

"I know you too well to suppose that you are unwilling to do all in your power to assist your father."

"It is not that," said Frederic, "but will he not refuse to accept assistance from me? I fear he will."

"I trust not," said Mr. Haines. "I would rather hope that, sorely tried as he is now, it will be a balm to his wounded spirit to find his only child clinging to him in adversity; that your dutiful affection will touch his heart, and triumph over his long cherished coldness. Make the effort, at least, my dear boy, and whatever may be the result, you will have the satisfaction of feeling that you have performed your duty.—Send me word, also, of the real state of affairs, as soon as possible. I could now advance a large sum to help him out of his difficulties, but that, happily, is not requisite; I need not say that whatever aid I can render will be given most cheerfully on your account, Frederic. In fact it is but giving your own, since all I have will be yours some day."

The next morning Frederic repaired to his native city. His first care was to learn from the creditors the amount of his father's indebtedness. His extensive stock had been previously sold, and the ensuing day was to witness the sale of his household goods. Frederic, after a careful calculation, felt satisfied that this sale, with the means at his disposal, would fully cancel the remaining debt.

Still debating that his interposition would be spurned, he called on several of his father's most intimate associates, with the request that they would act for him in the matter; but they, either ashamed of not having proffered the slightest act of friendship, or afraid that by acceding to his request they would be expected to make up any deficiency in his means, declined; and at last, with a deeper feeling of sympathy for the parent who seemed so utterly forsaken, he determined immediately to seek an interview with him.

It was truly a lamentable condition to which Mr. Hudson was now reduced in a city which had for many years been the scene of his prosperity. Always cold and selfish in his intercourse with others, he had many acquaintances, but not one friend. Some time previous to his father's wife had died. Unwilling to leave the house which had so long been his home, he had rented it with the furniture to a lady who proposed to keep boarders, but being unsuccessful in her project, she soon removed, so that now he was alone in his dwelling save for the presence of the servant, and the man appointed to guard it until the sale. His pride so far unshaken under the anticipated terrors of a jail as to allow him to apply to several persons for the trifling aid that would relieve his embarrassments, but his applications were vain; and at length, as night drew near, he threw himself despairingly on the sofa, closing his eyes wearily as if he would fain open them no more. All day his mind had dwelt with maddening pertinacity, on his sad condition, and a prisoner in his own house, only to leave it to-morrow for a debtor's cell—now the excitement of hope and fear was over, the turmoil of angry passion had ceased, the apathy of despair settled down upon his tortured spirit, and tears, unbidden visitors to those eyes, dimmed their cold brightness.—Did he think in that lonely hour of the bright, noble boy he had harshly thrust from his home, his only offence the beautiful talent with which Heaven had endowed him—his only crime fidelity to the religious teachings of a departed mother. It might have been, for he gazed long and sadly around the gloomy apartment, now darkened by the shades of descending twilight as if seeking fully to realize his desolation and heavy sighs broke the dreary silence.

The door was gently opened—a form in the pride and vigor of opening manhood crossed the threshold, and paused in momentary hesitancy.—The eyes of the weary occupant were turned upon the intruder—no glance of welcome or of pleasant surprise beamed from them; but with an uncontrollable impulse the youth sprang forward and bent over the sofa, while tears of filial pity and love bedewed his manly face and fell upon the cold hand that lay passive in his fervent clasp. The stern parent turned away his head—not in scorn or anger, but with keen self-upbraiding.

"O, Father! dear father! do not repulse me now!" pleaded the son passionately; "do not turn away from your only child!"

Mr. Hudson was visibly affected. Slowly he turned his gaze upon the suppliant, and laid his hand caressingly on the dark hair that shaded the clear open brow, while in a subdued tone he said: "You have not forgotten me, Frederic, you have not forgotten the parent who treated you so harshly."

"Oh, speak not thus, my father! was the quick reply; and hope sprang up in the youth's heart as he ventured to press his lip to the careworn brow, and was not repulsed.

