

from being selected by universal suffrage, had not only the great majority, but almost the entire body of the population against it. One word of explanation may here be requisite. Any man who votes in favor of that assembly, must of necessity have acted on the principle that the throne was already vacant, and that the sovereignty had returned by right to the People. The very fact of voting then, was an act implying treason against the Sovereign Pontiff. And the silence of those who could, yet did not vote, was a declaration of their allegiance to their lawful Sovereign. Said I not from the beginning that we were standing up for the freedom and independence of the subjects of the Pope's dominions, as well as for the rights of the Sovereign Pontiff? The Sardinians, the Bonapartists and the secret societies hold the people of Romagna under a complicated system of terrorism. And each of these three tyrannical parties is contending for mastery over the rest, whilst the people are their helpless and passive victims. I have yet to learn that one corner of a kingdom can vote away its territory without the concurrence of the rest of the body politic. How, for example, Cornwall, Cumberland, or Cork, could vote itself by any possibility from beneath the British Crown, without the concurrence of the other subjects of the British Empire; supposing even that the Queen could be excluded from having a voice. Let us now take a brief survey of the present position of affairs. Napoleon proposed a congress, as if a congress had the power to vote away the allegiance of a people from their Sovereign. The Potentates of Europe proved refractory against the Imperial plan; England had for some time assumed a defensive attitude as against France, and the British Lion had erected the bristles of his mane, and directed his fiery eyes towards the opposite coast. Failing on the continent, the Emperor resolves to throw the odium of his plans on England. He knows our mercantile tastes and prepares a sop to suit our palate. The lion smoothes down his angry crest and looks pleased, and Napoleon had a satisfaction which must have conjured up the shade of his uncle when he had the regulating of the finances of this country in his control. He presented us with what has been called a bill to be paid at sight for goods to be delivered eighteen months after payment, if they can be got ready in exchange. Our Foreign Minister is but too ready to appear to be the first propounder of a plan for separating a third of the Pope's dominions from their lawful sovereign. The Pope's subjects are to decide what government they will have by their suffrages, and with so hopeful a state of things Napoleon ventures to agitate for his own share of the bargain in the annexation of Savoy and Nice. That is the idea for which he fought—that and one or two more. The King of Sardinia finds played against him the game he played against the Pope. When certain men fall out, certain other men get the truth to which they are entitled. And what now is the position of Napoleon? First—he is unmasked, and so half his power has departed from him. Next—of the two sources of his power in France he has thrown away one, and the army alone remains. Then he has roused the susceptibilities of his brother potentates where they are the keenest and most tender. He is haunted by the spectre of the secret societies, who are inexorable for the fulfilment of the bond, and know no mercy. Neglecting the last warnings of the first Napoleon he has entered into a conflict with the Pope—a conflict most terrible of all, for it is that of human weakness with Divine strength. England gave him a hesitating and suspicious alliance—arming all the while. He publishes another pamphlet. And strange it is that he who will not allow any man to publish a line on public affairs without his signature, should be the anonymous writer of his age. He cannot but see that he is but defeating his own aims. He is squeezing the last drops of Gallicanism out of France, and making the Church more and more Ultramontaine. In vain does he issue his decrees, and by dint of these decrees suppress Catholic newspapers, and prosecute and imprison Catholic writers; the human voice will find utterance when the heart is full and overflowing. Let me take in hand for a moment, ere I conclude, this imperial pamphlet. Whenever you find a man giving you many reasons for doing what he knows is against your will, depend upon it the real occasion of his conduct is confined to his own breast. He begins his work like the proclamations of the revolutions by protesting that he is a "sincere Catholic." He then runs beyond the common rule of orthodoxy, by way of proving that sincerity. I quote his words—"The temporal power of the Pope is necessary for the exercise of his spiritual power. On this point Catholic doctrine and political are of one accord." That temporal power is no necessary, absolutely. We have seen that the first thirty-two Popes had no temporal dominion, and then, therefore, the Emperor adds that—"In the religious point of view, it is essential that the Pope be a sovereign." He goes to extremes, which a less pretentious, and a more solid divine would venture upon. This is just what Voltairians and Protestants cry.—The throne of Rome is essential; down with that throne, and there is an end of Catholicism. All the Pope has said is, that his temporal power is necessary for exercising, with the fullest liberty, and without any hindrance, his spiritual authority. But the Imperial Theologian, after professing that the temporal power of the Popes is so essential, proposes to diminish that power by one-third, by way of increasing the strength of what remains. His first argument is—"That there is a sort of antagonism between the Prince and Pontiff, confounded in one person." If this be true the Pope has been at war with himself for eleven hundred years. And so long as any temporal power remains the internal war must yet continue. And what is the cause of this antagonism? Napoleon says—"The Pontiff is bound by principles in the Divine order, which he cannot abdicate." If this means anything, it means that the chief fault of the Pope is, that he governs by the gospel, and the law of his conscience, and that such a government is unfit for

