

rolling river were lonely and desolate as before. It was long past midnight when Ebba caught the sound of her husband's foot on the path outside the cabin. Her terror at his prolonged absence had been excessive; and when Eadball had returned with the news that the beacon-light had burnt itself out on the headland, and had produced no answering sound or signal from the boat, her worst fears of the Thorney goblins were confirmed. She hurriedly threw open the door, therefore, at the first sound of his footsteps, and catching a brand from the fire, eagerly held it out to see whether indeed it could be he as she scarcely dared to hope. It was indeed Seward, who entered bending under the weight of the nets that hung from his shoulders, and, as it seemed, were well filled with fish.

Her anxiety for his safety set at rest by the first glance, which assured her of his identity, the instinct of scolding instantly returned. "A fine fishing truly!" she began, "to keep folk watching and burning of lights till daybreak; and, as I warrant me, with nought to pay their trouble save a broken net. What hast thou there, that thou bearest thyself that gait?"

"Salmon," answered Seward, as he cast his nets upon the cabin floor; and displaying before her, a sight such as, it may be supposed, had rarely been seen since the miraculous draught of Galilee, he selected from amongst the finny tribe one fish differing in kind, and of wondrous size. "Salmon; and it is the first caught in these waters, though, man and boy, I have fished in them forty years, and my father before me. Eels, and flounders, and sturgeons, and many other large and noble fish, have we sent to the royal table; but never until this night hath the salmon's fin been seen in Thames. It is surely Peter's own fish."

"And did you net it in the Thorney waters?" persisted his wife, whose delight at a capture so rare struggled with reluctance to yield her point, and an evident dread lest there should be witchery lurking in the salmon's scales. "Now, Our Lady grant you came of it as befits Christian man to do! for else it were worse than folly to set it before Mellitus. One sign from the holy man, good Seward, and if your fish be a goblin token, as I trow, there will be little left to dine on."

"O woman!" exclaimed Seward impatiently, "will you never have done with your witch tales and fooleries? You were used to boast that there was none could judge of fish like you; take this salmon in your hand, and see if it be not real, while I tell you who it was that sent it to my nets."

And as Ebba examined with professional accuracy the fins and gullet, of his prize, he told her in a few words the marvellous story of the night.

We must leave our readers to judge whether the power of his narrative or the beauty of the salmon had most effect in bringing conviction to the mind of Ebba. At any rate, her scruples at accepting the token so supernaturally given were overcome, and it was arranged that Seward should present himself before the bishop so soon as his train should arrive at Thorney on the following morning, in order to deliver the message with which he had been charged.

II.

It was truly a splendid sight that displayed itself within the walls and cloisters of the newly-erected abbey when the royal cortege of King Sebert, together with the whole body of ecclesiastics who were to take part in the ceremony of the day, assembled in their appointed ranks and order before entering the minster, whose doors were still fast closed. The fierce and half-savage bearing of the king's followers contrasted strangely with the aspect of the foreign ecclesiastics—missioners, all of them, from the refined and civilised south, sent to the barbarous shores of an island which Pope Gregory had described as being "in the corner of the world;" that they might turn it to the faith by a renunciation of all things. They were mostly Romans by birth; and many a one was destined to leave his name in the calendar of the infant English Church among her apostles and her saints. Not a little of the magnificence of ecclesiastical pomp attended these Roman missioners; and such as it was, it at any rate struck the rude crowd assembled to behold it with feelings of awe and veneration; nay, the very look of those tonsured monks—the expression of their countenances telling at once of saintliness and of a higher civilisation—commanded the homage of their wild East Saxon converts; and many a knee bent low with unaffected reverence to receive the blessing from the hand of Mellitus.

The procession was ready to advance, and the order to throw open the doors had already been given, when a movement was seen to disturb the crowd, and Seward, the fisherman, pushing his way through the attendants, in spite of their best efforts to keep him back, cast himself at the bishop's feet in the very line of march. Many were the blows and hard names he had to endure in the execution of this manoeuvre; but he met them with that sturdiness of indifference which was wont so often to excite the impatient of the fiery men of Kent against their more phlegmatic neighbors the East Saxons. Spite of cuffs and kicks, and many a rough hand on his collar, Seward gained his point; but he would scarcely have held his position but for the kindly indulgence of Mellitus himself, who interfered in his behalf as some of the attendants in the king's train were endeavoring to drag him out of sight.

