

For several months after this ill-omened evening, Morris was haunted by the dummy's predictions, which the interpretation of the Humpback had made so much more horrible. It was long, very long before he recovered his former tranquillity of mind, or enjoyed in his rustic avocations the cheerful or contented spirit which had blessed him from his cradle. Even in an after period of life, when the recollections under which he had long drooped were nearly obliterated, new and fearful times commenced, the events of which were but too well calculated to revive his apprehensions.

Every one yet remembers the disturbances in the County Clare, and their origin. A combination of circumstances—the want of employment—the low rate of wages—the difficulty of obtaining potatoe ground, since pasture lands became so profitable—the dispossession of the cottier tenantry throughout large tracts of country—and the high price of provisions consequent on the deficient harvest of the past year—all tended to drive the destitute multitudes into that utter recklessness of consequences, which made them ready and eager for the most desperate alternative. Bound together by common suffering, and confident in their numbers, it naturally occurred to them, that by adopting a systematic plan of operation, they might accomplish the redress of their grievances themselves. By enforcing a few simple regulations on a community who were very indifferent to their destitution, it seemed clear that they could improve their unhappy state, and set their matters to a more just and natural condition. A rate of rent was accordingly fixed upon for potatoe ground, beyond which no man dare accept a farthing—a price was determined for potatoes—a price for labour, and no man was to be dispossessed of his farm for any cause but the non-payment of rent.—It was also resolved that no one should pasture more than a certain portion of his own land, and that any infringement of the regulation, should be visited on the offender by a general leveling of the fences, and converting his whole demesne into a commonage. For all other breaches of these new rules, the sentence of death was to be inflicted without mercy. For the purpose of securing a more perfect observance of them, they obtained arms and ammunition by storming the houses of the gentry, and afterwards marched in armed bands by night, from place to place, to issue new orders or to indict summary punishment on delinquents. When this state of things had continued for some time, and it was no longer safe to travel to fair or market by day, or lie in ones bed by night, the attention of government was aroused, a large number of the military were poured into the county, the insurrection act was put into force, and the most remote districts were constantly patrolled by parties of horsemen or mounted police. Persons caught out of doors after sunset, or who were taken with arms or ammunition in their hands, or concealed in their houses, or against whom there was any direct information, were instantly seized, tried by a Special Commission at Ennis, and sent off to Cork for transportation. The cabins of the country people were also visited at night by the patrols, and the muster rolls of the several families, which they were compelled to have posted over their doors, being called over, such as were missing became liable to the same punishment. Those severe measures, so far from terrifying the insurgents or restoring peace to the country, seemed at first to aggravate the mischief. Night after night houses were attacked and the inmates flogged or murdered; straggling soldiers or lone post boys, were found dead on the highways; proctors were discovered in dykes and quarries, with their skulls somewhat unceremoniously trepanned; or witnesses, floating about in some of the wild lakes for which the county is so remarkable, with bladders fastened to their ankles, and their feet over water.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE POPE AND THE REBEL.

