

might be at all useful to the patriot army. All her plate, her household linen, and the grain from her granaries she had sent to the depot, without even being asked to do so.

"My dear mother!" said Raphael, when, after having told her all that she dared not trust to papa, he was about to set out once again, "My dear mother, you are very lonely here, and I am somehow more fearful that ever to leave you so unprotected. Should the Russians appear in your neighborhood, you have everything to fear from their implacable animosity."

"My son," replied the heroic old lady, "I have made up my mind to end my father's roof-tree, and nothing can alter my purpose. Moreover, even if the Russians do come, I would faintly hope that my hoary locks will be a sufficient safe-guard. But whether or not, I have only death to fear from them, and I trust that God will give me fortitude to bear what torments soever they may be tempted to inflict upon me.—Go, then, my child! where duty calls you—to stay here on my account would be utterly useless, but for our country you can do something—go, then, in God's name!"

"Oh my mother!" exclaimed Raphael in an agitated voice, when, having kissed the venerable brow of his aged relative, he bent his knee before her, "oh my mother! bless me before I go, and pray that I may inherit your lofty and unwavering virtue!"

Placing her hand on Raphael's head, his grandmother raised her eyes to heaven and fervently pronounced her blessing, then; desiring him to rise she calmly received and returned his "farewell," and saw him depart without one symptom of weakness of age. Raphael took his place at the head of his armed vassals, and set out at a rapid pace for Count Bialewski's castle, around which he was informed that the insurrection was going on briskly. The gallant old nobleman had retaken possession of his dwelling by main force, and it was now the headquarters of the national forces for many miles around. Impatient to see once more those whom he loved so much and from whom he had been so long separated, Raphael travelled at a rapid pace. As he approached the immediate vicinity of the castle everything began to wear a look of life and animation—there were bands of the Count's soldiers passing to and fro singing snatches of patriotic songs; caravans of horses and carts bearing provisions and arms; on the heights were seen sentinels and advanced posts; in the hamlets there were recruits going through their exercise; while at intervals was heard the firing of musketry announcing that insurgents were engaged in a skirmish with the Russians. In the midst of this universal excitement Raphael enters the courtyard, where he left his people while he went to seek the Count. A few moments and he was pressed to the Count's berth, and greeted by him as a long-absent son.

"Yes, my dear Raphael," pursued he, "our joy is great, for we were fearfully alarmed on your account, having heard no tidings of you since you left us, and our anxiety would have been still greater had we not consoled ourselves by the thought that the Russians might have intercepted your letters, so that you might after all, be still alive. But, thanks to the protecting power of God, you are come back, and just at the same time as Casimir, from whom, I suppose, you have heard on your journey hither."

"I have not seen him," said Raphael.

"No, but you have heard him, for it was he who sustained the firing which we have heard for the last half hour or so, and I have just learned that a strong Russian detachment which had come to reconnoitre the neighborhood, has been repulsed with considerable loss. Alas! I much fear," added the Count with a sigh, "that all this courage and devotion is destined to be in vain. A fatality seems to hang over this devoted land which renders nugatory the bravest efforts of her sons. It is, nevertheless, true that we have accomplished much, very much, since I saw you last, and this Lithuania of ours which the Russians had believed crushed and spiritless, has stirred herself upon and assumed an attitude of fearless defiance. But, then, what can we effect, impoverished as we are by a government whose interest it was and is to drain and exhaust our resources! It was imperatively necessary that we should have been supported by the Polish regiments, who, in their turn, could do nothing without us. Conceive, then, the blind infatuation of our brethren of Warsaw, who, apparently content with having driven the enemy from their city, though they are yet scarcely masters of their own suburbs, rest calmly within their lines, employing all their resources in strengthening their defences, and keeping an army of Poles which, with the co-operation of their provinces, might emancipate the country, uselessly employed in marching and countermarching and skirmishing around the ramparts of Warsaw! Can they be mad enough to suppose that without moving from their position, they can sustain a regular war with the Russian empire? Surely they cannot be so silly, so presumptuous! No, their manifest duty would have been to throw their army at once on Lithuania, and by the aid of the powerful reinforcements here awaiting them, make head against the Russians beyond the Dnieper. Then almost the whole of Poland proper would be embarked in the struggle, and our military operations having a basis so extensive would command vast supplies of every kind. I repeat, this was our only chance of counterbalancing the mighty power of Russia—it was the popular cry from the Vistula to the Wilna. Well! instead of that, here they go on, temporising as coolly as possible, stretching out the war by slow degrees, and acting just as though they had vast provinces in their rear which they wanted to organise and bring forward to their aid. And instead of taking instant advantage of the public enthusiasm so fortunately excited, they stake their only chance on the chimerical prospect of an Anglo-French intervention in our favor. Alas! they know not that it is victory which calls for the good offices of allies, and that in a struggle so unequal as this, negotiation is useless if a whole people does not rise with one consent and strike a determined blow for freedom!" Here the Count paused, and stood silent with folded arms, his head bowed down and his eyes filled with tears.

