

given a handsome allowance; and he soon began to cut a figure amongst the dashing young men of the town—those who thought more of pleasure than of business. He did not, however, do anything to disgrace the name he bore, kept reasonable hours, and never wholly neglected those to whom he owed so much. Indeed, he sought in every way to ingratiate himself with Edith; made, in fact, undisguised love to her; and began, after a few weeks, to look solemn and sad; but Edith repelled his advances firmly. As he grew attentive, and even spoke of his deep regret at her being engaged, she grew cold and distant—Leon thoughtful.

Karl said nothing; he never thought of interfering to break off a connection, he had himself formed, but his regret at not being free to carry out his brother's wishes could not be concealed. He watched the progress of events with painful anxiety. If the youth had not taken the thing to heart, if he had fixed his affections on the richest heiress in the town, Karl would not have cared—he would have felt himself released from all anxiety; but the boy seemed really to love his daughter, and the old merchant suffered much. He respected and liked Leon as much as ever; he could not do otherwise; he was assiduously attentive to his interests—his whole thoughts appeared centered in the house.

A man struggling between a powerful sense of duty and a strong affection, suffers much; a good man like Karl Rosenfelt would naturally feel more than most persons, and yet he never swerved; he was firm in his determination to be just; but he racked his brain to find the means of making up to young Karl for his disappointment. He invited the good man and true of Ghent to come and sup with him, with their wives and daughters—he tried to draw the youth's attention towards several beautiful girls. He spoke them the necessary words of politeness, and then returned where he could now and then speak a word to Edith.

Old Karl Rosenfelt grew full of melancholy and remorse. Every night he retired to rest with hope that the morning would bring him fresh counsel. He never reflected that young Karl was in all probability totally unfit to make Edith happy. A youth who had lived a wandering and semi-savage life in a country so uncivilised as the newly discovered Mexico, could not be reasonably expected to replace Leon, a young man of superior education and polished manners for his day, and who possessed the affections of his daughter; but then Karl Rosenfelt had nourished this hope of union with a child of his foster-brother's for years, and had only given it up when time rendered the other's return improbable.

Young Karl said little about the matter, but he threw out occasional hints of regret; often said how much he grieved that he had not come a year sooner; to all which Karl answered not. As things were, he saw no use in encouraging a passion which could only prove fatal to the youth, and painful in the extreme to Leon and Edith.

One evening, however, the youth spoke to Karl too pointedly for him to put off the reply; they did not notice Leon and Edith, who were seated side by side in an adjoining room, of which the door was open.

'Uncle,' said young Karl, 'I must leave you; I cannot remain and witness the happiness of Leon; I cannot be present at the wedding; it is beyond my strength.'

'My son, what mean you?' replied old Karl in a state of profound agitation. 'My brother's only child leave me! it cannot be.'

'I had hoped so, too. If Edith could have listened to my addresses, I should have been too happy; but she is another's; she cannot be mine. Let me leave you—not altogether: give me the means of travelling; let me go to Paris, to England; it will do me good. When I return, my feelings will be conquered, and I can see Edith as a friend only.'

Karl Rosenfelt sat motionless and silent for some minutes. At length he spoke. 'My son, your decision is wise. The dearest wish of my heart would have been to unite you to my daughter, you the son of my dear long-lost friend; but it cannot be. Let us silence our grief, let us stifle our regrets. Come to my arms, my boy, and wonder not if an old man weeps. I never dreamed of your being in existence, and yet I had a hope that I might live to see in Paul's son a son-in-law. But go; you shall travel at your ease: I will give you letters for every capital in Europe; and you shall see courts, and kings, and festivals—everything that can distract your attention, and fill your mind.'

'Thank you, my uncle; at my age, travel cannot fail to do good, though, when I read my father's letter, this was not what I hoped for.'

The reply of the young man was uttered in a tone of pique and disappointment, but this old Karl did not notice. He sat talking for some time, and then slipped as usual with the whole family, and went to bed.