"Nay, I pray you, let the poor man speak," he said; "it is Seward the fisherman, an honest fellow, and a faithful son of the Holy Church, though he has chosen a strange time for his petition. Speak, Seward," he added, "and say if there is aught in which I can befriend thee; though, in sooth, thou must say it briefly if thou wouldst not hinder the hallowing of St. Peter's Minster."

"Even for that I am I come," replied the fisherman. "St. Peter's Minster hath been already hallow'd, and needeth not prayers or rites of thine." "Thou art over bold," said the bishop sternly, "and knowest not how to speak aright of holy things, when thou sayest that yonder minster, built on the very soil of paganism, needeth not Christian hallowing. Rite or words of ours indeed it needeth not; yet we trust that, by our poor ministry, the word of an Incarnate God will come down to do the work, and that His Blessed Spirit will not disdain to dwell therein, at our unworthy bidding." Therefore, if thou hast no better or weightier matter whereof to speak, see that thou disturb this holy ceremony no further by thy ill-timed foolery."

"Holy bishop," persisted Seward, "I am no jester, and have not wit enough to be a fool, did I desire it.

"Come but, to say that which mine eyes have seen and my ears heard, and which the tongue of Blessed Peter hath itself declared to me and bidden me proclaim to your holiness and to the king's majesty. Yonder minster hath been hallow'd, and by the Saint's own hands; and he bids you forbear to add words of Holy Church to that which is already made fast and sure in heaven. Even last night did I behold the sight and hear the psalmody which, if it besemeth me to say so, passeth the singing of your holiness's choir; and that I was not dreaming, I having a token in the salmon which I caught at the Blessed Peter's bidding."

"Salmon in the Thames! Nay, if the holy fisherman gave thee such a token," exclaimed Sebert, who had joined the group that stood round Mellitus listening to the curious interruption of the day's proceedings, "I for one will not be slack to credit his word; for never have these waters yet given such fish to my table. What think you, reverend father, of the man's tidings? is he dreaming still? or hath there indeed been given some sign of heavenly favor on the minster we are offering to God?"

"I scarce know what to think," said Mellitus;—"Seward is not a dreamer, nor a seer of marvels. Hast thou no surer token?" he added, turning to the fisherman, "than the salmon in thy nets?"

"Holy father," replied Seward, "some such token surely awaits your holiness in the minster, though I know not of what manner it may be; only that whom I saw last night bade me carry you these words, and tell you that the sign of their truth was on the minster-walls."

"Let us proceed thither," said Mellitus; "the things of God's glory are oftentimes hid from the wise and prudent and revealed unto little ones, and it may be we are even now listening to a messenger of heaven in the person of this fisherman;" and so saying, he himself led the way to the minster-door.

It was opened as he drew near; and ere any foot was put upon its threshold, the bishop and his companions were sensible of an extraordinary and heavenly odor that issued from the interior of the edifice and filled them with wonder and curiosity. "Whence did it proceed? for as yet there had been no holy rite that they knew of performed within its walls, and no censer had swung its sweet cloud of fragrance around the yet (as they thought) unconsecrated altar. But it was not incense, but rather the strange and balmy odor of the sacred chrism which filled the place; and Mellitus advancing alone, and with a feeling of more than usual reverence into the church, approached the crosses on the walls which had been prepared for the ceremony of consecration. All doubts were removed at once; he beheld the pavement inscribed with the letters of both alphabets, the walls in three six places bedewed with the oil of sanctification, the remains of twelve wax-lights adhering to twelve crosses, and every part still moist with the recent aspirations.

