

ply, what opinion is pronounced on the price of your wound—is it mortal, dangerous, or trifling?—It's a plain question; do manage to answer it.

As I'm a living man, my lord general, I did not so much as hear he was wounded before now, replied Garvey.

Hum—ha!—I see—very well, Mr. what's your name?—I understand—you're a very clever person—very profound—or else really very stupid—stupid or contemptuous.

Mullins, said his lordship, suddenly addressing the military servant, who was standing by, as I live, I had well nigh forgotten to tell you to punch another hole in the left shoulder-strap of the inland cuirass; see, bring it hither. And his lordship went minutely into detail; and having concluded, he turned once more toward the party who awaited his further orders.

So, he offers nothing, continued his lordship, in the same calm tone; very well, you know what to do with him; and, sergeant, observe me, before you hang him, it will not be amiss to try him with the strappado; you may get something from him yet.

Good gracious—oh, mercy! cried the frantic prisoner; noble, good, kind, worthy general, it is not—it is not—it cannot be possible.

During this burst of agony, Lord Galmoj nodded impassively to the guard, who had hurried the wretched man from the tent long before he had concluded this incoherent appeal, the last he was ever to utter to the mercy of a human tribunal.

(To be Continued.)

PASTORAL LETTER.

TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESES OF CASHEL AND EMLY.

We make some extracts from a Pastoral upon Temperance, addressed by His Grace the Most Rev. P. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel and Emlly to the Clergy and Laity of the Dioceses:—

Look at man in the possession of his faculties and senses, such as God made him, and then look at him brutalised by excess, such as the demon of intemperance makes him—alas! how changed! Alone of all beings on earth, if in a state of sobriety he possesses the use of reason unclouded except by the shadow of the first sin, and in the light of this ray of heavenly intelligence beaming in upon the soul he is enabled to see and to know God in all that his eyes behold. Other beings see all these things as well. Man alone understands them, alone is able to glorify the Maker of all, alone is privileged to join the angels in the hymn of praise extorted at creation's dawn when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted with joy.

Then again he possesses that other faculty of free will, which makes him like unto God, the master of his actions, with liberty to choose between good and evil, and choosing what is good to render to his Maker the homage of body and soul. Besides being adorned with these natural gifts of reason and free will, reflecting the image of God, as they do, man through grace is constituted an heir to the kingdom of Heaven, coher with Christ, own brother to Christ and so may he aid with truth to be little less than the angels of Heaven. Such is man in the order of nature and grace, a rational being, a free being, a heaven-determined being, a god-like being. Such he is, or may be, so long as he retains the possession of his sober senses. But behold him in a state of intoxication, alas! how fallen! how utterly degraded! In the first place, his reason is fled, his light is extinguished by the fumes of liquor, and the ray of heavenly intelligence which before shone out from the human face divine is lost in that stolid drunken look. In the next place, all power over the will, all control over one's actions, is lost, inasmuch that the unhappy man either breaks out into the violence of a maniac or sinks into a state of utter helplessness like one struck with death. And so he biots out the image of God from his soul, may more, reduces himself below the level of the beast, for he deprives himself of the use of the senses that God gave him, a thing which the beast of the field never does.

