

You don't mean to find fault with him, do you, for saving your life?"

"Saving my life! indeed! I tell you that was all a sham!"

"Then your horse must have been in the fault."

"Pshaw! the horse, who frightened the horse? Tell me that now."

"Why, perhaps, the beggarman—or his bag!"

"Yes, that may do for the quarry; but then there must have been another individual, with or without a bag, in waiting at the limekiln."

"Very true, Mr. Esmond; very true," and the Dean began poking the fire with a meditative air, while Moran took out his note-book and wrote, more, apparently, to satisfy the self-opinionated old man than from any necessity there was to commit the affair to paper.

"Humph! humph!" soliloquized Moran as his pen flew over the paper with professional rapidity; "let us see now how the case stands. Mr. Esmond deposes that being on his way from Esmond Hall to Rose Lodge, his horse took fright, and by a retrograde movement towards a stone-quarry in the vicinity would have precipitated deponent and his wife thereinto, had not a beggarman, minus bag, caught hold of the bridle, and persuaded the obstinate animal to resume his onward course. Is not that right, Mr. Esmond?"

"Perfectly correct, sir, perfectly correct!"

"Whereas said beggarman, plus bag, walked by the side of the gig till a certain limekiln was reached, where, and when deponent's horse took fright again, when said beggarman, with felonious intent, as deponent saith, did again take forcible possession of the reins, and enunciating the remarkable word 'Remember,' whether addressed to the horse or some unknown individual deponent saith not—not having the fear of God before his eyes, did feloniously lead the animal some distance on his way, then and there feloniously bethinking himself to parts unknown, all which facts doth clearly indicate in the mind of this deponent, a dangerous conspiracy against his life—an I still correct, Mr. Esmond?"

"Yes—on the whole—but—ahem!" pulling up his collar, and establishing his head therein with a vehement jerk, "pray, Mr. Moran, what is your own opinion of the matter?"

"My opinion," said Moran gravely, "is, that you owe your life twice to that same beggarman during that short journey!"

"And yours, Dean?"

"Precisely the same as Mr. Moran's—no reasonable doubt can be entertained that your life was in danger from some concealed enemy, and that you owe your safety, and perhaps that of your wife, to the protecting presence of that mendicant."

"Oh, hang the mendicant!" angrily broke in Esmond; "if I don't clear the country of these sturdy bang-beggars before I'm many weeks older, never call me an efficient magistrate—that's all."

"Well, Moran, after that we may go, I think," said the Dean rising, as did Moran, both looking the indignation they felt; "we have learned two useful lessons to-night, one of which is never to save any one's life without permission asked and received; the other is, never to obey a summons from Rose Lodge without a written certificate of actual necessity. A good evening, Mr. Esmond."

And declining all entreaties to remain longer the gentlemen mounted their horses and bade adieu to Rose Lodge.

(To be continued.)

HENRI MARTIN ON IRELAND.

Les Antiquités Irlandaises. Notes de Voyage. Par Henri Martin. Paris.

[BOOKCLOSING NOTICE]

