

'What! the postilion nearly killed? eagerly exclaimed her companion, with a look of horror; and Jenkins, poor fellow, has he fractured his leg? Good heavens!'

'It is very sad, indeed,' said Sir Thomas; 'but we cannot mend matters by remaining here; I think the best course we can pursue now is to call one of these cabs off the rank, and drive direct to your hotel. My son,' he added, again turning towards James, who was assisting others to restore the almost lifeless postilion to a state of consciousness, 'will remain here to see after your property, and look after those poor fellows; and be pointed to the postilion and footman, who lay on the opposite pavement bleeding almost to death from the wounds they had received.'

'Will you be good enough then, sir, to procure us a cab,' interposed the short lady.

'Oh, by all means,' exclaimed Sir Thomas, as he advanced a few steps towards the cab rank, and flourishing the butt-end of his riding-whip in the air, hailed one of those slow-going, but convenient vehicles, into which he assisted both ladies, and then turning to his son, he said, 'James, you'll see after these ladies' travelling carriage and horses, won't you? I am going to accompany them to their hotel, after which I'll go to the Bull and Mouth.'

'Very well, sir. Then I'll meet you there,' returned his son, who was endeavoring to persuade the crowd that had collected to stand a little back, and thus let the fresh air more freely circulate round the poor sufferers, who were just beginning to revive.

Sir Thomas then informing the cabman where to drive, seated himself opposite to the ladies, and remained silent for upwards of five minutes, but was aroused out of his reverie by the tall lady, observing to her companion, 'I thought, Jane, some accident would occur when first we entered the carriage.'

'Why so?' asked her companion, inquisitively.

'Merely because the horses seemed so restless.'

'To tell you the truth, Mary,' said her companion, with an important, confiding air, 'I have my suspicions about the postilion; I rather imagine he was not quite sober. Did not you observe the reckless manner in which he urged the horses?'

'I think you have not judged amiss, madam,' said Sir Thomas, addressing the last speaker; 'it is my opinion that the carriage came in contact with the lamp-post, which occasioned a collision, and which entirely resulted from the careless manner in which the postilion drove. May I be permitted to ask,' he added, with an apologetic inclination of the head, 'if you have traveled from any considerable distance?'

'Only from Richmond,' replied the tall body, with a cold reserve, which prevented Sir Thomas from pursuing the subject further.

When they had arrived at the hotel, Sir Thomas, alighting, handed the ladies out of the cab, observing, as he did so, 'I will, with your permission, do myself the pleasure of calling on you this afternoon, or to-morrow morning, and I trust by that time you will have entirely recovered from your fright; and I hope I shall be able to give you a favorable account of your servants and horses,—the latter, I am inclined to believe, have sustained no serious injury; and then politely raising his hat, he gracefully bowed and turned to re-enter the cab, when the waiter of the hotel handed a card, saying that he had been desired to give to him by one of the ladies who said, that she, in her agitation, had forgotten to thank him for his great kindness.

Sir Thomas mechanically took the card, and, without even looking at it, placed it in his pocket-book, desiring at the same time the cabman to drive to the Bull and Mouth, and to 'look sharp.'

Sir Thomas was sitting in the coffee-room, writing a letter, when James entered. 'Well,' exclaimed he, as he saw his son approaching, 'how are the poor fellows?—and the horses, are they all right?—and the carriage, what have you done with it? All of which questions he asked, without raising his eyes from the paper, or yet stopping the motion of his pen.

'As to the postilion, sir,' replied James, 'I can entertain but very little hopes of his recovery. The footman, however, is not so badly hurt, as was at first supposed. I sent them both to the hospital.'

'You acted most judiciously,' said his father. 'And now tell me, what have you done with the carriage and horses?'

'I have caused them to be brought here, together with our own, sir.'

'Tis well,' and Sir Thomas seeing a waiter pass, ordered breakfast, which will leave him and his son quietly to discuss, while we return to our friends in Belgium.

CHAPTER IV.

My readers are already slightly acquainted with Emma Nugent, the fair young cousin of the romantic Miss Melville, and therefore, under ordinary circumstances, I might have scarcely deemed it necessary to draw their attention more particularly to her than I have already done in some of the foregoing pages; but as she is destined to act a conspicuous part in this narrative, I shall avail myself of the present opportunity to introduce them in this chapter to the family circle of 'The Catholic Cousins.'