And this he does for the short-lived indulgence of his appetite. O! it is the sin of Adam and Eve repeated outside the gates of Paradise. What wonder that it should bring with it a similar punishment and involve the unhappy person guilty of it in similar ruin? And it does, for as our first parents were excluded from the earthly paradise for having preferred the gratification of their sensual desires to the command of God, so is the unhappy drunken man excluded from the kingdom of heaven if he happen to die in his sin, as he sometimes does, or without repentance as he oftentimes does. Of this we are assured by the Apostle, who, after enumerating several grievous sins, asserts that "they who do such things shall not obtain the kingdom of God."—Gal. v. 21. Well may you weep over any one who falls into the sin of drunkenness. If Jeremiah wept over the desolation of Jerusalem, much more may you weep over the ruin of God's work, the soul, which Jerusalem faintly shadowed in ruin as in beauty; and if the Prophet in most feeling words poured out his heart's sorrow over the departed beauty of that fair city, far greater reason have you to cry out, when you see God's fairer work, a living soul, brought to ruin, with its gifts and graces gone, with all its beauty effaced, and this you see when you see a drunken man—far greater reason have you then to cry out in the pathetic words of Jeremiah, "how is the gold become dim, the finest colour changed?"—Lam. vi. 1. But, let us look more into the evil of drunkenness, for this soul-destroying sin brings with it other and other evils. Yes, truly, every cup of the intemperate man quaffs is brimful of evil, and of all bitter cups it is the bitterest. He puts it to his lips to enjoy a momentary gratification but with the draught, sweet for a moment though it be, he is sure to drink of misery to his very dregs—misery to himself, misery to all whose fortunes are linked with his, for better, for worse. The intemperate man destroys his own character and blasts his prospects in life. Puffed he may be by a few persons for his weakness, despised he certainly will be by most persons for his degrading habits, and distrusted by all as one utterly unfit for any employment requiring the smallest degree of steadiness. Let him be a hardy workman with hands to do whatever hands could do, let him be a skilled artisan with all the intelligence which belongs to his vocation, let him be a professional man with a store of knowledge which it cost him long years to lay up—let the intemperate man be this and more yet it is all in vain. In vain does nature lavish her gifts upon such a man and fortune add her favours to nature's gifts—he is inevitably thrust aside to make way for others not to be compared with him for one moment in anything save and except the one essential requisite of sobriety. With everything else to command success in life he miscares in everything, and, whilst he might have wrought out a respectable competency and secured a large amount of happiness, as sure as cause produces effect his one unfortunate propensity will render his life an insupportable burden, his lot one of unmitigated misery. He will live only to realise the truth of the saying of Ecclesiastics. "A workman that is a drunkard shall not be rich."—Ecc. xli. 1; and again of the wise man's proverb, "He that loveth wine shall not be rich."—Prov. xli. 17. Not so the temperate man. Even with comparatively little else to help him forward than his best friend, temperance, he goes ahead in the race of life, wins his way to respectability, and realises independence and