The extreme picturesque beauty of Ireland—a land for which nature has done so much and man so little—along with the rich fertility of the soil, and its uncalculated advantages of seaboard for trading purposes, seem to have struck M. Martin with surprise. Ireland is synonymous on the Continent with famine, misery, and desolation; but he found, to his astonishment, a country rich to excess in all the natural gifts that could make a nation great and a people prosperous; and he records, in terms of wonder and admiration, his impressions of "the vast bays, the bold capes, the grand harbours of the Western coast, worthy of comparison with those of Brest or Toulon, where whole fleets might anchor safely"—magnificent portals to the ocean highway between Europe and America, through which might pass the commerce of two worlds. He saw the Shannon, "rolling in majesty for sixty miles before it meets the ocean; and takes as large an inland sea; and the exquisite river Lee, flowing on amid scenes of beauty which Europe could not surpass;" yet, amidst all this prodigious wealth of nature, he saw the people dying out from want and hunger—perishing off the face of the earth, because they cannot find the means to support life. Here was a startling problem for the French philosopher—a problem well worth the study of all philosophers of this advanced, enlightened nineteenth century, who behold the population of the most fertile country of Western Europe steadily diminishing at the rate of a million a decade. But M. Martin's principal object of study was antiquities—the existing past, and not the perishing present. He proceeded onwards to those wonderful temples of antiquity—New Grange and Dowth—which, from an examination of all known on the subject, he believes to have been built by the Tuatha de Danaan race of kings, as royal sepulchres, and he pays a just tribute of praise to "the extraordinary exactitude with which Mr. Wilde has described the sepulchral chambers in his Catalogue of the Antiquities of Stone." He finds an extreme analogy between the symbols and ornamentation of the celebrated cavern of Gavr Inis, in Normandy, and those of New Grange, and calls them "dialects of the one sacred language." These symbols—the serpent coils, circles, irregular spirals, and other mystic forms and groups of lines, all manifesting some definite but mysterious idea—demand, he says, a fuller investigation from the erudition of all Europe—"Whether religious or astronomical, one sees in them the original principle of all Celtic ornamentation, from Scandinavia to Italy." Here, in this tomb of New Grange, we stand face to face with the thoughts of our first fathers, but given in symbols that none can now decipher—symbols that still continued to pervade all decorative art, from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, even for hundreds of years after this mysterious race had passed away from continental Europe, and lain down to rest in Ireland in those eternal tombs.

From New Grange the enterprising French savant made a pilgrimage to the Seven Churches, and on his route had an opportunity of admiring the Bay of Dublin, "one of the most beautiful in the world," and Killiney, "crowned with palaces, and with all

its magnificent panorama of land and ocean, mountains and valleys; Bray Head, suspended over the sea like a great, overhanging cornice, the massive portal to the enchanted land of mountain, vale, and river; of holy memories and glorious beauty, within which lies the sombre, solemn valley of Glendalough and the Seven Churches." The early ecclesiastical architecture of Ireland, of the transition period between Druidism and Christianity, he considers worthy the profoundest attention of all archaeologists; he studied it not alone at Glendalough, but at Mellifont and Monasterboice. The three famous crosses there, with their bold, original, and beautiful sculptured figures and symbols, are worth alone, he declares, all the trouble of a journey from the Continent. "Foreign antiquaries are already acquainted with them from M. Dunoyer's admirable sketches, but nothing can equal the impression one receives from beholding these magnificent monuments themselves, still standing where they have stood almost from the time of Charlemagne—great books of stone, we may call them, on which are written revelations of ancient Celtic art that can nowhere else be met with. The costumes, the physiognomy, the legends, the ornaments of antique Ireland are here miraculously preserved for posterity. The two warriors, with the flowing hair, shaved chin, and enormous moustache, who are first represented menacing the priest with their uplifted swords, and then humbly praying to him, are of the same people as Strabo and Ptolemy have described. France has few vestiges of such a remote epoch. The sculptured crosses of Brittany date only from the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries. There exists absolutely on the Continent nothing equal to those crosses of Monasterboice."

M. Martin also visited Maynooth, and found with pleasure the ancient Irish language flourishing there under the presidency of the learned Rev. Dr. Russell, eminent for his knowledge of the Celtic literature and language; and at a few steps from the college he beheld with interest the ancient castle of the Geraldines, preserved with religious care by the present Duke as a monument of his powerful ancestors, and also the splendid modern residence of the family. "When I entered this noble park," he says, "I seemed like one walking in a dream amid well-known scenes. The unfortunate hero of '98, chief of the United Irishmen, who wished to found a Republic in Ireland with the aid of Republican France, had first kindled my youthful sympathy for Ireland, and my first efforts. It was not without emotion that I received hospitality in the beautiful place where Lord Edward Fitzgerald was born, where he had lived, and where his name is still so honourably represented."