Among the bands of prisoners brought from the field of Mentana by the Papal Zouave and their French allies was an old hazle-eyed slim, and a few more like a bandit than a soldier, and he wore the red shirt of the Garibaldians. Cretoni was a native of Viterbo, and in his boyhood played with and loved one Mastai Ferretti, whom the veteran rebel often in later years called the most noble and gentle of boys. Time rolled on, and Mastai Ferretti went as a missionary to South America. Hence the intercourse of the rebel and the priest ended for over forty years. In turns Cretoni became a bankrupt broker, journalist, a schoolmaster, and a revolutionist. In the last named profession he remained till he died. When, in 1867, his Holiness heard of Giuseppe Cretoni's arrest, he seemed uncommonly interested in the news—an old feeling seemed aroused within him. Confinement told on the old rebel's constitution, and deadly fever ensued. The night upon which Giuseppe was warned that his hours were briefly numbered, the officer on duty in the Castle of St. Angelo was informed by the sentinel that two priests demanded entrance into the prison. One of the priests, a grey-haired old man, said that they had come to visit Giuseppe Cretoni, who lay at the point of death. The mention of the old rebel's name by a priest at such an hour was suspicious, and the officer bluntly refused admittance. The younger of the priests then said:—"I am here in the name of his Holiness the Pope. He gave me permission, in person, to enter the prison to-night." The officer replied that in such troubled times as those a verbal permit was not valid. "And by whose authority are you here?" the officer asked the old grey haired priest. "On the authority which the Holy Church has given me." The officer was confused by the indefinite answer, and insisted that the party should not enter, declaring that his orders were such that he could not converse unnecessarily with unknown priests or laymen who came to the gates of the castle after the hour of "Ave Maria," unprovided with the parole, and an order from the General-in-chief, or the Pope. The old grey haired priest then requested the officer to give him a sheet of paper, which was duly furnished. The old man placing the paper on the door of the guard house, wrote: *Pass the Pope and Monsignor Moriazzi, Pope Pius (in propria persona).* The officer read the communication, and stood confounded. The Pope raised his hat, the moon beamed down on his silvery locks and handsome face. There was no doubt. The officer fell on his knees and begged the Holy Father to spare him the disgrace and penalty which his insolence deserved. The officer was not only excused, but promoted the next day. More like a poor priest from Piedmont than the master of the Vatican, Pio Nono, with Monsignor Moriazzi, passed into the room where Giuseppe Cretoni, the rebel, lay dying. "Do you remember me, Giuseppe?" asked the Pope, while he grasped the thin, sinewy wrist of the dying revolutionist. The raving was over, and the calm which precedes death had set in. Giuseppe, looking up, said:—"A priest put I do not know you." "It is I, indeed, too long for you to remember my face," said the Pope of Rome. "Do you recollect, Giuseppe, that in Viterbo, more than forty years ago, you knew a boy named Mastai Ferretti?" The old rebel strove to raise himself upon his pillow, and, opening wide his flickering eyes, he exclaimed:—"Where is Mastai Ferretti—Pio Nono—il Papa?" "He is here, Giuseppe, I am here, and I wish you to speak to me." The dying rebel pressed the Pope's hand. His last words were: "Not against you, Mastai, not against you!"

It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have public spirit; for how should he love ten thousand men who never loved one?

PASSING EVENTS IN ROME.