"Thanks be to God for his great mercy!" ejaculated Mellitus; no hand of ours shall touch these consecrated walls. Then kneeling before the altar, he added: Confirm O Lord that which Thou hast wrought, and let not Thy name depart from Thy holy house, from this time forth even for ever! This altar," he continued, "hath been hallow'd for the Adorable Sacrifice, and we will offer it in thanksgiving to God this day; for other blessing than that of its Apostle is not needed by the holy minister of St. Peter."

The ceremony was therefore never performed, and the mass sung by Mellitus was the only rite that celebrated the opening of the minster church. King Sebert, moreover added to the rights of the new abbey that of the tenth of all the fish caught in the Thames within certain assigned limits,—a right which is to be found existing in the muniments of the abbey down to the latest date. Nor was it until three centuries later, and after the minster of Thorney Island had suffered many sacrileges from the hands of the Danes, that the new church erected by the Confessor received consecration just before its founder's death: its erection was also undertaken, and completed by the direct command of its glorious patron; for we read that St. Peter appeared in vision to the monk Wulsine as he slept, and declared his will to him, bidding him bear the same to the king.

"There is a place of mine," he said, "in the western part of London, which I love, and which I formerly consecrated with my own hands, honored with my presence, and made illustrious by my miracles: its name is Thorney; and having for the people's sins been given over to the barbarians, from rich it became poor, from stately low, and from honour it hath been made to be despised. This let the king, giving command, restore, and make it a dwelling of monks; let him magnificently build it, and amply endow it; it shall be no less the house of God and the gate of heaven."

The obedience of St. Edward to this command is well known; and the church so built by him was finished and consecrated just in time to receive his relics and to be made his shrine.

(From the Dublin Tablet.)

The Legislative Union between England and Ireland is an existing fact, which must of necessity be taken into account by everyone who assumes to form or utter opinions concerning the future of the Catholics of the empire. Either side may dislike the connection, or long for its termination. All must admit that it was established by violence and fraud, while no proposition has ever been more strenuously denied than that the people of Ireland have ever given it that free subsequent consent which could alone make it binding upon them. Still *de facto* it exists, and as a mere matter of fact the two countries are parts of one empire. This is not merely an abstract truth or a historical incident. It is not a dead fact, but a most living reality. For fifty-seven years it has been in active operation; it is operating at this moment, and, while it lasts, it will continue to be fruitful of the gravest consequences, whether for good or evil.

It can only be dissolved by force or by consent. To obtain the consent of the empire to the repeal of the Union by peaceable and legal means was the object to which the last years of the great O'Connell were devoted, and since his death the enterprise has been abandoned. It was attempted to dissolve the Union by force in 1848, and the attempt failed; but that the majority of the people of Ireland have abandoned either the wish or the hope for a future struggle for the same end is more than we can affirm. What we can affirm is, that no sane man believes in the possibility of a successful struggle at the present moment, and that we have never heard any one profess to name the time within which he thought it likely that a combination of circumstances would occur such as would afford any reasonable chance. On the other hand, it is impossible to contradict any one who may avow his opinion that at some time or other such disaffection as exists in Ireland may increase and be intensified—that the police force may join in an insurrectionary movement (it is from the *Evening Packet* that we borrow the idea)—that the Irish portion of the army may refuse to act against it, and that some foreign power may lend a formidable help. It would be absurd to deny that England may at some time or other be involved in a disastrous war, that her armies may

