

they explored by suspending their lamps into it from the muzzles of their muskets, but which they had not the courage to enter at that hour of night. Finally the useless search was discontinued about four o'clock in the morning, after five hours unrequited labour, and the yeomanry and police that constituted principally this disorderly expedition, were ordered back to their respective barracks at Innistymon, Corofin, and Doolin. The whole force did not quit the ground, however, for a small body, consisting of Captain Blood, Singleton, Coalpoise, and three or four privates, under pretence of lying in ambush for the return of the robbers, but in reality expecting to fall in with something valuable in the newly-found chapel, volunteered to remain on the ground till day-light.

Having stationed the privates in different parts of the ruin according to orders, the three worthies Singleton, Coalpoise, and Blood, after a copious draught from the brandy flask, were standing right over the aperture, discussing the probable treasures that a thorough exploration of the luckily-discovered chapel would disclose, when, all of a sudden, the entire space became illuminated, and an awful spectre walked across the floor, and knelt before the altar of the chapel! The three saw the unearthly visitor at once; two of them, after having fallen to earth through fear, fled; but the third, that was Captain Blood, shouldered his musket, and taking deliberate aim at the specter, fired, and, crying, 'Whether you be ghost or devil, take that, you audacious fiendish goblin!'

The report of the shot was reverberated in a thousand mournful echoes from the crypt, from the tombs of the dead, and from the arched chambers of the ruin. The night-crows and ravens, screaming pitifully, flew in terror through the gloom, and a loud clap of thunder broke from the ominous clouds above, as if to attest the indignation of Heaven at the guilty deed that was done!

O'Mara rushed distracted to the spot where the aged father was extended, and he found his heart's blood flowing on the marble pavement.

'This is a glorious day to die on, and a proper way to commemorate the martyrdom of the heroic protomartyr, St. Stephen! O'Mara, my friend, move away from this to the passage, and join the neighboring clergyman, that, as I cannot offer the divine victim, I may have the happiness of his presence to strengthen me for the final journey to the mountain of my God! Hasten, friend, you have no time to lose!'

Within one hour the priest had arrived, and after having administered the viaticum to, and anointed the aged limbs of, this heroic priest-prophet, and saint, he passed from this world to the happiness of the next on the morning of St. Stephen's day! His body was buried, according to his own directions, by the hands of O'Mara, in the mouth of the great cave where he spent so many years of his life, and where no profane foot shall tread on his tomb, till that day when the sound of the angel's trumpet shall recall it to immortality, and eternal reward.

On the streets of Innistymon, Kallenora, and Corofin, might be seen for many years after this, an old man moving about from house to house by the aid of crutches, and soliciting a few crumbs of bread for food. During the forenoon of each day he could be observed limping around the rough-cast walls of the Catholic church in one of the above-named towns, performing the stations of the cross, and on Sundays he always was the first up to the rails to communicate, and the last who left the church in the evening after the end of all the services. Nobody knew where he slept at night, nor who he was, or what was his name, or where he came from, unless, indeed, the parish priest, who was his director, and who always showed him marked respect beyond all the other beggars of the parish.

This poor homeless mendicant was no other than our old acquaintance, Terence O'Mara, successively the Enchanted Warrior, the Rapparee, and the outlaw, and, finally, the repentant sinner; who, it is to be hoped, expiated, by the austerities and penance of his latter years, the facilities and irregularities of his younger days.

THE END.

THE VERY REV. DR. MARSHALL ON IRISH FAMINES AND PROTESTANT PROSELYTISM.

On Wednesday week a meeting was held in St. Patrick's Catholic Schoolroom, Market-street, Glasgow, for the purpose of forming a committee to aid, in raising subscriptions for alleviating the distress at present existing in certain districts in Ireland.

There were about fifty people present, including the Very Rev. Dr. Marshall, and a number of Catholic clergymen.