Brussels, at all times, is a pleasant place to reside in; it seems to be the happy medium between two extremes, namely—English reserve and French vivacity. It has a beautiful miniature park, good streets, nicely-planted boulevards, and well-constructed comfortable dwelling-houses; in fact, it possesses every convenience which a bachelor or a married man can desire,—whether in receipt of a large or small income. It cannot be wondered at, therefore, that Mr. Nugent and his sisters should have preferred residing in that agreeable city, to residing in smoky, foggy London, where they had experienced much affliction in the loss of their beloved parents, and a younger sister, besides several reverses in fortune.

There is, as a large house, which stands on the boulevards, almost facing the Porte de Namur,

it was well known to the poor as the residence of Monsieur Nugent et ses belles sœurs—

'Where want had never vainly sighed,

'Where porters stationed at their lord's command, Gave to the poor with unrestricted hand.'

'By the bye, Emma,' said a young man apparently about twenty-seven, who was thoughtfully looking out of the window at the numerous equestrians who passed to and fro on the boulevards opposite the Porte de Namur, and who occasionally applied the whip or spur to their high-mettled steeds, evidently with the view to show off their superior horsemanship, 'this morning, as I was coming home from Mass, a poor woman solicited alms of me, and her tale was so pitiful that I gave her a franc to relieve her immediate wants, and I told her she might call here this evening, and that if you, on inquiry, found her statement to be true, we would endeavor to do something which would enable her to gain an honest livelihood for the future.'

'Is she a widow?' asked a young girl about seventeen, to whom he had addressed himself, and who was sitting at a work-table near the window, embroidering some costly work.

'Well, to tell you the truth, Emma,' replied the young man, still looking abstractedly out of the window, 'I never asked her that question; but this I know for certain, that she told me that she had some half-dozen half-starved children.'

'What time did you tell her to call, Frank?' inquired the young girl, laying down her work and looking towards her brother, with as much interest and anxiety as another girl of her age would have done, were she anticipating the pleasure of an approaching ball.

'Between six and seven.'

Their conversation was interrupted by two sprightly young girls, whose respective ages averaged from nine to twelve, who rushed breathlessly into the room, exclaiming—

'Oh, sister dear, such a wretched looking woman is down stairs in the kitchen; she's got five or six children with her, and she says Frank told her to call. Do come, sister dear, and see her; I'm sure she and her children seem half-starved. She told us, indeed, that she and her children had not tasted anything for upwards of two days until she met Frank this morning, who gave her some money, with which she purchased some brown bread and cheese; but for all that,' said the eldest girl, 'she's dressed so neatly, and her children seem so clean, that I am sure I should never have taken her for a beggar.'

'Frank without turning round, merely observed—

'I suppose that's the same woman I was just speaking to you about, Emma; had you not better go and see?'

Emma, immediately gathering up her work, left the room, amid the merry prattle of her two younger sisters, Mary and Kate, who triumphantly led the way to the kitchen. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and they all made their appearance in the drawing-room again.

'Well, Emma,' said Frank, when she had seated herself at her work-table, and resumed her former occupation, 'have I judged amiss?—is it not a case which really claims our immediate attention?'

'Most certainly it is,' replied his sister, emphatically; 'for never in the whole course of my existence have I ever witnessed such complete destitution, and what I particularly admire in the poor creature is her perfect resignation to the will of God, and her great zeal for the honor of our holy faith in her hours of trial and temptation.'

'Your course of existence as yet,' said Frank, laughing, 'has not been very long. But, joking apart, Emma, what measures would you advise us to take, in order to better the condition of this poor creature? Have you ascertained if she is a widow or not?'

'Yes, brother dear,' eagerly exclaimed Mary; and Kate chimed in almost simultaneously, 'how are the poor fellows?—and the horses, are they all right?—and the carriage, what have you done with it? All of which questions he asked, without raising his eyes from the paper, or yet stopping the motion of his pen.'

'As to the postilion, sir,' replied James, 'I can entertain but very little hopes of his recovery. The footman, however, is not so badly hurt, as was at first supposed. I sent them both to the hospital.'

'You acted most judiciously,' said his father. 'And now tell me, what have you done with the carriage and horses?'