mankind. Indeed, he nearly adds as much. It reminds me of what a living historian has written of a certain lord. He is giving his reasons why he thinks that nobleman failed as a statesman, and he says—"He looked at things too much, so to speak, through the medium of conscience, and hence he did not take the broad views requisite for a cabinet minister." Is this, then, the reason for detroning the Pope from a third of his dominions, that he governs by the laws of God? What will the Pope's subjects say to a reason like that? The next argument is that—"The smaller the territory, the greater the sovereignty." I am giving his exact words. It will, of necessity, follow from this principle that the President of the brave little Republic of San Marino is the greatest of all the Potentates of Europe, and Napoleon one of the least. It has, perhaps, been maliciously said, that his army consists of one corporal, and that he is painted on the door of the City gate. [Laughter and applause.] However that may be, he certainly ought, as it has been suggested, to preside at the European Congress, which is not to take place. But, says the Emperor Napoleon—"This power is less in his strength than in his weakness."—And so the Emperor proposes to make him weaker by way of adding to his power. [Laughter.] But that power is not of human, it is of Divine origin, and weakness is the strength of a meek and humble heart. "That power consists [says the Emperor] in the respect which he inspires, and the happiness which he confers on those to whom he refuses the satisfaction of political life." He imposes respect on his subjects and gives them happiness. Is not this the sublime end of all government? And why do men enter into the strife of political life, but because they think they have not got these blessings? To enter into political life where happiness is given, is to destroy that happiness. Is it a small thing for a people to be freed from the horrors of war, to rest within the borders of a peaceful land, to respect the sovereign for the happiness he gives them? And what man in his senses will maintain that the best thing for the subjects of such a sovereign to do is to revolt against him? "Another important point is (says the Emperor) that the expense of Catholic worship ought not to fall exclusively on the subjects of the Pontifical Government." Here we come to the point at last. The conclusion is that the Pope should be maintained by the Catholic sovereigns of Europe. And to facilitate this scheme the Pope is to be deprived of a third of his States. He would throw on the people of France the burden which he takes from the Pontifical States. And by narrowing those States he would make it a kind of necessity. This is the whole sum of that celebrated pamphlet. It shall not go without a word of reply. I have no hesitation in saying, and that from a full knowledge of the subject, that the expenses of any one single department of any temporal government in Europe are greater than those of the entire Pontifical administration. The outward splendor of the Pontifical Court attracts resources to Rome from all countries whilst there are none of these internal extravagances and luxuries which make other Courts a source of ruin to their people. It is the almost monastic frugality of that Court which leaves the revenues of its sovereign free to give and to expend upon the Government of the Church and yet to require a less personal income than any sovereign who has a similar extent of dominion. (Cheers.) Never I trust, hope and believe, come what may, will the Sovereign Pontiff become the pensioner of Potentates who might transmit their oppressive demands for the surrender of his power to them, together with their payment. This would indeed be a mockery of independence. The faithful people may indeed give their free offerings, but the princes of this world are but too often intent on controlling and ruling the Vicar of Christ whilst they profess to be his benefactors. But it is time I should now conclude. A Colonna struck Boniface VIII. with his mailed hand, and filled Europe with horror. There are blows which go more deeply into the soul, than those which spring from the passion of the moment.—Strokes aimed with calculation from the smooth and insinuating tongue, strokes from the elastic golden pen, strokes from the soft and velvet glove which conceals from the view the iron hands beneath, strokes which take an insinuating appearance of interest and affection. And there is a mode of exalting a sovereign which is not exaltation. There was a potentate who passed a decree for the exaltation of a Pontiff-King, he then washed his hands and left its execution to his servants. They put a purple robe on his shoulders, a sceptre in his hands, and a crown on his head, and they knelt before him, and gave him salutations, which their acts alone interpreted. The Pope is the Vicar of that Pontiff-King, the representatives of His power as of His ignominy, and the cry which was raised against the Pontiff of Pontiffs, and King of Kings, is raised against him. "We will not have this man to rule over us." Popes have often suffered great sufferings not for the people but for a certain class of Kings and Emperors, statesmen and conspirators. We may still see Pius IX. as Pius VII. It only requires another Napoleon to make another Pius VII, or his destiny may be like that of Gregory VII. When that great Pontiff had finished the conflict by which he rescued the Bishops of the Universal Church from the stifling grasp of the secular power, he died without knowing that he had conquered and saved the Church, and in his expiring moments he said: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, and therefore do I die in exile." and one of his humblest followers who prayed at his side, exclaimed: "How, my lord, dost thou say that thou diest in exile; thou art the Vicar of Christ the universe is open to thee, and the ends of the earth are thy home." But now, the whole Church is moving as it never moved before.—The hearts of the children are bound to their father and the universal voice of Bishops, priests and laymen, here as everywhere, rise up with their two hundred millions of united voices to avenge the meditation of crime, to stay the hand of sacrilege, and to cover the Father of Christendom with the shield of their devotedness.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