And then, the two sitting side by side, their hands fondly locked as if in fear of another separation, conversed long and earnestly. It was a satisfaction to the afflicted man to pour out his long suppressed feelings to an interested and sympathizing listener; whilst he had a purer, sweeter gratification in unfolding the purport of his visit, and assuring his father that on the morrow he would be released from his embarrassing situation, without incurring any obligation, or leaving a shadow of dishonor on his name.

Mr. Hudson was far a time incredulous of his son's ability to perform what he so confidently promised. When reassured on that point he was curious to know how his son, of whose proceedings he had kept himself in total ignorance, had become possessed of the sum which was now placed at his disposal. Frederic was reluctant to enter on a narration which could not fail to awaken unpleasant recollections; but being again questioned told the simple tale.

The father listened with deep interest. When Frederic had concluded, he looked fixedly at him in silence for some moments. At length he said, in accents of unwonted kindness, "and all the fruits of your patient toil—the hoarded savings of years, you have brought for my use,

Frederick, can you, then willingly make this sacrifice?"

The youth made no reply in words, but the bright smile that beamed on his uplifted face told how cheerfully the sacrifice—if he felt it to be one—was made.

The stern, cold heart was conquered at last. "My son! my own noble boy," was spoken in fervent accents, and Frederic was clasped to the heart which, for the first time, throbbled with true parental love. How his spirit thrilled at that fond tone—that loving embrace.

It was a happy night to both, and it was followed by a still happier morning, when, freed from his difficulties, Mr. Hudson accompanied his son to the hospitable dwelling which had for years been a pleasant home to him, and to which his father was now warmly welcomed for his sake, until plans for his future were made.

Time passed on, and the sweet flowers of love and kindness, that throw so pure and holy a charm around the dreariest paths of life, grew and flourished in the bosom of that once stern man. It was beautiful to see the confidence now subsisting between him and the youth whom he had so long bereft of his birthright—a father's affection—the tenderness he now felt for his son; the solicitude he constantly evinced for everything that could affect his comfort or pleasure; the emotion with which he now watched the unwearying labors of Frederic in the noble art he had formerly despised; and beautiful to see how the son repaid his love and care with lavish interest out of the depths of a nature that responded gratefully to every manifestation of his father's affection.

His uncle and aunt rejoiced that the shadow which had so long darkened their favorite's horizon, was at length lifted; but deeper was their rejoicing when, influenced by the beautiful examples of the power of religion which that happy little household presented, Mr. Hudson became a member of the one true fold. Now he could understand the nature and extent of the sacrifice he had once so imperiously required from his son in deference to his views, and no reason to wonder at the firmness which had then excited his astonishment and indignation.

THE END.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

A CHALLENGE TO THE PROSELYTISERS.

(To the Editor of the News.)

Cliffden, Conemara, Nov. 18th, 1863.

