been always allied with the popular interests—a thing not appreciated in Tyrone by the faction to whom we have already referred; and, therefore, every obstruction has been thrown in his way, to prevent him from carrying out the duties of his office. The occasion of our former observations was a scene at the Strabane Quarter Sessions, reported in the Derry Sentinel. It would appear that the charge made against Mr. McCrossan was—that he placed the names of persons on the panel as grand jurors at sessions and assizes, which did not appear on the juror's book,

and which, according to the Sentinel, was required by the 3rd and 4th William IV., cap. 61. Now, if we mistake not, the Sentinel has fallen into a very serious error as regards the law of the case; for it is not at all necessary that the names of the grand jurors, either at sessions or assizes, should appear on the juror's book for the current or any other year. What is more remarkable still, Mr. Sheriff McCrossan contends that there is no such thing as a juror's book for the Co. Tyrone. He defended his conduct for a returning a number of Catholics to serve as jurors, by stating that he summoned no one to serve on either the grand or petty panels who were not duly and legally qualified. We are glad to see the high-minded and independent course which that gentleman has pursued in this matter; and we would be glad to see his example generally followed by his co-religionists, when they have the same power. If such a course were persevered in, with the firm resolve that Catholics should have their fair and legitimate share in the administration of justice in Ireland, we would have less of sectional and corrupt jury panels than we have hitherto been accustomed to. It is a fact, beyond all contradiction, that in the most Catholic counties in Ireland—where Catholic intelligence and wealth predominate—they are not, through legal trickery, permitted to take that position in the administration of *alien* laws which it is their legal right, both from property and intelligence they are entitled. We are glad to see that this issue has been raised in the Orange county of Tyrone; but we regret that Mr. Justice Christian did not consent to the proposal of Mr. John McCrossan, to have the Sheriff fined, as in that case the whole facts would have come before the world, and the English legislature would have been compelled to have adopted a remedy for the evil. Even as the matter now stands, the course pursued by Mr. McCrossan cannot fail to be productive of the greatest good; and we hope that those Catholics who by chance may get into office, will adopt the same manly and straightforward course which he has done, in procuring for their co-religionists their legal rights. Tempering with the Orange faction by Catholics—and we have seen too much of that sort of thing amongst Catholic officials—only emboldens the faction to persevere in their assumed superiority over their Catholic neighbors; but once that spirit is broken down—once they are taught the wise lesson that all men are equal, and that the only superiority is moral worth—then, and not till then, will factionists be led to hide their diminished heads. No matter what may be the result, we are firmly convinced the course pursued by Mr. McCrossan in Tyrone, as Sheriff, will exercise a most salutary check on the jury packing of officials of Ireland.—Dublin Irishman.

IRISH INGRATITUDE.—Fox reproached Burke, when the latter first began to denounce the French Revolution with filing a bill of indictment against a whole nation. Lord Palmerston's comment on Mr. MeGair's speech the other day, in which the Premier charged the Irish Roman Catholics with ingratitude towards the "Liberal Party," which had done so much for them, is an accusation broad enough to fit the phrase employed by Fox. The Irish people certainly show no great affection for the Palmerston Government, and as we suppose that it is what the Prime Minister means by the "Liberal party," there will certainly be some ground for the studied sarcasm cast by him on the sister island, if, indeed, the claim to "gratitude" were founded on any reasonable basis. Nations, as Lord Malmesbury once said, are not usually grateful. But we should say the Irish, from their peculiar circumstances perhaps, which have always led them to attach themselves strongly to their leaders, and to remember them even in the day of success, are less than most communities open to this reproach. It is rather to be thrown in their teeth that they cherish among them names which never had a very worthy claim to be enrolled among a nation's heroes. As for Lord Palmerston himself, the presence of any sacrifices made by him in the cause of Catholic Relief would be altogether too preposterous to pass anywhere. When he abuses the party which always withstood any proposal for Roman Catholic Emancipation, he can hardly forget we suppose, that he himself was a member of the party indicated, until a very short time before it undertook to pass the Catholic Relief Bill; that he was supporting it by his voice in the house, and his pen in the *John Bull*, and that he only quitted it when it was ready to carry the measure for which he now demands the gratitude forsooth of the Irish members on his own behalf and that of the opposite party which he joined. Not that we mean to reproach Lord Palmerston with ever knowingly deserting what in his quotation from Lucean would come under the term of *victoria causa*. He and the celestial powers invoked by the poet would always be in full accord on that point. He is not one of those foolish Catos whom the old Romans honored, and who were willing to fall with a falling cause, and who were search for his parallel among the versatile and ambidextrous politicians of the Athenian commonwealth, like Theraemenes, whom Aristophanes in the *Frogs* characterizes in terms that would exactly fit our vitriolous Premier. But is there any ground for claiming for the "Liberal party," in whatever persons you may suppose that abstraction embodied, any gratitude on the score of Catholic Emancipation? Every one knows that it was Pitt who made that measure a necessity. Every one knows that it was he who handed it down as a tradition of our Government, and that he in fact made more personal sacrifices on its behalf than any other of our statesmen. Then if there is any question of gratitude in such a case, we should say that the party which inherited Pitt's principles, and were most tenacious of his habits of statesmanship, were the best entitled to claim the credit. The pertinacity of George III. on the point overpowered Fox just as effectually as it did his rival. When that obstacle was removed, there still remained the task of overcoming the jealousy entertained on the point by the bulk of the English people, and the Conservative feelings of the country gentlemen in particular. No party could have done this but the one that possessed so much of their confidence as that then led by the Duke of Wellington. The Whigs no doubt assisted, but they could not have carried the measure alone. However we think the inquiry a very idle one. Neither party would have passed the measure out of any special affection for the classes to be benefited by it. They would have passed it, we may suppose, out of regard for the interests of the whole nation; and by the same principle the Irish members should exercise their right of voting in the house—not on that of gratitude to this or that party.—John Bull.

DEATH FROM DESTITUTION.—An inquest was held at Gort on Saturday, on the body of John Ford, when the jury returned the following verdict, in the propriety of which the coroner expressed his concurrence:—"We find that John Ford's death was caused by the utter state of destitution in which he continued to exist for the past winter and spring, being nearly always destitute of food and bed clothing. We are further of opinion that a judicious distribution of outdoor relief to the laboring poor, who entertain a strong aversion to entering union workhouses, in very desirable, and would enable them to bear the severities of this trying season, with which private benevolence is entirely unable to contend."

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.—The *Cork Examiner* of Friday says:—"The *Iman* steamer of to-day, the City of Washington, takes out a yet larger number of passengers than did the vessel of the preceding week. Upwards of 500 emigrants leave by the City of Washington. These belong apparently not to the poorer, but to the more comfortable class of small farmers. Astonishing as it may seem, the number emigrating during this and the past three weeks is even greater than during the corresponding periods last year. The motive that induces so many to leave their homes and adventure in a land where trade and employment are prostrated by war, is almost inexplicable, unless the case of one emigrant, who stated in answer that he left Ireland because he could find no worse in the States, be applicable to all."