

"The Pope being gone, it would become the necessity for us, and for the whole of Italy to do what I shall call—feel the pulse of humanity as to our religious question. As we should do in political, so should we do in religious matters—ascertain the general opinion by a general assembly. We should summon as far as the resolution goes, the clergy; not only the clergy but all others laymen who have studied the religious question; and we should know from them the state of feeling and opinion as to religiosity. We should have the actual transformations effected in the Catholic belief by time. We should have a council by the side of the Constitutional Assembly. We should have universal suffrage, and we should know, not what is the individual religious belief, but what is the collective belief of the majority."

This is Mazzini, painted by his own hand; painted as I fancy you have never seen him before—the sworn enemy of the Church of God. I make no appeal to you on this evidence; it is far beyond the province of rhetoric. If you do not feel, like an instinct, that this is a man to be renounced as you would renounce Satan, the father of lies, if he set up his standard in proper person, there is no more to be said. "Italy must emancipate herself from the old Catholic belief!" Is there any Protestant living who, if we presumed to invite his help in Ireland with the aim of abolishing his religion, would not answer with a curse or a blow? And we, who have only one grand element in the history of our race, its loyalty to that "old Catholic" belief—who have only one consolation in the poverty of our country, that she has preserved a moral purity which no wise statesman would barter for the wealth of Carthage—we, who have been bred at the feet of Catholic mothers, and from boyhood upwards have watched, with flushed brows, the eternal conspiracy to root the creed of Patrick out of this island—what shall be our answer? I will not insult you, Thomas Meagher, by misdoubting yours.

But do you wonder, my friend, at the suspicion and wrath of Irish Catholics, when your name is coupled with this man's? Do you wonder that both should be immoderate in your case? The wrath is the reaction of a love given you in no sparing measure; the suspicion is the shadow of past errors. When I saw you last, you uttered a saying which has since become memorable among wise men for its truth; and among some of your present associates is a by-word of scorn. You said, "if Ireland is to have a new birth, she must next time be baptised in the Old Holy Well." You meant, not alone that in a country where native traditions reign supremely at every hearth, our cause must be no mimicry of foreign principles, but based securely on national and religious sympathies; you meant that we must shun the chief error of '48—the fatal error of alienating the Priests of the people, for whose help every English Government was outbidding the last. For that error I accept my full share of responsibility; though one line quoted against you was not written or spoken by me. You, too, have your share: and hence the facility with which present suspicions take root. It is no surprise to me now, how utterly we were sometimes misunderstood; we, who blinded ourselves looking intently at the goal, and overlooked the present hour. That sentiment of yours, so often flung in our path—"if the altar stand in the way of liberty, let it fall," did not outrage your friends, precisely because they knew you would go to the block for any dogma of the Church; but conceive its impression on a Priest to whom you were unknown—who found it embedded in the ferocious libels of the *Pilot* or the *Post*. And so, you have uttered from American platforms sentiments which your associates may excuse—which those who remember your last preparation for the field will be slow to interpret as an indifference to religion—but which furnish formidable and fatal weapons to your enemies. Can you realize to yourself the possibility of a genuine Christian Priest contemplating the designs of Mazzini, and pardoning an alliance with him? The thing is simply and radically impossible. He would feel a cause in which that man was concerned accursed; and that his allies labored in vain, the hand of God being against them.

Make haste, my dear old associate, to separate from the contagion of these suspicions. Set yourself right with those who mistrust or misconceive you. The cause of Ireland must be won in Ireland. All external success is contemptible if you lose ground here. You waste your life, and all our lives, if you maintain an interminable war with the most potent, permanent, and indestructible element of power in our race. I have no doubt you have been pursued with unjust suspicions and exaggerated fears; but they are the penalty of past mistakes. Accept them frankly. If you have something to forgive, have you not also something to atone for?—and something to reciprocate with those who sheltered the fugitive, and sympathized with the prisoner and the exile? Here, or nowhere, you must look for success. Our nation has lived through twenty generations of bondage, and preserved its earliest characteristics uncorrupted, because it has been true to its hereditary convictions. It is a marvel to see a people who has suffered so much still raise its head. But the condition of existence to a nation is, that it believes something in common. What fragment of Ireland holds the doctrine of the *solidarite* of nations? What fragment believes in the gang of continental Deists, who recruit their ranks from Exeter Hall, and fear to breathe the name or the wrongs of Ireland? I have no sympathy with the despots of Europe. God forbid! I detest them as much as when we sat at the same council board. But Ireland has something else to do than fight the bye-battles of the universe; and the most fatal and disorganizing demon that could take possession of her, is that shallow meddling dogmatism which wastes itself upon what does not concern it; and loses its vigor at home in cabals, to back up slavery in one hemisphere, or Deism in another. The Irish of Ireland rejoice to watch an Irish