Dear Sir,—My attention has been repeatedly drawn within the last week to an anonymous letter which appeared in the *Dublin Evening Mail* of the 14th inst. signed by 'A London Clergyman.' I beg you and your readers to believe that it is with the utmost reluctance I defer to the judgement, and yield to the earnest request, of honoured men who are of opinion that some notice ought to be taken by me of that anonymous production. The exaggeration and falsehood of the statements circulated by the Proselytisers in West Connaught have been so frequently exposed that it becomes extremely irksome to notice them, more particularly as they are paraded now, as usual, in the refuse verbiage of vulgar bigotry. The 'London Clergyman' says he 'met, at Cliffden, thirty-three Scripture-readers of whom thirty were converts from Romanism'; that 'these men taken from the lower class of the community, were able to discuss the main features of the Romish controversy in the most intelligent manner.' I quote his own words. 'Now, I put it to the common sense and unbiased judgement of any candid man, if the 'London Clergyman' is entitled to any notice whatever after making that extravagant statement about the competency and ability of a squad of ignorant clowns, 'takes from the lower order, to discuss in a most intelligent manner the main features of the Romish controversy! Is it not rank nonsense to assert that the history, and the doctrines, and the discipline of the Catholic Church—the main features of the Romish controversy' can be discussed in a most intelligent manner by thirty-three Conemara Scripture-readers, thirty of whom had spent, according to the testimony of this anonymous writer, all their lives in the mists of Romanism? Aye, indeed, a few Souper neophytes in Conemara can only discuss and finally settle points of controversy, which, during the last three hundred years, put to the proof the brilliant talents the grasp of intellect, and the profound erudition of eminent men, Catholics and Protestants! I beg to assure you that I have no wish to trespass on your space by any lengthened comments on the anonymous letter of this gentleman. The war of statement may be protracted to an infinite period unless some test be applied to ascertain the truth and detect falsehood. For this purpose, the Catholic Clergy of West Connaught, unwilling to permit the Catholic faith of their flocks to be calumniated and pained by seeing the credulity of the good people of England, who are really charitable, imposed upon by the false or exaggerated statements of the proselytisers, have frequently during the last eleven years called for a searching and impartial inquiry into the conflicting statements of both parties. The Catholic party offered to pay half the expenses of two honourable men to be selected for the inquiry. They now repeat that offer. Will it be accepted by the proselytisers? The programme of carrying out the investigation is extremely simple, as shall be conducted with the understanding that favour or partisanship must be scrupulously excluded. The people of England are credited with a love of fair play and a horror of falsehood and fraud. We therefore hope that the English press will give publicity to this repeated demand for an impartial inquiry. I have not done with this subject, but I will reserve further notice for my next communication, as I find my present note sufficiently long. I would, however, beg of the impartial press to give us a fair hearing, as the inhabitants of this remote district are assailed in the most vital point by being wickedly and falsely accused of having deserted from the faith of their Fathers.

Your faithful servant,  
PATRICK MACMANS, P.P.

ANCIENT IRISH ORNAMENTS.—At a late general meeting of the Royal Irish Academy a splendid collection of Irish gold ornaments was brought before the meeting by Dr. Wilde, Vice-President of the Academy, on which that distinguished antiquary made the following interesting remarks:—"One of the most remarkable specimens was, said a hollow globular head, three and a half inches in diameter, formed of two hemispheres, soldered together, and weighing two oz., seven dwts., ten grains. It formed a portion (and was probably one of the largest heads) of the great gold necklaces found near Gullinac, Shannon in 1829, and described in the *Dublin Penny Journal*, and also in the catalogue of the gold articles in the Royal Irish Academy, Part III., p. 35. It forms the seventh in the academy's collection, of the eleven beads originally found, and was for many years in the possession of the late Sir Francis Hopkins, in the county of Westmeath. It was procured through Mr. West, who has always manifested a laudable desire to benefit the Academy's Museum in every respect. Two large golden fibula with cup-shaped extremities—the one weighing six oz., fifteen dwts., and measuring five and a-half inches long, the other five oz., eighteen grains, and six and a-half inches in length." The former massive specimen is in remarkably fine preservation, and

