THE BISHOP OF ACHONRY ON MIGRATION.

THE followeng letter has been addressed by the Most Rev Dr. MacCormack to the managing directors of the Migration Company :—

Ballaghadereen, 23rd April, 1884.

My Dear Professor Baldwin,—I am prepared, as you are already aware, to take 50 shares in the stock of the "Land Purchase and Settlement Company," and I am happy to state that the priests of the diocese are in sympathy with the project. We await an opportunity of conferring with you, that we may have the advantage of exchanging ideas, and of shaping our organised action with the aid of your exceptional experience.

The new company is launched at a favourable moment, when the Premier himself expresses a hope that Irish "decay and depletion" may at length happily cease, and that Ireland may henceforward share in the general prosperity of England and Scotland. If England, then, is no longer to play the old *role* of stepmother to Ireland, let the Premier and his Ministers encourage the Settlement Company in reinstating the people upon the land of their fathers. The people being once comfortably settled upon the land, industry will be stimulated, and capital soon flow over our poor country, so long the prey of poverty, and the victim of injustice and neglect. Already inquiry is being made by Irishmen abroad (natives of this diocese) who are desirous to invest their savings in Irish land, help to develop Ireland's resources, and rest their bones with the dust of their kindred. And inquiry, too, is being made at home by Irishmen who are anxious to invest the capital of labour in the land of their nativity, the land they love and prefer to any other spot on earth. A few days ago three young men called upon me with a view of getting information as to their prospects, if any, of getting land under the "Purchase and Settlement Company." Here were fine young men, able and willing to work, ready to sink their labour as capital in Irish soil, preparing to emigrate, but eagerly clinging to the old sod if they could only get a footing. And one of the three seemed remarkably intelligent and expressed himself with a readiness and felicity of language that would do credit to one of our modern tribunes. What a pity, thought I, not to be able to find room at home for young men so promising! Assuredly this unhappy country can ill afford to part with that class of Irishmen, whose labour and intelligence are a mine of wealth. And alas for the wisdom of a Government that cannot see the folly of banishing the bone and sinew of a country!

I am every day more fully convinced of the wisdom and justice of this scheme of "purchase and settlement" as a State-aided project. This poor country needs, amongst many other remedies, that of genuine hearty sympathy from the British Government—some real proof of sympathy with the wants and feelings of our people. The world knows that the Irish are a patient and a forgiving people. They have suffered incalculable injuries from British misrule, and countless indignities from British scorn, but yet the Irish race would easily forgive the past, and generously wipe out old scores, if they only had evidence of genuine heartiness and sympathy on the part of their rulers. How much wiser and better that the State should settle the young men of Ireland in their own native land, than help to send them adrift with the bitter feeling of enforced exile! Better, is it not, to make them contented and loyal at home, than send them abroad to swell the ranks of the inveterate enemies of British rule in Ireland?

In a few days hundreds of our small farmers and labourers shall be hurrying away to England to supplement their scanty and insufficient earnings on the small patch of land at home. Already, indeed, the annual exodus has commenced. Would that they needed not the English labour market! Their simple, innocent habits of home life are gravely endangered by the moral depravity and degradation of that stratum of society in which they are obliged to mix during that labour visit of two or three months of the year. But how sad is the condition in the social scale of a country that stands in need of that annual artificial migration of her labourers into a foreign field! Alas, such is the state of Ireland in the last quarter of the nineteenth century! I look to the operations of your company to remedy this and other evils that press heavily upon our poor misgoverned country.—Believe me, my dear Professor Baldwin, yours very faithfully,

† F. J. MACCORMACK.

T. Baldwin, Esq., Managing Director "Land Purchase," &c.

"An Irishman named Power, who accompanied O'Donovan on the Soudan expedition, but had luckily to remain behind from illness at Khartoum, is correspondent of the *Times*, and is telegraphing whenever he can that Gordon expects English troops and can't do without them."—London Correspondence of *N. Y. Sun*. It is interesting to tell that this Irishman and solitary newspaper correspondent with beleaguered Gordon in Khartoum is one Frank Power, youngest son of the late manager of the National Bank in Dublin. Though almost a boy in years, Power, having been educated partly in Belgium and partly in Austria, and having gone through a portion of the late Servian and Russo-Turkish campaigns in the double capacity of journalist and semi-military attache to the Austrian officers, has seen a good deal of the world by this time. To considerable literary brillancy Power adds a bold originality in his treatment of narrative, and his astonishing accounts of his adventures on his return from Servia and Turkey earned for him among his colleagues on the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* the title of "Ghazi the Magnificent." The appearance of "the Ghazi" now in the character of the inevitable Irishman who turns up at the most unexpected end of the earth in the crisis of the hour will be a source of endless glory to him when he gets back to his native sod. Is this appearance of Power, Edmund O'Donovan's comrade that was supposed to have be slain with him, a good omen for the possible safety of O'Donovan himself? James O'Kelly, M. P., has now got inside the Mahdi's camp and he went there mainly with a view of searching for O'Donovan. Nothing has been heard from O'Kelly since he passed the Arab lines. More unlikely things have happened than that he should have found there the Bahadoor Khan, of the Merv Oasis, established as the Mahdi's Vivier-in-Chief. How many Irish hearts would rejoice, and from mixed causes, if that news were flashed around the globe!—*Pilot*.