M. Martin also studied the physical character of the Irish with interest, for "human races are also monuments of history, and monuments less variable than is commonly imagined." Tradition affirms that the first race, the Firbolg, was small, dark, and black-haired; the second, the Tuatha de Danaans, a large, massive, fair-haired people, the true type of ancient Gaul; and the Milesian, a fair, brown-haired race. Of these three, the Milesian seems to him to preponderate at the present day. He saw but few remains of the genuine Iberian type, with Spanish depth of colour in eyes, skin, and hair—not even at Cork or Killarney, where he had expected to find the Iberian type dominant. "As a general rule, all Ireland is blue-eyed, and brown-haired, and fair-complexioned. Even at the Gap of Dunloe, the mountain-pass of the Upper Lake, I saw a group of magnificent, fair-haired children, and a tall, robust young girl, with the fair, floating hair, blue eyes, and large white arms of the true Gaulish type, who looked as if she could fling down fragments of the huge rocks on an invading enemy—like an historic heroine of ancient Gaul."

Our experience, however, differs on this one point from that of the observant Frenchman. We saw no blue eyes nor fair Gaulish locks in Kerry, nor along the West coast of Ireland; but, on the contrary, massive coils of blue black Spanish hair, and the large, dark grey eyes, with black fringes, so peculiar to the Irish of the West and South—eyes rarely met with out of Ireland, and as characteristic of the true Irish as the red or fair hair and blue eyes of the East and North coasts are of the English and Scotch settlers. In Antwerp one finds the handsome grey eyes, almost identical with the Irish. Indeed, the Antwerp physiognomy bears a singular resemblance to the Irish, and is the result of the same cause—the blending of a blue-eyed people with the dark-eyed Spanish race.

But we must not quarrel with the genial Frenchman because he ignores the Spanish taint in our complexion, and sees only the Saxon taint. He has written of Ireland warmly and kindly, and we are gratified by the interest he manifests in our nation and our history. The visits of such men as M. Martin, learned, dispassionate, and acute, will do much towards dispelling the ignorance concerning Ireland which prevails so lamentably abroad. Foreign nations will learn that our country is not a land of universal dreary bog, and necessary perennial famine, but a land of beauty and rich fertility; that it is only "Man hath cursed what Heaven hath made so glorious." And the faults and errors of man may pass away; they are transitory and evanescent; but the grand gifts of nature are enduring, our heritage for all time.

It is singular, that it is the Ireland of the past, of thousands of years ago, that is now exciting the interest of the learned of Europe and attracting them to our shores. The magic of the old Tuatha de Danaans still lives in their works; and conjures over many a wandering star that would else never have crossed our orbit. Quite recently M. Boucher de Perthes, of Normandy; the learned Professor Neilson, of Sweden; M. Troyon, of Geneva, author of "The Lacustrine Habitations," and others, have visited Dublin, for the sole purpose of examining the Antiquarian Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. Would that we could show them our national treasures better housed and better displayed! Foreigners who have beheld the magnificent museum of Copenhagen and Berlin, and the handsome edifices devoted to national antiquities in even the minor cities abroad, must wonder at our indifference, or pity our poverty. Yet, we have an exchequer rich enough to send up £20,000 in smoke for one night's illumination; and to bestow an income of £300 a day on our young Prince and Princess, though it can only afford to give £300 a year for the advancement of Science, Literature, and Archaeology in the Royal Irish Academy, the only institution of the kind that we possess in Ireland.

M. Henri Martin's essay, brief as it is, shows the interest and the accuracy with which he studied the Ireland of the past. "I have attained," he says, "my object in writing if I can arouse the attention of the learned and literary men of Europe to a sense of the utility of establishing closer relations with the distinguished archaeologists of Ireland, who have so ably prepared the way for the profound study of all that concerns our common ancestors—a field of investigation which, but for their patient and erudite labours, would be still as inaccessible as it was thirty years ago." A whole generation of workers has preceded us there—the ancient annals and laws of Ireland, the traditions, even the bardic legends and fables, so full of vivid fancy and beauty, are all indispensable auxiliaries to the critical study of history; and for the historian, the antiquary, and the poet, Ireland is a mine not easily exhausted."