was for many years in the possession of the late Mr. Law, of Sackville-street, from whose successors, the Messrs. Johnson, it was procured. The latter was obtained through the Messrs. Neill, of Belfast, who say they purchased it from a dealer. The history of both is unknown. They make the ninth and tenth specimens of this description of ornament in the academy's collections, in the catalogue in which they are described at page 57 as Manilian Fibulae. A small, but very perfect fibula, with flat circular discs, and a highly decorated bow, similar to that from which figure 598, No. 130, at p. 31 of the museum catalogue was drawn. It weighs one oz., seven dwts., and was procured from Mr. Donegan. A similar article without the discs. Three specimens of so called 'Ring' money. Several gold fillettes, averaging three eighths of an inch wide, and elaborately tooled upon one surface. Four golden manilles, three of which have cupped extremities; and were, with the curious gold ornament described at p. 95 of the recently published catalogue of gold articles, found in the plain beneath the Rock of Cashel. A string of nine tubular gold beads. A gold lunula, similar to those in the academy's collection, and specified in the catalogue from p. 10 to 19. The two articles of most interest, however, are the Gorey and county of Down torque, which have been procured for the academy within the last few weeks, for which we are indebted to our indefatigable librarian. The history of the Gorey torque is as follows:—In sinking a quarry in that parish for railway purposes, an old ditch was cut through. A short time subsequently some children playing about the mouth of the quarry observed something bright in the face of the ditch, and drew out, in a very perfect state, a fine torque of remarkably yellow gold, and which then must have measured 28 inches in circumference, and probably weighed 14 oz. It consisted of a solid quadrangular bar of gold, twisted like No. 190 in the academy's collection. The hooked extremities were rounded, and the diameter of the article was seven and a-half inches; so that it was evidently a main, or neck torque of every elegant proportions. The poor men to whom the children brought home this valuable antiquity brought it to a person in Gorey, who pronounced upon the nature of the metal, and, it is said, advised the owner to cut it up in order to conceal it from his landlord or the crown, and for the greater facility of disposing of it. It was accordingly chopped into nine fragments, eight of which averaged about three inches long, and the ninth was a small fragment cut off the end of one of the circular hooks, weighing not more than a few dwts., and which, I have reason to believe, is still in existence. The torque having been chopped up with a cold chisel, was then brought up to Dublin, and sold in its mutilated condition to Mr. Donegan, who, having been erroneously informed that the academy were not in funds to purchase such articles, committed a fragment of it to the melting pot. When he was waited upon by our librarian he at once, on the most liberal terms, sold it to the academy. Since then I have had it repaired with great success by Mr. E. Johnson; its present weight is 12 oz. 10 dwts. Now, had the peasant who found this article been acquainted with the Treasure Trove Regulation, and brought it in an unutilated state to the police, or to the academy, he would have received the full value of the article, both intrinsically and according to its state of preservation, as an article of antiquarian interest, and the academy would have had one of the most beautiful articles of its kind which has yet been discovered. I sincerely hope that this notice of the Gorey torque may be widely circulated, in order to prevent the further destruction of valuable articles when found, and in the hope of inducing the holders of such to bring them under the notice of the government, or directly to the academy, where they may rest assured that they will be fairly and liberally dealt with in receiving the full value of the article and being moreover secured from any proceedings which might be instituted against them. The last article of this class which I have to bring under the notice of the academy is the Belfast torque (said to have been found in digging an old ditch, in the county of Down), which the Committee of Antiquities procured through Messrs. Neill, of Belfast. It is by far the most curious article of its class which has yet been discovered in the country, and substantiates in a most remarkable manner the fact that gold was manufactured in Ireland, that it is still an unfinished state, and was, in fact, in process of working when lost. It is a three-leaved torque, which, when brought to the jeweller, consisted of two fragments, but which was further broken in his establishment, and when it came into our hands it was in a very shattered condition. Under the skillful management of Mr. Johnson it now forms a perfect whole, 32 inches in circumference, and about 1 1/2 of an inch wide, and weighs 5oz. 12dwts. 6grs. The terminal hooks are circular, as was the reason to believe the whole was originally. It was then cut longitudinally and hammered out into three bands of ribbons, each about three-eighths of an inch wide, but retaining their integrity in the centre, as was demonstrated by a careful examination of the sections of the fragments into which it was broken when we became possessed of it, and which did not exhibit in any portion at the junction of these bands the slightest trace of solder or other mode of joining. It was then slightly twisted, and might, in the opinion of our jewellers, be given the same twist as that of the Tara torques, by filling the triangular space between the fillets with lead or some other ductile metal. When the Tara torques were first described to the academy it was believed, both by antiquarians and jewellers, that the leaves or ribbons of which they were composed were soldered together at their inner edges, and then twisted; but after the most careful examination of this county Down torque it is quite apparent that the process of torque making was as I have described it.