happiness. Enter into the home of the temperate man—do you find the same domestic happiness?—Alas! domestic happiness is a rare thing, and strangers for one another though his home were ever so humble, might be a happy home. Enter in and see what manner of home it is. You may not find him there, for he may be on his revel in some of his wretched haunts; but you may find there hearts that ache for fear of what may befall him, eyes that watch, and are weary and wailing with watching for his return; if he escapes the many dangers which threaten the drunkard's steps, and which the loving waylay the drunkard's steps, and which the loving ones at home have been boding and brooding over through the long, weary, dismal night, he comes to relieve these dangers and comes home, he comes to relieve these poor anxious ones from the misery of wearing only by plunging them into the misery of wearing out the night in company of a wild beast in human form, and of having to listen to the sounds of discord, the curses, the blasphemies that ever and anon come forth upon his polluted breath, as from the mouth of one already damned. Is this lost one a son? He brings down the gray hairs of his parents with sorrow to the grave. Is he a husband and a father? Besides being a spendthrift of the worst kind who consumes upon one vile appetite the substance of wife and children, he gives bad example to the innocent little ones, he breaks the heart of their poor mother, and the home which for her and them ought to be a happy home, he turns into a hell upon earth. Oh! the misery of the drunkard's home! This is none worse out of hell. This misery it is which the inspired writer has before his eyes when he asks, "What hath woe? Whose father woe? Who hath contentions? Who falls into pits? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?" To his own question he gives the answer: "Surely they that pass their time in wine, and study to drink of their cups."—Prov. xlii. 29 & 30. The intemperate man in many an instance sinks into an early grave. How many examples of young men cut short in the very prime of life, some of them the victims of that fatal delirium brought on by their own excesses! How many a fine stalwart Irishman leaves his native land to seek his fortune, but only to find the drunkard's dishonoured grave? What with hard labour to earn his bread, and what with his own wasting excesses, his frame, though an iron one, could not stand for any time. Ere long his health is undermined, his once athletic frame is wasted away, he betakes himself to the hospital; the poor Irishman's last refuge in a foreign land, lingers there for a while, then dies before his time, and leaves his bones to be written beneath an American or an Australian sun. Is not this the history, the sad history, of many a fine Irishman? To die thus before one's time is, truth to say, a bad enough end; a worse end, however, oftentimes overtakes the drunkard, and that is a sudden and unprovided death. One man is killed by a fall from his horse, another is drowned, another is smothered in a ditch, another receives a death blow from the hand of a drunkard like himself, and so these unhappy sinners go before God in the midst of their sins without time to ask pardon for them or perhaps even to say, "Lord have mercy on my soul." And if the drunken man sometimes meets, he sometimes also inflicts a sudden death. Without any control over his passions, he quarrels upon the slightest pretext, and then his first impulse is to snatch up any dangerous weapon that may be next to hand, a stick or a stone and level it at the head of a fellow-creature. The hand which deals that blow or which launches that stone is the hand of a murderer, for who can say when he strikes another with such a weapon that he may not inflict death? That when he launches that stone from his hand it may not be the messenger of death? Although, God be thanked for it, such deeds are now of rare occurrence, and this part of the country is as peaceable as any portion of the realm—a state of things for which the county of Tipperary is much indebted to that alike upright and efficient judge, Serjeant Horley—yet many a time has the drunken man himself met and inflicted upon others a sudden and unprovided death. How many souls of our countrymen are thus as in divers other ways lost for ever through intemperance, some launched at once into eternity, others getting time indeed to think of themselves but not the grace, others getting both time and grace, but not availing of either—how many are so lost God only knows. This, however, may be confidently asserted, that, speaking of the people of Ireland, intemperance causes more souls to perish than any other single evil, even if the people of other countries be more intemperate, which is the case. But the intemperance of our people derives, if not a form of its own, certainly a very deep aggravation from this—that of the seven days of the week the one frequently selected for the indulgence of excess is the Sunday, on which day many persons go straightway from the house of God to the public-house, and there protracting their carousals all through the day and far into the night, to the scandal of all good persons, to the shame of religion, and to their own spiritual and temporal ruin, consecrate to the service of the devil the one day which God set apart for His own service under that most solemn command, "remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day." This unchristian desecration of the Lord's Day and of the Church's Holidays fearfully aggravates the sin of intemperance. To wear our otherwise excellent people from this their besetting sin, their sin of sins, is about the greatest service spiritual or temporal which it is possible to render them. It is not too much to say that the people of Ireland are as religious and moral as any in the world. In piety to God, attachment to the faith of their conviction, parental and filial affection, female chastity, conjugal fidelity—in these and other high religious and moral attributes you will be at a loss to find their equal, you cannot find their superior. When the people are such, when even those who become the slaves of intemperance may for the most part be said to be betrayed into excess through the proverbial generosity and social dispositions of our countrymen—when this is so, pity it is that any portion of so fine a people should be wanting in any one virtue, or addicted to any one vice that could mar their happiness on earth and exclude them from the ever enduring happiness of heaven. In this our day I know of nothing more worthy of the clergy whose mission is under God to save sinners, nothing more befitting every good man interested in the amelioration of his fellow-creatures, than to devote whatever energies of mind or body one may possess, whatever authority he may be invested with, whatever influence he may command, to the high and the holy end of propagating temperance through the land and as far as possible making it a national virtue. Whoever does this is a benefactor to his countrymen.

Full of the responsibility of providing for the safety of the great mass of the people, your Lordship cannot share the sympathies of those who would sacrifice the interests of the people to the interests of the Church of the people. The recent revolutions which the Italian Peninsula is shaken, have been often the theme of your Lordship's eulogy; nor can we readily forget the fervour with which, at the close of the last session of Parliament, you hailed the success of the Sardinian arms in the unfortunate Kingdom of Naples. You are not ignorant how the Church of Piedmont—the Church of the people—has been plundered by the same Sardinian Government, and its revenues confiscated, and its convents suppressed, not to save the lives of its starving subjects, but to meet the enormous expenses of aggressive inroads on the territories of its neighbours. If you can reconcile with a just and sound policy to have transferred to the service of the State, funds that fed the hungry, that clothed the naked, that educated the young, and diffused the consolations of religion amongst all classes without even knowing or requiring the equivocal benefit of the Establishment to their original purpose of serving the State, and supporting the people, and sparing the continuance of the taxes for the poor, which the sacrilegious seizure of that property first occasioned. I need not remind you that there is not a period since the first dawn of any liberality, or any respect from the Penal Laws in which the monstrous encumbrance of this plethoric Establishment did not evoke the indignant condemnation of every man of whatever creed or country, Protestant or Catholic, be he Irish, or English, or Scotch, who had the least pretension to justice or humanity. Nay, more, your Lordship must know it is not in the nature of any justice-loving people (and for that love of justice the Irish have been noted), to be content under the mass of evils which that Establishment has continued to engender from its first inauspicious importation into our land.