In one way or another the Italian clergy are receiving some comfort in the midst of their many trials. It has been long said they were a worthless lot, and not every Catholic would have believed that they would have stood the "fiery trial" that was to try them as well as they have done.—They have stood firmly to their duties and their allegiance, resisting both the violence and the allurements which have been employed to make them fail. And this testimony is supplied by those who would have maligned them if they could and in the very act of saying all the evil they could say against them. In the times to come their eulogy will be found, not in the approbation of their superiors only, or the confidence of their people or the passing notice of some friendly journal, but in the diatribes of the "high court of Parliament." On the very Feast of the Ascension itself this Parliament kept no holiday but was at its work, and a part of that work was done by Villaci who "called attention to the powerful influence of the clergy notwithstanding the Scepticism of Italy." Some of our English Protestant and Infidel papers speak of this influence as something which may now be left to die a natural death, which can no longer be felt but by a few old women or the rustics of some retired village. But not so think the intellectual infidels and deserters from the Faith of which Italy as well as other Catholic countries is fated to furnish now and then a specimen "for there must be heresies that they also who are approved may be made manifest among us" says the Holy Ghost. And here is a manifestation which commends itself to the man of the world as to the Saint. This scoffor speaks of the power and influence of the clergy against Italian scepticism and he adds that it is "immense"—that is his very word *immense*. Thoughtful people will ask whence this "immense power" is derived. Not certainly from their possessions for of these they have been relentlessly spoiled.—Friars, priests, bishops, and the Pope himself have been stripped of everything that could under any pretence be taken from them. It is not from any secular power for of this the Church has been totally deprived, having neither soldiers, nor arms, nor police. It is not on account of this extraordinary learning or talent for this is denied, and the sceptic has access to all their sources of information. Nor is it by plotting and secret organisation for the clergy cannot conspire if they would for everything of this nature is strictly forbidden, and the machinery of secret societies condemned in the name of Catholic morality. It is not by leaning on the strong arm of the secular power, for this is everywhere arrayed against them not merely withholding its protection but by positive enactments hating persecutions, destroying them if that could be. According to Villaci it is not even the influence of religion and devotion, or as he would perhaps say, superstition; for he says even Italian scepticism bends before it. Nor can it be the fame of their virtue and goodness for the Liberal journals are continually inventing lies to defame the clergy. Nor can it be the prejudices of an ignorant people, for the world has been now busy for a good many years in Italy eradicating all this and enlightening the populace with their new schools, books and orations. He says furthermore that it organises itself, penetrates everywhere and draws strength and assistance continually. Here he approaches in words to some estimate of the power of the clergy though his heart is not open to receive the explanation.—An organisation the clergy indeed have, for they have a head who cannot err and there is an influence among them that "penetrates everywhere" even into the centre of matter and so can be nothing but the Holy Ghost which "stiff necks and uncircumcised hearts always resist" but they resist vainly. As to their help whence does that come, but from the Lord the Maker of heaven and earth?—This is the secret power which they seek daily from their altars, and which enables them to stand in the evil day and will overcome at last. Humanly speaking the clergy is immensely weak, but even an Italian senator talks of its immense strength.—Let the Saturday Review and the Pall Mall Gazette, and the other journals of their class lay this to heart, and do not despise and deride what they do not know as well as an Italian infidel. There is no power but from God, and let them learn that they are fighting against their Maker. The aforesaid Deputy is not the only one who has borne his unwilling but convincing testimony in favor of the clergy; for Vigilani, the keeper of the seals, said in his place in Parliament, "There exists, gentlemen, it is true, a clergy discontented and querulous, but cherishes sentiments unfriendly to the Government, but we cannot, however, say that this clergy translate its sentiments into acts of resistance and rebellion against the laws of the State, or opposition to magistrates or public authority." These are his very words translated literally, though they make such clumsy English, and they furnish a brilliant defence of the Italian clergy; but he might have amplified this encomium by showing why the clergy are discontented, and why they do not rebel? To these questions a simple answer might be given, because they honor and obey their Pastor. They are discontented because he is in trouble, and they do not rebel because he bids them obey, they pray and lament, but do not conspire or revolt. Quinto Selia said "The priest might make terrible havoc of the State's interest, but he does it not," and at another time he said "I will tell you, in confidence, that the class of persons who have behaved most honorably in their declarations as affecting the public finance, are the priests and the liquidation of Church property proves what I say." And if the clergy abstained from any resistance where their material interests were concerned, and when it was in their power to have done it, this proceeded not from coercion, but from conviction. From all this the world might learn that the clergy and every Catholic obey every ordinance of the State under which they live, even to their cost and damage when such ordinances do not clash with their duty to God. From Trivuliani's time this has been the constant, proclaimed, and public rule of Catholics. This ancient writer says, "We are not merely advised not to rebel, but we are forbidden (vetatur). It is not merely a counsel of perfection, but a precept. It is not a good work merely, but a duty. Piety and religion bind us to honor the King (*Teclat. ad Scapul.*)" Therefore are there no revolutions in Italy, Germany, and Switzerland, because only Catholics are oppressed. Were any other class of persons thus served there would be rebellion and revolution enough, but it is safe to goad and oppress Catholics as they are sure not to revolt; they will pray and wait for the Divine justice, they will die as their Master did, and honour the very magistrate who commands them, but they cannot rebel "*vetantur.*" Another unwilling witness is the Minister of Education, Bonghi; he cannot get his schools filled because of the priests—people will not send their children to him, and they will perversely send them to the priests; he has done all he can to shut up clerical schools and to bring the children into public schools, but in spite of all his endeavors the priests possess some secret power of attraction and there must be something wrong. A beneficial miser has done a good work which will live after him. Antonio Bodeschi was a millionaire, but denied himself what poor people consider the necessities of life. His bed was covered with old sacks, because he considered woollen coverlets a thing of too much luxury. He had no curtains to the window for fear of their getting soiled, &c. In the midst of all this he was ridiculed and vilified, but his constant reply was "men will bless me when I am gone." He was going through all this self-denial and sacrifice to benefit the neighborhood which all his life long despised and hated, and re-