FATHER MATHEW AND HIS CONVERTS.—Mr. Maguire, M.P., in his interesting biography of Father Mathew just published, says that after the good Priest had been speaking one day in Golden-Inns, Barbican, to crowds of Irish, several hundreds knelt to receive the pledge, and among them the Duke of Norfolk, the Lord Arundel and Surrey. Father Mathew asked the Earl if he had given the subject sufficient reflection. "Ah! Father Mathew?" replied his noble convert, "do you not know that I had the happiness to receive Holy Communion from you this morning at the altar of Chelsea Chapel? I have reflected on the promise I am about to make, and I thank God for the resolution, trusting to the Divine goodness and grace to persevere." Tears rolled down his cheeks as he uttered these words, with every evidence of genuine emotion. He then repeated the formula of the pledge. Father Mathew embraced him with delight, pronounced a solemn benediction 'on him and his,' and invested him with the medal. Mr. Maguire says that the Earl continued faithful to the pledge, and it was not until many years after that, at the command of his medical advisers, he substituted moderation for total abstinence. "One nobleman upon whom his influence was less successful was Lord Brougham. 'I drink very little wine,' said his lordship, 'only half a glass at luncheon, and two half glasses at dinner; and though my medical advisers told me to increase the quantity, I refused to do so.' 'They are wrong, my lord, for telling you to increase the quantity, and you are wrong in taking the small quantity you do, but I have my hopes of you!'—and so his lordship was invested in the silver medal and ribbon. 'I will keep it,' said his lordship, 'and take it to the House, where I shall be sure to meet old Lord—the worse for liquor, and I will put it on him.' He was as good as his word, and meeting the venerable Peer, who was so celebrated for his potations, he said, 'Lord—, I have a present from Father Mathew for you,' and passed the ribbon rapidly over his neck. 'Then I tell you what it is, Brougham, I will keep sober for this night,' said his lordship, who kept his vow, to the great amazement of his friends.