power growing up in the great Republic, so homogeneous and so sensitive to its origin. They are proud that England should see the race she exiled springing up anew in an attitude of power and authority; and they tremble for every risk of division in its ranks. When you landed in the United States, I reminded you that, more than any man, you possessed the means of maintaining it in harmony, because you had escaped the imputation of faction at home; and I named the two men of our associates who would be your surest allies in such a task—Dillon and McGee. Would to Heaven, my friend, you were in counsel with them now! I cannot believe for a moment that the penetrating intellect of John Dillon is blind to the perils of your position—with McGee, I see, with deepest concern, that you are at open and angry war. What feud in our history is more disastrous? To forty political prisoners in Newgate, when the world seemed shut out from me for ever, I estimated Thomas Darcy McGee as I do to-day. I said, if we were about to begin our work anew, I would rather have his help than any man's of all our confederates; I said that he could do more things like a master than the best amongst us since Thomas Davis; that for two or three years I had seen him daily, and found his mind still swarming with new thoughts on the one eternal theme (like a lover's or a devotee's); that he had been sent at the last hour, on a perilous mission, and performed it, not only with unflinching courage, but with a success which had no parallel in that era; and, above all, that he has been systematically slandered by the Jacobins to an extent that would have blackened a Saint of God. Since he has been in America I have watched his career; and one thing it has never wanted, a fixed devotion to Irish interests. Who has served them with such fascinating genius? His poetry and his essays touch me like the breath of spring, and revive the buoyancy and chivalry of youth. I plunge into them like a refreshing stream "of Irish undefiled." What other man has the subtle charm to revoke our past history, and makes it live before us? If he has not loved and served his mistress, Ireland, with the fidelity of a true knight I cannot name any man who has. Ah, my dear Meagher, there are few sacrifices I would not make to see him and you side by side again. Till you are side by side, that new Irish nation will not be wholly at one, or a terror to its enemies. Your unity is an indispensable preliminary. "If the trumpet gives forth an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for battle?"

There is little more to be said. I have purposely kept out of account the complications of your difficulties by Mr. Mitchel and the *Citizen*. As far as it concerns you personally I shall continue to do so; as for the cause, you can estimate how far it is advanced by a weekly howl against all the agencies of civilization, and against every man who lifts his hand in the service of Ireland, unless it grasps the password and the pistol of a Ribbon Lodge. A nation, my friend, lives not epochs, but every day, and must at times have other nourishment for its spirit than vitriol and blood. It is a false and barren idea, that revolution is promoted by turbulence, or by narrow and angry restrictions of public action. The Chartists tried these, and ended in discomfiture and contempt. Bold and daring minds are enlisted by large schemes of adventure, in which there is place for many activities; generous and speculative ones by great projects of national advancement; but the military passion, of which these are the elements, is less opposed to Quakerism than to anarchy.

I meant to speak of our position and prospects at this hour, but the subject can wait. First, are we agreed in fundamental principles? if not, opportunities come in vain. In '82, England could not guard us from the French; in '46, she could not guard us from the Famine; in '55, we may be thrown again on our own resources. But among the resources of Ireland never will be reckoned the accomplices of Mazzini or the mimics of Marat. The latter you were never; nor, I trust in Heaven, the former.—But no tongue can answer for this but your own.

Believe me, my dear Meagher,
Your faithful friend,
C. GAVAN DUFFY.

