

shall never know from me the name of my informant, though I have hopes, under God's blessing, that at a future day he will become his own accuser, and admit everything to me. Go now, Tom, at once, and tell him to be here this evening, and I will marry him."

Tom did go at once; and for the first time in his life he did not whistle as he went. Nor was his usual lazy, lounging gait that in which he now made way. In fact, he raced along the streets at his utmost speed, as if he would leave behind him something of which he was very much in dread, although they were only his own almost palpable misgivings, fears, and regrets, that pressed close to his heels, like a pack of little cur-dogs, yelping and snarling, and occasionally biting him—at all events driving him furiously forward.

Edmund Fennell did not know him, as he approached their appointed place of meeting, so very much changed was his whole expression, indeed, as well as action. Coming near, however, Tom was soon recognizable.

"Well, Tom?" questioned Edmund, as much out of breath from impatience as was his ambassador from speed.

"Well, Masther Neddy. Faix, an' it's well it is, sure enough; very well intirely fur you; but fur other poor people that you get to put themselves into such scrapes, it's anything but well, I'm thinkin'."

"Why, what's the matter? What's the answer? Does he consent?"

"Arrah, to be sure he does, sir. Go to him this evenin', wid Miss Helen, an' he'll marry you to your heart's content; but see here, Masther Neddy—from this moment, I wash my hands of all your plottin', schemin' ways; an' good-bye to you now; it's too long I'm from home—an' I suppose there's somethin' else mighty pleasant waitin' there fur me, on your account; good-bye to you, Masther Neddy."

Edmund seized him by the collar, as he was darting off, and shaking him heartily, said:—

"What is the matter with you, you incomprehensible fellow? Have you gone mad? Give me the answer, from Father Connell, clearly and coolly, or I'll—"

"An' havn't you id already, sir? What do you mane by me, at all? Tell me to be off home—th' old priest bid me tell you to come up wid her this evenin', and he'll settle your points fur you. What more can I say? Thundher-an-turf, let me go! May I die in sin, if I ever say a word more, now or fur ever, amin, on the unlooky subject. Take your hand o' me, sir!"

"Away then!" and Edmund let him bound off, as a bound on of the leash.

"One of his periodical visitations, with very long intervals between," said Edmund to himself, "but I know I can depend upon his information; and so be thou, Miss Bessy Langan, as fortunate with Helen as this mysterious rascal has been with Father Connell—may, even with yourself—and I am the happiest of the happy, for ever!"

But Edmund was not, after all, about to take the true road to happiness.

(To be Continued.)

HOME RULE.

No. III.

IRELAND BEFORE THE UNION.

The year 1724 may be called the turning-point in the history of modern Ireland; when, rising from the lethargy of subjection, she began to awake to a new sense of life and independence. In that memorable year Swift, the immortal "Draper," penned his famous letters, the real object of which, although ostensibly written to excite the country against Wood's patent for a Copper Coinage, and addressed "To the tradesmen, shopkeepers, farmers, and country people in general of the kingdom of Ireland," was, like his previous proposals for the use of Irish manufactures, to rouse the nation from its torpor, and to assert the independence of Ireland. In his fourth letter, turning aside from Wood and his base project, the "Draper" discusses the question of liberty in the highest strain of patriotic fervour. "I have looked over all the English and Irish statutes," he says, "without finding any Act that makes Ireland depend upon England, any more than England doth upon Ireland. We have indeed obliged ourselves to have the same king with them, and, consequently, they are obliged to have the same king with us. For the law was made by our own Parliament; and they were in the preceding reign to bring themselves under I know not what dependence, which is now talked of without any ground of law, reason, or common sense." Continuing this subject in the same manly tone, he says:—