On the motion of Mr. Adair, Dr. Marshall was called to the chair, and intimated that letters of apology had been received from Mr. Robert Campbell of Skerrington, who expressed his willingness to subscribe £2, and from Bishop Gillis, who inclosed £1.

Dr. Marshall then addressed the meeting. He said:—I desire to apologise for some of the clergy who were desirous to be present this evening, for unfortunately this happens to be Confessional night with the Church of the Sacred Heart and the Church of St. Mary's. The clergy are exceedingly sorry that they will be unable to attend; and I am desired by them to express their sympathy with our cause, and their regret at their necessary absence. You are aware for what purpose the meeting has been called, and I have to be present at it, and to take the chair at your invitation, with mingled feelings of pleasure and of pain—of pain and grief that there should be in the sufferings of so many and dear to us an occasion for such a meeting, and pleasure and readiness at the same time to respond to the call you make upon me to place my poor services at your command, and to exert such powers as I may be able to exert in behalf of a country so dear to us in the hour of bitter pressure and poverty, and at an hour when it is surrounded by so many enemies to take advantage of the miseries of their bodies in order, if possible, to entrap their souls (applause). You are aware, well aware, long aware, of the sufferings of Ireland. You know her history for centuries has been written in tears and in blood, and how the ruins that stud the country are emblems of centuries of misery, of oppression, of misrule, and of neglect, through which she has passed to the present day (applause). Her great men—and she is fertile in intellect, and vigour, and strength of mind and of body—her great men are found in all the States of Europe, are found in the various Governments of America, are found throughout our own colonies, are found in the Senate and the field, working, toiling, suffering, not for their own unhappy country—though they serve it by the