We trust that M. Martin's kind, wise wish may be fulfilled. Science will be advanced by mutual help, and sympathy abroad will recompense, in some degree, our patient, silent toilers in antiquarian science for indifference at home. Learned men have passed away from amongst us—the best Celtic scholars of the age—men such as all Europe cannot replace, who lived wearily, and died sadly, almost unaided and unrewarded through long years of mental toil, for the sake of science and love of their own old country; for it is not from an alien government that we can expect interest for, or aid in elucidating the history

and antiquities of Ireland. England cares for neither; if she did, O'Donovan and Eugene O'Curry would not have been left to live on the miserable stipend allotted to them by government, nor left to die in the prime of their mental powers—broken-hearted from over-work, over-anxiety, and absolute want of the means for the proper support of their families. The recognition, therefore, and friendly sympathy of other lands have a peculiar value for the learned men amongst us who still toil in the dreary furrows of Irish antiquarian research. Though unaided, and even discouraged many a time by opposing influences and the want of free, generous State support, yet it shows them they have not altogether laboured in vain, and thus they may be stimulated to future exertion.—*Nation.*

WHIG BISHOPS.

The curious controversy made popular by Dr. Colenso is not very particularly interesting to us, but rather wearisome, and even antiquated, for our ancient Doctors more than a thousand years ago were pestered by similar objections, which they answered when they thought it worth their while, and we have entered upon their labours, and the Faith still lives. Learned heathens and captious heretics took their places at the devil's wheel, and ground his chaff which they afterwards offered to the Faithful as wholesome meal. Even Julian the Apostate, Emperor though he was, found himself sentenced by his relentless master to the same irksome task, and produced such objections to the sacred Book as he could forge out of his imperial brain. Porphyry the scientific, and Galen the doctor, tried their willing hands at the same works, but they never made much of the matter; and their labours, quite as valuable as those of those of Dr. Colenso, are now regarded merely as monuments of human stupidity, the loss of which nobody regrets.

The Protestant public is concerned in this present trouble more than we are; our share in the matter lies in endurance of the outrage done to the Sacred Writings, and in making what reparation we can for the insult. If a Catholic were to enter directly into this controversy he must either labour to prove the first principles be holds, or accept those held by the African doctor of the University of Cambridge. Dr. Colenso has much to learn before he can master the elements of the controversy he has stirred up, and it is hopeless to expect of him in his present position that he should go again to school, from which like most boys he probably came out with more pleasure than wit in.

One singular fact in this dispute is the respectability of those Anglican Bishops who some 16 years ago were regarded by their brethren with as much dislike as Dr. Colenso is now. At that time the Whigs were ostentatious in their preference of tainted and suspected men; they went up into their watch-towers, looked over the country carefully, and if they could find a Whig whose opinions in theology were Whiggish also, they preferred him to a man, or a bishopric as the case might be. They had been satisfied until then with a Whig, and had not regretted the reputed orthodoxy of the man they promoted but at that time, for some reason or other, they eagerly sought for men of doubtful reputations, with a leaning to heresy of a more decided complexion than was generally to be met with. It is quite true that they had always been unlucky in their men, and had always to explain and defend their appointments; but it is equally true that they always had an explanation to give, which if not satisfactory to the objectors was such as to make them silent. The Whigs preferred men who were either scientific or learned in some lore useful to them, and these matters, whatever they might be, whether geology, political economy, or natural history, were always put forward as the reason of the appointment, and not particular heresy which distinguished the man preferred from his fellows. But about 16 years ago the Whigs took up another discipline for the National Establishment, and scourged it with heresy undiluted by any scientific attainment.