"It is true, indeed, that, within the memory of man, the Parliaments of England have sometimes assumed the power of binding this kingdom by laws enacted there; wherein they were at first openly opposed (as far as truth, reason, and justice are capable of opposing), by the famous Mr. Molyneux, an English gentleman born here, as well as by several of the greatest patriots and best Whigs in England; but the love and torrent of power prevailed. Indeed, the arguments on both sides were invincible. For, in reason, all Government, without the consent of the governed, is the very definition of slavery. But, in fact, eleven men well armed will certainly subdue one single man in his shirt. But I have done; for those who have used power to cramp liberty, have gone so far as to resent even the liberty of complaining; although a man upon the rack was never known to be refused the liberty of roaring as loud as he thought fit." How powerful was this kind of argument in those days, and how singularly applicable even in the present time, we will leave our readers to determine. But it was this very letter, against which the Lord-Lieutenant (Carteret) and Council issued a proclamation, offering three hundred pounds for the discovery of the author; and for which the printer was tried before Chief Justice Whitshed. But the jury would not find the bill, nor would any person discover the author. Well might the minions of Government have sought every means for the destruction of a writer, who tells his readers in the same letter, "The remedy is wholly in your hands, and, therefore, I have digressed a little in order to refresh and continue that spirit so seasonably raised amongst you; and to let you see that, by the laws of God, of nature, of nations, and of your own country, you are, and ought to be, as free a people as your brethren in England." In some spirited verses addressed to the citizens of Dublin, and published shortly afterwards with the "Draper's"

He alludes to the statute made in Ireland in the 33rd year of Henry VIII., by which it was ordained that the king and his successors are to be Kings Imperial of this realm, as united and knit to the Imperial Crown of England.

initials (when the bill against the printer was to be presented to the Grand Jury), alluding to the charge that he had "gone too far" in leaving the discussion of Wood's project to treat of the alleged dependence of Ireland, there occurs the following stirring appeal to their own interests, as well as to their patriotism:—

"If, then, oppression has not quite subdued At once your prudence and your gratitude— If you yourselves conspire not your undoing, And don't deserve, and won't bring down your ruin— If yet to virtue you have some pretence, If yet you are not lost to common sense; Assist your patriots in your own defence; That stupid cant, "he went too far," despise; And know that to be brave is to be wise; Think how he struggled for your liberty, And give him freedom while yourselves are free."

To the memory of Swift, then, it is due to say that, when Ireland was sunk into the most abject state of slavery and dependence on England, he alone had the courage to re-assert the principle previously proclaimed by Molyneux, who, in his turn, shared the sentiments of his friend Locke, whose noble treatise on Government in 1689 established the true standard of all legitimate power. After treating of the natural liberty of man, this great writer and recognised authority lays down this principle:—"The liberty of man, in society, is to be under no other legislative power but that established by consent in the Commonwealth; nor under the dominion of any will, or restraint of any law, but what that legislative shall enact, according to the trust put in it."

For nearly twenty years, however, it was the cruel fate of Ireland to be at the mercy of Primate Boulter Archbishop of Armagh, who had the full control of the administration of Irish affairs, and whose sole idea, as evinced through the whole series of his published letters, was to govern the country by means of an English (in opposition to an Irish) interest. He saw, with the wicked sagacity of a Machiavelli, that, if ever there should grow up and exist a real union amongst Irishmen of all creeds and classes, there would be an end to English domination; and hence his crafty policy was to keep the nation divided. Writing about the tendency of the "Draper's" letters, to unite the people, "The worst of it is," he says, "that it tends to unite Protestant with Papist; and whenever that happens, good-bye to the English interest in Ireland for ever." Would that Irishmen of the present day, pondering over such a sentence as this, would learn the depth of wisdom conveyed in the old Roman maxim, *fas est ab hoste doceri*, and then resolve to make the application.

But the rebellion in Scotland in 1745, and the defeat of the English at Fontenoy, chiefly by the bravery of the Irish Brigade in the service of France, led to some relaxation of the hard grip with which the English Government held Ireland. The Earl of Chesterfield was sent over especially in the autumn of that year, with full instructions to soften some of the asperities of English rule. This new policy he carried out so effectually, that he soon became universally popular. "His short administration," as Plowden observes, "furnishes reflections highly important to the welfare of the Irish nation. It was a practical demonstration of the utility of a system of lenity and liberality, not only to Ireland, but to the whole British empire. It was a conclusive evidence that Great Britain well knew how at any time to ensure the happiness of her sister kingdom, though unwilling at most times to promote it. The danger of Great Britain drove her to do justice to Ireland for the few months during which that danger lasted; and her security brought with it repentance at the momentary, though necessary, interruption of the ancient system. It is lamentably remarkable how thrifly Great Britain dealt out this transient justice to Ireland, as if she counted reluctantly the hours of its enjoyment. On the 19th of August, 1745, the standard of rebellion was formally erected in the highlands of Scotland; a courier was despatched to hasten the return of the king, who was then in Hanover; he arrived in London before the end of August, and on 31st day of August the Earl of Chesterfield was appointed Lord-Lieutenant and Chief Governor of the Kingdom of Ireland. On the 16th of April, 1746, the defeat of the Pretender at Culloden by the Duke of Cumberland put an end to the rebellion, and on the ninth day after that event Ireland was deprived of her favorite victory; for on the 25th of April, 1746, Primate Hoadley, Lord Chancellor Newport, and Mr. Boyle, the speaker of the House of Commons, were appointed Lord Justices, and vainly did Ireland sigh for the return of her short-lived felicity; Great Britain was out of danger; and Ireland could securely be put again under its former regime."