be overthrown, that her fleets may be destroyed, that her shores may be invaded, and that, in such a case, it would be possible for the majority of the Irish people, if they liked it, to take advantage of her weakness, and to engage in a civil war in their own country for the establishment of a separate kingdom, under a native or foreign prince, or of a republic, or of general anarchy, if that should offer more attractions. It is in vain to point out that all this is very speculative, for there is no power which can prevent any body of men from risking their own, their neighbor's, and their country's fortune on a speculation however hazardous, if they be so minded. All we say is, that in the face of two such uncertainties, as whether the opportunities above described will ever occur, or within how many years, or hundreds of years, they are likely to occur, we see little use in discussing what use the Irish people would choose to make of them if they did occur. The question with which we are concerned, and for which we would fain challenge general attention, is, what is to be done in the mean time, how are we to deal with the circumstances in which we are actually placed, and what use are we to make of the means actually at our disposal. Our own opinion is positive. As the Union exists *de facto*, and as England and Ireland, willingly or unwillingly, rightly or wrongly, do at this moment constitute two parts of one empire, we think that Ireland would do well to insist upon all the rights which the compact secures to her, and to use all the exertions of which she is capable to further her own interests, and procure redress of her own grievances. We believe our own exertions are quite capable of insuring all this if we avail ourselves intelligently of the regular and well-known weapons recognised by the Constitution, which may be a very bad one or a very good one, but which is, at least, sufficient for this purpose. But what by no means satisfies us, is the fact that while Ireland is nominally an integral portion of the empire, with equal rights and equal claims to every other portion, she has her full share of the burthens and disadvantages of the Union without her fair portion of its benefits. What by no means satisfies us, is, that while Ireland is nominally an integral portion of the empire, she is virtually a subject province, farmed out by the Government to select portions and select classes of the Protestant and Catholic population, not for the good of Ireland, nor for the profit of the empire, but for the profit of successive Ministries, and the selfish ambition of their servants and supporters. This is the existing state of things, and the question is, is it better that it should continue or not? We think not. At the same time, we admit freely that we cannot expect those to concur with us who are willing to wait any length of time for a chance of subverting the Constitution—who have staked all their hopes upon a revolution—who would regard an union between England and Ireland, on fair terms, honestly observed, as the greatest of misfortunes—and who are willing to point out grievances and to demand redress only in the hope that the wrong may not be righted, and that the refusal of fair claims may increase the disaffection of the people. Such politicians, if they would be consistent, must necessarily dread the success of every legal effort for redress, and rejoice in the perpetuation of every injustice. For them it is essential that the sense of wrong should be kept alive in the minds of the people by a denial of their rights, for they must well know that to bring about a revolution a strong case is necessary, and that the people must smart keenly before they will run the risks and make the sacrifices which a desperate struggle for independence of necessity involves. We think this a deplorable error, ruinous to Ireland and injurious to religion, but we are far from denying that it is an intelligible view, or that it may be honestly adhered to. For great ends great sacrifices may be worthily incurred, and those who think that the religion or the nationality of the Catholic people of Ireland would be lost if Ireland were to be neither a subject province (as it is at present), nor a separate kingdom or republic (as they faintly would see it), but an integral portion of the empire, with equal rights, both in theory and practice, with every other portion, are justified in doing anything to stay so great an evil. But this is not our opinion. We utterly disbelieve that either the religion or the nationality of Ireland would be endangered. We believe that in both there is a strength and a vitality which insure not only their continuance, but their progressive influence. Instead of the Irish and Catholic element being Anglicised or Protestantised, we expect the English and the Protestant element to become more Irish and Catholic.

Nay, we believe that the religion and nationality of Ireland have been preserved through so many centuries, and strengthened, purified, and intensified by so much suffering and adversity for this very end. We do not believe that the Almighty has allowed a nation to undergo such cruel sufferings in the temporal order, while He has visited them with such surpassing gifts and graces in the spiritual order, without having a great and worthy work for them to do, which will vindicate His ways to man visibly and convincingly, and afford a lasting triumph to Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Justice. We conceive that in this mighty empire, which, in its power surpasses ancient Rome, and which equals it in its rebellion against God, its self-idolatry, its materialism, and its immorality the Catholic people, and especially the people of Ireland, are what the early Christians were in the Roman empire—a power destined, after ages of trial and persecution, to subdue their oppressors, and, by their victory, to insure, not their own triumph, but the triumph of the Cross—not their own glorification, but the glory of the Church—not the indulgence of their own hatred and revenge, but the sublime ends of Divine charity and mercy. We have heard invitations to the Irish people to rally under the green flag; but whatever may be the practical meaning of the exhortation (which we never heard explained), we do not believe that any victory will be gained over England under the green flag. But there is another banner under which the Irish people have long marched—the banner of the Cross.