BANQUET TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.—On the same evening, the Archbishop of Tuam, was entertained at a grand banquet in Armstrong's Great Rooms, Castlebar. Upwards of 200 gentlemen sat down to an excellent dinner supplied by Mr. Armstrong. The banquet hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens, and a number of banners were suspended from the walls, bearing the following mottoes:—"Pius IX. quid mali fecit?"—"The Lion of the fold per quem trahitur."—"The Lion of the fold of Judah."—"Oead Mille Fallit." Above the chair was placed an excellent likeness of the Holy Father. His Grace the Archbishop, on arriving, was received with tumultuous applause. The Venerable Archdeacon Browne presided. The Archbishop's health having been drunk, amidst great enthusiasm, his Grace in reply said that he had advocated the cause of the Holy Father, however feebly, yet, with zeal, earnestness, and sincerity. (Hear, hear.) And during the proceedings he could not help calling to mind the very strange oath administered to members of Parliament, and taken or swallowed by them without any possible squeamishness, namely, that the Pope had not, nor ought to have, a single particle of temporal power in Ireland. However, it appeared to him (the Archbishop) that the Pope possessed much. (Hear, hear, and applause.) What was it brought together that day vast multitudes from Ballehadreen on the east, and from Ballina on the extreme north, from Belmullett on the west, not forgetting Achill, or even that territory which had lately welcomed one of its zealous parish priests from the distant shores of America. (Loud cheers.) He could tell the Protestant establishment, with all its dignities, that were it to stamp its foot, like the Roman general of old, there would be no response by the people, but no sooner was the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff heard than the people started from the political lethargy into which they had been sunk for six or seven years and rallied, again in their thousands, to assert the rights of their country, and the freedom of their religion. (Loud applause.)

In the course of the evening the Rev. Father Lavelle spoke on the subject of separate education. The Rev. gentleman observed all discussion on the question was now at an end, for the hierarchy of Ireland had proclaimed that the "godless colleges," and the system of education which was mislabeled "national," were dangerous to faith and morals. (Hear, hear.) It was, therefore, the paramount duty of every Catholic to come forward in the good cause and assist their venerated bishops in saving the faith of Irish Catholic children by determining to have nothing short of a pure Catholic education.—There were not in the world, as the chairman had said, a people more devoted to education than were the Irish people, as there were none more devotedly attached to the true faith. They loved education for its own sake, because they knew that when rightly governed it was the basement of religion. (Applause.) He was perfectly sure that the struggle, now commenced on the education question, between the protectors of the faith of the people on the one hand and its enemies on the other, would most certainly terminate in favour of the former. (Loud cheers.)

