

"Would I could do aught to serve her. But up to the present I have failed to learn anything of her whereabouts. Could I but meet this Bradley, I do think I should glean something. But the man is no regular trooper, and is therefore not amenable to military discipline, so that it is impossible to command his presence even with his regiment."

The two men very soon explained the reason of their presence and meeting. For Charles, he saw that driven by the despair and unrest which gnawed him perpetually, he had braved all dangers, and ventured to Raymondville, hoping against hope, that he might trace his lost wife within its guarded precincts.

"And now, Major," he concluded, "I see how selfish it is for me to dwell upon my sorrows, while I should rather tell you of the griefs of others, whom I know you will most deeply feel for."

Craddock started.

"Our friends at Arda—how are they? How is Miss O'Hanlon?"

"Poor Eileen! poor Father O'Hanlon! It is useless to use circumlocution with you, Craddock. Therefore, know in one word that the good old priest is dead and buried, and that his niece has left the cottage."

"For what place?"

"That, unfortunately, I am not at liberty to name. But it is an errand of mercy, and becoming an angel as she was. In a word, she has gone to the battle field to minister to the wounded, feeling that no office could more truly please the spirit of her departed relative, and, at the same time, distract her from the contemplation of her terrible bereavement."

"Raymond," cried the Major, "I came here on the same pursuit which brought you hither. I knew my task would be vain, for Miss Harden is not in yonder house. I am under orders to leave this night for Wexford. You cannot, therefore, reckon upon me to assist you in this search any longer; but I advise you to direct your vigilance in some other direction, and to shun this place, where you may come once too often. You see I speak frankly. I should be sorry to see you trapped now, and I should feel glad to meet you armed and in the rebel ranks."

"You place me under continual obligations, Craddock. But I fear me if this suspense and misery continue much longer I shall be fitter for burial than battle. I care not for my life, but I shall nevertheless take your advice. Farewell."

"Farewell! I will not question you as to Miss O'Hanlon's whereabouts. I suspect where she has gone, and trust me I shall find her."

The two men saluted each other and stole away by different paths. Craddock shocked at the death of his old host, and in a frame of mind little better than that of Charles at learning that Eileen had disappeared.

To be Continued.

## THE CRUSADE OF THE PERIOD.

— FROUDE versus IRELAND. —

— BY JOHN MITCHELL. —

(From the New York Irish American.)

No. 7.

— "CLAN OLIVER." —

Now came in the deluge of Cromwellians, who were termed by the Irish *Clan-Óliver*, as the invaders of Elizabeth's day had been called sometimes *Clan London*, or *Clan Sacsanagh*. It is not my purpose to follow Froude through all his details relating to the Cromwellian settlement; because this is rendered unnecessary by the admirable work of Mr. Prendergast, and Froude has himself fully admitted in one place the accuracy of Prendergast's facts and authorities, at the same time that, in many other passages, he makes statements of his own utterly at variance with those facts and authorities. What is material to point out here is, that the Historian most warmly approves of the *regime* established by Cromwell in Ireland, only lamenting that "he died too soon." Speaking of soldiers and civilians, of men, women, and children at Drogheda and Wexford, he says, pathetically, "Happier far would it have been for Ireland, if, forty years later, there had been a second Cromwell before Limerick!" (p. 125). It had been better, he thinks, if Sarsfield and his men, and all the peaceful traders, and all the heroic women of Limerick had had their throats cut, instead of being admitted to a Treaty. Perhaps he is right, seeing that the Treaty was to be instantly violated. "This Historian does not mind being charged with blood-thirstiness: on the contrary, he is flattered by it; he loves to write of blood, and to urge on other people the duty of shedding it: the odor of gore is grateful to his nostrils, whereas he despises 'rose-water,' which is Carlyle's phrase to designate any kind of gentleness or mercy, or even ordinary good faith observed towards Papists. Cromwell, he says with delight, did not assuagedly come to Ireland 'to make war with rose-water.' No, it was the genuine red liquid, venous and arterial. There is no part of the Cromwellian system which seems to give him such heartfelt pleasure as the treatment of the priests. Only it was too mild, and was applied for too short a time; if the great Statesman had but lived, there would soon have been not a single priest left to 'work mischief,'—which is his way of describing the saying of Mass."