They will gain greater victories under it than under any other flag. Let them raise against England the standard of the Holy Rood as defenders of Catholic rights, champions of Catholic principles, propagandists of Catholic truth. Let them conquer the hard hearts, root out the old prejudices, and subdue the stubborn will of England, and they will have gained a greater victory than if Nena Sahib were crowned Emperor of India and Louis Bonaparte enthroned in Dublin. We do not, therefore, desire that Ireland should be isolated, but that she should be victorious. It is not independence but pre-eminence that we believe to be her destiny. Our imperialism consists in our desire that Ireland should assume and exercise empire. The cause of Ireland and the cause of Catholicity are so inseparably connected that she cannot forsake the one without betraying the other—she cannot promote either without advancing both.

In the language of the Bishops of Piedmont, "Divine Providence, which rules all things here below, has placed our country under such political conditions that we are called upon to exercise a portion of sovereignty by the election of those who in part decide upon our destinies. We are bound to recognise the designs of Providence in this political situation, and to discharge the duties which result from it."

It is impossible to pretend that the Catholics of Ireland have complied with this precept. They are called upon to exercise a portion of sovereignty over Ireland and Great Britain by the election of those who, in part, decide upon the destinies of both. To "discharge the duties which result from this political situation" they should send to Parliament men who will assert the civil and religious rights of Catholics, men who will defend the Church, men who will expose and oppose the machinations of the enemies of Christianity and of society; not men who will postpone the interests both of Catholicity and Ireland to the pleasure of the Minister, or the bidding of the Treasury.

We are told that the British empire is tottering to its fall; that it is feeble, effete, and in its agony. We believe this to be perfect rubbish. The British empire never was so mighty or so formidable as at the present moment. We think that there is every likelihood of its strength its wealth, and its influence being indefinitely increased. It will fall, but, like the Roman empire which it resembles, it will not fall before, in the height of its prosperity, and in the fulness of its power, it has bent its proud neck beneath the yoke of Christ, and before those mighty stores of material and intellectual grandeur which it has accumulated for the service of the Devil and its own self-worship have been acknowledged to belong to the Almighty Being against whom England has so long rebelled.

Then will come the epoch of decadence, when another and a true principle is substituted for the false principle, in slavery to which, and at the expense of such misspent labour and such fruitless toil, by the misery of so many millions of men, and the sacrifice of so many millions of souls, the worldly greatness of England has been built up. The spell will have been broken and the enchantment dissolved. But if Ireland desires the overthrow of the vast fabric of British supremacy (and to the people of England such overthrow, instead of being a curse, would prove a blessing), let her labour to convert England to the true faith. If another Augustine were to be sent amongst us he might repeat to us the words addressed to the Britons by his great prototype:—"Know that if you will not assist in pointing out to the Saxons the way of life, they, by the just judgment of God, will prove to you the ministers of death." The Saxons have proved ministers of death to Ireland in many ways, both of death to the body and death to the soul; the true way for Ireland both to avenge and to defend herself, is to point out to the Saxons the way of life. The two greatest facts in the world at this moment are the Catholic Church and the British empire. It is the glorious prerogative of Ireland, and it is the highest mission that any nation ever yet received, to have been specially selected by the former to achieve the conquest of the latter.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The correspondence between his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel and the Irish Poor Law Commissioners discloses a strange attempt on the part of these Government functionaries to set aside Episcopal authority in his Grace's diocese, and to usurp for themselves a species of spiritual jurisdiction. The Commissioners attempt to shelter their misconduct, or that of their officer, under the plea of carrying out the letter of the Act of Parliament in offering the Thuries Chaplaincy successively to each of the Clergymen residing in the town. But his Grace shows that this was done in defiance of his spiritual authority, as the Poor Law Inspector well knew, and admitted he knew, when he made the offer, that the Archbishop had withdrawn spiritual jurisdiction, so far as the workhouse was concerned, from all those Clergymen, save the Rev. Mr. Slattery, the proper Chaplain. It is, however, only a specimen of the treatment our Bishops and Clergy may expect to receive from Whig officials whenever these latter shall feel themselves in a position to let their real sentiments appear.—*Tablet*.