April 25, 1854.

P.S.—I have just received the fourteenth number of the *Citizen* which follows out its only mission, with undeniable industry, by a new attack upon me. Because I declined, in the first number of the revived *Nation*, to advise an immediate reliance upon arms, I am—what you may read in the *Citizen*. Mr. Mitchel's libels are supremely indifferent to me just now; but as the same number contains a letter from you to Mr. Haughton, which, by its appearance there, in some slight degree identifies you with the paper, I have concluded to notice it.

My task has not been to roar anathemas across the Atlantic, but to deal with the friends and enemies, the opportunities and necessities of the country at arm's length. In reviving the *Nation* as soon as I crossed the threshold of Newgate, I had hope in Ireland when she had no hope in herself. In the sweltering workhouse, in the poisonous emigrant ship, in the cellars and garrets of our great cities, in dykes and ditches, the people were dying out twenty thousand a week. They could not wait for that great deliverance which the bray from a New York platform is, it seems, to afford them by-and-bye. Dead men do not make revolutions; that they might remain a people they wanted present help. Ireland had neither a force in the field, nor on the platform, nor in the Senate; and act after act came from the foreign parliament, pointed like arrows at her vitals.—If a popular organization sprung up again to beard her enemies; if at length Ireland had a party in the British Parliament, to claim and enforce her rights, the revived *Nation* is supposed to have had some influence upon these results. That this was the true

national policy, at that hour not only my own conscience, but my closest confederates of '48, assured me. You, my friend, in your first public letter from Van Diemen's Land, as if you already first saw the malignity and duplicity with which I would have to contend, employed these remarkable words; which I leave Mr. Mitchel to digest:—

"You have opened with the declaration that the independence of Ireland cannot be achieved by a sudden blow, but must be worked out in detail. Adhere to that. Submit to the most odious and irritating suspicions; submit to be called a coward and a renegade; submit to everything that is most galling to an upright, generous mind, rather than swerve one inch from the path to which that declaration leads you.

"This is my advice, since it is my deep belief that for many a long day to come, you cannot cope with England in the field. To this conclusion I have come from a patient, slow consideration of the materials with which you have to work, and the difficulties that confront you."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—A rescript has been received from Rome by the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, directing the Archbishops and bishops of Ireland to assemble in Dublin within three months of the date of the rescript, to open and inaugurate the University of Ireland. The 18th of May is fixed for the purpose.—*Limerick Reporter*.

The Redeemptorist Fathers from Limerick have opened a mission at the Cathedral, Cork.

THE CATHOLIC DECLARATION.—The committee have received communications giving them authority to add the honored names of the Most Rev. Dr. Cantwell, Lord Bishop of Meath, and the Lord Bishop of Kilkenny, to the Catholic Declaration. Twenty-seven Irish prelates have now affixed their names, as have three colonial Bishops who are at present in Ireland, so that this great national document is now graced with thirty episcopal signatures. The Bishop of Ross is in Rome, but it is expected that his lordship's signature will be, according to custom, sent forward by the Rev. Administrator. The Earl of Kenmare, Lord Castle-rosse, and the Hon. William Browne, have also directed their names to be affixed to the declaration. The committee continue to receive each day a very large addition of signatures to the declaration. Many of the leading Catholics of Dublin have already called at the committee rooms to have their names affixed, and numerous communications have arrived from various parts of the country.—*Nation*.

THE WORKING OF THE POOR LAW.—At a meeting of the Waterford Board of Guardians last week, Mr. Hamilton, Poor Law Inspector, is reported by the *News* to have said that milk was the only animal food the paupers received. They merely got food enough to keep body and soul together. The paupers must be treated like human beings. If the guardians went into the house and saw the children at supper he was sure they would be even anxious to give them more than they have at present."