(To be continued.)

CATHOLICITY AND ITS CONVERTS—PROTESTANTISM AND ITS PERVERTS—A CONTRAST.

(To the Editor of the Dundalk Democrat.)

MY DEAR SIR,—To the Universal News we are indebted for a carefully prepared list of some of the recent converts in these kingdoms. The reading of this list has suggested to my mind the contrast between Catholicity and its converts and Protestantism and its perverts, and brings to my recollection the chapter in Balmez' 'European Civilization' in which he proves the divinity of the Catholic Church by its relations with the human mind, promoting to the unity of the church's doctrines, and the number of great minds which that unity has always enclosed within her bosom. Guizot himself admits that 'there never was a government more consistent, more systematic than that of the Church of Rome.' Otherwise it could not have outlived the trials and dangers of centuries; attacked on every side by sects that felt within their breasts the most furious passions, and whose only hope of triumph, at least of self-gratification, was to excite those passions and overwhelm society with the most afflicting troubles. Religion was invoked by them as the pretext of war and massacre. From house to house, from country to country, the baneful example spread. I myself have witnessed those whom the recollection of early friendship should have calmed, forget all the decency

of common society in reference to the cruel requirements of a blinded bigotry. Yes, every agency has been at work; the allurements of wealth, or the terror of persecution—all have been used to crush this human institution of which Macaulay speaks; but in vain, for according to the beautiful idea of Balmez, 'in a storm the waves always dash with fury against the immovable rock which resists them.'

The Catholic Church—the tender and careful mother of her own children, never makes traffic with the consciences of those who by birth or education are estranged from her. By the light of her example she guides and comforts her own; she invites the stranger, but forces him not; the wealth of faith is her only reward, a share in her trials, the comfort she gives on earth, regardless of contentment and derision, friendless in danger and unaided by the circumstances of time or place she has been ever faithful in the fulfilment of her mission. From the islands of Japan to the wilds of Paraguay; in every land her light is seen, is felt and honored; her missionaries are not the mushroom untutored devotees of the Bible Society, with no other vocation than usefulness or laziness at home; no other commission than that which is inspired by a well paid salary. They preach the religion of peace, and scoring every principle of hatred and dissent, labour to reconcile the Jew and the Gentile; and should individuals deviate for a moment from such a course, they act in disobedience to the counsels they have received and so long are unworthy the high 'commission' entrusted to them. Truly is Catholicity an enabling study under every aspect, in the unbroken links of succession in its hierarchy, or in the undying faith of its people. Each succeeding hour brings proof of the 'eternal newness' of its life. Pope and Bishops and Priests have died the martyrdom of exile or of the scaffold; in every country the faithful have been persecuted, but the black prosecution of these countries was doubled, dyed, or sanctified were profaned, our temples and the sacred vestments and vessels thereof were destroyed, to profess to be a Catholic was treason, to make the sign of the cross was the signal of death. Yet, all has failed to uproot our faith; rather all has served to verify the saying of Tertullian—'the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians.' Each day brings some accession to our ranks; not the forced one of persecution nor the empty one of earthly reward, but the accession which conscience has dictated. When we read over the list afforded us by the Universal News, we are rejoiced to read so many honoured names, and while we are gladdened by such an accession, we do not hesitate to proclaim aloud that list with all its greatness of wealth and of name receives more honor by their accession that it could possibly impart. They may have forfeited the ties of earthly friendship, and in some instances the vast revenues of support. They descended from the regions of aristocratic and royal dignity; but we fear not to remind them that there is no dignity so great as that which faith bestows, and that Catholicity and its converts present an edifying contrast to Protestantism and its half-dozen perverts.