THE WERE-WOLVES.

The good Father Burke, who is so amiable towards Froude, must be all the while aware of how it would have fared with himself if he had lived in the time of Froude's hero. Doubtless it is the duty of a Christian divine to love all men, even his enemies; and it was in this sense that he said he loved Froude. But he knows very well that in Froude's political economy, his (Father Burke's) head is exactly of the same value as the head of a bitch-wolf; namely, six pounds sterling of the money of that day, equal, we may say, to eighteen pounds of to-day. And it will not do to say that Froude estimates the goods at that price, only in the case that Father Burke had lived in the latter part of the eighteenth century; for he regrets, passionately, the too-early relaxation of that system; wishes there had been a Cromwell before Limerick; wishes that there were a Cromwell for Ireland's sake now; for, while the wolves were cleared off entirely, there are priests in Ireland still. Evidently while the wolf-price was enough, the priest's head-money ought to have been raised. My own estimate of the value of Father Burke's head, differs from Froude's, and is based upon another sort of tariff; for I hold it to be worth at least five hundred heads of the Froudes. Let nobody deceive himself, however, by assuming that this Historian discusses these matters in a historic spirit, as matters whose interest is long past and gone with the changing current of events. By no means; he treats them in the spirit of a party pamphleteer, and with an obvious intention to act upon the present politics and passions of men. Thus instead of giving a word of praise to the devoted clergy who persisted in hearing confessions and administering Sacraments, under the imminent penalty of transportation and of death, he never mentions those wonderful men without ribald abuse and calumny. "Priests and dispossessed proprietors," he says, "were hiding in disguise among the tribes, making mischief when they were able." He never alludes to

the deadly risks those clergy ran in staying by their flocks. Close as has been his inspection of documents, in public record offices, he never found the bills duly furnished by and paid to god-fearing troopers for their captives—"To five priests in the county Cavan and sent in"—"To five priests with their *apparatus* (namely books and caps and stoles) sent in by Lieutenant Wood," and so forth, to great length: for which see Prendergast and Curry—you need not look to the Historian of "The English in Ireland." He cannot help, indeed, mentioning some of the severe measures used against the clergy; he only affirms that not so many were transported as those who were arrested; but nobody had said there were.

BARBADOES.

As to the people actually transported from Ireland to Barbadoes or other colonies or plantations, he, in his last lecture questions Father Burke's estimate of the numbers so exiled within a few years. He says: "Father Burke says that Cromwell meant to exterminate the Irish. I distinguish again between the industrious Irish and the idle, fighting Irish. He showed his intention towards the peasantry a few days after his landing, for he hung two of his own troopers for stealing a hen from an old woman. Cromwell, says the Father, wound up the war by taking 80,000 men and shipping them to the sugar plantations of Barbadoes. In six years such was the cruelty, that not twenty of them were left. Eighty thousand men, Father Burke had in six years not twenty left! I have read the Thurlow Papers, where the account will be found of these shipments to Barbadoes. I can find nothing about 80,000 men there. When were they sent out, and how, and in what ships?"