Some of the members of the administration have set out, we are told, on a tour of inspection through the distressed districts. This information is gratifying, provided they do not travel, as the Italians say, like trunks, and provided they come in contact with the poor people, or put themselves in communication with reliable sources. An honourable baronet, an influential member of the Irish Government, has travelled, I understand, through Connemara, with something of railroad speed, and, if his celebrity be such as is reported, it is no wonder if it should be barren of that ample and minute information which his duty as a statesman and the safety of the lives of the people require. But, whatever were his inquiries regarding the extent of the failure of the potato, he has been, it is said, most inquisitive about the National Schools and the numbers of children who frequent them. It would seem as if his mission had rather for its object that scheme which has so long occupied the Government, the seizure of the entire control over the education of the country, through the despotism of the National Board, than affording prompt and efficient relief to the destitute population of Connemara and other suffering districts.

It is a remarkable coincidence that it was in the midst of the famine of thirteen and fourteen years ago, and during its most terrific ravages, that Government was so solicitous about founding infidel colleges for the education of those whom they were allowing to starve. And now, too, when another famine threatens to be let loose upon the people, we have a repetition of the same educational policy by kindred statesmen, thus striving to divert attention from the public calamity, affecting the utmost concern for the people's education whilst the same people are dreadfully suffering from the combined horrors of hunger and intense cold. I have the honour to be your Lordship's faithful servant.

JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has addressed a Letter to his Clergy on the subject of Education. We make some extracts in which he alludes to the "Godless Colleges"—

"Our Secretary of State, in his zeal to promote the condemned system has, it is said, given several endowments to the Queen's College; and, as if anxious to increase the number of the few unhappy Catholics who set at defiance the decisions of the Church, he has been writing letters to Catholic gentlemen, or otherwise communicating with them, for the purpose of inducing them to imitate his own example by endowing scholarships or exhibitions. I make this statement on the best authority; it is open to Sir Robert Peel to contradict it if it be not correct. We are told it is through love for the Catholics of Ireland that the zeal of the Secretary of State is so active in this matter. I cannot adopt this view. I do not pretend to judge Sir Robert's merely political opinions; but, in a religious point of view, I do believe that he is a most determined enemy of everything Catholic. He began his career by destroying the influence of the Catholics of Switzerland; he has lately vented his anger on the Catholics of Spain, where he formerly labored with the zeal of an Exeter Hall enthusiast. His eulogies of the arch revolutionist and enemy of the Church, Count Cavour, still echo through the halls of Westminster, and I need scarcely add that on every occasion he has displayed the bitterest hostility to the venerable Pottiff who fills the chair of Peter, and to the institutions of the Holy Catholic Church. In confirmation of these statements I give two extracts from speeches of the right hon. gentleman. Speaking of the affairs of Italy, he says:—

"The chief difficulty of Italy is not at Venice, nor at Gaeta, nor at Massina: it is at Rome. The Reformation has commenced in Italy; I believe that the desire of civil liberty in that country is united with a strong desire for religious freedom, and that which has already been accomplished in Germany in England, and in Scotland, has been commenced in Italy. I say that the Reformation is growing apace in Italy in spite of the Court of Rome and in spite of the bishops. This accounts for the zeal of the Church of Rome to stop the march of Italian revolution, which it perceives is every day sapping the foundations of priestcraft and priestly intolerance. But, Sir, the great movement has gone on; and I may be permitted to express my hope that, as that system of progress which checks superstition and religious intolerance continues to take still deeper root in the minds and affections of the people, so it will contribute to the promotion of that material development and the future happiness of Italy. These are my feelings on Italy, and I have not exaggerated. I believe I have spoken the truth with regard to the bigotry of the Church of Rome and the intolerance