The various subvarieties of Protestantism in these countries would entangle the clearest intellect; divided amongst each other in most essential points. Each heresiarch handed down his own views and has his own followers—of one union can they boast, and that is in their hatred to Catholicity. Protestantism is not a form of worship belonging to the people, for it only commands their sympathies in so much as it commands a plethoric exchequer. Its Parsons enjoy good livings and therefore preach the Authorized Version. The large majority of its laity are the rich and landed proprietors, because, in the days of persecution they preferred to barter faith rather than property; an hour in church on Sunday was a convenient return for the liberty to remain, and the hope to increase their family inheritance. Such was the spirit of the days of persecution, and now that we live in a more tolerant era, Protestantism, notwithstanding all its temporal advantages, its broad acres and plethoric purses, notwithstanding all its missionary societies, its cheap Bibles and gratuitous books of Common Prayer; notwithstanding its high-bred bishop, and not less so parsons, royal example and patronage; the gorgeous equipages to its churches, and easy pews, and accommodating ceremonies; notwithstanding all, its ranks are being thinned of those who belonged to it by birth and education; but it may be said, their places are being filled up by secessions from the Church of Rome.

Freely might Protestantism be defied to point to one bona fide secessionist. Has he become a sincere disciple who has been allured by the glittering bait of some temporal advantage, or procure food for a starving family, or to please the capricious proselytism of some local or personal influence, or to revenge as has been done in some instances, on Catholicity, because of the correction so sadly earned and so faithfully administered? Is it conversion or perversion to sell, like Esau, one's birthright for a mess of pottage? Where are the proselytes of the 'hundred soupers' which England's charity sent over to Ireland, how many have yielded in the hour of famine to the perjured itinerants of Exeter Hall, and eat the reward of apostasy? How many have forfeited a moderate competency to join in the humblest ranks of Protestantism? On Lord Plunkett or any of his evangelising daughters calculate even for a day on the consistency of any new follower in Partry. Could they point to one who unbiassed by the peculiar circumstances of his case, sacrificing comfort, and actuated only by principle, joined in the crusade of Protestantism so ardently waged and so ineffectual in its grand object, for I believe, his Lordship of Tuam saw the late Lord Beresford crippling fast to the grave, and who so worthily to get £11,000 a year as the evangeliser of the west?

A few miserable wretches may be counted as the captive seized in the war of Protestantism against Catholicity. We make a present of them as freely as would the gardener give away the loppings or the rotten branches of the trees, and whilst we read with pleasure the list presented to us by the Universal News, we remember with gratitude to our forefathers and through them to Heaven, that Catholicity borrows no additional light from those who may join her ranks; rather, she blesses them in their new life and makes some shine forth as stars who hitherto were dark clouds, dark in themselves, and darkening the way of others. We are moved by a fresh pleasure each time we read that list, not because Dukes and Lords, the rich and the powerful are on it, for thousands of the humble classes in those countries have been convinced by one truth, and their souls are just as precious as if their bodies were surrounded by all the circumstances of temporal power and dignity, our pleasure springs from a more honorable source being daily reassured of the progress of Catholicity and ever ready to share its treasures with all that come with sincerity within our fold, reassured, to that whether or not the New Zealander of Macaulay's fancy, may sketch the ruins of St. Paul's from a broken arch of London bridge, whether or not Exeter Hall relax or increase its evangelical efforts, come what may, the progress of Catholicity will not be stayed and its converts will be prized not because of dignity of position, but on account of the sincerity of their convictions, whereas, Protestantism, the very human institution, without the divine principle of preservation, will prevent a sad and sorry contrast, and as a falling house is foolishly propped by rotten stumps, so the 'Establishment' will gain little support from a half-dozen half-made perverts. Faithfully yours, A CLOCHER PRIEST.

Why are umbrellas like pancakes?—Because they are seldom seen after Lent.

'Oh, dear!' blubbered an urchin, who had just had an application of the birch; 'oh, my! they tell me forty rods make a furlong, but I've just found out that one rod makes an acher (acre.)'

IRISH WORDS ON IRELAND.