At this time matters are changed: the notorious heretics of those days have abjured silently their ancient errors, and have conformed to the more tranquil temperament of their religion. They never obtruded their opinions after they came into power, and persecuted none of those who had attempted to persecute them. They are now conspicuous, not among the friends of Dr. Colenso, where they were naturally expected to take their place, but among his enemies: implacable and wrathful. So far they are right, no doubt, for they understand and accept the burden of their position, and correspond to its responsibilities. Dr. Colenso has reason to complain of them, but nobody else, and even he perhaps may admit that he has been too hasty, and that he has not properly counted the whole sum of motives which influence men in their conduct.

So again, as time goes on, Dr. Colenso will modify his views, re-examine his principles, and re-arrange his ideas. Anglican controversies are very hot and sharp, but they are not long-lived. The hard-hearted Bishops of his religion who now denounce him, and interdict him from preaching within their jurisdiction will look back with wonder at their zeal, and marvel at their own haste. Dr. Colenso's book will be forgotten, like many others of like character, and he himself will not wish to be remembered. Scientific people, better versed than he in German obscurities, will probably think but indifferently of his discoveries, and this will help the non-scientific world towards the desired oblivion of view which ought never to have been presented to an Englishman. In this country people are sceptical not from conviction, but from weariness, and they avoid all theories on the subject of their unbelief. They take their pleasure in scientific pursuits, and only incidentally reveal their unfortunate state. They are like men labouring under an incurable disease which they hide, and make no show of their hopeless condition. Dr. Colenso has published his views, and that fact alone is enough to convince us that the theory he holds he will not hold long. He has been amazed by the novelty of the notions that have come across his path, and in an unlucky hour yielded to the temptation of print. Let men have patience with a man condemned to be an African divine, and the wild society of the Nats. His enemies who now denounce him might have done much more than he has done. It is much more easy to be a quiet Bishop at home, than in a distant country where there is no House of Lords, nor an Archbishopric of Canterbury glittering pleasantly in the Prime Minister's eye.

Dr. Colenso has written a book, which is not good but he takes his stand on 'on the first principles of the Reformation,' and the rights of an Englishman. He is unassailable in his own communion, and, therefore, men had better leave him alone. He does only what his predecessors have done, and what his contemporaries are doing, though they seem to think that he has done too much. He and they alike reject the true revelation of God, and the critics he offers on the Sacred Books is involved in the heresy he holds. We, in the Church, may look on, waiting the end—we cannot help the matter. Dr. Colenso is not worse than Oramer, or Laud, or Tillotson: he will do, perhaps, less mischief than they did; perhaps, he may even give up his views, for, while a man lives, there is hope of him and so long as he permits us to hope better things, he is so far better than Hooker, and Bramhall, and Bull, and others who repudiated the Catholic Faith, and wrote against it with more skill than this unhappy Bishop of Natal.—*London Times.*

JUVENILE SIMPLICITY.—"Spell cat," said a little girl of five years of age, the other day, to a smaller one of three years. "I can't," was the reply. "Well, then," continued the youthful school mistress, "if you can't spell cat spell kitten."

The attempt to make omelets out of 'egg' coal has been abandoned.

IMPORTANT LETTER OF THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

St. Jarlath's Tuam, Feast of St. Anselm, 1863.