We have great satisfaction in making the announcement of Mr. Dargan's determination to enter upon his contract immediately, for the Limerick and Foynes Railway, and his foreman will be here next week to commence active operations upon the line.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

IRISH ENTERPRISE.—Whilst it has been so much the habit to decry Irish enterprise, and to regard Irishmen as almost incapable of industrial exertion, it is gratifying to observe such rapid progress in a branch of industry only recently introduced into this country, as appears in the following statement which we copy from the *Southern Reporter*:—Within the past few years owing to the enterprise of the Cork Steamship Company, this port has obtained a place, of not inferior merit either, among the iron steamship depots of the kingdom. Perseveringly and quietly has this branch of ship-building developed itself on the banks of our river; and it now affords continuous and remunerative employment to no less than 300 artisans.—The expedition with which this company turns out 'screw' after 'screw,' finished in all departments in the most elegant and substantial manner, is truly astonishing, and reflects creditably on the superintendents as well as on the men employed under them.—Within a very limited period there have been launched from the building yard of the Company the Gannet, the Pelican, the Cormorant, all first class vessels—and yesterday we had the pleasure of viewing another, the Falcon, which will be launched, we understand, either this evening or to-morrow. The Falcon, like the other vessels lately built by the Cork Steamship Company, is an iron screw steamer, constructed especially for goods traffic on the Lisbon station. The tonnage has not been ascertained, but some idea of the size of the Falcon may be formed from the following measurements:—Keel, 195 feet in length; beam, 24 feet; breadth, on deck, 28 feet; and depth moulded, 17 feet. The engines which is intended to place in the vessel will be about 150 horse power. It is very gratifying to be able to state that the construction of this fine vessel, with the exception of some heavier portions of the machinery, which was imported in a rough state, will be completed in the yard of the company. It has not often been our lot to view a nobler-looking craft, and the experienced eye cannot fail to admire the extreme beauty of her lines, combining, as they do, great stability, and undoubted speed, her splendid run aft, and beautiful her entrance. We are happy to understand that immediately on the Falcon leaving her stocks, it is intended by the company to lay down another vessel, which will be of larger proportions than the Falcon. Such enterprise as this speaks for itself, and requires no comment.

SCARCITY OF WORKMEN.—Mr. Dargan has advertised for 250 men for the works at the Kilkenny side of the river. As yet he has not been able to procure anything like the requisite number.—*Waterford News*.

EMIGRATION.—The cry is still they come. On Thursday morning a large number of emigrants from different parts of the country took their departure by the Midland Great Western Railway for America. They were accompanied to the Eyre square terminus by a great concourse of friends and neighbors who gave vent to the wildest outbursts of grief on bidding them farewell. It is a matter of surprise how the population of a country that has been so thinned by famine, and already so reduced by emigration, can still send forth such numbers to swell the exodus of the Irish race, which still continues from every corner of the land. It is clear that they set more value on the free institutions of America, than they do upon the

mythical constitution of England under whose protection so many of their kindred found famine graves in the land made fruitful by their toil.—*Galway Packet*.

CORK.—Within the past ten days, upwards of 800 persons left the quays of Cork, by the Cork Steamship Company's vessels, Nimrod and Minerva, for Liverpool, en route to America. On Friday, the St. Laurence cleared out from Queenstown with 113 passengers for Quebec. On the 23rd April, the Tollenham left with 130 passengers for the same place.—The *Blanche*, at present lying in Queenstown, will clear out on Thursday with her full complement of passengers, 185 in number, for Quebec. The emigrants on board the latter vessel are pauper females, who have been sent to Quebec at the expense of the different unions to which they are chargeable.—*Cork Constitution*.

The number of emigrants who sailed from the port of New Ross, in the county of Wexford, up to the 23d ult, amount to 1,025, nearly all of whom are described as belonging to the better class of farmers. From one small district 56 left, not one of whose ages is said to have exceeded 30 years.

Large remittances have been received during the past month for the purpose of enabling friends to emigrate. The number of emigrants will be considerably augmented, as we learn that several families are making arrangements to sail for America during the ensuing month.—*Carlow Sentinel*.

THE WEATHER.—We have accounts from many of the neighboring counties of a favorable change on Wednesday and Thursday, but we are sorry to say that no such grateful visitation has been received by our parched fields in the county of Kilkenny. The grass lands are suffering severely from the drought, and the growth of the wheat and oats is not a little retarded.—*Kilkenny Moderator*.