On the subject of the Protestant establishment, the Rev. Mr. Hardiman said it required but little logic to prove that there could be no happiness in the country until the Upsa Tree—the Church Establishment—was cut down. Why, he asked, should the Catholic people of Ireland be compelled to support such an establishment? (Hear, hear.) It was time in all conscience that they should be relieved from such an injustice. Whilst such a dead weight lay upon the energies of the Catholic people of Ireland, they never could properly exercise their energies, and therefore they should strive by all means within the law to remove the incubus. (Hear, hear.) It was not necessary to excite their sympathy or their zeal in the cause which brought them together that morning. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) The Holy Father was suffering because he loved justice—(hear, hear)—and in what manner could they better show their sympathy with him and their attachment to the holy religion of which he was the visible head than by promising to use their best exertions to do away with the church establishment? (Hear, hear.) As long as the church establishment, which he called the enemy of the Pope, existed, there would be no peace or consolation in the country. (Loud cheers.) Let then, no sneering Whig say, "They met to sympathise with the Pope, but they indulged in wild declamation against a harmless establishment." But no; they had sympathised with the Pope—they were determined to do so, come what come was—they were determined to carry war into the enemy's camp, to make war upon the church establishment, to insist that it should be removed, and in doing all this they were but giving expression to the true sympathy which would be a consolation to the illustrious Pontiff. (Applause.)

Other speeches and toasts followed, and the greatest enthusiasm and harmony prevailed.

DEATH OF THE REV. EDWARD CUSSEN, P.P. ASKEATON AND BALLYSTREAN.—We deeply regret to record the lamented death of this truly exemplary and excellent clergyman, which took place at four o'clock on Wednesday morning, at his residence, Askeaton. His illness, though not of long duration, was severe; and the piety and patience for which through life he was pre-eminent, never for a moment forsook him during the time. He bore all with perfect meekness and submission to the will of God. He lived as a father among his flock for nearly 32 years; and his affectionate and tender heart at all times deeply sympathized with them in all their concerns and struggles. He was an ardent lover of his country; and everything that related to the well-being of his fellow-men he was ever active and indefatigable in forwarding. When the hollowed cheek and furrowed brow of care presented itself for relief and comfort, his soul was filled with compassion, and he administered balm and comfort to the sufferer. In addition to other bequests, the lamented pastor has left £100 in aid of a fund for the building of a new chapel in Ballystreen. After an office and high mass on Saturday, which was attended by a vast number of the clergy of the diocese of Limerick, his remains were interred in the Church of Askeaton amid the tears of his sorrowing parishioners. May his soul rest in peace. Amen.—*Limerick Reporter.*

It is stated that the second Sunday in Lent is the day fixed for the collection of the tribute to His Holiness in the diocese of Meath.

The Rev. Dr. Ryan attended on Sunday last at St. Mary's when the sum of £240 was collected for the new Cathedral of Limerick.

REPRESENTATION OF THE KING'S COUNTY.—A telegram has just been received, announcing that Mr. Patrick O'Brien, one of our county members, has been appointed judge of Ceylon, and that Mr. Pierce Greagh intends visiting this town, for the purpose of seeking the representation of this county.—*Birr Cor. of Express.*

THE COUNTY OF CORK.—We have received letters assuring us of the readiness of two candidates to come forward to contest the county in the event of a vacancy in the representation—one Mr. Thomas St. John Grant, of Kilmurry, and the other Mr. Henry Harding, of Firville, Macroom. For the present there does not seem any probability of either gentlemen being called upon.—*Cork Examiner.*

Mr. Sullivan, M.P., has suffered a severe loss by the destruction of his extensive mills near the city of Kilkenny. It is thought that a quantity of oats, left in the kiln to dry, became ignited, and set fire to the building, which, with all the machinery it contained, has been destroyed. The premises, it is said, are insured for about £1,000—hardly a third of their value—and £4,000 will barely cover the grain loss.

William Wise, Esq., has purchased Dundanon Castle, the residence of Sir Thomas Deane.

BURTON R. DENNY, Esq., of Moyode Castle, has been appointed a magistrate for the county of Galway.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Valentine Blake, Esq., only son of Sir Thomas Blake, Bart., of Meale Castle, to the commission of the peace for the town of Galway.