Good government is where the people are happy and progressive. There never was a country so wretched as Ireland. Go where you will, poverty and squalor stare you even now in the face. In the cities you behold thousands of men out of work, with gaunt, careworn visages, and ready as such persons are, for any mischief. You look around and see a number of shut-up shops, and dilapidated, unpainted houses—the very pictures of failure and bankruptcy. You see women and children blue and pinched with hunger, unkempt, and half clad. There is no air of content and plenty, none of luxury. Extravagance and riot peep out here and there, but these are the outbursts, not of jovial hearts, but of wild and jarring spirits. All the symptoms grow worse in the towns. There is less traffic, less employment, more starvation. The hamlets and villages present, out of the whole, the saddest scene. Here dirt festers and want abounds. There is actual nakedness and positive famine. There are no dwellings for the poor, but hovels only fit for the swine that herd in them with the wretched tenant, who looks to this only resource for his sole of rent. The country throughout is stricken with poverty, and this manifests itself in various forms. The landlords are away, for they cannot endure the presence of so much destitution. The merchants and manufacturers have only small profits, and pay but scant wages. The farmers find it difficult themselves to live, and do not pay their laborers enough to eke out a miserable existence. The families of these poor fellows must feel the common death, become chargeable to the parish, or die. The shopkeeper grinds and lags through his weary life always a struggling man, unable to accumulate or improve his condition. Bare walls make giddy housewives, and over the entire land there is bareness. That rice and crime do not more abound is solely due to the strong religious sentiment among the people. This is the main check to universal delinquency. A certain temptation, however, presents itself. The people are cut out of the country. The strong and the willing go where they can find sure bread. They depart too often with mad curses on their lips, senseless condemnation and hatred of the Saxon, and they carry this animosity too to other lands—alms or antagonists of England. The poor Providence-watcher left behind in time find help; the promised remittance comes, and they, too, quit their country for ever, bursting asunder every tie of affection and love of fatherland to bear their regrets and their deep resentments across the Atlantic. This is not a fanciful picture. It is a fair description of Ireland in the middle of the nineteenth century, and sixty-three years after the enactment of the Union. When our beloved Queen and Prince Albert visited Ireland eight years ago, things were not in the woful plight they are now. And yet the sovereign had even then publicly to reiterate against the habit of ragged and exposed deers prevailing among the poorer population. This first outward sign of misery was then not more stark and equal than it is now. Wherever her Majesty went she saw sure indications of decay. She observed and noted far more than we have attempted to describe. Since then matters have not been mending. They are becoming, on the contrary, worse. The highest authority in the country, the Lord Lieutenant himself, has admitted this. The Chief Secretary could not deny the increased destitution; and parliament, last session, rang with the old, but not altogether false cry, of Ireland's misfortunes and wrongs. The seasons, it is true, were made to bear all the blame, just as if this real affliction did not aggravate the incontrovertible and unehanging distress. The country is now literally dropping to pieces. Her manufacturers are less, her funded property less, her commerce less, her live stock less, her cereal and root produce less; urban life and rural life are alike dying out, and the people are hurrying from the shores as from a land under a plague or a curse. Who will say that a country in this condition is governed? There is indeed, the form of a government. This is even stronger and more prominent in Ireland than in Scotland or Wales, or any other special division of the kingdom; for there is a Viceroy in Dublin, there is a Minister in London, both exclusively for Ireland. But, notwithstanding all this, there is no progress, no content, no increase. On the contrary, there is actual retrogression in every department. Whig rule has often been asserted to be the bane of Ireland. Never was that assertion better proven and more justified than now. Even the north of Ireland is becoming visibly poorer. And it might have occurred that if Ulster had not had special advantages bestowed on her, and a capital and encouragement to start with in her career, the same wretchedness which marks the rest of the country would be evident there also. As it is, poverty widens and deepens, and is fast overspreading the whole land. It is almost presumptuous for ministers to intermeddle with the sufferings or wrongs of other people while this great difficulty remains on our threshold. The decadent state of Ireland is a positive disgrace to England and a stigma upon our administration. There is no defect without its remedy, and there is even a certain cure for the woes of Ireland. As we do not think over-population is the vice, so we do not believe emigration can be the corrective. Mr. Fisher, of Waterford, in a late address to an agricultural society, instanced Saxony as a contrast to Ireland in every particular. The soil was not so fertile as that of Ireland; the climate was not more genial; there was no seaboard, no harbors, no fishermen; and yet in Saxony the people are contented and pauperism rare. But what is the comparison of population? Why, for every square mile in Saxony there are 373 souls, while in Ireland there are only 175. And, then, we have the very striking fact that while taxation in Saxony is only 13s per head, in Ireland it is 23s 5d per head. It may be said, it is true, that Saxony is a cheap country, and that Ireland, like the rest of the United Kingdom, is costly in her productions. This really is the case, but it only proves the further inability of a poor country to bear a heavy taxation. When we turn to the remedy for this most disastrous state of things, we shall require it in part from the government, but most from Irishmen themselves. It is the duty of the administration to foster and encourage every branch of industry in the country, commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural; to develop the resources of the soil to the furthest limit, and to check the tide of emigration by making it more profitable to remain at home. The policy of the Whigs, and in particular of Lord Palmerston's government, has unfortunately been to promote the welfare of a few influential individuals, to favor a sect, a class, or a coterie; but to ignore or neglect the people. And when an effort has been made or an advice given, these have generally been of the most impracticable or puerile character. The latest nostrum propounded by Lord Carlisle was to turn the country into one vast pasturage, and this at a time when foreign competition is the real cause of the diminution of the live-stock of Ireland. It is plain the Lord Lieutenant's panacea will not effect any manner of restoration, if even the people were silly enough to try it. But we may ask here what steps did the cabinet take to mitigate the privations arising from three years of acknowledged bad seasons? Through the whole career of the present Ministry there has been a marked apathy to the genuine sufferings and decay of Ireland. But the chief remedy here must flow from the people themselves. Irish landowners, Irish merchants, and other persons possessing property must spend their money in their own country. This now becomes a matter of interest as well as a moral obligation. If property is to retain its value in Ireland, there must be applied capital. The presence of the owners of the soil and their active protection will do away with any strong necessity for tenant-right. We do not see why Ireland in this respect should be placed on a different footing from England. The real palliative is in the presence and action of a body of just and patriotic