Grimaldi the clown is said to have saved his house from both the Protestant and Popish incendiaries during the Lord George Gordon riots, by chalking up "No Religion." But Irish theologians are not so rational as London rioters; and an Irish Archbishop chalking up "No Fanaticism, no Partisanship," is likely only to draw upon him as a common enemy the wrath of the fanatics of all parties. In trying to make a Catholic country Protestant the State has at once confirmed and deteriorated the religion against which it made war, and vitiated and weakened the religion to which it lent the secular arm. From various other quarters, within these few days, have proceeded more authoritative and thorough-going defences of the Irish Church, especially from the Bishop of Tuam, Archdeacon Stopford, and the once-famous Dr. Hugh McNeill. The basis of their argument is, that the Irish Church, instead of being anomalous and requiring abolition, is only misarranged and requiring re-arrangement or redistribution. All the money is required, they say, but some of it is wasted. There are flocks enough for all the shepherds, only many shepherds have set up their tents where there are no flocks, and many flocks hang to flourish where there are no shepherds. Strapped to say, this view has been adopted and elaborately enforced by an able and usually liberal journal, the *London Review*, whose article altogether erases the principle and considerably perverts the facts. It begins candidly enough—"Seven out of nine Irishmen in Ireland are Roman Catholics," to which might have been added the explanation that of the two Protestants in each nine of the population pretty nearly one is a Protestant protesting, among other things, against the Protestantism of the Established Church. But our contemporary is anxious that people should not, on account of what he admits to be an "unpalatable and stubborn fact," proceed any length towards the conclusion that the Irish Established Church is a mistake or a failure. 'True,' he says, 'she is, if people will insist on it, the Church of the minority; but it is equally true that her clerical staff and her revenues are no more than sufficient to provide for the spiritual wants of a minority of the population.' In the first place, this is arithmetically wrong, and, in the second place, though it were otherwise, the Irish Church would be none the more morally right. Our contemporary puts the number of clergy of the Irish Establishment at 2,200 and quotes the unanimous opinion of the late Church of England Conference at Manchester, as authoritatively setting the point that 'a clergyman cannot well' and successfully attend to more than a thousand parishioners. Well, the whole of the Irish population professing or assumed to belong to the Established Church, men, women, and children, and including, it is alleged, and denied, the Wesleyan Methodists, is 691,872, which, divided by 2,200, gives, we think, one clergyman to 315 persons, or much above three times the number of clergy that the Church Conference pronounced to be quite enough. Our contemporary, seeing too late where he has landed himself, tries to back out by saying that it is a fallacy thus to reason on numbers—we must also 'consider the area of distribution.' And then he goes on to state that the Irish Episcopal Protestants are so thinly scattered over the country that they require a much larger than the ordinary proportion of clergy. If this argument were carried fairly out, it would suffice to make good a claim for the maintenance by the State, of a full stall of clergy for the people of any sect possessing a brace of adherents in each parish. But the use of the fact that the Episcopalians are a scattered few as an argument why the State should furnish them with several times the usual and sufficient number of clergy, brings us at once to the principle involved. Ireland is not a thinly populated country—why, then, are the Episcopalians of Ireland so thinly sown? Simply because they are not the people of Ireland. The fact, therefore, adduced as a reason for the State giving them more clergy than other people is really a reason why the State should not supply them at all, or at least should not supply them as an insulting fiction that they form the nation of which they are only a plume. Most of what our contemporary says is open to the very great objection which applies to most of what the State has done—the Catholics, the great masses of the population of the country, are left out of account. Thus, in dealing with the ugly fact that there are many parishes in Ireland with well-endowed clergymen and only two, three, or no Protestant inhabitants, he adduces as a parallel the facts that there are a few exceptional English parishes in which the 'inhabitants' are as few as are the 'Protestants' in many Irish parishes. Why does he not take the 'inhabitants' in both cases? Because that would bring out the fact that in those Irish parishes where the State makes splendid provision for one, two, or three Protestants, it leaves utterly unprotected, or our contemporary leaves utterly unmentioned, one thousand, two thousand, or three thousand Catholics. In short, it would bring out the fact which distinguishes the Irish Church from the Church of England, and from the Churches of all other countries on earth—that it is a Church not for the nation but for a clique. But, turning from what may, though not truly, be called those exceptional Irish parishes where there are churches and no churchmen, look for a moment at the aspect which Irish ecclesiastical arrangements present even in those districts where the Church is strongest. Our contemporary speaks of Belfast as the most Protestant Irish town, of whose population of 120,000 inhabitants, 80,000 are Protestant, and 30,000 are churchmen. Note, here, first, that of the Protestants only three-eighths are of the Protestantism of the Established Church; second that the State not only provides for the 30,000 churchmen by the Establishment, but for the 50,000 Protestant Dissenters by the *Regium Donum*; and third, that to make up the total population of 120,000 we must add 40,000 Roman Catholics, whom our contemporary counts though he does not mention, and for whom the State makes no provision at all. Or take Dublin, in which, as the metropolis, the State Church is sure to possess more than her average share of social and political influence. In the Dublin papers of this week we find reports of a public meeting, held in aid of building a Roman Catholic chapel in a destitute locality, at which in the presence of the Attorney-General, the following statement was made as the substance of the last religious census of the city of Dublin:—"There are 250,000 people, of whom 200,000 are Catholics; about 30,000 Episcopalian Protestants; half that number of Presbyterians; and the remainder of other sects. The 30,000 Protestants have at least thirty churches, some of them very large—a great deal too large; and the 200,000 Catholics have only seventeen churches.' In other words, in the Irish capital there is a chapel for only each 8,000 of the poor population, and a chapel for each 1,000 of the rich minority; and the chapels and clergy for the rich are supplied by the State, those for the poor by themselves. It seems never to strike those people who seek to show that the Irish Protestant Establishment is no larger than the needs of the Irish Episcopalian, that they thereby make out a case for a Roman Catholic establishment eight times larger. Indeed, the very existence of the establishment is a standing argument to that effect; and, therefore, and for other reasons, it is an injurious as well as an insulting institution—threatening evils in the future, besides having been from the beginning only evil, and that continually.—*Scotsman*.