THE LEGAL APPOINTMENTS.—The elevation of Mr. Fitzgerald to the bench has elicited from all portions of the press the strongest expressions of approval.—During a long and successful career at the bar Mr. Fitzgerald's abilities were, as well and severely tested, and men of all parties, as well those who agreed with him in politics and those who differed most from him are equally frank and hearty in the avowal that his well stored mind and high legal training eminently qualify him for the effective discharge of the high judicial functions that will henceforth devolve upon him. As a politician, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald has been always moderate, but always firm, in the support of advanced Liberal opinions. One of his last votes in Parliament was in favor of the Ballot, and it is generally understood that amongst his last official labors was the preparation of a tenantry bill for Ireland, of which the honorable member for Dungarvan has expressed favorable opinions.—*Freeman's Journal.*

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.—The Attorney General was to have proceeded last night to Cork to meet his constituents. It was rumored that there would be a Tory opposition. We have however, no doubt that Mr. Sergeant Denny will be elected without a contest by his constituency, who are justly proud of the ability with which he has always maintained advanced popular opinions. They have recently re-elected him on his elevation to the Solicitor Generalship, and now that he has honorably worked his way to higher advancement they will not fail to do the same.—*Freeman Jan 16.*

THE CHAIRMANSHIP OF FERMANAGH.—Intelligence has been received that Mr. Hamilton Georges, assistant barrister for Fermanagh died at Nice, where he had gone for the benefit of his health. By the demise of this amiable gentleman the chairmanship of Fermanagh has become vacant. Several persons are named as the probable successor of Mr. Georges. It is stated that Mr. Lawson, Q.C., will be the new sergeant and will retain the office of law adviser to the castle.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO FARMERS.—John Leonard, of Ennisrone, received on Monday from Mr. Luke McGuinness, of this town, the unusual sum of £31 10s. for a heifer and a pig, being £23 for the former and £8 15s for the latter.—*Connaught Witchman.*

Mr. James Martin, a distinguished Dublin merchant, has gone down to Ennis to seek the suffrages of the constituency of that borough. Mr. Martin's prospects of success are good. He is brother-in-law to the late member, now Judge Fitzgerald, a liberal Catholic, and the head of one of the first commercial houses in Ireland.

SAD DISASTER.—A correspondent of the *Trilce Chronicle*, writing from Cahoreevon on Tuesday, states that on the previous Saturday morning a man named Michael Regan, with his two sons and a man named Darby Donoghue, left Portmagee in a canoe to draw or haul up some fishing lines which had been set on the previous day. Whilst in the act of doing so the frail bark gave way, was upset, and the four men sank to rise no more.

THE EXTERMINATOR "BISHOP" LANDLORD.—Father Lavelle has addressed a spirited letter to the Lord Lieutenant, in which, alluding to the recent murder on the Tourmakeady Estate, he makes the following startling disclosures:—"Shortly before Christmas a large supply of fire and side arms were surreptitiously conveyed into this proclaimed district—by whom? By the priest? Not at all. The monks? No indeed. The peasants themselves? Far from it—but by a Protestant clergyman, from a Protestant Bishop, and served out by him among the retainers and settlers on Lord Plunket's property. Even ex-Constable Herd was not forgotten, and he, with others of equal note, and equal trustworthiness, were honoured with the carbines of constable as a matter of distinction. Supplied with belts and pouches, side and fire arms, the faithful retainers would parade the high road, and fill with no small terror timid women and children." Adverting to the lawless outrages of the Protestant ministers and their dupes, he says: "But you will ask why all this violence at all? I answer—its root and origin lie in the proselytising efforts of my Lord Plunket and his family. Not content with his rents, he would have his tenants send their children to his 'Irish Church Mission' schools. This they were obliged to do for years, against their conscience, and the laws of their Church. Twelve months ago the children were withdrawn, and since then not an hour's peace for them or for me in the parish, until now the Right Rev. Peur has some sixty families before the Court of Queen's Bench, under process of ejection. To prevent any misconception on the subject, I shall have the honor of submitting to your Excellency some letters which I have written to the Irish Chief Secretary, detailing the acts of coercion practised by his lordship's agents and family in furtherance of their proselytising views. Before concluding, I would draw the attention of your Excellency to the manner in which the coroner's jury was formed at Tourmakeady. On the one side there were twelve proselytising agents, with Lord Plunket's herd, a nominal Catholic—on the other ten Catholics. To the scandal of the neighborhood, the former voted one way, the latter another. Neither are the people satisfied with the post mortem examination, and they loudly call for another. For the rest, I don't think there is a man in Ireland whom the event has more troubled than myself. I regret it for the sake of humanity and religion. I regret it for the sake of the peace and character of the district. Whatever excitement has prevailed there those twelve months past is the sole effect of the proselytising crusade and consequent evictions. Remove the cause, and the effect ceases. But apart from all past excitement, I think I have sufficiently shown that the recent tragedy had nothing to do with religious differences, and that whatever violence prevailed was caused chiefly by proselytism and evictions. In conclusion, I implore your Excellency's most earnest attention to the sad cause of all the excitement, in the unceasing efforts to make converts of the poor people and of their children. Every succeeding year sees the small number of these 'converts' smaller still, yet will his lordship not cease his efforts nor allow his poor tenants their chief earthly happiness, that of seeing their children brought up in their own faith in the schools provided for their instruction."