landlords, determined to identify themselves with the interests of the people, which ultimately must become their own. The £14,000,000 now deposited in the Irish banks at 4 per cent. by the farmers and others, will then be released for active profits for those investments which make the fortunes of enterprising men. But the industrial classes in Ireland have also much to learn. We know of two instances which occurred in the south of Ireland lately that prove the need of an active energy. An attempt was made to establish a native glove manufacture and a native shirt manufacture in that impoverished province, in order to give ample employment to females. The glove-making was new to the hands, demanded close application, and was not at all popular. The shirt-making had to be taken to the north of the country, where eager and willing hands eagerly set about the work. Ulster is now, we believe, the principal seat of shirt manufacture in the United Kingdom, thus giving remunerative employment to thousands of industrious girls and women, who would otherwise, doubtless, be without profitable occupation. The same kind of evidence of neglect of attention to self-regeneration will apply to every district and every department of Ireland. But government must at all times remember that it is the duty of the state to do the mission of a sub-providence to the people, and aid the willing hands that these may learn to aid themselves. This solemn obligation the Whigs have uniformly ignored or forgotten.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE CONVERT OF MERCY.—BALLINA.—Sunday being the day announced for laying the corner stone of this convent, many thronged in from the adjoining parishes to witness the imposing ceremony of laying the corner stone of the Convent of Mercy. Among the guests of the local clergy in attendance on the occasion, I noticed the Rev. Messrs. Griffin and Healy, of the Diocesan Seminary; Rev. Messrs. Irvine and Timlin, of the town of Ballina; Rev. Mr. Conway, Screen; Rev. Mr. Timlin, Coonacall; Rev. Mr. Costelloe, Crossmolina; Rev. Mr. Lavelle, Kilglass; Rev. Mr. Moneley, Backs; Rev. Messrs. M'Hale, Ardagh and Adrigole; Rev. Mr. Malone, Belmullet. Unfavorable as the morning was the spacious cathedral was crowded to excess at the last Mass. After the last Gospel the Most Rev. Doctor Peery, the Bishop of the Diocese, ascended the pulpit and gave an impressive discourse, which lasted about two hours, on the duty of the rich towards the poor, selecting his text from the Old as well as from the New Testament. Immediately after the sermon, arrangements having been made, his Lordship, robed in his pontificals, with crozier and mitre, attended by the Clergy, and followed by the dense congregation, walked in procession to the new Convent grounds, where a platform and temporary tent were erected for the occasion. Here, after the ceremony of laying the corner stone, and singing the Litany and other prescribed prayers according to the Roman ritual, and blessing the part of the chapel and Convent walls already built, his Lordship, in thrilling eloquence, discoursed on the advantages of Conventual Institutions—the arduous duties of those consecrated by vows to the service of God—their self-negation—their ministrations to the poor in sickness and health. After passing over in review the many religious edifices which studded and graced our once happy island of Patrick and Bridget, he next pictured in glowing terms the ruthless march of the Saxon invaders under Cromwell. The attention of the vast throng was next directed to the many roofless monasteries, almost in sight of the new convent, along the banks of the Moy, now fast mouldering into decay, but standing monuments of the zeal of our ancestors, as well as living records of bygone days of alien misrule. His Lordship, after having given his benediction to the spectators of the only ceremony of the kind witnessed during some centuries in this county, and, after having, in the words of the Royal Psalmist, invoked the blessing of heaven on the new building in progress, and upon those contributing to its completion, retired with many an earnest prayer that the building be blessed and continue to unborn generations.—Freeman's Journal.