The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, has received 1,000*l.* from his Holiness the Pope, and 600 from the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, to be applied to the relief of the sufferers in India from the Sepoy mutiny.

THE CHANCELLOR AND THE ORANGEMEN.—The Christ Church (Bellast) Protestant Association, headed by the Rev. Dr. Drew, have adopted a series of resolutions menacing Chancellor Brady with "attainder and loss of fortune, liberty, and life," as the just penalty of the unhappy letter addressed to the Marquis of Londonderry.

WAR AGAINST THE PRIESTS.—A military foray was made early this week by a portion of the British army now garrisoning this metropolis against the peaceable town of Ballinrobe, in the county of Mayo. The object of this extraordinary incursion, unprecedented since the days of Stratford and Cromwell, was the arrest of the Patriot Priest of Ballinrobe, the Rev. Peter Conway, against whom an *ex-officio* information had just been filed by her Majesty's Catholic Attorney-General for Ireland. In the graphic narratives of the expedition, which are supplied by our morning contemporaries, we are told of the hurried departure of a considerable force of dragoons at seven a.m. on Monday, by special train from the Broadstone terminus, and their arrival at Athenry, from whence a rapid force march brought them the

same day to Ballinrobe. Another body of horse from a different quarter had previously moved through Tuam to the town, and the infantry of the expeditionary force was formed by the constabulary from the various stations—garrisons we should say—in the county. We are not informed what force of artillery accompanied the expedition: and as Ballinrobe is a quiet market town, possessing neither military encinte, nor bastions, nor even earthworks, except the mud hovels of its poor, it was not thought necessary to wait for a siege train. In fact the expedition was to be one of secrecy and surprise. The great examples of Sebastopol and Delhi had not been lost on the sagacious Irish executive, and it was most judiciously resolved to give the Ballinrobians no time to throw up fortifications, or to levy an army for their defence. Indeed the promptitude with which the expedition was carried out might be an example even to our Indian generals, and we trust Lord Canning may learn a lesson in energy from Lord Carlisle. Horse, foot, and dragoons were concentrated on the devoted town, and Ballinrobe capitulated without striking a blow. We have not exactly learned what terms of surrender were offered and accepted, but we believe the military commander, whose name the newspaper reporters have maliciously consigned to oblivion, thus meanly attempting to defraud him of the fame which posterity would justly award to the leader of so great an exploit, did not refuse quarter to either the male or female inhabitants of the town. Indeed he was only too glad to accept comfortable quarters and entertainment for himself and his wearied troops at the hands of the vanquished but hospitable enemy. Doubtless, also, he followed the example set by General Wilson after the capture of Delhi, when he proposed the health of Queen Victoria in the royal palace of the Moguls.—The captor of Ballinrobe did not, we believe, select the dwelling of his chief enemy as the scene of his convivial exploits, but had he done so, we happen to know that its absent, but hospitable proprietor, had left orders that he should receive an Irish welcome. Whether the health of the Catholic Attorney-General was toasted on the occasion, as the author of the expedition, we entertain grave doubts; and if any wishes were expressed in his regard, we imagine they were little favorable either to his spiritual or temporal welfare. The capture of the town was not followed by a prolonged occupation, as the victorious troops quitted it early next morning, and returned to winter quarters in Dublin. But this by no means detracts from the glory of the exploit, as they retired entirely of their own accord, and were not molested in their retreat. In only one respect was the expedition a failure, as no prisoners were secured. The Rev. Mr. Conway had received from various quarters timely notice of the proceedings which were being taken against him, and with great good sense and good feeling had resolved to leave the Government no opportunity to outrage the feelings of the Catholic people, or to promote a dangerous breach of the peace. It is not necessary to tell our readers that there is no town in Leinster, Munster, or Connaught in which an attempt to arrest a Catholic Priest, guilty of no crime but devoted zeal for his religious and country, would not be likely to prove most dangerous to the public peace. In fact, we know of no readier way to provoke an uncontrollable popular outburst; and it is hardly too much to say that the Whig Ministry, for the vilest party purposes, have not hesitated to run the risk of creating a civil war in the country. The Irish Catholics are a long-suffering race; but there is one thing they are not prepared to endure—viz., insult to their religion and outrage to its sacred ministers. No sooner was the rumor of the Rev. Mr. Conway's danger heard than it spread like wildfire through the county, and when the troops and constabulary commenced to move, rapid expresses were sent from Clonmorris and the other stations, many of them upwards of twenty miles off, and all the messengers met in Ballinrobe, while the troops were still many miles off. It was evident that the peasantry of the county—we may say of the province—would have risen *en masse* to prevent the arrest of their patriot Priest, and had his capture been effected, it is very probable that we should now be relating either the massacre of the people or the destruction both of soldiers and police. The Rev. Mr. Conway has earned the thanks and gratitude of the whole community by the most wise and creditable course which he pursued under circumstances of grievous provocation. We congratulate him most heartily on the honorable position he occupies before all parties in the country, and we wish him, what we have no doubt he will obtain, a signal triumph over his malignant enemies. The next step in the proceedings will be taken this day, when the Court of Queen's Bench will be called on to decide the question of venue, and to select the county where this battle between Whiggery and independence—between honesty and corruption—must be fought a *Toutrance*.—*Dublin Tablet*, Nov. 21*st*.