My Lord,—Notwithstanding the flippancy with which the assertion is repeated, the boasted conquest of Ireland is a historical calumny, refuted by the so many records of violated treaties. Of those treaties the perfidious infractions were not more disastrous to the natives than disgraceful to the foreigners. As long as the memorable stone monument remains on the banks of the Shannon, it will continue to attest the ratification of Limerick's Treaty, as well as its flagrant violation. But, though foreign conquest has not subdued our country, it has been left prostrate by a foul combination of foreign and native corruption; and those latter years have been a witnessing a revolution more fatal to the Catholic people of Ireland than its wars ever inflicted. Those wars turned the land into a desert, whilst those who waged them burned the harvests and trampled on the laws of nations, by enlisting famine and pestilence as the efficient auxiliaries of their baffled armies. Yet, amidst all those horrors, which the English soldiers themselves could neither witness nor describe without deep emotion, the Irish, still unconquered, continued to cling with unabated hope to the land of their nativity. How striking is the contrast presented now to the nations! You have achieved a conquest to Ireland hitherto attempted in vain. You have overcome that attachment to native land which lies deep in the hearts of every people, savage or civilised, and in none more than in the hearts of the children of Ireland, particularly endeared by the fertility of the soil, the beauty of its scenery, and, above all, by the hallowed influence of religion, which made home a sanctuary of the domestic virtues. If we except some of those exalted men, who, like the patriarchs of old, rose superior to the claims of country or of kindred, and were content to devote themselves in any clime to the service of their God and the benefit of mankind, there was no people on earth more tenacious of the land of their birth and their affections. It required a force stronger than that of arms to sever the ties that bound so closely this people and their country. And yet severed it is during this lovely and genial month to such a degree as has been seldom witnessed in any other State or under any other government in ancient or modern times. The railroads that traverse the country, the seaports to which the fugitives are hurriedly flocking, are the witnesses of this frightful and compulsory emigration. There is no question about the state of the country to which chance or the accident of trustworthy companions may direct their steps.—Be it covered with perpetual snows, or torn with intestine warfare, or accessible only by a most perilous navigation, no matter, provided they can leave a land which God had so peculiarly blessed, but on which the misdeeds of men seem to have left their blighted malediction. This migratory mania is not now confined to any one class. It has seized the old as well as the young, and none more contagiously than the latter, whose tender affections for home have been already seared and withered by the chilling and continual hardships which they have been enduring from their infancy. The Irish people, left to themselves, without any laws to adjust their mutual relations as landlords and tenants, save the capricious and cruel instincts of an undisciplined self-interest, are no longer bound into any cohesive society, but, like Arabs, leave their former settlements, and the land from which they are thus driven becomes often waste and unprofitable as the lands of the desert. During the late rainy and stormy springs the people made astonishing efforts to crop their little farms. The failure of the coming harvest disappointed all their hopes, and sunk them into the deepest destitution. Had they seed to crop their lands during this promising spring, they might still struggle on, buoyed up with the hope of a remunerating harvest. But the seed which they hoped to reserve for the spring they have been in thousands of instances obliged to sell at a low price in order to meet the last November's rents of the landlord.—Should this irreparable condition of certain classes in society continue, it will soon be equally ruinous to all—the weak, the indigent landlords being always the first victims, only to afford a higher place in the ruin to the other classes who are sure to succeed them. It is high time to endeavor to save them all by a just and provident legislation. Landlords have their liabilities to meet, as well as other classes. But it would be mercy to them to restrain their expensive propensities within proper bounds, which cannot be indulged without an amount of liabilities too heavy for the most exorbitant rentals and the bowed-down tenantry to bear. The inevitable consequence is, that the evil soon recoils upon themselves, plunging them into a companionship of misery with the poorer class. No prudent landlord who could afford to be forbearing, would take from an industrious tenant, in the shape of rent, the seed that was necessary to crop his farm. It is contrary to the first principles of reproduction which the Almighty has established in the vegetable as well as animal world, giving seed to every green herb and vegetable, that it may produce fruit according to its kind. Can any landlord reasonably expect a large rent from the most industrious tenant, whilst he is deprived him of that seed destined to be reproductive in a way to remunerate both the owner and cultivator of the soil? If this seed, or its price, be necessary for his rent, it is clear he demands an amount of rent for his land at variance with the dictates of nature. He may, it is true, as he often does, insist on the seizure of the entire produce, not excepting the seed, or the surrender of the farm, forgetting at the same time that, his interest offers no less than that of the tenant from the harsh alternative. In all contracts founded on mutual advantages and obligations, no one party should be the exclusive sufferer; and it is only in Ireland, under its present system of social laws, or rather social lawlessness and injustice, that one could propound the cruel theory that the rich landlord is to be entirely exempt, and the poor tenant to bear the whole weight of adverse and tempestuous seasons. Were it not that this theory, so opposed to every principle of private and public right, is at this moment reduced into normal practice in Ireland, so many of the small farms of this country would not remain uncropped, nor would their despairing occupants be flying, as they are now seen, as from a land of irremediable pestilence. Such is the tragical close of the artificial and long-continued cry of Irish prosperity. Such is the result of crediting the interested statements of those who incessantly reported that the country was prospering, while its people, the mainstay of the prosperity of every country, were perishing. This farcical repetition of Irish prosperity from the officials of an English government cannot mislead any but those who are willing to be deceived. Notwithstanding the recent sufferings of Lancashire, England is prosperous; and to secure and increase her prosperity all the efforts of the government are zealously directed. As Ireland, in political parlance, forms at present a portion of the United Kingdom, the compliment of prosperity is courteously extended to the starving sister on the principle that the honorable titles of the aristocracy are most graciously bestowed on the poor young scions who share but little of the substantial wealth of the peerage. How long a people, no less famed for their keen intelligence than for their love of freedom, will remain content to find their dire destitution insulted by such ironical representations, is a question worthy of the deep consideration of her Majesty's ministers. You may fancy the prosperity of the empire will be promoted by multiplying the flocks and herds of Ireland to give more animal food to your own favored population; but remember that the millions of Irishmen who are displaced to make room for the quadrupeds are transporting their household resentments to other lands which are sure to be inherited by their descendants. Recollect, too, that those fat bullocks would be but miserable substitutes