worked him and left all behind to be employed in works of piety and charity; upwards of a million sterling for good works, and only two pounds for the expense of his burial, forbidding that any more should be expended.—*Catholic Times.*

AN AMERICAN PILGRIMAGE TO IRELAND.

There are to be three distinct sets of American visitors to Ireland this year. Firstly, the shooting "team" is to come from the great Republic of the West (where every man may carry arms) to fire off an International match with Ireland, where only those whom the police may "patronize" have that privilege. This is an affair in which (for obvious reasons) the great bulk of the people of Ireland will take very little interest. Secondly, it is expected that a large number of friends of Ireland, from the other side of the Atlantic will visit Ireland early in August, in order to be present at the celebration of the O'Connell Centenary. It will be an honorable tribute to the memory of a truly great man, who felt a deep sympathy with all that is best in American institutions. Our business day is with others. A large number of Canadian Catholics have with the blessing of their pious bishop, resolved to make a pilgrimage to the holy places of Ireland, and to visit each island, mountain and glen which may preserve memorials of the fidelity with which Ireland clung to the grand old faith of the Catholic Church. These pilgrims intend to pay respect to every spot dear to Ireland's fame as a Catholic land.—

From sainted Iona to wooded Lismore. Let us suppose our pilgrims safely landed in Dublin. They will find many a spot there which will forcibly remind them of old Catholic times. St. Patrick's church and Christ church are among these, for, although they are both unfortunately now, for a time, in Protestant hands, they were reared by Catholic piety in that time when men did not merely talk about religion, but practically felt its benign influence. That was the time which arrogant Protestants, in their ignorance, so flippantly describe as the "dark ages," though they were the ages which displayed greater originality of bright genius than any which have elapsed since Protestantism was invented by an apostate monk. Proceeding northward (for we do not propose to dwell on matters connected with political history in these remarks) our pilgrims will soon reach Glasnevin, and will, no doubt, feel a religious glow at contemplating the tomb of that great Irishman—O'Connell—whose untiring energy and dauntless courage tore away from the altar the chains which too long bound it in degrading slavery. A few miles more and the pilgrims will meet (at Swords) with a venerable round tower—one of those ancient pillars which have puzzled antiquaries. There is, however, a great weight of evidence in favour of the theory that these old towers were for Christian, and not pagan, purposes. Some say they were used to hide sacred things from pagan invaders. It is gratifying to think that this is the truth, and to believe that within these towers in the early days of Christian Ireland (to quote the Irish Catholic poet, M'Carthy)—

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred wine,  
And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics from the shrine.