THE TOURMAKEADY MURDER.—Since the above letter of Father Lavelle was written, we have learned that informations are taken against one of Lord Plunket's own employes, who was seen, gun in hand, behind the hedge, prowling about the scene of the wanton murder a short time before its perpetration. The *Dublin News* says:—"Without meaning, by any means, to prejudice his case, we must say we had, from the outset, our strong suspicions that the deed was not the act of any of the persecuted tenantry."

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY.—A woman of the name of Bridget Bourke died last week in Cashel Union Workhouse, aged 108 years. She had been an inmate of the workhouse for the last ten years.—She retained her faculties to the last. Her daughter, aged 80, is an inmate of the workhouse.—*Clonmel Chronicle.*

A WILD DISPLAY OF ORANGEMEN IN DROMORE.—The hypocritical votaries of "revivalism" pretended to believe that the millennium had arrived, that mock hysteria had sanctified all society, that Satan had been lately handcuffed by the "miraculous manifestations" of the North, and the universal brotherhood of man was no more to be interrupted by the monomania of party preponderance. How wilfully

mistaken are they! Witness this Dromore on Saturday week.—At so early an hour as half-past six o'clock on the evening, while all was still and quiet, a sudden rush of 1000 Orangemen, with drums, pipes, and all the modern auxiliaries of improved warfare, unexpectedly alarmed the villagers. The lawless band took possession of the square, yellowed, counter-marched, halted, as if for consultation, and then made a sudden rush up Meeting-street abouting as infuriated desperadoes can, and in true Orange eloquence, consigning the Pope and all his spiritual subjects to the hottest and most remote corner of Pandemonium, there to possess eternal fresh-hold by Orange consent. But fortunately at this stage of the proceedings that active, efficient, and praise-worthy officer, Sub-Inspector Studart, of Hillsborough, and a strong force of police arrived on the spot, remonstrated with the Orangemen, reasoned with them on their lawless and dangerous proceedings, and repeatedly urged on them to disperse—but in vain. Captain Studart then ordered his men to fix bayonets and form in double file across the street, thus dividing the Orange mob into two sections, each section fronted by the bristling steel of the constabulary, and the Captain, with sword in hand, ordering the Orangemen who occupied the position next the end of the town to instantly decamp, lest the sons of the crown and sceptre should teach them unexpected tactics in the stratagems of war. Several times they attempted to force through the serrated file of immovable steel, but to no purpose—a retreat was the result, and in the distance the Orange besiegers struck up a departing tune, but whether it was "Croppies lie down" or "Pare-you-well, Killavey," no mortal about Dromore is able to tell. The remaining Orange division pocketed their fife, slung the drums on the drummers' backs, and retreated past the turnpike at the respectable rate of six miles an hour!! Thus the scene ended, and the retreat is already embalmed in the local tradition of Dromore as "The Orangemen's trot to the turnpike." Some shops that had to be shut in Meeting street were again opened—the police patrolled the streets to a late hour, and all things presented the usual calm. The object of this besieging mob was to drive some three hundred navvies out of town, to the northern tune of "We'll kick the Pope before us," but men skilled in the practical mysteries of pugilistic science think that the hard-fisted "sons of the line" would not be so very easily driven from their lawful employment. The authorities have the matter before them, and there is no doubt but they will try to prevent such a silly display in future. One thing is clear that a much larger police force will be required in this town if public order is to be maintained.—Great praise is due to Captain Studart and his men for the promptitude, cool, and soldierly manner in which they acted. Surely, sir, the law is made for every subject, and the humblest member of society has as good a right to call for and get protection as the most exalted in the land.—*Cor. of Irishman.*