"But think not, my dear Raphael," he resumed, after a short silence, "that I shall permit these things to discourage me; no! I shall, with God's help, go resolutely forward, though I cannot refrain from telling you that I have nothing but tears for the result. Ah! I am now sadly convinced that you were right in your opinion that Poland is not prepared for such an attempt as this."

"And that is still my opinion," replied Raphael; "but since I could not get others to think as I do, why, I have only to repeat that I will follow you to the end, whatever it may be, saying with Horace:

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

"Nor must I forget," cried the Count, with reviving animation, "that it is not for me to give you the example. And now let me seek Rosa, from whom I have too long detained you. Ah, Raphael! I could scarcely tell you the admirable courage and fortitude which that dear girl has displayed during the last three or four months. You have but to recall to your mind the condition in which you left us, with the difficult task before us of rousing the slumbering patriotism of the neighborhood. In executing our mission we had to brave many dangers, yet was Rosa ever at my side, cheering me on by her voice and smile, as though death were not hovering over every step we took. Nay, there were not wanting occasions when elevated by the fervor of patriotism above the little weaknesses of her sex, her voice mingled with mine in entreating the tepid and wavering to come forth on behalf of their country. The consequence is that many of our good people look upon her as one inspired, and venerate her beyond measure. Now her attention is entirely given to the wounded and the sick, for, unhappily, the cholera fills our hospitals with more victims than the arms of the Russians. At the present moment we should in vain seek her out of the hospital, for an engagement having just taken place, many wounded have of course been brought in, and she is attending them with the priest and the surgeon."

"Ah my dear Count!" exclaimed Raphael ardently, "I will endeavor to imitate the heroic virtues of our Rosa, and by so doing render myself more worthy of her."

The Count pressed the hand of his young friend in silence, and just then he pointed to where Rosa stood, and both hastened to join her. She was, as her father had expected, assisting the surgeon to dress the wounds of the patients. At the moment when she perceived her father and Raphael she was standing before some handbarrows on which were stretched the victims of the recent conflict. Turning quickly she came forward to meet her betrothed husband, her beautiful face beaming with joy which she sought not to conceal.

"God be praised," said she, "that you are come back to us in safety! Oh, Raphael, how fervently have I prayed for you! But come here, and let us put off our congratulations and rejoicings to a more fitting opportunity; here are some poor men who stand in need of assistance, and we may not think of deserting them to indulge our own private feelings."

And so saying, she moved away to help the surgeon and his assistants to get the wounded men placed in bed, and their wounds washed and dressed, Rosa all the time whispering to them sweet words of kindness and consolation which fell like balm on the hearts of the sufferers. As they listened to her soft voice, they indeed seemed to forget their pain, while she, happy in being able to impart consolation, never thought of retiring until she had satisfied herself that nothing was left undone that might add to their comfort. She then followed her father and Raphael, and the remainder of the day was passed in the overflowing happiness of being again together after weary months of separation.