We (*Cork Examiner*) are happy to say that we shall be able to give particulars, in a few days, of a company which has been some time in embryo, but which is now thoroughly formed, for the promotion of the growth, preparation, and ultimate manufacture of fax. The company is at present to embrace the city and county of Cork; but whether it may extend its operations to adjoining counties is now a matter for negotiation. We have no doubt of the ultimate result of the movement, which is based upon commercial principles, though with a patriotic object in view.

A FAT ESTABLISHMENT.—We commend the following paragraph (taken from the letter of a Protestant gentleman) to the attention of our readers. The facts disclosed are worth a bushel of argument or a volume of long-winded orations. Our readers must blind, indeed, if they do not see the advantage of being connected with a Church which receives £1,274 (not to mind glebe house or land) for the care of a parish in which its flock numbers just forty-five:—"A Protestant Layman" writing to the *Cork Constitution*, says:—"While hastily looking through vol 2 of Clerical Records of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, just published by the Rev. Mr. Brady, I was struck *inter alia* with the details of undermentioned parishes:—Page II.—Parish of Aghlishriagh; no church, no Divine Service, no School; rent charge, £180 per annum. Page 124.—Parish of Clondrohid; Protestant population, 62; rent-charge, £605 8s 6d with glebe house, and 27 acres of land. The worthy rector was ordained on the 1st of January, 1838, and presented to the living on the 18th of March, 1839, by his father, the then bishop. Page 175.—Parish of Coole; no church, no school, no Divine Service; Protestant population 3; rent-charge £12 10s.—Page 213.—Parishes of Garrycloyne and Grogagh; Protestant population 45; Protestant children attend the National school; rent charge £1274 3s 4d with excellent glebe house, and 20 acres of land within five miles of Cork. The fortunate possessor of this parish was ordained in October, 1848, was only eight months a curate when he became a rector of Mounshill, worth £300 a year. In 1852 he was transferred to Whitechurch, worth £688 9s 6d a year, the onerous duties of which (the Protestants numbering 50 and no school) he discharged so satisfactorily that, on the death of the Rev. Mr. Stopford in 1855, he was promoted to Garrycloyne and Grogagh. What arguments for Bernal Osborne in the next session of parliament.

BETTER MANAGED IN ENGLAND.—'They really do manage those things better in England,' writes the *Globe* in reference to the recent mishap of the Galway line. Do they? In Galway buy a steamer was run upon a rock, going according to the testimony of that journal a long way out of its course in order to do so; but in Liverpool—which is we think in England—another vessel of the same line got quite as much damaged merely coming out of dock. Was it Irish mismanagement which caused the Columbia to carry away the dock gates when coming out in order to proceed to Galway for the mails? But, in point of fact, is Galway or Ireland in any shape responsible for the series of blunders and misfortunes which have pursued the course of this line from the very start? Why, the company, as far as any control or authority goes, is exclusively English, the builders and repairers of the ships were English, the captains are English, and the sole management is English. If the *Globe* means that the management failed because that it was Englishmen doing for an Irish company, we are by no means disposed to disagree with that view of the matter, and, indeed, we should rather be inclined to say it went as near as possible to the true explanation. All experience has shown that we can carry on our own affairs, from farming to railways, much better than they can be dealt with for us, even by natives of the enlightened country. But such an admission would argue an amount of modesty on the part of our metropolitan contemporary which need not be looked for in the English press. For centuries our affairs, political and otherwise, have been managed by England, and that country has at last had to confess the result is not to its credit. Even private speculations connected with this country do not seem to be much better when they get into English hands. The Galway business has been only one of many illustrations of this truth. It has brought us neither profit nor honor, simply on account of its being exclusively in English hands. Whatever benefit it may have conferred has gone to England, not to Ireland. All we have gained by it is the odium of blunders and incapacity not our own.—*Cork Examiner*.