know they bring to her—but building up the cause of statesmen-craft, and the welfare of other nations and of other countries, while their own land is deprived of their services, and they have been unable to render to her the aid that she has a right to claim from them (applause). You know how at home those who are in positions of eminence, who reach the highest honours the Statesgables' them to take, are bought and sold like cattle in the market (applause). The brave and stout, and valorous have been driven into exile, and shown their talent, their ability, and their prowess; but the weak-spirited and corrupt are left at home, and have been made the engines of more tyranny and of more oppression—have been purchased slaves whose hands have helped to forge and link together the chains that bound their countrymen (loud applause). With an agriculture that, though the fertility of soil has made it rich in fruits, still brings not its advantages for the people, but is made only to subservise the interests of England, and to glut her markets with the produce of the Green Isle—with a gentry altogether disinterested from the people, they are compelled to call upon the clergy to do double work, to be not only the directors of their consciences and their guides in matters of faith, but their champions in political matters and their protectors in temporalities as well. In this miserable state a country must be frequently exposed to periods of heavy distress, and when the vast population of a country depend upon a poor root—forgive me for blaspheming the quotation—for their food, and an unkindly season and a mysterious blight deprive them of their food, the people are not only plunged into poverty and famine, but are compelled to cry out to others to help them, for they have been abandoned by those who are nearest to them at home (applause). It is true that some persons have taken upon themselves to deny the present distress, and to declare that the complaint of it is an exaggeration. The contradiction comes from official lips; but it has been couched in such sippant and insolent terms that we may well doubt whether the right hon. baronet was sober and in his sound senses at the time he uttered it (loud applause). He, in his philosophic calmness, tells us that he has unmitigated contempt for the Most Reverend Archbishop of the Metropolitan See of Dublin. Now, he would wish us to believe that he is most calm, most quiet, most tranquil in this his expression of contempt, and he tells us that he does not value the Archbishop more than a row of pins. Now, gentlemen, a row of pins is not very precious when we see it in a haberdasher's shop, or upon the toilet-table of our bed-chambers; but how, if you set down on a row of pins, would you feel? (much laughter and applause). It strikes me, in spite of his profession of philosophic calmness, that a row of pins is sticking in the most tender part of his right honourable person—(laughter and cheers) that Dr. Cullen is to him the cause of considerable irritation, in comparison to which a row of pins sticking into him is as nothing (cheers). So I go on to the rest of his statement; and when he tells me that there are, in spite of the many denials of it, plenty of potatoes still in Ireland, I am only induced to believe that one big great potato is his head (much laughter and cheers). However well we may afford to laugh and smile at this unreflex gentleman, while we pass over with the real contempt to which I am sure we all feel he is entitled, we have on the other hand the statement of persons who have known the country longer and served it better than he has done, who tell us that the distress is very considerable, and that thousands of the people in the west of Ireland are in imminent danger of starvation. This is not the only case. Some time ago, when the oracles of English opinion gloried in what they called the exodus of Irishmen from Ireland, and shouted out with cruel joy the words, 'Go with a vengeance'—when the Protestant clergymen of very great fame and place amongst their own communities thanked God publicly for the cause of that exodus, as it was a punishment on the land of Popery—at that time, when a million died of famine, and another million were driven into exile, the emissaries of a religion which the people for centuries had refused with scorn the apostles of a new gospel that had its roots in the meat-tub, came with their bribery in their hands—were most base and most active in obtaining large sums of money from the gulls that inhabit the white-cliff shores of England, in order to purchase with a mess of pottage the religious birthright of the people, and to induce them, in the agonies of starvation, to barter their souls for a little bread, and for a few clothes. We all remember that. We remember more things—the extraordinary activity displayed by this peculiar kind of Protestant apostles—for God forbid that I should imply such villainy to all Protestants, or esteem the vast majority of them to be capable to stoop to the low ungentlemanly means which these men employed in tampering with the faith of religious and Catholic Ireland (applause). We remember their activity and the large sums of money that were subscribed; we also remember the indignant refusal of the people. A million, with no hand to save them, scattered over their mountains, alone in their cabins, saw the waves that were to engulf them approach.—The father saw his wife grow pale, and thin, and bagged—he saw child after child droop down in the agonies of death—he saw the partner of his sorrows wasted to such poverty that her breast could no longer supply nourishment to her babe—he saw Death snatch them one by one, and he who began the week by asking for bread was compelled to finish it by supplicating for a coffin. While this was going on through large tracts of the country, and a large number were suffering the increasing horrors of starvation, I thank God that when the men came and said 'Here are clothes, here is food, here is money—only turn your back on the Catholic Chapel; set but one foot into the Protestant Church, and it shall be yours,' one million people answered, 'We will die first' (loud cheers). Again we are threatened with a similar visitation. Distress extends throughout the west of Ireland, and again these emissaries of what I certainly must call a supernatural religion—(laughter and applause)—are busy and active; and the old women are gathering together, and are preparing to untie their purse-strings to the reverend missionaries that shall call upon them during this month and in the month of May, when the great evangelical meetings of Dublin and London summon the illustrious orators of black-cloth and white-tie celebrity to the platforms of the Rotunda and of Exeter Hall. These apostles of a supernatural religion boast of having made converts by the thousand. I was in Ireland for several years, and I was excessively anxious to see these converts, and to hear from their own lips what really were their motives and their feelings. I never found any converts but one, and he was happily engaged with chains on his legs tugging on him at Spike Island (cheers). I can tell you a story in illustration of what kind of converts they were. One man was said to have yielded in the hour of his difficulty, and was induced to go to the Protestant church and make recantation of Catholicism. He was to make his appearance at twelve o'clock one day, but at six o'clock in the morning he was seen to enter the Catholic Chapel, and making the sign of the Cross, was heard to say:—'Good-bye to Almighty God for about a month' (laughter). I will now conclude what I have to say by commenting this good work to you, and asking you to turn back your thoughts to the land that gave you and your sires birth, asking you to remember the lofty mountains and the green valleys, and the homes where your mothers taught you to lip the names of Jesus and of Mary, and how to bless one another with the name of Patrick. I will ask you to turn your thoughts and memories back to those Lomes, and there to see those who are so near to you by kith and blood—I will ask you to imagine them in the agonies of starvation, suffering from want, extending their hands to you and saying, 'We refused the bribe of the stranger, and with fraternal affection we will receive the assistance of our kindred' (loud applause).