Next day Raphael, with his own vassals, took an active part in that partisan warfare which the Count and his son were so successfully carrying on. Notwithstanding all the difficulty of communicating with each other, and the lamentable want of unity attending thereon, the chief object of all the leaders in Lithuania was the deliverance of Wilna, and thither all their energies were bent, while on the other hand it was the grand stronghold of the Russians. The result was that Count Bialewski's district, which lay near the frontiers of the Poland of 1815, being full forty leagues from Wilna was not, at this juncture, very closely watched by the Russians who had too much to do and to mind in various quarters nearer home. The Count profited by the opportunity to give the best training he could to his corps of volunteers. Unfortunately there was a great deficiency of arms, so that many brave fellows were rendered useless who might have done good service, and what damped more than all the courage of those battalions who were armed in one way or another, was the total want of that death-dealing artillery with which the Russians were so well provided, and without which the Poles could never venture to attack their enemies on the open field. The only hope was the appearance of the Polish army which was daily expected, but alas! never came. The Count and his friends displayed the most indefatigable activity, and the most fearless bravery, while seeking to gain time, until Poland should arise and assert her rights. At length a detached corps of about two thousand five hundred men appeared in Wollynia, but with such a trifling force nothing serious could be attempted, and after some desperate efforts, this brigade was forced to take refuge in Galicia and give up their arms to the Austrian authorities. It was only after the defeat of Ostrolenka that a larger body of the Polish army, then retreating on Warsaw, decided on entering Lithuania, and though this opening was certainly under ominous circumstances, yet the Count welcomed with joy the approach of the army, and prepared to do all in his power to sustain and strengthen it.

(To be continued.)

During the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him, "Which way did the stairs run?" The witness, a noted wag, replied that, "One way they ran up stairs, but the other way they ran down stairs." The learned counsel winked his eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling.

LETTER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DUBLIN.

St. Jarlath's, Tuam, November, 1858.

My Lord,—Some recent events of an extraordinary character sufficiently show that it cannot be deemed premature or unreasonable, at this advanced term of the recess, to turn your lordship's attention to the neglected claims of Catholic Ireland. In the eventful history of British Cabinets, especially of a more recent date, and in the sketches of the causes that are supposed to have contributed to their formation or disruption, there is not a chapter more instructive to statesmen, or more hopeful to the people, than that which delineates the sudden break up of the last, and the equally unexpected introduction of the present ministry. The general satisfaction with which a party long and deservedly in popular disfavour was welcomed to power—the quiet toleration with which it has been suffered to assume shape, and strength, and consistency—nay, the public solicitude with which it should be surrounded, lest any untoward event should hasten its dissolution, are subjects fraught with the most serious and general admonition. They show that the seeming confidence placed in the present Administration was merely negative, originating far less in any merits of its own, than in the flagrant and notorious demerits of its predecessors. They reveal the sure and permanent force of that sense of truth, of fidelity, and of justice, that lies deep in the public mind, even when its superficial currents cease to be vexed and ruffled by agitation. And it is well that what selfish and calculating politicians were wont to ascribe to mere artificial agencies, can now be traced to the more certain and powerful influence of the sacred principles which are at work in every stage of society, the most tranquil as well as the most excited, and which will fall all the dexterity or violence of politicians to eradicate or extinguish. Too much reliance on mere physical or numerical strength has not been more frequently the error of popular adventures than of Ministers of the Crown, and in several instances it has not been less fatal to the one than to the other. Of the effects of such overweening confidence in material force, to the utter disregard of the rightful means calculated to insure its stability, the country has had lately a most significant illustration. A Minister flushed with the unexampled success of his electioneering tactics, opens the Parliament with a prospect of a tenure of office which appeared long and unclouded—his adherents numerous beyond his most sanguine hopes, and every bench on which a powerful opponent was before seated now occupied by an obsequious supporter. On surveying the goodly host whom he considered as ready instruments of his will, he thought, no doubt, he might dispense with the most ordinary maxims in the selection of his colleagues, and treat as topics of levity and merriment those grave subjects which so long occupied the attention and deliberation of large and influential bodies, and with which their dearest interests as men and Christians were connected. Scarcely did he essay this strange stroke of policy when it recoiled upon himself; the effect was too sudden and too silent to give a timely alarm, and a few brief months witnessed the total break-up of an Administration which the complacency of its artificers as well as the despondence of its political opponents believed would continue at least to the close of a Parliament destined to attain the longest term of existence which any Parliament can enjoy.