I think, however, that Father Burke's estimate is not far from correct; though, to be sure, 80,000 is a large round number. But it is well known that the deportation both of priests and of laymen, of young men and maidens, was on a very large scale. In consequence of the great increase of priests towards the close of the year 1665, a general arrest by the justices of the peace was ordered: it was the sporting season for priests, and even wolves were left comparatively at peace for a time. "On the 3rd of May," says Prendergast, "the governors of the respective precincts were ordered to send them with sufficient guards from garrison to garrison to Carrickfergus, to be there put on board such ships as should sail with the first opportunity for the Barbadoes." Poor old Father Paul Cuslin, a very ancient and frail man, being apprehended at Maryborough, and sent on to Philipstown, on the way to Carrickfergus, there fell desperately sick, and was in danger of perishing in a dungeon from want and hardship. After months the Commissioners ordered him an allowance of sixpence a day; and when he should be well enough to move, this allowance was to be continued to him during his journey to Carrickfergus "in order to his transportation to the Barbadoes." It would not be much sugar Father Paul would make, after being set down there and bidden to take up the shovel and the hoe; but the authorities thought that under a Barbadoes planter he would at least be kept from "mischief," that is from Mass and Confession. The difficulty suggested by Froude in the paragraph above cited—How, and in what ships were these 80,000 sent to Barbadoes? is not so very serious a difficulty. The operation extended over several years, and shipping was not so very scarce then, either in England or in Ireland. Besides, Doctor Sir William Petty and other adventurers were piling up all the shipyards in the kingdom with the best of Irish timber. Still there was some short coming in the tonnage available for this service, and it cost too much; so that, on the 27th of February, 1657, the government referred it to the Lord Lieutenant to consider where the priests, then crammed into the prisons of Dublin, might be most safely disposed of. And so they were carried across the island, placed in boats and flung out upon the bare islands of Arran, in the Atlantic, and Innisbofin, off the coast of Connemara, there to consider themselves; upon an allowance of sixpence per day. It was when private enterprise came in aid of the government that no want or shipping was experienced. The merchants of Bristol contracted with the Commissioners, not for cargoes of priests, but for young men and marriageable girls, who would be more useful, these merchants thought, upon their West India plantations. Ostensibly these were to be all persons having no visible means of support; but practically it was a slave hunt. Says Prendergast—

"Messrs. Sellick and Leader, Mr. Robert Yeomans, Mr. Joseph Lawrence, and others, all of Bristol, were active agents. As one instance out of many—Captain John Vernon was employed by the Commissioners for Ireland into England, and contracted in their behalf with Mr. David Sellick and Mr. Leader, under his hand, bearing date the 14th of September, 1653, to supply them with two hundred and fifty women of the Irish nation above twelve years of age, and under the age of forty-five; also three hundred men above twelve years of age, and under fifty to be found in the country, within twenty miles of Cork, Youghal, and Kinsale, Waterford, and Wexford, to transport them into New England. Messrs. Sellick appointed their shipping to repair to Kinsale; but Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill (afterwards Earl of Orrery), whose name, like that of Sir C. Coote, seems ever the prelude of woe to the Irish, suggested that the required number of men and women might be had from among the wanderers and persons who had no means to get their livelihood in the county of Cork alone. Accordingly, on the 23rd of October, 1653, he was empowered to search for them and arrest them, and to deliver them to Messrs. Sellick and Leader, who were to be at the charge of conducting them to the water side, and maintaining them from the time they received them; and no person, being once apprehended, was to be released, but by special order in writing under the hand of Lord Broghill."

Many such operations took place in various parts of the country; until this Bristol firm alone had shipped above 6,400 young strong people within the resolvable ages. Many a girl of gentle birth and delicate nurture must have been seized by these slave-dealers and hurled to the private prisons. Daniel Connery, a gentleman of Clare County, was sentenced to banishment for harboring a priest in 1657. "This gentleman had a wife and twelve children: his wife fell sick and died in poverty. Three of his daughters, most beautiful girls, were transported to the West Indies, to an island called the Barbadoes; and there, if they are alive, they are in miserable slavery." (*Morison's Threnodia*: cited by Prendergast.) On the whole, taking priests and laymen together, men and women, girls and boys, and allowing some years for the operation, I think we may allow Father Burke's estimate to be a fair and probable one.

A PERILOUS APOSTOLATE.