QUEER THINGS IN PEOPLE'S EARS.

"YOU would be astonished," said a skilled artist in one of the public eye and ear infirmaries, "at the large number of children who are brought to us in the course of a week to have something removed from their ears that they have foolishly stuck in them, and have been unable to get out again. I have sometimes disposed of ten such cases in an afternoon, and have pulled almost everything out of the human ear that is possible to get in there—shoe-buttons, pieces of slate-pencil, candies and wads of paper. Four times out of five the youngster is old enough to know better; but it is a habit they fall into, the same as biting their nails or scratching their heads. One boy, not yet twelve years old, is almost a weekly visitor here. 'Well,' I said as I saw him come in as usual yesterday afternoon, 'what have you got in there this time?' 'Nawthin' but a bean,' he drawled. Oh, yes; I took it out.

"But I recently met with the most remarkable case of that kind in twenty years' practice. A young woman of twenty-three came in so deaf that I could hardly make her hear by shouting through a trumpet. After removing a great quantity of wax from her ears I found something metallic.

"'What's this,' I said; 'have you been putting something in your ear?'

"'Oh, dear, no,' she said; 'I am not so foolish as that.'

"Imagine her surprise when I pulled out a smooth, round, brass button, with quite a large shank to it. 'This seems to have been in there a great many years,' I said. To my surprise the young woman crouched in the corner in undisguised terror.

"'Oh, doctor,' she said, 'what is that awful noise?'

"It was nothing but a wagon rumbling by, but I instantly saw what the trouble was. Her hearing had become normal when I removed that button, and she was frightened and bewildered at the jumble of confusing sounds. The ticking of the clock, chirping of the canary or dripping of water distressed her, and the rustle of her own silk dress made her start with fear. I sent one of the assistants home with her in a carriage, and he said that the clatter in the street so distracted her that he was compelled to hold her in her seat. About a week afterward she came in again"—

"And wanted that button put back, I suppose," interrupted the reporter.

"Oh, no; she was brimming over with happiness, though for a day or two she was afraid to leave the house. But she told me about that button. 'When I was about eight years old,' she said, 'I was sent to a village church in New England with my grandmother. The sermon was always long and tiresome, and I used to amuse myself by pulling at the brass buttons on my cloak. One of them came off one Sunday, and I occupied myself for some time putting it in my ear and shaking it out again. Suddenly I felt it sink away in there, and I could not get it out. I was afraid to tell my grandmother at the time, and soon afterward forgot it. At ten years of age I began to grow deaf, and have been getting worse ever since, but I never once thought of that button until you removed it."

"Do grown people," asked the reporter, "ever come to you with things in their ears?"

"Frequently, but in most cases it is through no fault of their own. I know one man, a butcher, who comes here regularly in the summer time to have flies removed from his ears. I have taken out six at one time for him. How ever they get there I don't know. He says they fly in; but they don't fly out, I'm sure of that. A man called me out of bed one night to get a Croton bug out of his ear. Now, a water bug will never back. He must either turn arouud or go straight ahead. This fellow had crawled into the man's ear, and, not finding room enough to turn around, went ahead. He was pawing away with his feelers on the drum, causing the poor man fearful agony. Men employed in tanneries often get a peculiar-looking worm in their ears, which is no small trouble to remove."—*New York Times*.

It is well-known, of course, that an intense desire exists in the Irish heart to obtain self-government for Ireland, but it is somewhat unusual to hear Earl Spencer ungrudgingly admitting that such is the fact. This week, however, he has been graciously acknowledging that the Irish people would infinitely prefer managing their own affairs in Dublin to having them managed in London. This candid admission was made by the Lord Lieutenant in the commitee-room of the House of Commons on Tuesday when being examined before the select committee appointed to report on the important subject of education. It was Mr. Sexton who induced Earl Spencer to make the admission. The member for Sligo had taken his seat on the committee for the first time that day, and when Earl Spencer appeared to be examined, Mr. Sexton's keen, analytical mind saw at once the vulnerable points in the answers which the witness was giving to the questions of the chairman, Mr, Childers.—*Nation*, May 3.

The Lord Lieutenant had taken a firm stand against the idea of placing Irish education under the control of the English Education Department, and Mr. Sexton then asked if he was right in understanding it to be the opinion of the witness that the Irish people would prefer to manage their own affairs in Dublin, and the answer at once was "yes." Further than this, he asserted that although the Castle was not by any means a popular institution in Ireland, yet the people would prefer going there to state their views on public affairs rather than crossing the Channel to London. Finally. Mr. Sexton asked him if he would apply the great principle that Irish affairs should be directed in Dublin to the question of education, and the reply from the Lord Lieutenant was that it would be a great misfortune to put Irish education under an English Minister, which means practically that Ireland is entitled to Home Rule. For the future if anybody denies that the feeling of Ireland is in favour of self-government, let John Poyntz, Earl Spencer, be called as a witness.—*Nation* May 3.