'I have caused them to be brought here, together with our own, sir.'

'Tis well,' and Sir Thomas seeing a waiter pass, ordered breakfast, which will leave him and his son quietly to discuss, while we return to our friends in Belgium.'

CHAPTER IV.

Frank Nugent was a man of few words, but his very soul abounded with charity, and this excellent quality was shared by his sisters, who, like him, had learned 'the luxury of doing good.' He was a little above the middle size, and somewhat inclined to be stout. His countenance, which was deadly pale, was rendered to the beholder even more so than it really was in consequence of his being obliged to wear blue spectacles in order to preserve his sight, which he had materially injured by too much application to study. By profession Frank was a barrister-at-law, and had he practised at the English Courts, there is little doubt but that he would have distinguished himself. Having, however, four years after his majority, lost his parents, who left him in possession of a moderate fortune, he preferred leading the life of a private gentleman; and therefore, after having passed some months in the gay capital of France, he withdrew with his three sisters to Brussels, where he enjoyed the esteem and friendship of a limited number of acquaintances, and the well-wishes and earnest prayers of every child of poverty and misfortune. His eldest sister Emma, whose soul seemed also cast in the mould of charity, was truly a pretty girl, possessing a natural grace and dignity which showed off to much advantage her elegant figure. She was of a lively disposition, and always ready

to participate in any harmless amusement and girlish frolic; but she was discreet in all her actions, and never overstepped the bounds of propriety. Even her good works and pious devotions were subject to its jurisdiction. Persons, however, meeting her in society, and not acquainted with her real character and sentiments, might naturally be led to conclude that she was a giddy, light-hearted, thoughtless girl, and, indeed, they would scarcely be persuaded into the belief that, hidden, as it were, beneath that fashionable and fascinating manner, and at times that girlish propensity for fun, was treasured the secret wish to fly from the false allurements of the world, and harbor herself within the sanctified precincts of the walls of the cloister; but yet, however ardently she fostered this wish, she knew that she had a duty to perform towards her young sisters, who looked upon her in the light of a mother, and she felt that no matter how high her calling might be to enter a religious order, still it would not be acting in accordance with the spirit of the Catholic religion to desert her two orphan sisters at a time when they most needed her watchful care and prudent judgment to 'teach the young idea how to shoot.' Though she had not yet entered upon her eighteenth year, as my readers are already aware, she was highly accomplished, having received an education superior to most girls of her age, and therefore she was enabled to instruct her sisters at home without the assistance of a governess, and this, I might add, was one of her greatest pleasures next to providing for the wants of the poor; but I have already said enough on this subject to enable my readers to judge for themselves.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THEORY OF RACE.—The theory of race, in which alone the English mind, or more properly, perhaps, the English conscience, seems willing to discover an explanation of the social anomalies, so called, of Ireland, is one which might or might not be applicable to the Irish people under political conditions different from any they have known; but it is one which can have no relation whatever to the state of Ireland, as described by Mr. Heron, in his address to the Statistical Society, last night; for the reason, and a very simple one it is, that, assuming the Irish race to be the worst upon the planet, the best would have fared no better under the Anglo-Irish institutions. 'La nuit,' says the French proverb, 'tous les chats sont gris; and it is not too much to say that to the British system all races would have been alike, for no system could be devised more wicked or more clever for purposes of ruin. Such, at least, is the judgment of every philosophic politician, from Edmund Burke to Goldwin Smith; nor is it, even now uncommon for those who have nothing better to suggest, to admit that nothing can be worse. It does not touch the question, therefore, of Irish destitution and decline; it will not account for acres running waste, diminishing stock, degenerating horses, and disappearing men; to find affinities of character between the Celt and the Red Indian, or, according to the last discovery of the *Spectator*, between the Celt and the Bengalee; unless it can be said that the Celt has at any time been placed under conditions favorable to improvement, whether he be Caucasian, Mongolian, or Mlesian—why measure his facial angle, or gauge the capacity of his brain pan—why catechise his moral sense, or speculate upon his mental powers, if no power of body or mind could have availed to save him from a system of degradation and impoverishment, than which it has not been given to man to invent anything more excellent. If all the great thinkers of modern times in England, without exception, be right—and it is difficult to suppose them all wrong—the condition of things to which Mr. Heron has invited the attention of the Statistical Society, so far from being anomalous, is regular in the highest degree, and would disappoint the most settled principles of social science, if it were other than it is. Until within the memory of living men, the government of Ireland by the neighboring country had the first, as well as the oldest, place, in immorality and cruelty amongst the Governments of the earth; for no one government on earth has been known to afflict a subject nationality, as successive English Governments have afflicted Ireland, throughout so lengthened a period of connexion, without an hour's respite, but, on the contrary, improving its methods by the hour until they reached perfection. Some certain relaxations of the system, a little scientific pruning and weeding, calculated to develop rather than to check its rankness, have occurred from time to time; and in 1829 a rather notable portion was trimmed off to keep the rest; the Penal Laws have been, to a considerable extent, repealed, not by any means to save its most destructive principle, the Church Establishment. It is a melancholy but triumphant proof of the fitness of the institutions for their purpose, that what is now acknowledged as a simple act of justice and morality—the Catholic Relief Bill of 1829—has been made more fatal in its consequences to the mass of the Irish people than the Cromwellian or Williamite wars; because, while the power which the Penal Laws of the country had no other object than to foster was scrupulously preserved, the holders of that power, sustained by the whole material force of England, were inflamed more than ever by the popular victory against the tenant farmers of Ireland, who scrupled not to incur all that befel them at the time, and all that has overtaken their children since, in obedience to a purely sentimental patriotism. The tenant farmers of Ireland derived no more practical benefit from the Emancipation Act, which opened Parliament and office to the higher order of Catholics, than from the remission of the duty upon French wine; but they lost the market value which they formerly possessed, in the estimation of their landlords, as elements of political strength, and opened, by their support of Emancipation, that war of classes which still desolates both them and their adversaries. The case stands, therefore, thus upon admitted facts: Had the Irish been the descendants of the Hæroclidæ rather than of the more or less debatable Phœnician; had they united in their character all the virtues that have been claimed for them or are denied them—the result of seven hundred years of British rule, as it has prevailed in Ireland—ought to be what it is, and what Mr. Heron's essay brings before us now. Finding them heroic, as it did, it ought to break them, as it has done; finding them thrifty, it ought to make them spendthrift; finding them improvident, it ought to keep them so; finding them forgiving, it ought to make them cruel; finding them vindictive, it was made to eternalize their vengeance; finding them degraded, it could not but debase them farther; finding them docile, it ought to make them intractable; finding them virtuous, it ought to make them corrupt; finding them vicious, it should have made them irreclaimable. That it has not done so to the full extent of its means and of its plans is the merit of the Irish race, which has preserved its morals and its existence by twin miracles against the rule, we do not say of England but of English Governments. In any event the rule itself, that was well contrived to work all this evil, ought, with liberal thinkers at least, to be the object of denunciation, and not the race, which was subject to it. We find, nevertheless, in the same organ of liberal opinion, which could spell good social philosophy out of the lam-