of its conduct, and I believe the Italians will do well to separate themselves from that conduct and turn from idle tales to these blessings of religious liberty. So much for Sir Robert's kind wishes to the Pope. Let us now hear his judgment upon those holy men and devoted virgins who renounce all the pleasures and riches of this world in order to devote themselves to the service of suffering humanity, while endeavoring to walk in the footsteps and to imitate the example of the immaculate Lamb of God, who for our sake became poor and led a life of humility, obedience, and suffering on earth. We must recollect, says the right hon. baronet, "That the movement now going on in Italy is not merely a result of political feeling; the regeneration of Italy has a higher cause. The present movement for the regeneration of Italy is also a religious movement. The political and religious impulses are acting together. Dull ignorance and the nummities of superstition are giving way before the broad features of religious toleration. What recent decrees have most excited the admiration and gratitude of the people of Italy? The decrees that have broken up the monastic institutions and nunneries. These institutions are unseparable to civil society, and can only exist upon its destruction, or upon the want of it."—[Hansard, vol. 101, 1860—61.] As Sir Robert Peel has so openly and so emphatically declared his hostility to our holy religion I need scarcely ask—Will the Catholics of Ireland be guided by his counsel in affairs connected with religion and conscience? Will they allow him to take into his hands the education of their children? The peace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all, brethren. + PAUL O'LEARY, Archbishop of Dublin.

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IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE APPROACHING CRISIS.—THE FAMINE.—The wall of apprehended distress reaches us from all sides—and yet, with few exceptions, the landlords have been deaf. The want of fuel is a great calamity. In Tuam, those who would purchase turf, are now using coals. The small farmers about Tuam, who paid a good part of their rents by means of that commodity, have sustained a great loss—their turf failed—potatoes blighted—oats inferior in quality. What shall become of them? How will they procure fuel even for themselves during the winter? To meet the whole of the rents is out of the question. To attempt to exact would be the greatest cruelty—it would be endeavoring to "extract blood out of a turnip." Captain Lalor, county of Tipperary, has promised a half year's abatement to his tenants, in consequence of the failure in the crops. Our talented and enlightened county member, W. H. Gregory, Esq., has ordered that the timber on his property should be cut down and distributed as fuel amongst his tenants.—Connacht Patriot.

DEARTH OF EMPLOYMENT.—The number of English and Scotch tradesmen at present visiting Belfast in search of employment is greater than at any period since 1847. Unfortunately, too, they are mostly unsuccessful, as many of our workmen are wandering about, with a similar object, on the other side of the Channel.

SCARCITY OF FUEL.—There is much turf cut in the bogs and lying about rotting for want of weather to save it; and we learn from various sources that the scarcity of fuel will not be so severely felt as the want of fuel to cook it, and warm the hearth of the cottier and small farmer, during the severe winter weather that must shortly set in with severity, and bring on pestilence and death, more than the scarcity of provisions. This state of things is not without a remedy if the influential members of the human family in the rural districts, particularly the boards of guardians of the several unions, would only look the matter in the face, and by a little energy on their part mitigate, if not altogether do away with, this unhappy state of things. There is no turf bog that we know of in which, by a little exertion, one or more drying kilns could not be erected and shedded over with rough timber, and covered with scraws, rushes or aquatic weeds, in which the turf now scattered and rotting on the surface may be speedily dried, and as fast as dried stacked outside. A little money judiciously employed in this way while we have fine weather, would tend to avert this evil and save the lives of thousands of our population which, for want of fuel, must be sacrificed. We trust some steps will be taken to get up some such plan before it be too late, and not let his down under such an awful calamity, calling upon the world at large to help us, while we have yet life and strength to help ourselves.—Farmer's Gazette.