But the matter, and perhaps the only matter which disquiets and perplexes the mind of the "Historian," is the fact that in the midst of all these horrors, Catholic priests were not only ministering all over the country, but coming in from France and Spain and Rome; not only supplying the vacuum made by transportation and by death, but keeping up steadily the needful communication between the Irish Church and its head: and not only coming, but going, (both times incurring the risk of capital punishment) and not in commodious steamships, which did not then exist, but in small fishing luggers or schooners; not as first-class passengers, but as men before the mast. Archbishops worked their passage. The whole of this strange phenomenon, which continued more than a century, belongs to an order of facts which never entered into the Historian's theory of human nature. It is a factor in the account that he can find no place for: he gives it up. Yet Edmund Spenser, long before this day, as

good a Protestant as Froude, and an undertaker too upon Irish confiscated estates, had at least somewhat of the poetic vision and poetic soul. There were moods of his undertaking mind in which he could look upon such strange beings as these priests with a species of awe, if not with full comprehension. He much marvels at the zeal of these men, "which is a great wonder to see how they spare not to come out of Spain, from Rome and from Remes, by long toyle and dangerous travailing hither, where they know perill of death awayteth them and no reward or richesse." Mr. Froude, indeed, speaks of them as engaged in nothing else but keeping up treasonable alliances with countries at war with England, and recruiting for foreign armies. As for their expecting no reward or richesse for such laborious service, he would bid you tell that to Judas Apella, or to the horse marines!

Reward and riches! I know the spots, within my own part of Ireland, where venerable Archbishops hid themselves as it were in a hole of the rock. In a remote part of Louth County, near the base of the Fews mountains is a retired nook called Ballymacanlon. There dwelt for years, in a farmhouse which would attract no attention, the Primate of Ireland and successor of St. Patrick, Bernard McMahon, a prelate accomplished in all the learning of his time, and assiduous in the government of his archdiocese; and he moved with danger, if not with fear, and often encountered hardships in travelling by day and by night. His next successor, but one, was Michael O'Reilly; and he dwelt in a cabin at Termonechlin, near Clogher Head, a very wild place, and greatly out of the way, as it lay between the great Northern road and the sea, and could only be found by those who searched for it. Here he died. And if such were the toils, hardships, and dangers of the highest ecclesiastics, we may conjecture what kind of life awaited the simple priests who devoted themselves to the mission; yet it was, with full knowledge of all this, with full resolution to brave all this, that many hundreds of educated Irishmen, fresh from the Colleges of Belgium or of Spain, came to the French seacoast at Brest or St. Malo, bent on finding some way of crossing to where their work lay. Imagine a priest ordained at Seville or Salamanca, a gentleman of high old name, a man of eloquence and genius, who has sustained disputations in the college halls on questions of literature or theology;—imagine him on the quays of Brest, treating with the skipper of some vessel to let him work his passage: he wears tarry breeches and a tarpaulin hat (for disguise was generally needed)—he flings himself on board, takes his full part in all hard work, scarce feels the cold spray and the fierce tempest. And he knows, too, that the end of it all, for him, may be a row of sugar-canes to hoe, under the blazing sun of Barbadoes, overlooked by a broad-hatted agent of a Bristol planter: yet he goes eagerly to meet his fate; for, he carries in his hand a sacred deposit, bears in his heart a sacred message, and must deliver it or die. Imagine him then springing ashore, and repining to seek the bishop of the diocese in some cave, or behind some hedge, but proceeding with caution by reason of the priest-catchers and their wolf-dogs. But, Froude would say, this is the ideal priest who have been portmaying. No: it is the real priest, as he existed and acted at that day, and as he would again in the like emergency. And is there nothing admirable in all this? Is there not something superhuman and sublime? Ah! we Protestants are certainly most enlightened creatures. Mr. Froude says we are the salt of the earth. We stand, each of us, with triumphant conceit, upon the sacred and inalienable right of private stupidity; but I should wish to see our excellent Protestantism produce some fruit like this.