GOVERNMENT PATRONAGE.—It is said that the responsible office of Chief Commissioner of Income-tax for Ireland will shortly be left at the disposal of Government by the resignation of Mr. John Robert Godley, who, it is added, has accepted a similar appointment on the other side of the Channel. During the very short period that Mr. Godley discharged the troublesome duties of a commissioner he contrived to conciliate all grades, and to induce the stoutest grumblers to submit with a tolerable good grace to the infliction of an impost the only charm of which, unfortunately, was that of "novelty." It is reported here that Mr. Godley's resignation may lead to some material retrenchments in the working machinery of the Irish income-tax department, but at present nothing definitive has transpired with regard to the curtailments alleged to be in contemplation.

Ireland without an army, is the subject of an article in the *Evening Post* on the state of general tranquillity which has enabled the Government to send troops from this country to the East. Eight or nine thousand men (says that journal) have already gone from Ireland to Turkey; and some thousands more will take their departure as soon as transports arrive for their conveyance. Concurrently with the withdrawal of troops there is also a process of reduction amongst the constabulary, in the abolition of what is termed the extraordinary or supplemental force, which had been placed in various localities on account of disturbances in former years. The gentry and rate-payers, finding that complete tranquillity prevailed, called upon the Government to relieve them from a needless expense for the support of those police, and they have been, in consequence, removed, in some instances.

WAR PANIC—RUN UPON THE BANKS.—The apprehensions felt by country people regarding the danger of their persons from impressment, has now extended to their pockets, for we find that those who have paper money are calling upon the banks and demanding gold in exchange. For the last two or three days the run upon the banks in this town has been very great, one would scarcely have supposed that there was so much money amongst the farming classes. We need hardly say that there is no reasonable grounds for such panic.—*Galway Packet*.

IMPRESSMENT OF SEAMEN.—If the following statement of a correspondent of the *Freeman* be true, it seems that there is, after all, some foundation for the panic which prevails amongst the peasantry, and which helps to hurry them out of the country. The writer, who gives his name, says:—We were not a little surprised this morning to hear from Innishowen that her Majesty's cruiser, which paid yesterday a visit to Innishowen Head to take coast guards for the fleet, pressed twelve men out of six fishing boats which were along the shore. This I believe to be the first instance of force having been had recourse to get men. Though business was almost suspended in the city, it seems it was no holiday with the cruiser. The cruiser did its business in a more practical manner than by keeping holidays, or by parliamentary fasting or humiliation. The same writer gives the following evidence of the retribution which is now reaching those who suffered our people to die from starvation:—The recruiting party for the line was scarcely getting any recruits in Derry. I witnessed this day a knight of the ribbon offering 6s to each five or six men who were about him, but who indignantly refused the Saxon Shilling. The recruiter told them in plain terms they might as well volunteer, as, before a week, a press gang would compel them. No wonder such men as are able to go to America are emigrating. I follow in the wake of those who refused to enlist, and I could distinctly hear them talk of the government who four years ago, did not think it worth their while to send a man-of-war with provisions, when it might have saved thousands who might now be available.—*Galway Packet*.

SACRILEGE AND ROBBERY AT THE LOUGHREA PARISH CHAPEL.—The inhabitants of this town have been thrown into the utmost consternation and alarm in consequence of a most daring robbery, committed on our parish chapel on Thursday night last, or rather on Friday morning, the 28th of April. It appears that access was made over the old rampart-wall, at the rear of the chapel, off the walks, and from thence into the sanctuary. The vile wretches did not stop at the ransacking of the vestments, Benediction cope, &c., and the taking away of a little money—the collections received on a few Sundays at the doors of the chapel, for casual expenses connected with the sacred edifice—but they actually broke open the tabernacle of the beautiful new altar, took away three chalices, and destroyed the ciborium containing the Most Holy Sacrament; some valuable candlesticks were also injured. The police, both horse and foot, were at once despatched in several directions, seeking for information to lead to the detection and conviction of the parties, but as yet no trace of them can be found.