IRELAND, TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—The Hibernian Magazine of the month gives some most interesting information concerning the Irish Hierarchy of the 17th century, and their position. The article opens with the following picturesque scene:—

On Monday, the 22nd October, 1645, an armed frigate, with the 'fleur-de-lis' flying at the main, and carrying at her prow a gilded figure-head of St. Peter, dropped anchor at the mouth of Kenmare river, not far from the point where it falls into the lovely bay to which it gives its name. Soon afterwards a boat was seen pulling shoreward, and a few shepherds, who were attracted to the beach by the sight of the large ship, could easily discern that the party approaching were strangers, and that one among them was a personage of high distinction—an ecclesiastic dressed in costume with which they were not familiar—accompanied by a retinue of twenty-five individuals, whose garb and features left no doubt that they too were natives of a foreign clime. Scarcely had the boat touched land, when the whole party proceeded to a shieling, which the poor shepherds had erected to protect them from the inclemency of the weather, and set about preparing for the celebration of Mass. It was the feast of St. Philip, bishop of Ferrmo—an episcopal city in the pontifical states—and he who now robed himself for the holy sacrifice was John Baptist Rinnucini, prince bishop of that see, and nunzio extraordinary, sent by Innocent X. to the Irish Catholics, then in arms for their King, religion, and country. Good reason had Rinnucini to be grateful to God for having enabled him to reach the shores of Munster in safety, for, indeed, the frigate in which he sailed was high falling into the hands of one Plunkett, a renegade Irishman, who commanded the Parliament squadron then cruising in the Irish channel, and who pursued the St. Peter with two of his vessels fully a hundred miles, till a fire breaking out in the galley of his own ship, compelled him to shorten sail, and abandon the chase. 'Tis certain that the nunzio's frigate would have shown fight had she come within range of Plunkett's guns, for he tells us that the St. Peter's carronades was cast loose and shotted, and that the Irish—most of whom were soldiers and officers who had fought in the Netherlands, under Preston and O'Neill, and were now returning home to serve in the confederate ranks—declared that they would rather die in action and be buried in the sea, than fall into the hands of the fanatical Puritans, from whom they could expect no quarter.