And not only has this Crusader no word of admiration or commendation for the more than chivalrous bravery of the priests who dared and defied the toil and the peril, humiliation, transportation and death, for the sake of feeding those flocks which the English were sharing;—not only does he pass over in silence, or make light of, or attempt to deny, the frightful persecutions continually inflicted upon those clergy, or hanging over their heads, but the great leading theme of his whole book, the thing which he most earnestly repeats is this—the priests were never persecuted enough, except only in Cromwell's time! Ah! if Oliver Cromwell had but left a son like himself, he pathetically exclaims, Ireland's lot at this day had been happier; and it would be now as easy to find a wolf in the island as a priest. He is very hard indeed to satisfy in the matter of persecution; for, although the laws for making Ireland too hot to hold a priest, were constantly elaborated and made more atrocious nearly every year for the next century after Cromwell, still there was occasional *clemence*; and those obnoxious pastors were often left unpunished, and even their saying of Mass was often winked at, provided they committed the offence in some very obscure place, this does not suit the Historian at all: he wants their hearts' blood; and it was such "mistaken leniency" on the part of the government that made Papists so insolent that they continually rose in new insurrections, and even at one time, (when James the Second came to the throne) their presumption rose to such a pitch, that he tells us with disgust, "the Irish thought Ireland was theirs."

MEANING OF THE TOLERATION.

It is to be feared that the Historian, after all his researches, fails to comprehend the exact purpose and extent of those occasional connivances or tolerations: the purpose was to keep up an efficient machinery for getting a hold of more and more of the lands which were still remaining in the hands of Papists, under secret trusts or illegal leases. The Protestant interest could not afford to suppress the Mass, so long as any Catholic possessed an acre of land or a good horse. If there had been no priests, and no Catholic service could anywhere be celebrated, it was feared that nearly all the Catholics would conform; and then, where would our Protestant interest be! Our good Protestants could no more afford to do without the Mass than without the "massacre." So, successive Viceroys and Lords of Council changed their policy from time to time, either suspending the operation of the most forcible of the penal laws, or enforcing them in their horror, as political exigencies for the time-being might seem to require. Mr. Froude, with his unbending Protestant honesty, must really have some indulgence for people who, after doing the work of the Lord so well, felt that they had not yet received their full reward: for certain Papist flitantes, Edomites, and Amalekites, could still be found, by means of earnest and prayerful diligence, who were fraudulently receiving the rents and profits of their own estates, and thus cheating honest colonists. For these Amalekites it was needful to keep up a kind of secret hole-and-corner Mass; and the army of informers who were kept in pay might be trusted to find out who attended those useful ministrations. Here is the true key to the Penal Laws and to their administration.

FROUDE FEARS FOR THE FUTURE.

Yes: evil must come of it, as this honest being truly apprehends. In his last lecture, by way of reply to Father Burke, he cannot conceal his uneasiness. He says—

"England is afraid, however, and deeply afraid. She is afraid of being ever driven to use again those measures of coercion against Ireland, which have been the shame of her history."

The shame of her history, inasmuch as they were not duly executed. But what is England afraid of now? Ireland is very quiet, and so free from disturbance, and every sort of crime, that many a single county in England exhibits more murders, poisonings, burglaries, and waylayings with intent to murder, in one year than the whole of Ireland can show. What, then, thinks the Historian, is the provocation