A TRUE TEST OF THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—At the late quarter sessions in this district of the county Kilkenny, we called attention to the significant fact that there were 512 processes; but here is something more extraordinary still.—In the Ballinakill quarter sessions district of the Queen's Co. no less than thirteen hundred and forty-nine civil bill processes were served at these sessions. Let no one of the Orange organs dare to talk of exaggerated statements after this, for in nine-tenths of these cases the processes were undefended and admitted, but beyond the power of payment, exposing the unfortunate defendants to be sold out to "the last stick." And this is happy, prosperous Ireland!—Kilkenny Journal.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The following circular has been sent to the Irish Catholic press for publication:—

Catholic University, Dublin, Nov. 4, 1861. Reverend Dear Sir—I have been directed respectfully to call your attention to the following resolutions, adopted by the Bishops of Ireland, at their general meeting, on the 25th April, ultimo:— "We unanimously agree to fix the third Sunday of November as the day on which the Catholic University Collection shall be annually held in every parish of every diocese of Ireland. "We also declare our willingness to permit the rector, or other duly appointed authorities, to communicate with the clergy of our diocese with a view to the proper organization of the collection." In accordance with the commands of the bishops, I take the liberty to ask, reverend dear sir, your cooperation, and through you, the generous aid of your good people, in the collection which will take place on November 17th, the third Sunday of this month. We do not expect large contributions, although at a crisis like the present in the cause of Catholic Education, they will be specially useful.—But we do ask something, be it but small, from every parish, and from every Catholic throughout the land. It was chiefly by means of the small contributions of the masses that our country has been studied with churches and convents, and schools, and religious institutions of every kind. Even a few pounds each year from every parish will be sufficient to amply support the Catholic University, and to create for Ireland a centre whence may radiate the most brilliant light of knowledge to every part of our country—a seat of learning, which, through God's blessing, will, ere long, complete the literary glories of Catholic Ireland. Since the opening of this University, in 1854, many circumstances have, as often happens in the like cases, hindered its full development. But the time has now come when that development can be no longer delayed. The enemies of the faith of Ireland seem determined to complete that plan which the Holy Father, condemned as dangerous to faith and morals; they wish to found, even in this metropolis of our Catholic country, a college or university, in which the very name of the Catholic Church shall not be mentioned; they wish to hand over to the Government of this country, which must necessarily be Protestant, the education of the faithful people of Ireland. Forseeing this, our Holy Father, who guards Ireland even as the apple of his

eye, directed the establishment of the Catholic University, and, on receiving his commands, laid the foundation of this institution. The edifice thus founded, they wish now to push forward to completion; it may be a tower of strength for all time to come, for the faith and religious liberties of our people. Hence, in accordance with their lordships' wishes, arrangements have been made by which the halls of this university are now open to Catholic youths of every class, who by means of an education of the highest order, seek to win for themselves literary or scientific distinction, to advance in any profession, civil or military, or to attain those situations of honor and emolument now open to competition. Here, then, the Catholic nobility and gentry can acquire an education which will fully fit them to sit side by side with their Protestant fellow-countrymen in the senate, on the bench of justice as magistrates, or in any other honorable or lucrative position to which their birth entitles them; here the literary aspirant can obtain those academic distinctions which, although now not recognised by the Government of this country, on account of the unhappy change of religion, will be acknowledged by Europe and America, indeed by all Catholics at home and abroad, as emanating from that source of literary and scientific honor whence the older Universities of Oxford and Cambridge derive the right of granting degrees; here the children of the middle classes, who seek to advance in the social scale by honorable industry, can, at little expense, acquire that knowledge which will, through God's blessing, enable them to gain the pre-eminence to which they may lawfully aspire; here, in fine, even the humblest of our Catholic people, to whom at times the Almighty grants an unusually large share of intellect, while he denies them the goods of fortune, may, perchance, under the guidance of the Church, attain eminence like that to which she has in every age led many of her children: through the paths of learning. Even in our own days, have not many risen from the humblest grade in society, by means of extraordinary talents, developed by scientific or literary acquirements? Is it impossible for young Irish Catholics to do the same, by receiving an education equal to the requirements of the age? The generosity of Catholic Ireland will, without doubt, open to many a deserving youth the halls of our Catholic University. Within the last few days a gentleman of this city has placed at my disposal £100 a year for ten years, as an endowment for five scholarships of £20 each. Every class of Catholics is, therefore, interested in the success of our University. A Protestant writer, in a work just published, says:—"The most detestable of the Penal Laws, morally speaking, were those which bribed conversion, by enabling convert children to dispossess their parents; but the worst were those which denied to the mass of the people and to their clergy the liberty of education." "To render men patient," said Burke, "under deprivation of all the rights of human nature everything which could give them a knowledge or feeling of those rights, was rationally forbidden. To render humanity fit to be insulted, it was fit that it should be degraded." The love of the Irish for knowledge is great. It broke out with singular strength in the earliest period of their history; it has broken forth again with the same strength, now that the means of education are once more afforded to them. It was not entirely quenched even by the Penal Laws, or by the social misery which prevailed during the same period. Hedge-schools were set up, when to open a regular school was forbidden; and the country presented the singular spectacle of a people, feebly but earnestly struggling to stain knowledge and intelligence, while ignorance and brutality were imposed upon them by the law. Ignorance and brutality are, it is true, no longer imposed on us by the law, yet we have to carry on the glorious work in which our fathers laboured so faithfully. The chief seat of learning in this Catholic country, the University of Trinity College, Dublin, is a Protestant institution. Some few clergymen of the Established Church, which, out of a population of five millions and a half, reckons little over half a million of members in Ireland, monopolize all the highest education of our people; and if the rising generation desire to quench their thirst at the fountain of knowledge, they must beg the waters of learning at the gate of an University whose rulers are aliens to our faith, or they must drink of streams which our Holy Father has declared to be poisoned at the source. Will Catholic Ireland allow this state of things to continue? Will she stand by and let her faith be taken from her, little by little? No; it must not be; with God's blessing, it shall not be; our country will have her own University, ray of the soil, ray of the old faith; and, therefore, rev. dear sir, we appeal to you and to your good people on behalf of the Catholic University of Ireland.—I have the honor to remain, rev. dear sir, your faithful servant in Christ.