Having duly celebrated Mass of thanksgiving in the shieling, in the presence of his retinue and the shepherds, the nunzio had a large portion of the arms and ammunition, and all the money brought ashore, and finding no safe place for storage nearer or more secure than the old castle of Ardully, he converted it into a temporary magazine, and then ordered the St. Peter to weigh for Waterford, and discharge the residue of her freight in that friendly haven. The wind, however, proving contrary, the vessel had to make for Dingle, where the arms were landed, and soon afterwards sent on to Limerick, in order to save them from the enemies of the confederates, who, by way of retaliation for not having Rinnucini himself in person, were intent on capturing them.

Dr. O'Dwyer was sent to Rome by the Irish Bishops: he was to convey their request to Urban VII. for a cardinal's hat for Father Luke Wadding. Urban died and Luke modestly had the document withdrawn. O'Dwyer was made a bishop, and met strange adventures:—

Having purchased a goodly supply of vestments, books, and other requirements for the diocese of Limerick, Dr. O'Dwyer set out for Ireland, from one of the French ports; but he had not been many

days at sea when the ship in which he sailed was captured by a Turkish corsair, who carried him and his fellow-passengers as a prize to Smyrna. The bishop, however, when he saw that there was no chance of escaping the pirate, divested himself of all the insignia of his rank, and heaved overboard the valuable vestments and other sacred objects which he had collected at Paris, and which he knew would be desecrated, had the Turks got possession of them. On reaching Smyrna, he was sold as a slave, and condemned to work at a mill, with a mask on his face to prevent him eating the flour; and in this condition he might have lived and died, were it not for a contingency which seems almost miraculous. An Irish lady, wife of a French merchant, then living at Smyrna, happened to visit the mill, and on discovering that the poor captive was a countryman of her own; and a bishop in reluctant disguise she lost no time in reporting the fact to her husband, who at once paid a ransom for the prisoner, and sent him back to France, where he soon replaced the sacred furniture which he had flung into the sea, as we have already stated.

Rinnucini describes the Te Deum at Limerick for the victory at Beurbur:—

'At 4 o'clock, p.m.' writes the nunzio, 'the procession moved from the Church of St. Francis, where the thirty-two stands of colours (taken from the Scotch) had been deposited. The garrison of Limerick led the van, and the captured colors were carried by the nobility of the city. Then followed the nunzio, the Archbishop of Cashel, the Bishops of Limerick, of Clonfert, and Ardferd, and after them the Supreme Council, the mayor and magistrates in their official robes. The people crowded the streets and windows, and as soon as the procession reached the cathedral, the Te Deum was sung by the nunzio's choir, and he pronounced the usual prayers, concluding the ceremony with solemn benediction. Next morning Mass pro gratulari actione was sung by the Dean of Ferrmo, in presence of the aforesaid bishops and magistrates.'

FRENCH ROMANISM AND IRELAND.—A French Ultramontane Priest, the Abbe-Mermilland has been addressing a Paris audience on Ireland. The correspondent of the News of the Churches makes the following comments upon the Abbe's oration:—You are doubtless aware what sort of a view this party take of Ireland. Perfidiously mixing up the past and the present, they see and display her as a country that is oppressed and crushed by England. All the miseries that Catholicism and ignorance keep up in that country is attributed by them to the dominion of the English; all the efforts and all the sacrifices that England has been making, during so many years, to reconstitute and moralise Ireland, are either left unmentioned by him, or attributed to low and perfidious plans of action. He refuses to admit that, if England has been inflicting wrongs upon Ireland, she has repaired those wrongs, and that, moreover, they have been far from presenting a parallel to the severities which the French Government maintained so long against the Protestants in France, who in all their petitions addressed to their oppressors, up to the end of the last century, used to beg as a favor that they might be treated as the Catholics in England were. Nor are these declarations about Ireland inspired simply by anti-Protestant animosities; for the Catholic and Legitimist party in France make use of them likewise, to nourish the political antipathies of France and England. This is one of the most shameful spectacles that our age presents; a party calling itself religious, and raving to reanimate the exasperations of a bygone age, inasmuch that, if its aspirations were to be listened to, there would arise an interminable war, a war of extermination, between the two nations.