which is likely to drive his countrymen to new penal laws against Ireland? Can it be the Home Rule agitation—an agitation which is not only perfectly legal and constitutional, but also entirely harmless and useless? No: certainly not this. As for the outcry some Irishmen are making, claiming that they ought to be governed according to "Irish Idioms,"—governed by England, neither can this disquiet their English masters much. Their English masters know how to deal with such matters as these; by seizing on such newspapers as offend them, and by trying the most noisy of the agitators before packed juries? What, then, precisely, does the Historian's ominous threat portend? What does he wish his countrymen to do to us more? It may be that the learned and eloquent gentleman, having lived a good deal in Ireland of late, has observed that many industrious Irish people, grandsons and descendants of those who were once so thoroughly stripped bare, have gradually worked themselves into possession again of broad estates, often in the very tribe-lands of their own clans. These estates were taken from their ancestors and given to the "saints" without money and without price: the present owners have won some of them back in the sweat of brow and brain. Catholics, too, having been plundered of their own Cathedral, Churches and Abbey-lands, are now found in possession of new and splendid churches, and of great and beneficent religious houses. Here is a matter which is evidently worthy of the serious consideration of us the enlightened Protestants; for if the earth is not ours and the fullness thereof, we should like to know to whom it does belong? Would not a good, prudent system of penal laws, jockey those idolatrous Papists out of all they own, even as before? And is it any wonder that Historian Froude begins really to fear that England may be forced to resort to the old system of coercion once more?

Is this the explanation of his ominous menace, or is it merely, (as one of his English critics has insisted) a general craving on his part, "to burn or boil somebody, if only he could make up his mind whom to boil or burn." On this last question I do not really think the Historian labors under any doubt or difficulty. I know whom he wishes to cook.

At any rate, it really seems that this Crusader, like many another great man, is in advance of his age, or else behind it. He is either above the general level of human conscience and morals, or else below it. Either way, whether he is behind or before, whether too high or too low, his shot has failed to strike right between wind and water: and his Crusade is a failure.

In one other article, I shall wash my hands of our Historian; and having washed shall slightly perfume them.

## IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ADHESIONS TO HOME RULE.—Several highly important adhesions to the ranks of the Home Rule Association have taken place during the past week, including Mr. Mitchell Henry, M.P., and quite a number of Catholic clergymen and lay gentlemen of influence. Mr. George Fottrell, Jr.—a gentleman well known amongst the alumni of the Catholic University as one of the many able and gifted young Irishmen whom that national institution has sent forth into public, professional or commercial life—has addressed the following letter on the subject to Mr. Butt:—

"Mountview, Glengarry,  
March 13, 1873.

"MY DEAR SM—May I ask you to propose me as a member of the Home Rule Association at its next meeting? Perhaps I may as well state why it is that I now seek admission into that body."

"I have hitherto deferred doing so, not because I doubted either the advisability or the possibility of accomplishing that which the association was founded to such an alteration in the Act of Union as would give to Ireland the management of internal affairs affecting her and her alone, but because I considered that a nation as well as an individual to be successful should ever bear in mind the truth which has been so well expressed by Miss Proctor:

"One by one, thy duties wait thee—

Let thy whole strength go to each;

Let no future dreams elate thee,

Learn thou first what those can teach."

"When, therefore, Mr. Gladstone, borne into power on the wave of popular enthusiasm, pledged himself to grapple with the three great questions of the Irish Church, the Irish Land, and Irish Education, I felt that it was the duty of patriotic Irishmen to give every assistance to that statesman, and to offer no obstacle which could be construed into absolving him from the pledges which he had given."

"Two of those pledges he right loyally fulfilled, and just one month since the bill was read which was to redeem the third. That bill has raised a storm of indignation on all sides in Ireland, and the fact that Mr. Gladstone, with, I am sure, an honest, conscientious desire to do justice to this country, felt himself unable to introduce a better measure, is an almost unanswerable argument in favor of Home Government. If further argument were needed, it has been supplied by the debate on the second reading of the bill."

"Mr. Fortescue, speaking on behalf of the government, admitted that he knew the bill did not remedy the grievance of Catholic Ireland, that he knew the vast majority of Irishmen were in favor of chartering and endowing a Catholic Educational Centre, that the Catholics were practically unanimous in their demand for such a Centre, that their demand was a perfectly just one, that personally he would wish to concede it, but that the prejudices of English and Scotch members were such that her Majesty's government could not propose to give to the Catholics of Ireland that which they asked for and to which they were entitled."