Not to refer to any remoter examples, this striking instance of the delusiveness of political hopes and the instability of political supports is not lost on you.—Your lordship is aware that Sir Robert Peel frankly confessed, what preceding statesmen felt, but had not the candour or the courage to own, that Ireland was his difficulty. The candid acknowledgment of where his chief difficulty lay afforded a pledge of a sincere disposition to remove it—a pledge which, no doubt, he would have labored to redeem had not his demise, but little expected, arrested his beneficent career. What the difficulty was in the time of Sir Robert Peel it still remains, unremoved, nay, unmitigated. It is not a simple evil—it is a complication of several; and though they may have been occasionally disguised, or less generally discussed, on account of the more awful evils which so recently swept over the land, it is not the less true that those evils of Ireland, which one of the wisest of English statesmen acknowledged, still exist, and continue to exert their malignant influence. Your lordship well remembers the animated debates in the House of Commons to which the strange anomaly of supporting Protestant churches at an enormous expense, in whole parishes where there was not a single Protestant, gave rise. Among those who combated this unexampled oppression, none were more eloquent in the denunciation of its injustice than some of the English and Scottish members, who were swayed by no prejudices in favour of the Catholics of Ireland. If this state of things was then a crying evil, it remains so still, demanding the serious attention of every minister who, instead of delusive palliatives, is anxious to establish justice and peace in the country.

Akin to the question of the Protestant Establishment, and the necessity of contracting it to the measure of its usefulness, which is but small, comes the question of Catholic education, and the necessity of expanding its free action to the ample dimensions of the church, which is emphatically the church of the people. Were it not for the misguided policy that has been for centuries sacrificing every public and paramount interest to the maintenance of the establishment, rather as a political garrison than an efficient expounder of any religious creed, the question of education, now an alarming one, would never have been a serious difficulty. For the sake of this unprofitable offshoot of the English Church, which still remains barren, notwithstanding its being so long saturated with the fat of the land, our ancient, truly national schools and colleges were forced to give way. To enable a half educated foreign ecclesiastic to diffuse a little smattering of bad English from his miserable grammar school—if he taught even a grammar school—whole generations throughout the entire of Ireland were consigned to literary ignorance of every kind, even of their own language; and whilst the continental nations are our pioneers in smoothing the avenues of science, and breaking down those obstructions that crossed the path of the young aspirants after knowledge, England and its Ministries true to their recent traditions, cling to the obsolete bigotry of past times, and refuse us education, if not imbued with Protestant principles, and administered, as far as practicable, through Protestant hands. This is one of the great evils we have to complain of, and which it will become your business first to mitigate, and finally to sweep away. Not only are the Queen's Colleges a manifest and notorious failure, notwithstanding all the dexterous expedients resorted to for their support, and the dishonest fallacies by which it is sought to delude the public into a belief of their prosperous condition, but that system of education miscalled national, in originating which you had so conspicuous a share, and which was never more than tolerated as an experiment, has been so completely warped, and twisted from the harmless thing which it appeared to several well-meaning supporters, that it has recently excited, by its most offensive administration, a deep aversion, and spread throughout whole districts, once not unfavourable to its schools, a just and general alarm. Rely on it, it will no longer do, nor is it in the nature of things that a nation so devoted to its ancient faith, and so attached to its native institutions and traditions, would be any longer content with the hanks of a literature cut out of which the solid kernel has been so laboriously scooped, and which, however imposing through all its artistic and expensive decorations, was never fitted to satisfy a rational thirst of useful knowledge; and particularly of the history of one's own country, the desire or disregard of which has marked in every age the character, as well as the destiny of the freeman or the slave.