for the chivalry of the Irish soldiers to which, though grateful to this moment, England has been chiefly indebted for its most brilliant victories. Though you were to estimate the herds with an importation of elephants, the age of Pyrrhus and such beastly auxiliaries is gone by, and no doubt those flocks and herds that engage so much the attention of Her Majesty's Viceroys, would be found rather prejudicial than otherwise; by securing, in case of an invasion, a plentiful commissariat to the enemy. A few days more and the sowing season will be over, and the genial heat of May will be wasted on barren fields, from which, if now cropped at a trifling expense, a vast amount of national wealth and domestic comfort would be reaped. It will not augment that respect of which England is so jealous from foreigners, that her nearest dependency, and one of the most fertile islands in the world, is partly waste from want of seed, whilst the rich are at a loss for a proper investment for millions of superfluous capital. You may rejoice in the progress of that policy of the extirpation of the Irish race, so long pursued by Elizabeth, Cromwell, and William, then carried on more violently, but now more vigorously, by the systematic operation of cruel laws. Recollect, however, that the effect of the alarming exodus that is now sweeping its inhabitants from the land, must be a reaction which will rivet those that remain with a tenfold attachment to the country, and who, from a conviction that all those evils are springing from bad laws, will strive, as the only safeguard against their recurrence, to secure the restoration of their native legislature.

I have the honor to be,
Your lordship's faithful servant,
J. J. O'Connell, Archbishop of Tuam.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

MEETING OF THE DEANERY OF WESTPORT, DIOCESE OF TUAM.—At a meeting of the Deanery of Westport, Diocese of Tuam, held at Westport, on the 7th day of April, 1863, the Very Rev. J. F. Flannery, P.P., Chairman; the Rev. Michael O'Leary, P.P., Secretary, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved,—That never, in the course of our experience, have we felt so grave and so melancholy a responsibility as that which devolves upon us this day; of proclaiming to the world the deplorable continuance of the sufferings which our respective flocks have been enduring for the last three seasons of dire distress—a distress which falls to the lot of no other people on the face of the earth, and which has no parallel, even in this country, if we except the disastrous seasons of '46, '47, and '48.