The pilgrims will pass on and soon reach Drogheda. They would, if only bent on examining historical places, find much here to interest them, when examining the scene of Cromwell's cruelty, and (near Drogheda) the spot where the usurping Dutchman crossed the Boyne. But our pilgrims are resolved to visit holy places. Let us then accompany them to the chapel of those good and holy nuns, where rests the precious relic of the holy prelate and martyr, the truly illustrious Oliver Plunkett. Our readers well know that that distinguished prelate died for the Catholic Church, on a gibbet at Tyburne, in London, a glorious martyr in a sacred cause. From Drogheda it is not very far to Tara. Here our pilgrims will see the spot where once rose "Tara's Halls," and where St. Patrick fearlessly preached those glorious and saving truths to which, amid many clouds and a little sunshine, faithful Ireland has clung with unwavering fidelity for fourteen hundred years. Armagh will soon be reached, and her will be found many spots which will call up thoughts linked with a deep sense of religion. Armagh is the mother-church of Ireland and the cradle of Irish Christianity. The glorious names of St. Patrick and St. Malachy would alone suffice to shed lustre on any see, and Armagh has more to boast of than even these. The pilgrims will soon come to the "far north." Let them sail out into the sea and they will soon observe in the distance an island which will tell them of one of the greatest glories of Ireland—"Iona of the waves." Here it was that St. Columba preached. He was the luminary of the islands which lie between Ireland and Scotland. Moore beautifully and truly says, "Iona has far less reason to boast of her numerous tombs of kings than of those votive pebbles left by pilgrims on her shore, marking the path that once led to the honoured shrine of her saint;" and even the Protestant Dr. Johnson says that "the man's heart must be cold indeed that would not grow warmer amid the ruins of Iona."

After viewing the glorious scenery of the Giant's Causeway our pilgrims will wend round along the bold Donegal coast, and, passing through Sligo, will soon reach Mayo, famous for being the residence of the great "John, Archbishop of Tuam," the Lion of the Fold of Judah. St. Jarlath's will well repay a visit, and we are quite sure that the illustrious "Patriarch of the West" will give to all who come with good intentions a most hospitable and kindly welcome. We next conduct our Canadian friends to Clare—immortal Clare—where the great victory for Catholic Emancipation was won.

Limerick! What a host of glorious memories rush upon the mind at the mention of that name! But our business to-day is not with Sarsfield and the other brave defenders of the "Queen of the Shannon." Our pilgrims will visit here the scene of the glorious martyrdom of Bishop O'Hurley and others, who (after cruel torture) gave up their pure souls to God. Passing through Kerry and glancing at the birthplace of O'Connell we come to Cork, and we find the tombs of good Father Mathew and of the lofty-souled Gerald Griffin. "Cassel of the kings" must not be neglected. Our pilgrims will, as they gaze with devotion of rapture on that grand ancient shrine, the "Chapel of St. Cormac," wish they had seen the days, the old Catholic days of Ireland, when they would have been in Cassel—

"To see the Prince of Cassel O'er the rest,  
Their prelate and their king,  
The sacred bread and chalice by him blessed,  
Earth's holiest offering.

We cannot permit our pilgrims to linger on the way. In Kilkenny they will find much to interest them deeply. Throughout the inland counties they will find Lough Derg (a well-known scene of pilgrimage) and many "Holy-wells." In Wicklow they will see the "seven churches" which will tell them of St. Kevin and Ireland's old Catholic times, and in Kildare they will visit the shrine of the great and good St. Bridget, and will think of

The bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,  
And burned thro' long ages of darkness and woe,  
Here we part with our good Canadian friends,  
We have done our best to conduct them over.

The green hills of holy Ireland.  
We wish them a pleasant tour through the "Emerald Isle" and a happy voyage home to their native land, of which so very large a part has faithfully and honourably preserved its fidelity to the One, Holy Catholic Church.—*London Univers.*

THE POETRY AND MUSIC OF IRELAND.