PROSECUTION OF FATHER RYAN.—The troops of dragoons sent down by the Attorney-General in search of Father Conway, finding on their arrival at Ballinrobe that the Reverend gentleman had started for Dublin, proceeded at once to Westport, accompanied by a special messenger, in order to have the service of the subpoena to appear served on Father Ryan. The latter, on being informed that an officer of the court was desirous of seeing him, presented himself, and stated that he was the person for whom the writ was intended, and was accordingly served therewith. His time for appearing has not yet expired.—*Daily Express*.

The *Mayo Telegraph*, in an excellent article on this "revival of the penal laws" in Ireland, says:—"Let there be no mistake about the nature of this business. The prosecution of the two humble curates of the Archdiocese of Tuam has a meaning and a significance far below the surface. The blow is aimed at his Grace the Illustrious Archbishop of the West, and through him at the Irish Church. Politics has nothing to do with the matter. Fathers Conway and Ryan are merely selected as a first experiment. If the people calmly bear the insult, their Bishops and Archbishops will be the next to be dragged up to appease the brutal bigotry of England and the rabid fury of Irish Orangemen. That is the view to take of the matter; and that is the light in which it is seen."

The *Tuam Herald* says:—"The real issue to be tried in the Queen's Bench in the coming trial of the Rev. Messrs Conway and Ryan is not whether they have been guilty of 'spiritual intimidation,' but whether or not the policy of pledge-breaking is to ride rough-shod over the policy of pledge-keeping. This we conceive to be the true issue now raised and to be tried in the coming prosecution. In this as in all other matters appertaining to the ethics of the franchise, the Whigs as well as the Tories are overshooting the mark. It is vain for them to seek to cripple the power of the Catholic priesthood. In despite of Whigs or Tories their influence will make itself felt at the hustings. Prosecute and persecute as the government may, whilst electors possess such a commodity as a conscience, the Catholic priesthood will feel their bounden duty to 'intimidate' them, and thereby prevent them from giving their votes to pledge-breakers, or to those who have no object in catering parliament but to barter away the rights of the people for their own selfish purposes."

The *Meath People* has the following:—"It has not contented our Catholic Attorney-General to proceed in the ordinary way against the priests of the church to which he professes to belong. He must show his zeal by the adoption of a most unusual course in their regard. This is a *nut for those to crack, who declaim so much on the advantage of having Catholics in office.*"

SALISBURY DISTURBANCE IN LURGAN.—We have been able to glean the following particulars of this unfortunate affair, which is, unhappily, the result of a misunderstanding between the employers and employed. We have ascertained that a meeting was held at Bane's Hill by the weavers in the neighborhood of Lurgan, to protest against the introduction of powerloom weaving, which they regarded as inju-