Mr. Adair then proposed a list of gentlemen to act as a committee, which was unanimously adopted. The meeting then separated.

LECTURES IN THE PRO-CATHEDRAL, SAINT MARY'S, MOORFIELDS, BY DR. GILBERT.

'Do you see all these things? Amen, I say to you there shall not be left a stone upon a stone that shall not be destroyed.' This was the succinct prediction of Jesus in reply to the Apostles, when with justifiable emulation they thronged round their retiring Master, whom they detained to point out the grandeur and glory of the Temple of Solomon. On this remarkable prophecy Doctor Gilbert delivered the fifth and last of his lectures, in Saint Mary's church on Palm Sunday. He rapidly reviewed his preceding lectures by tracing the works of creation through the geological ages, epitomizing the narration of Genesis and the succeeding books of the old law, elucidated portions of the New Testament to establish the truth that miracles had been the medium through which the Creator perfected His works by the laws of Providence for the protection of men.

The solidification of rocks, marking the path of the ocean, the preservation of dry land from being submerged in the sea, and other laws impressed on matter, are marvellous as the mechanism of the heavens. The miracles of Moses at the Court of Pharaoh and in the desert, the moist and dry fleeces of Gideon, the shadow cast in the sickness of Ezechias, Daniel in the lions' den, and the youths in the fiery furnace, incidents in the lives of Elias and Ezeles, were events out of the common order of nature. And if miracles became an outward element of the Mosaic law they assumed the form of bulwarks to the Christian dispensation. They were the defence of the Apostles, by whom barbarous nations were converted from Heathenism, and empire, the most civilized, abandoned philosophy to accept the strange faith.

The sixteenth century opened a new vista; for when the Reformers commenced their crusade against Catholicity the followers of the old faith in all simplicity asked them to establish their mission by exercising miraculous power. This attendant on sanctity reformed did not possess, and they boldly answered, miracles were not necessary to attest their divine mission. The days of miracles were passed away for ever. This denial loosened the keystone of the arch of Reform, and ever since it has remained a ruin, which, though innovation may adorn, time can never rebuild. This irreparable blunder of denying miracles can never be effaced. It is true that the first denial did not include the miracles of Christ and his Apostles, this would be a boldness beyond their daring; this was reserved for scientific researches of a future day. But to the early reformers he awarded the bad eminence of admitting all kinds of heretodox opinions into their doctrine, when they questioned the continuation of miracles to the Church of Christ. The infidels rejoice; for what they could not achieve, the reformers accomplished, and they ironically compared that the schematics to mere repeating the rent in the seamless garment with the patriarchal youth's coat of many colors. What Beza and Zuingle, Hegel and Carlyle have all but concluded, namely the threefold division and union of theism, deism, and pantheism whose dogma seems to recognise Heinrich Heine's satanic exclamation, 'I am no child, I don't want a Heavenly Father any more.'