the most acutely, as being the most productive of great physical suffering, is the insecurity of the tenacious classes of Ireland generally, connected with the penalty, rather than the privilege, of voting at elections. The injustice to the tenants, and the consequent injury to the country, resulting from the precarious tenure of the hardy tillers of the soil, have been again and again acknowledged in and out of Parliament; and yet, the injustice and the injury remain still to be redressed. And, as if to aggravate all the hardships of his condition, the poor tenant is generally invested with the equivocal privilege of the franchise, which, if he exercises in obedience to his landlord's desire, he becomes the instrument of fastening more strongly his own fetters; whereas, if he exercises it according to his conscience he is sure to provoke the landlord's vengeance and bring ruin on his family. Whatever be the nature of the reform bill which you are preparing, this sad condition of the Irish tenantry, and the sadder mockery of the franchise by which it is embittered, cannot be overlooked. Too long have these honest and intrepid men, worthy of far different treatment, been made the victims of the successive political factions that traded on their devoted patriotism. Emancipation would have continued the tedious problem it long had been, had not the forty shilling freeholders risen in their constitutional might and swept away the barriers which bigotry had so long opposed to right, and which proved too feeble for their exertions.—Yet the reward of such noble heroism was to be immolated as a peace offering to that ruthless bigotry which they had so courageously conquered. Their successors have not fared much better. Their services have been prodigally put in requisition without ever being duly requited. They have been called to take a share in every political struggle, but in any provision for their safety they have been most cruelly unheeded. To enlarge the franchise of those men under present circumstances would be but an enlargement of their misery. To extend the right to vote, without protecting that right against the consequences now incurred by its exercise, would be but the extension of an area on which too much of cruelty and oppression have been already displayed. For this the only effectual remedy is the ballot, without which any measure of Parliamentary reform will not, I am convinced, be productive of advantage to the people of Ireland. A franchise, of which the exercise usually conduces to banishment from one's home, and often from one's country, is an ambiguous boon which, in the case of a helpless tenant, might well be compared to slavery. Hence it round with the ballot, and then, and only then, can it, in the case of a poor as well as of a noble, be called a privilege. It is not altogether so un-English a mode as is generally pretended. But no matter; our people would prefer protection, and safety under any form of suffrage, however foreign, to being consigned to exile and to ruin for voting after the most English fashion.

These are the vital questions that affect the dearest social and religious interests of our Catholic people, and that are beyond all others deserving the serious and prompt attention of those to whom the public interests are confided. I am well aware that now, as well as at that busy period which was the eve of emancipation, some even Catholics, bent solely upon place, and careless of the interests of the mass of the people, would, for the sake of office, be content with a most unsatisfactory settlement of those questions. If before emancipation such easy Catholics were willing to surrender to the Minister of the Crown an untold veto upon the nomination of our bishops rather than be any longer debarred from the emolument of office what wonder, when now it is within reach, that they should be ready to make similar noxious sacrifices if suffered to do so rather than forego the enjoyment of places, to strive for which might be a laudable ambition if made subordinate to more sacred public interests. Our history, since the enactment of the emancipation bill, affords a sufficient caution to guard against the mischievous policy of those mere office-seeking Catholics. That the Established Church is the prolific spring from which the bitter waters of religious unyounance are conveyed in such a variety of channels throughout the land is an unquestionable position. That the whole fabric is a huge injustice without a parallel is also admitted; and yet, although those truths are not to be controverted, some of our good Catholic gentry bear, with the most courteous equanimity, all the burden that has been cast upon their shoulders, and all the contumely that is still flung upon their faith, and feel no concern for the assaults made on the faith of the poor, helpless Catholic children, compared to the terrible unkindness of not reverencing public ornaments, no matter how contrary to justice, or subversive of religious liberty.

It is to the feelings of Catholics of a similar mould and temperament we are indebted for the magnitude which the evil of the education question has now assumed. Catholics were associated to the Education Board, and then it was confidently put forth that the entire system was secure from danger. Modifications of an important nature were required in that system by his Holiness, in order to secure the safety of the Catholic religion. The Queen's colleges have been solemnly condemned by the same authority as fraught with intrinsic danger, and yet the modifications so recommended are set at naught by those Catholics, and there are not more severe censurers of the censures passed on the Queen's colleges by His Holiness than several of that body who are lavish in their praises of those interdicted institutions. Nay, more, they affect great surprise at any practical effort on the part of ecclesiastics to withdraw the youth from those dangerous seminaries, pronouncing it a strange interference with their right of treating these children as they please.