BLEEDING TO DEATH.—A lamentable fact is that revealed by the various census reaches into the question of different ages, and the proportion which persons of certain years bear to the whole population. In the first of the three last census returns, the youth of Ireland stood to the whole population of Ireland as more numerous than the youth of England or of Scotland to that of their respective countries. Successive returns show forth the sad change. Our youth has diminished, and the proportion of our aged and very old to the mass of the population has increased. In Britain, it is not so. It is the reverse. Our country has been robbed of her young men, and every day but adds to the calamity. The old, and weak, and sickly, are left behind, for a time—perhaps, for ever, for who can tell how many of those, their sons, succeed in their hopes of sending for them—how many are now lying, buried with broken hearts and hopes, in alien lands? We only know that the fact is thus, that the proportion of ages has turned against us. In forty-five years—not a long time surely—we have lost a population equal to what exists to-day in Ireland. We have lost 5,646,067 ocean-emigrants, to which add those who have only crossed the channel.—Dulain Irishman.

CHISM'S TURNIP.—Biddy Gilmartin, a poor woman, was passing through a field in the neighborhood of Sligo, and being hungry—God help her!—she stooped and pulled a turnip. The owner of that turnip was Chism, and lest it should be supposed that he was the author of the quain—

'If you're thirsty take one,
If you're hungry take two;
But if you take three
I'll take you!'

he had poor Biddy arrested. Fancy, in an age of green cropping, a poor woman arranged before a bench of magistrates for having taken a solitary turnip out of a field. But arraigned Biddy was, found guilty, (bless the unwe!) and actually sent to prison! Verily, Chism ought to take out a patent for having discovered the method of getting blood from a turnip. Our contemporary, the Sligo Champion, has taken up the case of Biddy Gilmartin with commendable spirit, and we trust the effect of its exposure will be to prevent a repetition of petty persecution as that of Mr. Chism. Let that individual place himself in the position of this poor woman, and she ask himself what he would think of the man who should prosecute him for taking a turnip?—B.

FEMALE BRAVERY.—About twelve o'clock on Friday a little boy of only seven years, son of a man named Quirk living in Corn-market, having strayed to the Quay, fell over into more than five feet of water, the tide running rapidly at the time. Without moment's hesitation a woman, Mrs. Leahy, of Castle street, jumped in and brought him safely to the edge of the Quay wall, amid the cheers of several who witnessed the noble act, but could not possibly have saved the life of the little innocent. The act is one which reflects not only credit on Mrs. Leahy herself, but on her sex and our common nature.—Wexford Independent.

Great numbers of young cattle have this year been reared in Kerry, but prices, notwithstanding the want of stock of that description, are not remunerative. Nor have jobsbers met good demand for old stock in the midland counties. Several lots of heifers collected in Munster, have had to be put to graze in those counties waiting purchasers. Buyers do not like to go beyond the old figures, for which they cannot get cattle as heretofore.—Munster News.

TRIBLE HAILSTORM AT CLOUGHANEELY, COUNTY DUBLIN.—One of the most destructive, and at the same time, most frightful hailstorms that ever witnessed in this district, took place here on Saturday last, about sunset. The storm, which lasted over three-quarters of an hour, was exceedingly violent—the hailstones being far over the ordinary size—and it was estimated that the standing crop of barley, &c., was left by the storm minus one-half its original yield. This loss of crop has rendered abortive the hopes which the farmers of this district entertained of having one of the most beautiful harvests that occurred since 1848.—Derry Standard.