poons of Mr. Allingham, a theory of Irish morals and a plan of Irish Government, built upon a comparison between the Irishman and the Hindu, and founded upon the death of a poor old butler, who is said to have taken fright at the threats of a drunken master. Assuredly, the opinion which grows out of writing like this is bastard and misshapen. It looks like the very dotage of the English press, withering, as Swift said, at the top; for they are the Quarterlies, the critical journals, and the once noble organs of publicity that now drive most upon Ireland. The organs of the Irish landlord quote the drivellings with silence or approval. To degeneracy of the heart they seem to have added softening of the brain, when they fail to see in the flight of the people their own disappearance. The correspondent of a morning contemporary informs us that the scarcity of labor has not produced increase of wages. The Irish landlord is not more mortal; he cannot give what he has not; he cannot pay a swollen labor bill from a diminished income; but there is something that he can do, it he follow 'he advice in fashion. He can go to the wall—he can be sold out—he can take his leave—he can follow the crops, and the stock, and the poultry, and the tenants, and leave no trace of himself or of his order, save in the ruin—incomplete, we still believe—of the old race of Ireland, which it will be his misfortune, almost as much as his fault, to have wrought under bad nurture and pernicious teaching.—*Dublin Evening Post.*

IRISH SURNAMES.—Most of them express personal qualities or physical peculiarities. We have already referred to the name Kinsella, which is nearly equivalent to the Italian Malatesta. The Highland name Oafmore simply means 'big head.' Many Irish names have reference to complexion—as Duffy, which means 'black'—Dunn, which has, in more than one instance been translated into 'Brown'—and Finn, which means 'fair,' and has been frequently transformed into White. One of the oddest transformations we know of, is that of the Kerry name, Gaolte (or as it has been pronounced, Quilty); numbers of persons bearing this name, have changed it into Woods because of its resemblance in sound to another but utterly different word, which means 'a word or grove.' The name really signifies 'Swift,' and that would be the proper equivalent for those to adopt who were ashamed of their ancient Irish origin. In point of fact the Irish, unlike the feudal nations, never called a man from the place in which he dwelt; but they invariably called the place after the man. In England you hear such surnames as Milton—that is Mill-town—Thorbury, Mayfield, Middleto(w)n, and such like; but nothing of this kind was found in Ireland. The case was quite the reverse. Thus a vast tract of Ulster was called Tyrone (*Aodie Tyrone*)—that is the *terre* or land of Owen O'Neill. Then there was Tyrconnel, the land of Conal, or Connell (the head of the O'Donnells); and Innishowen, or the island (or peninsula) of Owen. Kiaran was a famous Irish saint; out the word 'kiaran' signifies 'a grey man.' Let us give one pregnant example of this peculiarity of the Irish. Finn, the commander of the famous Irish Militia, was the son of Comhal (pronounced Copal). Now, Comhal signifies 'bold, daring,' and the whole name and surname of Finn M'Comhal may be translated 'the fair-haired son of the daring warrior.' Feargal (pronounced Farrell) was a distinguished Irish scholar and saint, and is reputed to have been the first who guessed at the rotundity of the globe; and Latin writers put down his name Virgilius, merely from similarity of sound; but Feargal simply means 'the handsome, or fair man.' What the root *g* (always pronounced hard, remember) meant to the Romans we cannot tell; but undoubtedly *vir* [Latin for man] and *far* [Irish for man] are slightly different forms of the same word; it would be amusing to discover that the Irish surname, now pronounced Farrell, and the surname of the great Latin Poet were one and the same. Undoubtedly Virgil came from a very Celtic part of Northern Italy. Poor, pitiable, recreant Irishmen, make sore shifts sometimes to