In lamenting the unhappy medley of mysticism and incredulity that distinguishes the German school of theology, and is so extensively diffused over that country, Doctor Gilbert commented upon the evil that truth endured through scepticism casting discredit upon miracles wrought in the past Apostolic ages, he selected two proofs that were historically true. The first was, what is known by writers of the second century as the incident of the Thundering Legion, whose history is briefly this. About two hundred years after the commencement of the Christian era, the Emperor Marcus Aurelius led in person his army against the Sarmatians. Faint with heat and thirst the Roman soldiers shrunk from encountering their German foes, and the Emperor besought his gods in vain; when, lo! a legion of his host was seen to bend their knees to the burning earth, rest their javelins against their breasts, and with outstretched hands supplicate God to assuage their thirst, give them strength and courage to conquer their foes, and avenge the indignities done to his sacred name. Suddenly the sky became overcast, cloud rolled on cloud, and thunder and lightning succeeded each other in destructive succession, as the sequel proved; for while abundant rain fell to refresh and strengthen the Romans, the Sarmatians assailed by the storm fled panic-stricken; some wounded to death, and others fell an easy prey to their pursuers. The men who prayed were Christians, and the reward of their prayers was a miracle. Doubtless many persons will say, 'Oh what an interesting story for a nursery; or for a legend—'tis a pity it's truth is doubtful, or, at least easily explained by natural causes; rain may have descended then naturally as at any other time; and the hellenic scoff of Schlimmer, or the quaint taunt of Manrice will add; 'don't forget that medals were cast to commemorate the event, on which was represented the Emperor kneeling and propitiating Jupiter for the victory.' True, medals bear the effigy of Aurelian Caesar returning thanks, but when we remember that he cruelly persecuted the Christians before the battle, and not only relaxed the penal code in operation against them; but imposed pains and penalties upon their accusers; and when we find that the voice of contemporaries, Bishops and Pro-Consuls addressed the Emperor and record the circumstance to the army as a victory won by the Christians through prayer to their God, even doubters of miracles will pause before they distrust the event of its supernatural reality. Busenius, the ecclesiastical historian, gravely narrates the circumstance as one whose only solution could be sought in divine interposition. Nature bowed before elements it neither evoked nor could control.

The Rev. Lecturer added another from history. The Emperor Julian conceived the idea of rebuilding the temple of Solomon; and otherwise restoring Jerusalem to its former grandeur, less in a politic view did he contemplate the restoration than to discredit the prophecy of Jesus, whom he contemptuously called the Galilean. The enterprise was too congenial to the outward nationality of the Jews not to be received with enthusiastic and universal support. The Spirit of Nemiah seemed to nerve every arm, and hundreds of thousands of the scattered wanderers returned to sojourn in the city of desolation. The temple ruins were to be removed, and by night and by day thousands of zealots worked in the foundations, wealth sought to outdo zeal; silver pickaxes severed the stones, and the rubbish was carried away in aprons of cloth of gold. Many a Jewish maiden sang Deborah's canticle, breathed Esther's prayer, or thought of Judith's heroism, as unconscious of plague they toiled in the vast foundations from which, when the last stone was cast out, the prophecy of Christ was fulfilled—'There shall not be left a stone upon a stone.'

Silver mattocks were succeeded by golden trowels, and jewel-studded apron strings were tied and their fair wearers led from their toil as under supervision of the architect, Olympus of Antioch; blocks of granite equal to Hieus's was lowered from Archimedean cranes. The silent glebe rejected the heavy load. An earthquake ensued, and balls of fire issued from the foundations upon the panic-stricken workmen who fled in dismay. Again and again the attempt was repeated, and at each time the threats and the promises of the Emperor accompanied the important endeavor to thwart the words—'Not a stone upon a stone.' Many an act of daring was accomplished in defiance of earthquake and fire, but when repeated failures were joined to destruction and death, the baffled Apostate found that the still small voice of the Galilean was louder than the thunders of Pagan Rome. He was frustrated, a miracle marred his most elaborate and malignant designs.

Here as in the former incident heathen authors bear testimony to the event. Socrates and Ruminus corroborate the statement of St. Gregory; and modern sceptics must acknowledge that the uniformity of nature's laws was invaded by the mysterious issue of fire and an earthquake in a rocky city where such convulsions had never before nor have been since. The solemn truth is, that miracles ever have been since Eve plucked the fruit in Eden until the angels sang to the shepherds at Bethlehem. A pre-ange to the astounding ones wrought by Christ and his Apostles. And miracles shall continue as long as He, who raised the widow's son, is tenderly solicitous to alleviate the sufferings or strengthen the faith of those whom he came to redeem.