Such, unfortunately, has ever been the short-sighted policy of this country towards Ireland. Need it be any subject of wonder, then, that Irishmen should have learnt to distrust the friendly professions of English statesmen, and to look for selfish motives in every winding and turning of the beautiful Marquis? "Whatever it cost," wrote Charles I. to the Marquis of Ormond in 1645, when he wanted the aid of the Irish Catholics, "you are to make the best bargain you can, and not to discover your enlargement of power till you needs must; and though I leave the management of this great and necessary work to you entirely, yet I cannot but tell you that, if the suspension of Poynning's Act, and the present taking off the penal laws against Papists by law will do it, I shall not think it a hard bargain." If the pigeon-holes of the Chief Secretary's office in Dublin were turned out, and their contents examined, we wonder what sort of a "family likeness" would be found in the official instructions from England for the last two hundred years.

So true was the statement, in reference to later events of a similar character, made by Grantin in 1782:—"The weakness of England made the strength of Ireland; for Ireland was saved when America was lost—when England conquered, Ireland was relieved." So true also was O'Connell's favourite maxim—"England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity"—that emancipation was granted to Rome, and not to love of Ireland. And, in our own day, it is placed beyond controversy, in the memorable admission made a few years ago by the present Premier, that it was the spread of Fenianism, and the growing insecurity of English power in Ireland, which forced the Government to deal with the notorious grievances of Irishmen. It is a three-fold tale, familiar to everybody now, that we owe to this not very magnanimous feeling on the part of our English governors the Disestablishment of that "Monster Grievance" the Protestant Irish Church, and the recent, not wholly satisfactory, nor by any means final, settlement of the Land Question.

But, in order to complete our narrative, we must leave the comparatively tranquil and more hopeful reign of Victoria, and hark back again to the sad and dreary days of the Georges. Slowly, but steadily, the tide of public opinion, having once turned, began to advance; and every obstacle, raised to oppose its way, but served the more to show the irresistible progress which was being made, and the height to which the flood was rising. "As the English in Ireland," says Burke, in his famous letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe, a member of the Irish Parliament, "began to be domesticated, they began also to recollect that they had a country. The English interest, at first by faint and almost insensible degrees, but at length openly and avowedly became an independent Irish interest; full as independent as it could ever have been, if it had continued in the persons of the native Irish; and it was maintained with more skill, and more consistency, than probably it would have been in theirs. With their views, the Anglo-Irish changed their maxims;—it was necessary to demonstrate to the whole people, that there was

something, at least, of a common interest, which was to become the object of common exertions. The mildness of Government produced the first relaxation towards the Irish; the necessities, and, in part, too, the temper that predominated at this great change, produced the second and the most important of these relaxations. English government, and Irish legislature, felt jointly the propriety of this measure. The Irish parliament and nation became independent." We shall continue this subject in our next.

—Catholic Opinion.

THE LAST HOURS OF MGR. DARBOY.

M. Evrard, a sergeant of the National Guard, and a prisoner in the hands of the Commune, in a memoir by him lately published gives some interesting details of the last moments of the martyred Archbishop of Paris, and the priests who were murdered by the brutes of the Commune at the same time. They, the prisoners, had all as the Versailles troops advanced, been removed to the prison of La Roquette. M. Evrard thus describes their treatment:—