hide their nationality. We once knew a man whose name was M'Teague (for Teige), and he changed it to the aristocratic name of Montague! A Catholic clergyman of some distinction was born to the good, honest old name of Canavan; he literally translated it into English, and made himself known to the world, to the end of his life (if he be not yet living), as the Reverend Dr. Whitehead. In the county Down in the barony of Saul, there was, and is, and old clan of the O'Neills, formerly known as the M'Shaues, having adopted the name of their ancestor Shane, to distinguish themselves from the other O'Neills. Of this clan the majority changed their name to Jackson and Johnson, a literal translation of M'Shaue, and it is an undoubted fact that the celebrated Gen. Jackson of the United States, whose father emigrated from the county Down, was a scion of this stock of the great O'Neills. In the northwest of Donegal, and in Torry Island, there dwelt the clan of the M'Rorys; the majority have changed their name into Crory [dropping the M.], or more strangely still into Rogers! A still more curious transformation is that which has occurred in the case of the Graysies, of the same district; the name signifies 'grey bone,' or 'fairy bone' cramb-sidhe; and has been changed into Boner and Bonner! But, oddest change of all, Donegal people of the good old name of M'Gonigle, have transformed it into Cunningham! But what would you have, when a respectable Munster priest of the name of Diloachry, got disgusted with the Celtic sound and suddenly changed it into Dillworth? In the same way, certain O'Donnells have puzzled strangers to know whether they are Jews or not, for they have converted their name into Daniels. Every body has heard of 'Dod's Parliamentary Companion.' When the industrious compiler of that very lively volume first left his native bog he bore the ancient and historic name of O'Dowd. In London he dropped the Celtic prefix and became plain Mr. Dowd. This was not enough however; by and by he struck out the *w* and put in an extra *d*; and then he was Dodd. But even that did not content him; for after some time he knocked away that superfluous *d* again, and finally settled down into simple Dod! Surely no unfortunate name was ever before submitted to such torture. A thriving lawyer in Dublin, named O'Muldoon, became discontented with his ancient patronymic, and altered it to the more pleasing sound of Meldon. He went to the office of the Ulster King of Arms to get a 'coat of arms' for his newly purchased carriage. The clerk after carrying the message to his superior, said Sir Bernard Burke was searching for the name. Presently old Sir Bernard shouts out from within at the top of his voice, so that the lawyer could distinctly hear him, 'Tell the gentleman that there is no such name to be found anywhere as Meldon, but if he will be contented with the name of O'Muldoon, the name of an ancient and distinguished Irish family in Wexford, I can furnish him with a beautiful coat-of-arms. We apprehend the 'gentle' lawyer did not feel comfortable at so brusque an announcement. Holland, Houlahan and O'Houlahan are one and the same name; the change to Holland began this way: the English authorities in Ireland seemed to have a peculiar antipathy to terminations in *n*; as early as the time of Elizabeth, they wrote the name in deeds and charters and other documents indifferently 'O'Hollahan, and finally settled down into Holland. The name is not uncommon in London; but doubtless, every man who bears it is of Irish descent more or less remote. The word signifies 'a proud little man,' *Superbiatus*; and the origin is said to be this: In a campaign against Thomond, the army of Desmond ran short of provisions that they were forced to kill and eat their horses. The hereditary physician had a dancier stomach than his companions; he refused to eat the horse-flesh, and his friends laughed at him and called him *hulachan* [pro. Houlahan] 'the proud little fellow.' He accepted the title as a patronymic of the family.' But these changes of names are not confined to 'Ireland; Malcolmson is only the Highland name for M'Mal-