Such men are not an unapt type of those who were so anxious to grant the veto; and if it depended upon them, I have very little doubt but they would prefer the future members of our hierarchy to be judged and recommended by the functionaries of the Viceregal Court than by the ecclesiastics, who had the best opportunity of being acquainted with the integrity of their lives or the zeal of their ministry. It was too implicit a reliance on such officious Catholics obtruding their counsels on affairs which did not belong to them, in order to gain their selfish ends, that formed the peculiar difficulty which was felt by Sir Robert Peel and other statesmen. Were you to rely on such sinister counsels you would be only aggravating the difficulty. So far form any few individuals being commissioned, directly or implicitly, to exercise a monopoly of counsel or advice regarding the interests of the Catholic body, there never was a period since the veto in which such interference be looked on with more suspicion or repudiated with more indignation. The passive demeanor of the Catholic body, far from being the result of indifference, is, on the contrary, the consequence of the conviction they feel of the injustice with which they have been treated by the several political parties that have succeeded each other since their qualified emancipation. They deem it high time to keep themselves aloof from the seductions of all, nor to allow a few persons in the vicinity of the Viceregal Court, or elsewhere, to assume a representative character with which they are not invested, and continue to trade, for their own selfish purposes, on the social interests of the people of the remotest provinces, as well as on a safe education, of their children and the freedom of their clergy. These sacred rights, if not openly assailed, are covertly sought to be undermined, and it was in the hope that such intrigues would receive a check from a change of administration that your lordship's Government has hitherto enjoyed such an amount of popularity. You have it in your power to change it into a positive quantity by taking a wide and comprehensive survey of the varied interests of the people—not such as is generally viewed through a metropolitan photograph, but such a fair and genuine impression as is felt by the contemplation of the actual position of the country all round.

On the question of a reconstruction of the representation, the relative claims of some constituencies

to an increase of members, and the qualifications necessary for towns and rural voters, I have purposely forbore to enter, confining myself to what I have a better right to understand, and to urge the necessity of protecting the lives, the freedom, and the religion of the poor Catholics from all the evils they are enduring from irresponsible landlord power and anti-Catholic establishment. The other questions, which might be called the statistical mechanism of reform, I leave entirely to those able men who are practised in such interesting details; at the same time that were I to discuss those questions, it would not be difficult to show that, with the exception, perhaps, of Tipperary and Cork, there are no other English shires, or Irish counties, so unfairly crippled in their representation as Mayo and Galway, over a large portion of which this diocese extends. Still having seen the general dishonesty with which Irish members have discharged their duties, especially since the betrayal of their trust in '52, I attach little importance to the extension or abridgement of the number of our representatives, compared to their qualities—well aware that fifty men of the talents, integrity, the industry, and the devotedness of Bright, not to speak of his eloquence, which would be valueless without the other sterling ingredients, would achieve more benefit for Ireland, and through Ireland for the empire at large, in one session of Parliament than would two hundred members, were they to prove such traitors as several of our late representatives during the longest parliamentary career.

In the assumption of office it was natural your lordship should be disposed to require the most conscientious of those adherents who so long clung to your fortunes under their most discouraging phases. Besides that disposition, not by any means an ungenerous one, the emoluments of office had nothing to do with the ambition of those who only aspire to the turbid fame of gaining an ephemeral ascendancy in the conflict of political parties. It is to be hoped that your aim was of a loftier and nobler kind—that of engraving your name on your country's history through a just, impartial, and beneficent legislation. If that be your aim, and if such it be revealed at the opening of the ensuing parliament, no doubt you will receive support beyond your most sanguine expectations. But should your reform be only a declusive mockery of the hopes which it inspires, should it encourage candidates to rely more on the length of their purses than on their intellectual and moral qualifications, and consign the voter to continued penalties for the conscientious exercise of his slavish freedom—should our fields be "stinted by half a tillage, because our men decay as wealth accumulates"—should the poison of religious bigotry be yet infused, as heretofore, into the education which is presented to our Catholic youth at such an enormous expense to the country, and should the mists of that bigotry ascend and envelope the high places, darkening those visions that ought to range above its grosser atmosphere, the continuance of such evils will not fail to bring their own retribution, and your Ministry will be soon numbered among the many recent ones that have fallen, because they were wanting in the duties of humanity and justice.