Nor is the Church so credulous in receiving miracles as its enemies would lead the world to suppose. The reverse is the truth, and no court of civil or criminal jurisprudence, where character, life, and property are at stake, is more keenly scrupulous to investigate statement, surround depositions with doubt, cross-examine witnesses and suspend judgment, than the Court established at Rome in matters pertaining to reputed miracles are submitted to its consideration.

Doctor Gilbert concluded by moral reflections upon the ingratitude of those who, forgetful of their Creator, worship themselves by self-love, and by misplacing their affections on creatures, rob God of his glory, become their own base, and a contagious evil, as fast as their ill-omened influence extends.—Weekly Register.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The Corporation of Clonmel, on the motion of Alderman Backett, seconded by Alderman Wright, have adopted a memorial in favor of a Charter for the Catholic University. There was but one dissentient voice, that of Mr. Fitzgerald.

We (says the Dublin Nation) have great pleasure in publishing the list of subscriptions from Canada for the relief of the distressed poor of the West of Ireland, which appears in our columns. The generous donors may feel certain that their monies, distributed by the kindly hands of the Archbishop of Tuam, will be the alleviation of many a pang, will banish the fiend hunger, for a time at least, from many an Irish home, and will earn for them the prayers and the blessings of many a grateful heart.

THE DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.—The subscriptions to the fund towards relieving the suffering poor in the west and south-western districts of Ireland are gradually coming in, and up to Monday the amount in the hands of Mr. Hugh Cullen, the treasurer, was nearly £800.—Liverpool Mercury.

REPRESENTATION OF SLEIGO.—We have heard, on what we consider good authority, in the event of a general election, one, at least, of the present members for the county of Sligo will not again offer himself as a candidate. It is well known that the Liberal electors are in a large majority on the registry, and it only requires a determination to act together to ensure the return of men of their choice. In the ordinary course of events, the present parliament is not likely to last much longer; in fact, there is a feeling prevalent to the effect that this is its last session; therefore, the constituencies, not only of Sligo county and borough, but throughout the country, should 'get their houses in order,' and this can only be effectually accomplished by the establishment of Liberal Clubs, with tried, trusted, sensible men at their head. Never was there a period in our history, when Ireland more required honest, outspoken men to represent her in parliament, and it will be the fault of the electors if the want be not supplied at the next general election.—Sligo Champion.

THE LONGFORD ELECTION.—The Queen's Ministers have met with their second rebuff in the matter of the Longford election. Before the investigation by a Parliamentary committee, of the terrible string of charges against the clergy and people of Longford, which the new Irish Lord of the Treasury has thought it not indecent to cram into his petition against the return of Major O'Reilly, it was considered a clever dodge to get up a series of prosecutions against the opponent of the Government at the late election, and to put a Priest in the foreground. Accordingly, the late Rev. Father Fitzgerald, of Newtown-Forbes, has been 'had up' before the Petty Session for riot and sundry other crimes and misdemeanors against Her Majesty's peace nominally, but really against Lord Palmerston's Irish Secretary and Irish Lord of the Treasury. It appears that before the election Col. White took up his quarters at Low Grounds, and the host's steward, of course, felt it his duty to get up a demonstration in favor of his master's guest.—The Mot d'ordre went forth from Castle Forbes that the inhabitants of Newtown-Forbes should illuminate their houses. The people in general objected, lest the blaze of penny dips might, as it undoubtedly would be, blazoned abroad as a display of popular feeling in favor of the Government candidate. A riot was likely to ensue between the populace and the retainers of the Castle, when the Priest interposed, and, as usual, by his influence, quelled the incipient tumult. But an indispensable preliminary to the restoration of tranquillity was the abandonment of the idea of an illumination and to obtain this concession, Father Fitzgerald had some trouble with the distinguished partisans of the Treasury Lord. He succeeded, however, and for this crime he has been prosecuted at the instance of the Government, and acquitted. Will Lord Palmerston permit his Ministry to be trailed through more dirt, and exposed to a third and still more ignominious defeat?—Weekly Register.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE IN WATERFORD.—What pleasure it affords us to be able to state that the Christian Brothers and the Catholic Young Men's Society of Waterford have formed classes for teaching our own expressive, vigorous, sweet, and heart-melting native tongue. To the Christian Brothers of Waterford, as well as to the Young Men's Society we offer our heartfelt thanks for their patriotic zeal towards the preservation of the richest language in the world. The schools of the Christian Brothers are grand nuclei for the instruction of a language, by means of which the Catholic faith, through the preaching of St. Patrick, was established in this island.—Corker's Patriot.