At about 8 o'clock bread and soup were served out to the hostages, their doors were opened, and two men bearing copper cauldrons by a stick passed through the handles, accompanied by two young prisoners as assistants, served out the soup, after which the latter arranged the cells a little, during which time the hostages were allowed to walk up and down the passage, and then shut up again one by one. At 12 they were called down to walk in the circular corridor inside the prison, and then the hostages all met and saw each other and were able to converse freely for the first time. The first person Evrard saw was Father Clerc, who during the siege had served in the ambulances, where the sergeant-major had seen him, and he it was who had looked over the warden's shoulder when nudged by his fellow-prisoner and saw the word "condemned." They embraced as old friends, and Father Clerc then made Evrard aware for the first time that the Archbishop of Paris, M. de Bonjean, was among them, and presented him to M. Evrard. The unfortunate Archbishop had let his gray beard grow during the 59 days he had been in prison, which gave him a strange and yet venerable appearance. He was the chief object of attention among the prisoners, and he spoke gently to all of them in a patient, sweet way, and walked up and down, leaning on the arm of his warden or his vicar-general. The Archbishop complimented M. Evrard on the conduct of the 103th during the siege, and said he had no doubt it was on the side of order—a compliment which made the sergeant-major once proud and sad, he tells us; and Father Clerc pointed out to him the rest of the hostages. These were M. Deguerry, curate of the Madeleine; M. Lartigue, curate of St. Len; M. Molier, curate of St. Severin, and a good number of other ecclesiastics. There were only two lay hostages among them, who were M. Bonjean, President of the Court of Cassation, and M. Jecker, the Swiss banker, of unfortunate Mexican notoriety. They were allowed to walk there together for two hours; few had much hope of being saved; but after their separate, solitary existences of 59 days this walk and conversation was an immense relief. At about 2 they were shut up again in their cells, and Evrard found that he was able to talk from his window with his left-hand neighbour, the priest of the Picpus Convent. Their conversation naturally turned on the chance of their escape. They heard the noise of firing in the city, and knew that it was drawing nearer and nearer every hour. Vegetables and bread were served out to the prisoners at 7, and they were again allowed to walk and converse in the passage—for the young convicts who waited on the hostages were seized with compassion at seeing so many men, their superiors in education, who had never done any harm, treated like criminals, and expressed their sympathy in deeds and words. As the noise of the firing increased from time to time, some of the hostages entertained hopes that the troops would advance quickly enough to deliver them, but the greater part were resigned to their fate.

During the two days that elapsed before the first execution, Evrard was enabled to observe the faces and demeanour of the most distinguished of his fellow captives who were to be the first victims. Even the common soldiers, he says, who had been left wounded in Paris in the ambulance of the Jardin des Plantes and brought thence to La Roquette, were affected with the quiet and resigned demeanour of the Archbishop, who took more interest in the fate of others than in his own. M. Bonjean, the President of the Court de Cassation, the most venerable law officer perhaps in France, was an object of general sympathy. In spite of his advanced age and his position, the President had during the siege enrolled himself as a private in the National Guard, and the strain of carrying his knapsack in a sortie against the Prussians had caused a rupture, from which he suffered extremely, but his fine face preserved all its dignity. Nevertheless, he talked quietly and freely about all kinds of subjects, with Evrard and others. Their conversation naturally ran a good deal on the events of the terrible siege and the little use General Trochu had made of the patriotism of the National Guard. He had, says M. Evrard, an infirmity in his left eye, but his face was so full of expression and sympathy as he spoke that this was forgotten. "I never saw him in the days of his grandeur," declares simple M. Evrard, "but I can easily imagine the authority his speech would have."

M. Deguerry, the curate of the Madeleine, had, Evrard thought, an air of easy majesty quite remarkable, with his fine waving head of white hair, and his frank and open face and quick step. He thought his calm expression was the index of a good conscience. Father Allard, too, with his little quick eyes and long gray beard, and Father Clerc, with his frank face, were as gay and composed as though they had not put mad on their minds for the worst, and cheered their companions with quiet and humorous banter. Poor Father Rudigue, too, was never out of spirits, though he kept on hoping to the last. He had been the Prior of the Picpus Convent, and could not understand how anybody could want to shoot him who had never done anybody any harm, and whose convent had daily fed 900 National Guards during the siege. But the hostage who most excited his admiration was a young Seminarian, of the age of 22, M. Seigneray. He was tall and slender, with fine chestnut hair clustering round a face of regular features, and from the first wore an angelic resignation which captivated everybody. Evrard could not help admiring "the power of faith in a virtuous heart." His young ecclesiastic, with a faith like that of the first Christian martyrs, accepted his fate joyfully. Though only 22 years of age, he was quite indifferent to the world, and regarded a speedy end as a favour of Heaven, glad to be spared the vicissitudes and trials of earthly existence; and he turned wondering eyes on his fellow prisoner when the latter told him that he was determined, if his life was taken, to kill, at all events, one of his assassins. The young Seminarian could not understand this feeling of revenge at all.