colm; Farquharson is M'Farquhar [the son of the dark man]; and Neilson and Neilson are the Scottish M'Neil. We once had the pleasure of dining with Baron Leesepe, the originator of the great Suez scheme; and, after dinner, conversation turned upon family names. He told us, that like his relative, the Empress of the French, he was of Scottish descent; and that his family name was originally the Highland name of Glossop. Similar changes have been going on in Wales. Johns and Jones are the same name as Apjohn. The Welsh *Ap* has the same meaning as the Irish Mac; therefore, Apjohn is the same as M'Shane or Johnson. Price, not an uncommon name is a corruption of Ap-Rice, and Powell of Ap-Howell, both very ancient Welsh Celtic names. The Lord Chancellor of England is a Welsh Celt—Lord Chancellor Bethell; but, if he wrote his fine old name properly it would be Ap Ithel. Again, the Thompsons of the Glasgow district are the descendants of an old Highland clan, who formerly held the territory—the M'Tavishes, or M'Thomas—for they had adopted that name after the great St. Thomas, the 'Angel of the Schools.' Yet one unacquainted with the real facts would fancy these were all genuine 'Anglo-Saxons.'

IRISHMEN IN AFRICA.—A countryman, upon whose truthfulness, in more than one respect, we (*Monster News*) have reason to place entire dependence, informs us that there are from thirty to forty young Irishmen at Petermaritzburg, Cape of Good Hope, who emigrated to that country from Tipperary and Clare, and all are employed at wages of five shillings British a day, with 1 lb of beef each in addition. The wages in the Government and Corporation works amount to £30 a year, with diet. Carpenters are paid nine shillings a day, bricklayers and masons the like amount, and blacksmiths and wheelwrights ten shillings each, although the class of tradesmen in general may not be accounted of the first order. The country, in the district in which our correspondent resides, is open land, and the soil fertile, but very little of it is cultivated. It yields a luxuriant growth of grass, and can be had, not far from Petermaritzburg, at from ten to twenty shillings the acre, one's own freehold forever. House rent is high in the town, so are provisions, in consequence of the limited breadths of land under tillage, but beef is cheap, and of this, a principal article of workmen's diet, plenty can be had by ordinary earners. The foregoing are nearly the terms in which our correspondent writes, and as we have implicit confidence in him, and know him to be well informed, we have no hesitation in saying that his words may be accepted as facts by those who, proposing to emigrate, are looking for more eligible destinations than America, which is a pandemonium, or Australia, which is not the El Dorado it was found at first.