REDUCTION OF RENT.—The public will be glad to learn that Sir Henry Marsh, 'flowing in the footsteps of his good and honored father, is setting a noble example to the landlords of the county Kilkenny. A few days ago Mr. Cahill, the respected agent, came to Killogeary to collect Sir Henry's rents, and by Sir Henry's instructions, allowed a reduction of 20 per cent. Villiers Stewart, Esq., has also made an abatement of 20 per cent. to all his tenants, to compensate for loss of crops, &c., this season. Mr. Stewart is one of the best landlords in the county, and he is beloved by the tenantry.—Kilkenny Journal.

THE O'DONOGHUE, M.P., AND THE NATIONAL BROTHERHOOD.—The following letter has been addressed to the editor of the Citizen:—'Derryquin Castle, Kenmare, April 9, 1862. Sir—Your correspondent, 'A Catholic Working Man,' is mistaken in supposing that I am a member of the society of the National Brotherhood of St. Patrick. You will oblige me by giving this correction a place in the next number of the Citizen.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, 'O'Donoghue.'

Mr. Maguire, M.P., has addressed the following letter to the Editor of the Morning News:—'Cork, April 15, 1862. My Dear Sir—As you must have seen, by the report in the newspapers, it was not possible for me, at least with any advantage to the cause of our poor people, to have persevered in my motion on Friday night. The adjournment of the house for the Easter holidays gave precedence to Sir George Bowyer, and till long after one o'clock on Saturday morning, I was, therefore, obliged to postpone my motion to Friday, the 2nd of May, when I expect it to come out at an early hour.

'My object in now writing to you is to impress upon the friends of the afflicted the necessity of communicating to me such well-authenticated facts as would truly represent the condition of their several districts, and, above all things, of not leading me astray by exaggeration or over-statement. From my own knowledge of the state of the South, I can easily understand how sad must be the sufferings of the people in other parts of Ireland, especially the West; but I have to convince others that the condition of large masses of the people of our country is so deplorable, and so urgent, as to demand the serious attention of the Government.

'From the first, the Government have denied the existence of more than ordinary distress. Indeed, I must admit, the Government—I speak of the Irish Executive—find themselves placed in a false position in consequence of their repeated and ostentatious laudation of Irish prosperity, and their congratulations upon the wonderful progress which we have been making—making in imagination, I am sorry to say, and not in reality. They are now only consistent in denying the misery and wretchedness which prevail in many, many districts of this country, and that there is any reason for apprehension in the months which usually precede the getting in of the harvest. To meet this systematic denial, this official incredulity, we, who are compelled by the presence and pressure of the evil, to hold a different opinion, must have facts—if possible, facts demonstrated by sworn evidence. Deaths have been traced to want of food; but the Government are prepared to assert—indeed, have asserted—that these deaths were not attributable in any degree to starvation. We believe that death has, in several instances, been either caused by actual want of food, or accelerated thereby; and this is just what the friends of the poor must assist me in proving.