"The same thing was said in nearly the same words by the Marquis of Hartington."

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer considered that the unanimous decision of the Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland should not be taken into account at all when discussing the advisability of imposing the government bill upon this country, that it should in fact be regarded in the light of an earthquake, a convulsion of nature which could not be prevented, or, in other words, that the hierarchy of Ireland should have no voice whatever in the settlement of the Education question of Ireland; whilst Mr. Vernon Harcourt (the Solicitor-General) went further and, having first declared that in Ireland we understood nothing except anarchy, ascendancy or priest-craft, propounded the doctrine that the fact of Irish opinion being unanimous against the bill was its chief recommendation—a doctrine which, starting as it may appear, was re-echoed by the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and even by the *Spectator*.

"Few Irishmen are prepared to accept this doctrine. I for one wish to record my protest against it, and so I ask to have my name entered on the roll of members of the Home Government Association."

"A few days since I was reading an article in the *Daily Telegraph*, in which that organ of the Government admitted that the university system proposed for Ireland was bad in principle, and defective in detail; that it was a system which would not for a moment be tolerated in England or in Scotland, but that unfortunately such was the religious rancor prevalent in Ireland that no better scheme could be devised for this country. As I read that article, I could not avoid comparing the tones of the two debates, one of which took place in Dublin, the other in Westminster, and the latter did not gain by the

contrast. Certainly, any one who will compare the two debates will give the palm for religious intolerance to the Assembly who made the walls of St. Stephen's ring with applause, while the member for Liskeard delivered himself of a savage tirade against Irish priests and people."

"Perhaps we may be bigoted and intolerant, but I feel sure that if the English and Scotch members would retire for a session from the house, and leave our 103 Irish members to settle the University question a solution would be arrived at which would be accepted by all parties in this country."

"Let Trinity College and the Catholic University each elect two or three delegates to confer together, and I shall be much surprised if they cannot agree on the basis of a settlement. If this be done we may hope to see a university system established to suit the requirements of the Irish nation, and not the exigencies of English parties."

"Yours very truly,

"ISAAC BUTT, Esq., Q.C., M.P."  
—Dublin Agent.

RIGHT REV. DR. VAUGHAN ON IRELAND.—His Lordship the Bishop of Salford in the course of a sermon delivered at the Conventual Church of St. Isidore, Rome (inhabited by the Irish Franciscan novices), on St. Patrick's Day, compared the Irish people to the Jews, who, although appearing a very humble and insignificant race compared with the great empires with which they were surrounded, received a special mission, and special gifts and favors for this purpose. They appeared in a state of bondage and oppression when suffering from the Egyptian yoke, but this very bondage and oppression formed the most important part of their spiritual training. In the course of time the truths entrusted to them until Christianity spread the lessons at first taught only to Abraham became diffused over the whole world. Fourteen hundred years ago a similar mission was given to St. Patrick, and one is only beginning to see the real extent and character of the labors of Ireland. The great apostolical work of the chosen nation was still in prosecution before the eyes of all mankind, in the crowded cities of the British Empire, in the United States, Canada, Australia, everywhere. There was a peculiar adaptation in the position and habits of the humble Irish for combating and counteracting the peculiar revolutionary tendencies of the present day, which take the form of strikes and internationalism, of a war between masses of poor laborers and cliques of rich capitalists. In such a war the rich capitalists were certain of succumbing in the long run to the masses of envious, greedy, revolutionary artisans. His Lordship referred in hopeful terms to the means by which all nations are to be brought within the pale in which they will find safety and salvation.