As for M. Jecker, the banker, he took a very gloomy view of things, though with a quiet dignity. He was passing through Paris on his return from London to Switzerland, where he lived with his wife and children, and he bitterly regretted having taken this route, since his name was too notorious in connexion with the infamous Heger bonds for him to hope to be let off scot-free. He met his fate, however, like a man.

At last on the evening of the 24th of May, about

half-past 7, heavy steps were heard mounting the stone stairs which led to the ward of the hostages, and there was the same terrible clash of heavy butt-ends of muskets in the passage which Evrard had heard when he was arrested. He heard the great door at the entrance of the passage creak on its hinges, and, looking out of the wicket of the door of his cell, saw a member of the Commune, who turned out to be Ferré, advance along the passage, followed by a numerous guard, mixed up of young Parisian scoundrels and of gray-haired old ruffians with gross features and a gallow's look. These ranged themselves along the passage on both sides, and peered curiously in at the wickets of the hostages. "Hi, Gussy!" cries one, "here's a calottin' (nickname for priest)!" "Hi, Tony, here's another," cries his comrade. "What a lot of calottins!" cried a third. "He's an old soldier, that fellow." "These brigands of Versailles will floor 'em all!" Here Ferré cried out, "I want six of you," and immediately after he opened a cell and called "Darboyl! Are you the citizen Darboyl?" "No," was the answer. This, in fact, was the cell of Father Guerin, who ultimately escaped. Ferré opened the door of the next cell—"Darboyl!" "Here," cried the Archbishop. "Come out," cried Ferré, "and go to the end of the passage." He then called Bonjean, Deguerry, Clerc, Ducoudray, Allard. M. Bonjean came out and walked quietly along, with his hands in the pockets of his pelotot, as if he were taking a stroll. M. Deguerry had been called twice, and was, it appears, a little hurried, for as he passed Evrard's cell the latter saw the good Father Clerc take him by the arm, saying, "Allons, allons, Monsieur le Curé compose yourself." Father Clerc it may be supposed, was anxious for the dignity of his order in the face of the worst scoundrels of the Commune. "It is over," said M. Deguerry, smoothing his face rapidly with one hand; "it is nothing."

Fathers Allard and Ducoudray came last, speaking together quietly as usual. After the hostages had been again called over and told to go downstairs and follow the road to the left to the circular corridor, where they had been taking their daily walk, the gate closed at the end of the passage, and Communards and victims went downstairs together. As they went, Evrard heard the ruffians of the Commune cursing and swearing at the priests, till Ferré, with an oath, told them to be silent, saying, "You are here to shoot them and not to use your foul tongues." Father Rudigue and Evrard looked out of their windows to talk to each other; the poor father, always hopeful, said, "No doubt they are only going to take them to Belleville," when there came from below a sharp crack of a chassepot, followed by a volley. The good father understood them, and Evrard said to him,—"Father, we must prepare ourselves to follow."

The following synopsis of Rev. Mr. Bacon's lecture on "The Future of the Papal Church in America," given by Mr. Green, to the Cincinnati Telegraph, will no doubt prove interesting to our readers:—