Ireland is a land of poetry. The power of the past there, over every imagination, renders it a land of romance. The past is yet an actuality in Ireland; in all other parts of the British islands it is a song. The tragedy of Flooden Field moves a Scotchman's feelings, but it does not disturb his business; the battle of Bannockburn calls up his enthusiasm, but, though it keeps him late at the bottle, it never keeps him late from the counting house. The imprisonment of the poet-king, Jamie, softens his affections, but it leaves his judgment perfectly clear on bills of exchange and the price of stocks. Even the battle of Culloden is gone long ago to the calm impartiality of things that were. The Welch man takes English money without remorse, and says not a word about the assassin, King Edward, and the murder of their bards. Even the English themselves have but faint remembrance of the heptarchy, the revolt of the barons, the wars of the roses, the death of the first Charles and the abdication of the second James. But events do not pass away so rapidly in Ireland. Ireland is a country of tradition, of meditation, and of great idealism. It has much of the Eastern feeling of passion added to fancy, with continuity of habit as in the East, connected with both passion and fancy. Monuments of war, princedom, and religion cover the face of the land. The meanest man lingers under the shadow of piles which tell him that his fathers were not slaves. He toils in the field or he walks on the highways with structures before him that have stood the storms of time, through which the wind echoes with the voice of centuries and that voice is to his heart the voice of soldiers, of scholars, and of saints. We would pen no chilling word respecting the impulse of nationality. We honor the glorious heroism which for an idea and a conviction, if it cannot do can always dare and die.

Much there is in Ireland that we most dearly love. We love its music, sweet and sad, low and lonely; it comes with a pathos, a melancholy, a melody, on the pulses of the heart, that no other music breathes, and while it grieves it soothes. It seems to flow with long complaint over the courses of ages, or to grasp with broken sob through the ruins of historic fragments of historic thought. We are glad with the humor of Ireland, so buoyant and yet so tender; quaint with fancies, quivering with sentiment, pursuing up the lips while it bedews the eyelids. We admire the bravery of Ireland, which might have been broken, but never has been bent—which has often been unfortunate, but which never has been craven. We have much affection for the Irish character. We give unfeigned praise to that purity of feeling which surrounds Irish women in the humblest class and amidst coarsest occupations, with an atmosphere of sanctity. We acknowledge with heartfelt satisfaction that kindred love in the Irish poor, that no distance can weaken, and no time can chill. We feel satisfied with our humanity, when we see the lowly servant girl calling for her wages, or drawing on the savings' bank for funds, to take tears from the eyes of a widowed mother in Connanght, or fears from the soul of an aged father in Munster. We behold radiance of grandeur around the head of the Irish laborer, as he bounds, three thousand miles away, at the sound of Repeal, at the name of O'Connell; and yet more as his hand shakes, as he takes a letter from the post-office, which rude as it may be in superscription, is a messenger from the cot in which childhood lay—is an angel from the fields, the hills, the streams, the mountains, and the moors whereto his boyhood sported. We remember with many memories of delight, too, the beauty of Ireland's scenery. We recollect the fields that are ever green; the hills that bloom to the summit; the streamlets that in sweetness seem to sing her legends; the valleys where the fairies play; the voices among her glens, that sound from her winds as with the spirits of her bards; the shadows of her ruins at moonlight, that in pale and melancholy splendor appear like the ghosts of her ancient heroes.—*From 'Lectures and Essays' by Henry Giles.*

"EUCLID IN IRELAND"

The *Melbourne Advertiser* of Feb. 27th has the following notice of an ingenious work, the author of which is Mr. George Robertson, Little Collins-street, Melbourne:—

The illustrious Greek mathematician, having been, on the occasion of a recent visit to Ireland, escorted over the famous "National" School system, by the *Argus* and Mr. George Robertson, has conceived the happy idea of applying his admirable system to history. Everything is to be reduced to problems and theorems; and as it was in Ireland that this bright idea suggested itself to him, he does our country the honor of commencing with it. Our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Robertson, has been charged with bringing out the work in this colony, and has done so in a manner most creditable to himself. There is one striking peculiarity about the work. In order to preserve the highly original views held of things in Ireland, and to enable people at this side of the world to see things as they are seen at home, the book is printed upside down, an arrangement which obliges the reader to stand on his head. It is very awkward and positively distressing on a hot-wind day, but there is really no other way of understanding the manner in which affairs are regulated for the Irish.

This much premised, we hasten to give the first two problems, with such of the definitions, postulates, and axioms, as are necessary for their solution.