A brutal attempt to murder a man named Owen Cunningham, of Mullaghbawn, was recently made near Jonesborough. On his way to Newry market, on reaching Clogh chapel, he was waylaid by a ruffian who felled him at a blow, and who, being joined by two other assassins, beat him almost to death, till the Rev. Mr. Hughes, a Catholic clergyman, and two laborers named John Hanlon and Hugh Finnegan, came to the rescue, and gave chase to the would-be murderers. Father Hughes followed up and finally captured the most powerful of the ruffians, named Mick Sheeran; while John Hanlon ran down a second. The third escaped, but the police were put upon his tracks. Cunningham's body was almost beaten to a jelly. He, however, will probably recover.

THE MODEL SCHOOL SYSTEM AGAIN.—Within the present week one of the clergymen attached to St. Michael's parish, in the course of his missionary duty proceeded to the model school, for the purpose of ascertaining what species of religious instruction the very few Catholic children who continue in that establishment were receiving, and at whose hands—whether, in point of fact, the teacher was competent to teach or not, or whether there was a religious teacher at all. The clergyman was refused admission. On Friday the administrator of St. Michael's parish, in pursuance of his duty went for the same purpose. He was also refused by the official, and told that if he went in he would be regarded in the light of an intruder. We have not room for a word of commentary on this extraordinary and astounding state of things.—*Limerick Reporter*.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.—A melancholy illustration of the of the uncharitable character of the rule of the Adelaide Hospital, Peter-street, that no Catholic Clergyman shall, under any circumstances be allowed to enter the hospital to administer the rites or sacraments of the Catholic Church, was afforded last night. The facts may be briefly stated, and in a Christian community require no comment. A man named Kinsella, a shoemaker, who had lived in Bride-street, has been in Adelaide Hospital, under treatment for one of his legs. Mortification being either apprehended, or having set in, the surgeons decided that amputation was necessary, and fixed the performance of that operation for this morning. There is danger that the man may sink under the operation. He is a Roman Catholic, and as he may soon stand before his Maker to render the great account, he earnestly desired to receive the last rites and sacraments of the church in which he conscientiously and firmly believes. The priest of that church would not be allowed to approach him within the walls of the Adelaide Hospital. The case was urgent. The rules are unalterable, and by order of the board must be inexorably enforced to keep from the dying Catholic his priest. The rules which date not be relaxed were evaded by the medical officer.—The passers-by in Peter-street last night at a quarter before eight o'clock witnessed an extraordinary scene. They saw Kinsella carried out of the hospital on a door, in order that the priest, who was eager to answer the appeal of the poor sufferer might, outside the walls of the hospital hear his confession, strengthen him by the sacraments, and prepare him for the eternity over which he impends.—In the public street in this Catholic city this priest would have had to shrive the penitent and administer to him the bread of life were it not that the owner of a house opposite, Mr. Mowan, on hearing the facts allowed the door on which Kinsella was borne to be brought into his front parlour. In this parlour lent for the purpose did the Rev. Mr. Crotty, of the Carmelite Church, perform his sacred offices for poor suffering Kinsella. His removal across the street in the darkness of the November night to this parlour, charitably lent for the occasion, was superintended by Dr. Barton, one of the medical officers of the hospital. Any comment on these facts, we feel, would be superfluous. They speak to every heart, and are specially deserving of the serious attention of the advocates and supporters of the hospital.