The Rev. Mr. Bacon took a general survey of the Catholic Church in these United States, touching on the several elements of its strength, intrinsic, and extrinsic, doctrinal and disciplinary.—He emphatically asserted that Catholic bounds and limits, which he termed "limitation," cannot be found in any Protestant system in the interest of morals. This he deplored. "Faith is the holding of dogma and this implies works as well as belief." (In the garbled report given above the important word works is catagorically printed "words," thus destroying the entire significance of the admission.) He cautioned his hearers against swerving at the idea of infallibility—it is simple Catholic logic, the inevitable conclusion of the Papistic premises. It was held in practice before the late Council as well as since; the only ground of objection being—its being made a condition of salvation. He then asserted—to be more careful, I should perhaps say he intimated—that the Protestant system fails to meet the yearning for positive certainty in the human heart; and he pointed out by name, several Protestant intellects of repute who have gone over to the Church of Rome, and whose published reasons for doing so show a general concurrence on this point. In proof of this he directed their attention to the Catholic Publication House in New York, where they are sure of receiving the politest reception, and finding a number of works of this character, any one of which will deservedly challenge their attention. He here particularized the "Gropings after Truth," by Joshua Huntington, formerly a Congregationalist like himself, and one or two other books of the same character. This Mr. Huntington they must have known as the very man whose pious mother's life was written by Rev. Dr. Wisner, "one of the Saints of the Church." Probably the speaker intended the clause we have quoted as a compliment to the lady and not to her biographer; I am certain, however, that he declared the desire which he had of deducting so much from the fund of their publication exchequer as would purchase from the Catholic Publication House in New York a number of Mr. Huntington's "Gropings after Truth" for the enlightenment of Protestants in this country. They would then have their eyes opened to their own defects, and how it is that the Roman Church has attracted so many of their best men. Mr. Huntington has found peace and repose in that Church, "that kind of peace and repose which is found at that shop, is not the genuine article, I assure you." He pronounced the conversions in this country from the Protestant ranks to those of Rome as "highly respectable," including many of "the most intelligent and most influential Protestants;" and put the question, "where would you find a purer soul than that of Father Baker, or a better theologian than Father Hewitt?" He here named from memory several other converts, and these only the few, he said, that occurred to him at that moment. Now what have we to boast of on the other side? (He emphatically interrogated) "Will you name for me any reputable conversion from the Catholics?" This question he answered himself with marked emphasis, in the negative. My memory tells me that he made the assertion, "Not one." Conversions have been made, but of what character? They are peysons of little or no credit to the Church they left, or to the Church they went to. We would do better without them. "I prefer the genuine Catholic." The speaker here reverted again to the rank and standing of the former converts whom once, but only once, he characterized as "perverts." He asked his auditors if they had ever heard of the "Paulists" several of whom he knew, and where could be found "a more lovely type of Christians." There they are battling bravely in the ranks of our enemies, who thus turn our own guns upon us. "Can you name a corresponding power to the Paulists in the entire body of Protestantism?" This question the speaker answered most emphatically in the negative. He then turned to another phase of his topic, the yearly gain obtained by the Papal Church by immigration. True, indeed, he said, she has lost about six millions, and lost by the "hundred thousand," but she gains by the "tens of thousands," and these gains, coupled with the class of men which she seduces from the Protestant camp, gives her the advantage still. His words, describing the wealth of the Catholic Church in the United States, I cannot realize; he pictured her as rooted in the soil, and did not concur with those who say that she can be removed therefrom by Know-Nothing ebullitions or second editions of European revolutions at this side of the Atlantic. She will hold her own while the Constitution of the