- DEFINITIONS.
1. Good Government (in Ireland) is a point which hath no parts, or which hath no magnitude.
2. A right view is the view which the rulers of a nation should take of the wishes and interests of the people.
3. An obtuse view is the view which the rulers of Ireland take of the wishes and interests of the Irish people, looking right and left of them, and not seeing them.
4. A acute view is the view which the rulers of Ireland take of everything calculated to wrong and exasperate the Irish people.

- POSTULATES.
1. Let it be granted that the rules of oppression may be drawn as tight in Ireland as her rulers may deem fitting.
2. Let it be granted that any system which is found to work badly in Ireland may be reproduced anywhere that Irishmen may chance to be.
3. Let it be granted that the long bow may be drawn to any extent about the prosperity of Ireland under English rule.
4. If there is one law for England and another for Ireland it is all the same—especially for Ireland.
5. One line encloses Ireland—*va victis.*
6. Nationality in Ireland means the exclusion of everything national.
7. Let it be granted that the rules of oppression may be drawn as tight in Ireland as her rulers may deem fitting.
8. Let it be granted that any system which is found to work badly in Ireland may be reproduced anywhere that Irishmen may chance to be.
9. Let it be granted that the long bow may be drawn to any extent about the prosperity of Ireland under English rule.
10. One line encloses Ireland—*va victis.*
11. Englishmen and Scotchmen are the only proper persons to legislate for Irishmen and write school books for Irish children.
12. If an Irishman happened to be a Presbyterian, and imbued with a proper anti-Irish spirit, his base extraction might be overlooked, and he might be allowed to help in writing books for the training of Catholic children.
13. Otherwise no Irish need apply.

PROBLEM I. To draw up a series of national Irish school books for the use of Irish Catholic children.

Let thirteen English and Scotch Protestants and one anti-Irish Presbyterian be taken. (Post. 1.) and let them compile five books, to be called Irish National School Books. Let the first book consist of 64 pages, and, from the first page to the last, let there be not a single word relating to Ireland. Let the second consist of 288 pages, and, except four verses of poetry by Curran, let it contain nothing about Ireland. Let the third consist of 311 pages, and contain, of what may be called Irish matter, not more than 10 pages descriptive of the Giant's Causeway and Glendalough, and 5½ pages of verse on Irish subjects, of which 3½ pages are to be written by a Scotchman, and one page by a native of London. Let the fourth consist of 406 pages, of which none are to relate to Ireland, except 9 on the industrial resources of that country. Let this series of reading books be completed by 494 pages, of which 45 in prose and two in verse relate to Ireland (except Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" be Irish, in which case the verse would make 16 pages instead of two).

In fine, of 1,561 pages, let no more than 83 at the very utmost relate to Ireland. The five books so compiled shall be strictly Irish, and shall be strictly national. Because Irishmen are not allowed to meddle with matters in England and Scotland, it is quite right, by way of compensation, to put matters on equal footing, that Englishmen and Scotchmen should regulate the most important matters in Ireland.—(L. 1.)

Because the writers are either not Irish, or anti-Irish, they are extremely likely to take obtuse views of Irish wishes and Irish interests (Def. 11); and acute views of whatever is calculated to wrong or exasperate the Irish (Def. 12), thereby helping our rulers to reduce good government to the degree of attenuation desirable in Ireland.—(Def. 1.) But the worse the government is, and the more unsuited to the nation, the more national it is, in the sense in which the word is used in Ireland.—(Def. 36.) Therefore, the fourteen compilers are eminently fitted for their great national work.

But we have seen that out of 1,561 pages only 83 (at the very outside) refer to Ireland. Therefore a series of Irish national school books has been drawn up for the Irish: Q. E. F.

PROBLEM II. To draw up a series of Irish school-books for the Irish in Victoria, which shall be more Irish and national still.

Let the 83 pages about Ireland be suppressed, and the name of God be carefully excluded.—(Post. 1.) Let the Irish children in Victoria be compelled to use these books (Post. 2), and let the outgoing mails studiously assert that the "intelligent" Catholics of Victoria are enamoured of this Godly system.—(Post. 3.)