Resolved,—That it is most repugnant to our feelings, and that we consider it most humiliating to our national pride to be obliged, on each recurring season, to intrude upon the attention of the public of every clime and country, the doleful rehearsal of the sufferings and wrongs to which our people are obliged to submit. But we candidly appeal to the verdict of every honest man, and ask, Where is our alternative? When we see around us every day hundreds of our fellow-creatures—made to God's own image and likeness—steeped in the most abject poverty, pining away in misery, and on the very verge of the grave from the lingering process of gradual starvation. All of which our afflicted people endure with the heroic patience of martyrs, if not the crouching subservience of wretched slaves.

Resolved,—That there are thousands of poor in this extensive Deanery in the deplorable condition above stated, without clothing, without food, without credit, without seed, without means to crop their holdings, and who, if not relieved by employment or otherwise, will either die of want or become permanent burdens upon the community at large, but who, if now assisted, would most likely, in a short time, be able to live independently on their own industry and become the mainstay and support of society of every grade and station.

Resolved,—That as a proof of the desperation of the people, we have only to appeal to the countless numbers who are daily flocking to the emigrant vessels of every port in the three kingdoms, flying from this land, the land of their fathers, the land of their birth and affections, as from a plague spot, to seek a home and a shelter in another, truly hospitable country; now, unfortunately for the oppressed poor of Ireland, plunged in all the horrors of a destructive civil war. But the Irish emigrant prefers to make any and every sacrifice to that of dying of hunger in this neglected, ill-governed, and persecuted country.

Resolved,—That whilst, as Ministers of the Gospel, we preach patience to our flocks, we cannot, but deplore the cold indifference, if not cruel neglect, with which the people are treated by those whose duty it is to sympathise with them in their afflictions; that we unhesitatingly express our conviction that the landlords of Ireland are to blame for the periodical misfortunes of the country; that though they acknowledge in theory the grand maxim that property has its duties as well as its rights, they as a class, in this part of the country, never reduce it to practice; that they exact rents in hundreds and thousands of pounds; that not one shilling of these rents ever comes back, either to improve the soil, to foster industry, or reward the meritorious; that the only word of encouragement for the careworn tiller of the soil is—"Quit, or pay." That in discharge of a stern duty, we now raise our warning voice, and respectfully, but earnestly, beseech them to take counsel in time, and in this season of undoubted distress, to come to the aid of their exhausted tenantry, and thereby advance their own interests, and prevent the country from becoming a barren waste and a howling wilderness.

Resolved,—That the present Whig Government of England deserves our unqualified censure for their cruel disregard of the sufferings of the Irish people; that they have promptly relieved English distress, whilst they have permitted the Irish people to pine away in the most appalling misery, unaided, and unprotected; that such conduct is so flagrantly partial that we can scarcely suppose ourselves as acknowledged subjects of the same Queen, or entitled to any of the privileges of the British Constitution; that we, therefore, call upon every honest Catholic voter in Ireland, in the name of our starving fellow-countrymen, to stand erect, as men, and to be prepared, on next election every nominee of the base, bloody, and brutal Whigs—the uncompromising persecutors of our race and religion at home and abroad.

Resolved,—That to the conduct of the members who misrepresent this country in the English Parliament, we attribute all the heartless indifference of both the landlords and Government; that those would-be representatives have lost the confidence of their constituents; that their own opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, we assure them that they make false calculations if they expect their support on future occasions; that the people will not be led like slaves to the hustings; that they see they are abandoned in their day of distress; that the Catholic Priests and people feel there is an unholy alliance between the landlords and the Whig Government of England to exterminate the Irish race and Catholic Religion—that in this warfare they are determined to risk all—that we therefore pledge ourselves to co-operate with our fellow-countrymen, in rescuing the representation of this country from the hands of those who neglect the people, and sympathise with their oppressors, and to use all our influence and exertion to return to the next Parliament those only who will acknowledge no English party, and who will fearlessly adhere to the strict policy of independent parliamentary action, opposition to every ministry, no matter whether green, blue, or orange; Whig, Tory, or Radical who will deny to this country those measures of justice, by which alone it can become prosperous, independent, and happy.

Resolved,—That whilst we have so much to de-