United States remains what it is, and he did not think that Constitution would be altered by any inordinant proviso in our generation. It is an error to suppose that Catholic immigrants are all squatting down in our large cities. To his own personal knowledge they, too, are rooting themselves in the soil of New England. "The farms of Connecticut are bought up year by year by Irish Catholics; Litchfield county in particular is rapidly passing into the hands of Irish Catholics." These were his words and much more to the same effect. He then recalled a visit paid by him to the Jesuit College at Fordham, N.Y. He had been engaged in writing a work "in favor of the Jesuits" (ironical and suppressed laughter) hence his visit to that celebrated institution. Whoever calls there will be received, and he was, with all possible attention and kindness.— On taking his leave of them, he expressed his thanks for the marked civility with which he had been received and treated, but told them that he had not seen all that he wanted to see—they did not show him the underground passages and subterranean vaults! (Laughter.) Great as is the material power of the Catholic Church in this country, he held that "the increase in intellectual force is greater in proportion than the other increase." Who in our day was better qualified to cultivate the field of Protestant controversy than Mr. Breckinridge, and never was a man more squarely flogged in debate than Breckinridge by old John Hughes. These were his *passimna verba* taken down by me the moment they were uttered. Before concluding he again reverted to the Vatican Council and Infallibility—"I do not envy the man that sees no dignity in the Vatican Council. The dogma of Infallibility will not lose one member within these United States for the Catholic Church in the United States is the most liberal and ultramontane in the world." The Rev. Mr. Bacon then concluded by apologizing for not keeping to the printed programme which announced his theme as "The future of the Papal Church in America." He was no prophet and those who choose may now take out their pencils and draw the horoscope.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, Nov. 14.—The sentence pronounced yesterday upon Mr. Pigott, of the *Irishman*, has very much cooled the exultations of Kelly's friends at his escape, and is regarded, as a kind of set-off, though a very small one, against the failure of justice in the murder case. Some surprise was evidently felt at the decision of the Judges to imprison without allowing the option of paying a fine, but the wisdom of the resolution cannot be doubted. In the Commission Court today the Chief Justice referred to the case of Mr. Pigott, and said the Court were of opinion that the ordinary prison regulations as to dress and diet did not and ought not to apply to him. The Solicitor-General alluded to some strictures of the Press upon the committal of the prisoner to Richmond Bridewell, and stated that there was no legal power to commit him to any other prison. The Chief Justice observed that the question as to the prison to which Mr. Pigott should be sent had been considered by himself and the Chief Baron. The observations of the Court and of counsel for the Crown were elicited by an unfounded report in some of the papers to-day to the effect that Mr. Pigott had been dressed in the prison-garb, and had had his hair cut. The fact is that he will be treated as a first-class misdemeanant, and be allowed a separate room, with liberty to supply his own food.— On the application of the Solicitor-General the trial of Kelly for shooting the constable Mullens was postponed until next commission, after some opposition on the part of the prisoners' counsel. It was expected that Kelly would be put on his trial yesterday for shooting at the policeman Mullens, but he was not placed at the bar. He will be probably brought up to-day, and an application made, to postpone the trial. If indicted only for intending to wound he would be liable to five years' imprisonment, but if for intent to kill—a charge less likely to be sustained—he would be subject on conviction to penal servitude for life. The papers still continue to comment upon the result of the trial, which has everywhere excited surprise. The *Northern Whig*, which shares the general feeling, observes:—"That there were a certain laxity and irregularity in the manner Talbot was treated can, we fear, scarcely be justly denied. The examination after death, too, appears to have been somewhat careless in a case of so much importance. But for this, perhaps, the defective nature of the hospital arrangements is most to be blamed. Eminent medical men in very important cases are expected to give their time and skill, while any fee or reward is at furthest merely nominal. We find, therefore, left to assistants, who may be but learning their profession, much that ought to be done by the great honorary functionaries who are understood to give their services gratuitously. It is in the interest of the public that other and more satisfactory arrangements should be made, and that, at all events in criminal cases involving the lives of human beings, the greatest care and attention should be bestowed. In saying this, we impute no blame to Dr. Stokes and his medical associates. They suffered grievously at Mr. Bull's hands. But then that distinguished counsel had an object in view. He had to get his client off at any price. He succeeded. Juries are not always influenced by the ruling of Judges. In those criminal cases they will often set themselves to decide on law as well as on fact. Fortunately for the twelve men who acquitted Kelly of murder, they were not obliged to give reasons for their verdict." The *Cork Examiner* avows its inability to conjecture what the grounds of the verdict were. It says:—"The result of the trial of Kelly in Dublin is one which undoubtedly has taken the public by surprise, but such a conclusion is not inconsistent with the most extraordinary proceedings that have come within our experience. The defence has been one of the most remarkable triumphs of forensic skill we ever remember. It was conducted with equal daring and ingenuity, and was conducted with the most conspicuous skill to the close. What the grounds were upon which the jury arrived at their verdict it is difficult to say without an authoritative pronouncement. The prisoner's acquittal was, indeed, demanded upon a double plea, which included that of inadequate identification; but far more stress was laid upon the unskillfulness of the operation being the real cause of Talbot's death, and there have been indications of a general belief that the latter was the determining cause with the jury." It remarks that a bewildering feature in the case was the Judge's instruction to the jury to reject the evidence of medical men after days had been spent in eliciting it. The *Examiner* compares it to Mrs. Glasse's directions to "cut and slice and pepper your cucumber, and then throw it out of the window." Its one practical effect, it thinks, was "to give *The Times* a handle to grasp in having a fling at Irish juries."—*Times Cor.*

THE INTERNATIONAL IN IRELAND.—It is stated that an "illustrious member" of the International has taken up his quarters in Dublin. The *Evening Post*, in announcing the advent of this unwelcome visitor, says:—"We are not apprehensive that the smallest toleration will be accorded this individual, whoever he may be. Irishmen, even in England, have repudiated the 'connexion' and its infidel doctrines; and we will take on ourselves to affirm that the first open manifestation on the part of any of its agents in Ireland, will be met with a response that cannot be mistaken."

Nov. 15.—The Statistics of Crime in Ireland in the year 1870—the last volume of this useful series, compiled each year by Dr. Hancock—has just been issued from the press. It presents some points to which recent events give special interest. From a