The series shall be more Irish and more national still! Because the more carefully a system excludes everything dear to the Irish, the more national it is (Def. 36), and because the Irish reverence God and love Ireland, and because the new series excludes both more completely than the last, a more Irish and more national series has been drawn up; Q. E. F.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONVERSION IN CAPPAMORE.—The last of the unhappy parties, who sorely tried in the famine years, were beguiled by the tempters, and led to renounce for a time outwardly, the faith of their fathers, the faith in which themselves believed, has been restored to the Church and the communion from which his convictions were never withdrawn, however cogent the temporal circumstances by which his unfortunate alienation was urged. On Sunday last, in presence of a large congregation, Timothy Treacy, the man alluded to, was received into the Catholic fold by the Rev. Patrick Darnody, the zealous and respected Catholic Curate of Cappamore, and the ceremony which took place in the beautiful parish church excited general joy. His public atonement was edifying, his penitence manfully demonstrated and unhesitating credit was given to his resolution of persevering, come what may, to death, in the resolution at which fortunately for his eternal salvation he arrived.—*Munster News.*

THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH, ENNIS, CO-CLARE.—ANONYMOUS MUNIFICENCE.—The Rev. J. Cahill, Definitor Franciscan Order, Ennis, has just received from some benevolent person the munificent donation of two hundred pounds, with the express condition that the name of the donor should be kept secret. The object of the well-timed charity was to enable the good and zealous Franciscans to enlarge and extend their handsome new church at Willow Bank, to meet the growing requirements of the community, which comprises the *clille* of the town and the surrounding districts. A donation of £20 has been received from the Rev. Jeremiah Vaughan, P. P., which will be supplemented by a collection in his parish towards this great and holy work, which invites the active cooperation and warm hearted sympathy of the faithful.—*Corr. of Dublin Irishman.*

The Freeman notices a story in circulation amongst "the force" in Dublin, to the effect that the officer who detained an M.P. and two other gentlemen on Sackville street Club, who were arrested at three o'clock on Friday morning last, charged with injuring the railings of one of the ornamental trees in Sackville street, has been "reduced" for his zeal.

On Sunday evening 15th ult., a meeting of the parishioners of Thomond-gate and St. Munchin's parishes Limerick, was held for the purpose of co-operating in the movement for presenting a national testimonial to Mr. Butt. The assemblage was addressed by Mr. J. F. Walker, T. C. Rev. Mr. O'Donoghue, C.C., Mr. Hartigan, and Mr. M'Namara, and a subscription list was opened for the parish, those present subscribing £16. At a meeting of the citizens of Limerick, on Wednesday, the sum of £23 was subscribed.

Judgment was given on the 26th ult., by the Court of Common Pleas upon the questions reserved by Mr. Justice Keogh in regard to the Tipperary petition. The judges held that the disqualification of Mr. Mitchell was a matter of notoriety at the time of the election; that the votes recorded in his favour were thrown away, and that Captain Moore was the only qualified candidate before the constituency and was entitled to the seat. They accordingly declared Captain Moore member for Tipperary.

GENTLEMEN'S AMUSEMENT IN DUBLIN.—On Monday night Sackville-street was the theatre of a rather exciting pedestrian feat. A gentleman undertook for a wager of £10 to walk from Wicklow street to the Rotunda in nine minutes. Between seven and eight o'clock he started on his journey. A long string of vehicles followed, conveying friends of the principal or persons who had laid money upon or against him. The affair created considerable excitement along the route; and the athlete, won his wager, accomplishing the distance in eight and a half minutes, or a half minute under the time allowed.—*Freeman.*

Froude says:—"The Irishman" of the last century rose to his natural level whenever he was removed from his own "unhappy country." In the Seven Year's war Austria's best generals were Irishmen. Brown, Lacy, O'Donnell, were Irishmen!