BARTHOLOMEW WOODLOCK, Rector.

THE FUNERAL OF T. B. MACMANUS.—The funeral procession of our honored and lamented fellow-countryman, on Sunday last, was what we expected and foretold in this journal that it would be. It was attended by the patriots of Dublin in a multitude.—The procession was unparalleled in this country for its numbers; it was most orderly in its conduct, and was, on the whole, a magnificent national demonstration.—Dublin Nation.

The Dublin Irishman notices as a marked feature of the celebration of the MacManus obsequies, the non-prominence of Catholic emblems. He says:—"Another peculiarity about this great funeral procession was, the almost complete absence of any ceremony or device peculiar to Catholics alone. A stranger from another country could hardly tell, on looking at the funeral, to what sect the deceased belonged."

THE MACMANUS OBSEQUIES.—The following notice of the great funeral procession through the streets of Dublin, in honor of the late T. B. MacManus, is from an English paper, the Morning Star:—

If Ireland were not now united to Great Britain by ties stronger than what O'Connell used to call the golden link of the crown, or by that link, together with an English landed proprietary and an English Church, the demonstration which took place in Dublin on Sunday, on the occasion of the MacManus obsequies, would not have been made a subject of cynic sneer and ribald banter by the journal personifying the baseness which worships only success. And as it is, that demonstration ought to make the English Government and people carefully consider the relations between themselves and the Irish people, with a view of strengthening the real and permanent bonds between the two countries, and of eradicating those feelings of disloyalty which are still so strong in Ireland. For this is the significance of the Dublin display of Sunday. MacManus was an Irishman, who did with all his heart and soul what he could to overthrow the rule of England in his country. That he and his associates were mistaken, we may well admit; that they were utterly unsuccessful is matter of history; but the impartial judge will not allow failures, or the error which a failure involves, to lower his estimate of the patriotism and purity of purpose of the men. Perhaps Englishmen are not quite in a position to form an impartial judgment on the men and the events of 1848, nor can they be very much blamed for denying to the disloyal Irish what they so eagerly concede to the disloyal Poles. Consistency in such matters, where interest and dominion are involved, is a virtue which has never yet been found in any nation or people. But the recognition of it as a virtue ought, at least, to make us moderate our tone of rebuke when admonishing our disaffected fellow-subjects across St. George's Channel; and none but low-minded persons, who are constitutionally or by habit, incapable of understanding the feeling which makes high-spirited honest men cling to an idea or a cause although it is sinking, would see in the MacManus de-

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