FREEDOM IN VOTING.—A poor law investigation has been had at Clifden, in Conemara, into the conduct of Dr. Saffell, medical officer of the Clifden Union Workhouse Hospital and Clifden District Dispensary, charged with undue influence of the Irish. O'Flaherty in reference to the election of Mr. Shea as guardian. As it appeared, Dr. Saffell, who has discharged his dispensary duties correctly, erred in ignorance of the commissioners' rules regarding the interference of paid officers, and was not even reprimanded by them; but an extraordinary letter turned up in course of the investigation—a 'ukase,' as it was called—which it is beneficial for the public to know of. The descendants of the Anglo-Normans, the settlers of James I., the Cromwellians and the Williamites, who have become possessed of the greater part of the lands of Ireland, have been charged with all sorts of oppression and injustice. But here is the 'ukase' of a Milesian:—

Lydieuan, Clare, Galway, March 16, 1864.
'To J. Donnellan, Bailiff on the Kylesmore Estate.
'I hereby require you on receipt of this, to go to every tenant on the Kylesmore estate, in the Renyule electoral division, who has a vote, and to caution him against voting for any party as proposed guardian except Mr. Shea. You will tell them that any party refusing to obey this order will get no kind of encouragement from me, and that I will take no possible excuse, no matter what influence may be brought to act on them from any other party.
'M. F. O'FLAHERTY.'

THE GALWAY LINES.—In the mail packet services estimate for the current year, £50,000 is set out for the postal service between Galway and ports in America. Under such circumstances, it is probable that the line will again commence. We (*Wexford Independent*) have seen a splendid sample of new potatoes in the seed shop of Mr. Harpur—grown in the gardens of Miss Boyd, at Roslaria House. They are strong and healthy, abundant in the ground, and give earnest of a full crop. They are the product of seed taken from a foreign vessel wrecked on the coast.

The family of Michael Hanley, of Claregalway, were recently on the point of death, from the effects of arsenic taken as soda in newly home-made bread. The arsenic had been bought for poisoning rats; and but for Mr. Wm. Clancy, who procured the services of Dr. Duggan, would have been fatal. A dog died after eating a bit of the bread.

RELIGION IN PRISONS.—By a return issued on Saturday it appears that on the first day of the present year there were in the prisons throughout Ireland 2,513 Roman Catholics, 364 persons of the Established Church, 122 Presbyterians, 3 Quakers, and 1 Methodist. It is also shown in the same return that the salaries of the prison clergyman and religious instructors of the different denominations were as follows, in the year 1863:—Roman Catholic, £1,727 17s 4d, Established Church, £1,607 17s 4d, and Presbyterian, £508 4s 4d. Similar figures are given with respect to the prisoners in Scotland, but the religious denominations are much more numerous, including ten sects of Protestantism, Mormons, Jews, and a considerable number of persons belonging to no religious denomination. The salaries paid to the visiting clergymen or religious instructors amounted to £2,739 13s.—*London Paper.*

EMIGRATION.—There has been no diminution in the number of emigrants this week. The two steamers which have already sailed from Queenstown have carried full complements of passengers, and an immense number are still remaining on the agents' books. The Virginia, belonging to the National Steam Navigation Company, which sailed on Wednesday, took out about three hundred; the Etna, of the Inman line, filled all her spare berths, amounting to between three and four hundred, here on Thursday; and there yet remain in Queenstown many more than the extra steamer of the same line—the Edinburgh—can take on board on Saturday. We were informed that as many as three thousand names stand on the books of the different shipping agents in Queenstown at present, and that such is the pressure on accommodation that directions have been given to the country agents to cease booking passengers until the middle of June at least. It is also stated, as an illustration of the extraordinary rush of emigrants from this port, that during last week several persons applied to every agent in Queenstown, successively, without being able to secure a single berth in the steamers for this or next week.—*Corik Examiner.*

EMIGRATION.—The National Steam Navigation Company's steamer Virginia, arrived at Queenstown from Liverpool, at half-past twelve o'clock yesterday having on board 550 passengers. She embarked 420 here, and proceeded to New York at four p.m. There are upwards of six hundred persons awaiting embarkation by the Inman steamer Etna, sailing to-day. *Corik Herald.*
The total number of effective, non-commissioned officers and men serving in the army in Ireland during the present month is 20,963. There are also 4,000 cavalry and artillery horses, including officers' chargers; and fifty-four field guns.—*United Service Gazette.*