'I would, therefore, earnestly request that those to whom cases of death from want of food are known, or may be known, between this and the end of this month, will kindly communicate with me—addressing their letters to the House of Commons—and will state each case as simply and as circumstantially as possible. I shall only add my respectful advice that 'inquests' should be held in every case that unfortunately may occur; for, as we are met by reiterated denials—denials which, coming from the source they do, blunt the edge of sympathy, and close the half-opened hand of charity—we must avail ourselves of every just and lawful means of driving conviction home to the minds of men. We must satisfy those, at least, who are not officials of the Irish Government, and who have not committed themselves by triumphant proclamations of prosperity, and persistent denials of the existence of the distress, that the appeals which have been made on behalf of an afflicted people were but too well justified by the real state of the case.—My dear Sir, yours faithfully, 'JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE.'

How TO GET UP AN ILLUMINATION.—Some time ago we described the manner in which 'grateful addresses' from Irish tenants to their landlords are prepared. We showed that they were in most cases concocted by the landlord himself, or his agent, and signed by tenants who dare not refuse. There are, we are glad to say, many hundreds of landlords in Ireland who deserve to be, and who are, loved by their tenantry, but the country bears little of those men; their character needs no white-washing; they do their acts of justice and of kindness unostentatiously, and have no desire to parade before the public as good geni. When writing of the addresses, however, we said nothing of the bonfires and illuminations. With regard to them, indeed the rule is pretty much the same. 'The Master' has just come home from England with his intended brother-in-law or mother-in-law, or other friend, and he wishes to show how much of a well-beloved chieftain he is in his own place—or the master was been assailed by an anonymous correspondent in a local paper, who said that he was grinding the unfortunate tenantry in a most atrocious manner, and was hated with a terrible hatred by every man of them—or, perhaps, it has become notorious, some misguided creature fired a blunderbuss at the Master's few evening since—and in these circumstances a demonstration of popular regard is resolved upon. An address is a very good thing. It can allude feelingly to the reckless slanders that have been published against that model of a landlord, Lord or Mr. So-and-so, who does not skin the poor, or wring the last farthing out of a rack-rented tenantry; it can be piously thankful that the life of that excellent man, who does not assail the purity of his tenants' daughters, is yet spared to a country which he adorns, and a people who reverence his name. It affords too an opportunity for a neat reply, in which estimable moral principles, and the most generous and enlightened ideas, are put forth in such a manner as might cause the world to say, 'Dear me, what a noble-minded person! His property must be a little paradise.' Yes, the address is a very good thing indeed, but then it is some-what slow and formal; and on the whole, in certain cases, the bonfires and illuminations are preferable. They are more picturesque, and there is more excitement about them. The little boys and girls run out to see them; the men and women (who are paid for it) cheer lustily, and it may be display 'flags' extemporized for the occasion out of various articles of wearing apparel; and, where the influence of half a barrel of porter is added, there is amongst the rejoicing people an exuberance of action and of noise which is supposed to be the consequence of a sincere enthusiasm, and an ardent devotion to the person of 'his honor,' the landlord. If any one has the slightest doubt that popular demonstrations of this sort are 'ordered' in Ireland, he has but to read the evidence given in the trial at Longford, a report of which will be found in our columns. From it he will learn the whole modus operandi of a popular illumination in a village owned by a great man. Col. White was about to visit Lord Granard at the castle, and Lord Granard sent orders to his tenants in the village of Newtownforbes, that they should illuminate their houses in honor of the occasion. This illumination was meant to appear as the spontaneous act of the inhabitants—a proceeding prompted by their heartfelt love for their landlord and high respect for his guest. It was to be, as it were, an indication of a close sympathy between him and his tenantry, leading them to rejoice when he rejoiced, welcome whom he welcomed, and reject whom he rejected. If it was not to be this, then it was worth nothing. Once publicly known to be the personal act of Lord Granard, it could be regarded only as a personal compliment which his lordship could have as well paid in his own house. The lighting up of his lordship's back kitchen, scullery, and stables, would in that case be quite as significant as the illumination of Newtownforbes. But the last named proceed-