A SUBJECT FOR "PUNCH."—The "Boy Jones" has had his notoriety, and why should not Mr. J. Pope Hennessy become famous in the very peculiar character in which he sets up his claim to public consideration? A London correspondent of the *Dublin Evening Post* writes:—"The last joke is a caricature, in which 'the Pope' (Hennessy) is marched between two Irish Orange members to vote for the continuance of taxation for the English Church Establishment, whilst the Earl of Rosse stands in the distance, gazing with admiration at the erratic movement, through his monster telescope, and exclaiming—'Entering the perihelion—his orbit very nearly completed.'" The *Evening Mail* has the following version, which robs Mr. A. Lefroy of his just claim as the party who "bagged" Mr. Hennessy:—"Between Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Spooner, the Ultramontane champion, Mr. Pope Hennessy, marched to the defence of the fabrics of the Anglican Church."—After all there was something of manliness in this flagrant exhibition, in comparison with the attempt, made at a Catholic meeting in Ireland, to urge the people to arm in support of the Pope. The ardent zeal which prompted that insane proposition has found a fitting outlet in the companionship of Mr. Spooner, voting for Church rates in England, in opposition to every other Catholic Member in the House.

A MOTHER AND CHILD BURNED TO DEATH.—A very melancholy occurrence took place on Thursday in the parish of Moor, county Roscommon, in which two members of an industrious family lost their lives.—Michael Mea, a small farmer living on the townland of Curry, was engaged with his wife in the preparation of flax, she being in the best apartment of the cabin, she in an outhouse superintending the drying process. Some time about mid-day the deceased, Bridget Mea, was in the act of turning the flax when it came in contact with the fire, and in a moment the unfortunate woman was enveloped in flames; her screams brought her husband to the place, but only in time to witness the fearful scene of mother and child on fire. The latter, a fine boy of four years old, had, on the first alarm, ran to his mother, and clinging to her with the full strength of natural affection, was so burned that a few hours terminated his sufferings.

The *Westminster Review* one of the leading Protestant periodicals of the British Empire, has an ably written article on the subject of the late Revivals in Ireland from which we make some extracts. The writer describes the process by which the "spasms" and "convulsions" which are supposed to be the work of the Holy Ghost, are evoked:—"Promoters of revivals have learnt from experience that merely eloquent or argumentative sermons are of no avail; that the more preachers preach to the reason of their hearers the less frequently are they convinced of sin; that discourses on the several parts of the Christian doctrine and practice, and on the hatefulfulness of sin and the beauty of holiness, are rarely instrumental in saving souls;—and that the only certain way of transforming 'worldlings' into Christians is to work upon their feelings and to inspire them with terror. In the prayers of revivalists, the enormous self-sacrifices and self-mortifications involved in living a Christian life are left out of view, and nearly the whole body of Christian doctrine, each constituent of which might prove provocative of thought, lies distant in the mental horizon, being only dimly visible as the necessary background on which is depicted, with all the fervor and vividness of which the imagination is capable, an angry God, a yawning hell, to which his justice would consign the whole human race, and an atoning Saviour, by whose intercession all who believe in him, and who plead for mercy through his blood, may obtain redemption.

"There is reason to believe that during each day there is a normal alternation in the functions of the intellectual and emotional parts of the brain; that during the daylight the perceptive faculties and the reflective, which are dependent on them for data, are chiefly active; and that these reposing during the night, permit the feelings then to become more dominant; and it is well known that general and simultaneous activity, both of the intellect and of the emotions, is unnatural; that thought and feeling are antagonistic to each other. Consciously, or unconsciously, availing themselves of these laws, the promoters of these revivals wisely choose the night time as the period most favorable for putting forth all their strength. Prayer meetings are commenced after the evening service at eight or nine o'clock, and are often in times of revival continued until dawn of the following day. Then all the conditions most conducive to the object striven for may be secured. Ignorant men and women, and the youth of both sexes, ill-fed, most of them physically exhausted already by their daily toil, are crowded in a building where ventilation is generally inadequate, and where the artificial lights are sometimes so few that persons or objects in distant parts of the room are only dimly visible; the quiescence of the obser-