I have the honor to be, your Lordship's very obedient servant,

J. JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON SUPPOSED RIBBONISM IN IRELAND.
(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

The murder of Mr. Kly, of the Queen's County, and the attempted murder of the Rev. Mr. Nixon of Gweedore, have sent a shock of horror through the entire social frame of Ireland. The blood of these two gentlemen suddenly spilled by the hand of the assassin, has imprinted a scarlet stain on the soil of our country, cries to Heaven for vengeance, and cannot be effaced till justice shall have been appeased in the punishment of the fiendish murderers. The long absence of such atrocious crime from Ireland had imparted such security to the public mind, that the terror of these two assassinations has fallen on the entire population with unexampled fear and indignation; and men of all classes unite in offering their heartfelt sympathies to the suffering or bereaved families of the individuals who have been made the victims of these cold-blooded and thrilling outrages.

In the midst of this public feeling of execration, shared of course by the entire Catholic community, expressed by the highest ecclesiastics of our church, and denounced in words of fire by the eloquent Vicar General of the diocese where I write this letter, who could imagine that the sanguinary portion of the English and Irish press could inflict on the living priesthood of Ireland an undeserved vengeance of the same class of relentless malice, as the ruthless outrages under consideration. The men who could pen these articles are the greatest enemies to the peace and prosperity of the nation, since they attempt as far as they can, to awaken Orange fury, to belie our very thoughts, to spit in the face of the whole church and people, and to lash into opposition the old party struggles of Ireland. The ferocity of these articles, so false, so malignant, are, of course a faithful exponent of the inappreciable feelings of the subscribers and the readers of these journals; and they should serve as a rigid argument, and a significant warning to the government of the country, that notwithstanding all the professions of liberality which we daily hear from the lips of our dissenting fellow-countrymen, there is unfortunately at the bottom of these hollow external forms, an internal animosity, ready at any moment to re-enact the scenes of Cromwell, or to repeat the terrors of '98. What must be the intensity of that pent-up rage, which in times of our unquestioned loyalty, our respect for the laws, our sincere sympathies for the recent victims of outrage, we are assailed by a storm of vituperation and malice; and menaced with a revenge which has no parallel except in the treachery of Casanova.

And what a force to introduce a comparison between England and Ireland in the thrilling statistics of awful murder. There they have murders every month, every week, every day: here we have these terrific crimes only in certain seasons. The English assassin slays his victim for a sovereign, a shilling, an old coat, a pint of ale: he is almost always a robber in his murders. He kills, too, in cold blood, without the palliation of revenge or even excited feelings; and he kills indiscriminately his neighbour, his son, his wife, his father, his mother, his grandfather, and his grandmother. He kills, from his debased instincts; and drips blood like a tiger, not only to satisfy his hunger, but to ally his thirst.—He kills his victim with less feeling than an Irishman would take the life of a dog or a cat. And he is always detected. It is a daily, social occurrence: and he becomes as careless in his criminal actions, as his daily employment. He scarcely makes even any scheme of escape; and being an infidel in religion he has no fear of death or judgment. All this is a proof how the finest nature in the world, and the most noble-hearted nature can be sunk without religion into the lowest depths of brutality, turpitude, and crime.

An Irish murderer generally is of a different stamp. He kills under the influence of a real or a supposed injury: when his feelings are worked into frenzy by the approach of the bailiff, the extermination from his little holding, the unbosoming of his wife and children, the fear of sickness in the town collar, or the terror of being for ever buried alive in the poorhouse. And the crime is so great, so awful in his mind, and it awakens such fear of the consequence, that his plans are taken with caution. If he act alone, and have no accomplices, there is scarcely a chance of his detection. These deplorable assassinations are almost always executed where landlord and tenant come into unhappy collision in Ireland: and the Legislature which delays the settlement of this vital question are the true enemies and the real Ribbonists of the country. One cruel landlord, who, with-