The Prayer-Book Revision Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland is very hard upon the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration and that of the Real Presence. By majorities of two to one they have condemned each of these by negative propositions. Of the language which the Prayer-book uses in regard to the grace of Baptism, the Committee declares that it denotes the privilege and responsibility of all who receive that sacrament as admitted to the visible Church of Christ, "and a visible signing and sealing of the promises of God, subject to the conditions of the Christian Covenant; but it is added the Church of Ireland does not teach of a further grace received from baptism, either in the case of infants or adults, that 'such grace is received by all who receive baptism, not of necessity at the time of the administration.' The other new rubric in the Communion service declares that the Church of Ireland does not permit it to be taught that 'by virtue of consecration there is in or under the form of the elements a presence of Christ or of Christ's flesh and blood, unto which adoration may be or ought to be done.' It would be difficult to see how, with these statements put forward authoritatively by that Church, any pronounced Ritualist could conscientiously find a resting place in the Irish branch, as it has heretofore been called, of the Church of England."

There is a general movement in the counties to obtain a reduction of the Police Force, in consequence of the peaceful condition of the country. It has been set on foot by a communication from the Lord Lieutenant calling the attention of the local authorities to the subject, and requesting that it might be considered. It is probable that the result will be a permanent decrease in the force. It is extremely difficult to obtain recruits for it, as notwithstanding that a provisional increase of pay has been conceded pending the decision of the Government on the reports sent in by the Commissioners who held the recent inquiry, the service is not popular, and the men engaged in it are in an unsettled state. The magistrates of the county Kildare met yesterday, under the presidency of the Duke of Leinster, to consider a proposal to abolish the constabulary stations at Glencree, Lyons, and Ticknock. These stations were first established to protect the canal traffic at a time when robberies were frequent. Mr. Pilkington and Lord Cloncurry objected to the removal of the stations from Lyons and Ticknock. They argued that the effect of abolishing such stations would be injurious to the peace and well-being of the districts. Lord Cloncurry moved, and Major Barton seconded, the resolution, expressing approval of the proposed reduction of Glencree, and a hope that the force might be so distributed as to render the reduction of Lyons and Ticknock unnecessary. An amendment was proposed by Dr. Joly, but the sense of the meeting being adverse, it was withdrawn, and Lord Cloncurry's resolution was adopted. On Saturday the magistrates of the county Tipperary met to consider a similar proposal. Lord Lismore took the chair as Lord Lieutenant of the county. A long discussion ensued. The great improvement in the character of the county was admitted, but the County Inspector strongly advised the meeting not to reduce the force, and, after a division, the motion was rejected by a majority of one. As to the peaceable and orderly conduct of the people there is still abundant evidence from different parts of the country. The Quarter Sessions Court are now sitting in several places, and the Chairmen bear testimony to the fact.—*Times Dublin* Cor.

DUNAM, April 5.—A mysterious murder was last night perpetrated on the Great Southern and Western Railway. The goods train running between Cork and Limerick had proceeded within two miles of Buttevant, when the guard observed that the speed of the train was unaccountably slackening. He went towards the engine, and found the driver, Archibald Wall, and the fireman, Michael, Nagle, missing. He stopped the train, and placing signals along the line, brought the night mail from Cork, which was due, to a standstill. A search was instituted, when the driver was found on the side of the railway track bleeding from a dreadful wound in the head. He was unable to speak, and died in a short time. Nagle, the fireman was nowhere to be found, but he was subsequently discovered walking along the line. He stated that he had a quarrel with the driver, who burst him on the head, and in a moment of passion struck him with the shovel. The engine presented the appearance of a struggle, the platform being stained with blood. The weapon was found to have been consumed in the furnace, as well as a portion of the prisoner's clothing, which it is supposed was bloodstained. Mr. Justice Lawson passed sentence yesterday on the Belfast rioters, and certainly no one can attribute to him any timidity or undue tenderness in administering punishment for their crimes. The law has been vindicated with exemplary rigour, and the effect will, it is hoped, be beneficial in deterring a lawless populace in other places as well as in Belfast from committing acts of violence such as disgraced that town in August last. It was necessary