

ther, ashore, get down yourself, since you aren't in dread of them."

Sir Dowling complied, compassionating the weakness of his attendant, and giving the reins to the awe-struck dainty. Advancing a few paces, he beheld, by the faint light which the stormy sky afforded, the figure of a woman in a sitting posture, on the right hand side of the road, with the hood of her cloak turned over her head, and her arms clasped in an attitude of profound affliction.

"Who's there?" exclaimed Sir Dowling in a peremptory tone.

There was no reply. "Speak," said the knight: "If you be in sorrow, tell your sorrow; if not, retire and let my hobbie pass the road."

Still neither sound nor motion on the part of the hooded figure gave sign of attention or of compliance, and it was not until the knight added menace to his words, that he was able to procure an answer.

"You're like the rest of the world," said the woman, slowly revealing in the faint light her worn and wrinkled features, "that never knows its friends."

"Is that Nora?" asked Sir Dowling in astonishment.

"It is. Ah, Sir Dowling, a'ra gal, I'm in trouble!"

"Upon what account, Nora?" asked the knight.

"I'll tell you then. Do you know that lake you used to be so fond of fishing in when you used to go to visit your relations in the county Galway?"

"Do you mean Lough Ennel?"

"The very same."

"I do, indeed," replied the knight. "Many a pleasant and moonlight night I spent upon the banks, or on its waters. It was a fine lake for fish."

"Well, a'ra gal, you'll never spend another there, except you go to the county Westmeath for it."

"To the county Westmeath?" exclaimed Sir Dowling in astonishment.

"To the county Westmeath, a'ra gal. 'Tis there Lough Ennel is now, and there it will remain, I'm very much in dread."

"Nonsense," said the knight, "did I not see it with my own eyes the last time I was in Galway, and didn't I send the prince a basket of the finest trout he ever tasted, that I took in the very middle of it, with my own hands? What nonsense," said the knight, "how could it be in the county Westmeath?"

"Oh, then, through nothing in the world only my folly," said the old woman, "that couldn't but go to find it to an old neighbor of mine, a decent woman, as I thought her, that lives in those parts, and now she won't return it."

"Well, Nora," said Sir Dowling, "I'm surprised at you. Is it possible? A woman of your sense to go and send such a lake as that! And sure you ought to know them Leinster people before now, how hard it is to get anything from them. There's hardly an Ardriagh we had this length of time but was heart-broken with them, trying to get their tribute. I thought you'd have more sense, Nora."

"Oh, then," says the old woman, "who'd ever think that she'd serve me such a trick? Last summer twelvemonth, she sent over to me her compliments, and she'd be obliged to me for the loan of a lake for a little while. Westmeath being an inland place, where it was very hard to get fish, and she knew that I couldn't miss it much, as Connaught was bordering upon the sea coast, and that she'd return it faithfully on the first Monday of the month. Well, I didn't like to refuse her, for she has greater power than I have, and might do me some mischief—so I took Lough Ennel, and rolled it up in an apron, and sent it off to her, with my compliments, and that I was happy to have it in my power to accommodate her. She kept the lake; and the first Monday of the month came and the first Monday after, and she never sent it home, and little thanks she gave me when I sent for it, neither. I waited as long as I had patience to wait, but not a sight of Lough Ennel did I see from that day to this."

"And you are going to look after it now?" said Sir Dowling.

"I'm going now to look after it," replied the knight; "but indeed I'm afraid it's little good for me. This is my thanks for being obliging."

I may remark that old Nora was right in her apprehensions, as may be ascertained by a reference to Shaw Mason's Topography, or the Collectanea; for there lies Lough Ennel to this day in the middle of the county Westmeath, whose inhabitants continue to enjoy the fruits, or rather the fishes of the old woman's dishonesty, while the poor Galway mountaineer stands often supperless upon the heights of Farmoyle, and overlooks the wide and barren flat where once Lough Ennel basked and tumbled in the sun. It is true that the time of possession specified in the Statute of Limitations has long since expired; but there are points in this case which render it a peculiar one, and I have no doubt that a Chancery injunction might readily be obtained to prevent any intermeddling with the fish until the case should be fairly argued in equity, and finally adjudged.

"But this," continued old Nora, "is not the only nor the principal cause of my trouble. I had rather all the lakes in Galway were in Westmeath, than to hear what I heard to-night, and to know what I know."

"What did you hear?" inquired Sir Dowling.

"I heard thousands of Irish wives and mothers lamenting over the slain and wounded in the battle of Clontarf."

"You heard them lamenting," said the knight, "for a calamity which did not yet take place."

"But it is certain," said the woman. "When the oak shall be levelled by the storm, what will become of the underwood! You know not what this means now, but you will if you should live another week."

"Explain yourself plainly," said Sir Dowling.

"Whatever be the issue, it is better I should be prepared for it. I am to join the standard of Prince Murrough at the battle, and I am now returning to take leave of my family and friends."

The woman remained silent for some moments, and then suddenly said:—

"Return and collect your forces, and meet me here to-morrow evening an hour before midnight—alone, and be sure you do not fail!"

With these words, she disappeared, and Sir Dowling O'Hartigan, in much perplexity, continued his journey. He arrived at his castle, arranged his temporal affairs, and made the necessary preparation becoming one who was about to encounter imminent danger. On the following day having bid adieu to those among his friends who were to remain behind, he set forward at the head of strong party of horse and foot, with whom he encamped after night-fall within a short distance of the place of meeting.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

BE A MAN.—Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of work. Work for the wages you can get, but work for half price rather than be idle. Be your own master, and do not let fashion or society swallow up your individuality—hat, coat and boots. Compel your selfish body to spare something for profits saved. See that you are proud. Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy; too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty; too proud to wear a coat you cannot afford to buy; too proud to be in company you cannot keep up with in expenses; too proud to lie, or steal, or cheat; too proud to be stingy.

Why did you pass yesterday without looking at me?" said a beautiful woman to Talleyrand. "Because, madam, if I had looked, I could not have passed."

JOHN OF TUAM.

THE JUBILEE OF THE ARCHBISHOP.

TUAM "EN FETE."

PRESENTATION OF THE ADDRESSES.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S REPLY TO THE CATHOLIC M.P.'S.

THE SCENE IN THE CATHEDRAL.

The event so anxiously looked forward to by the clergy and people of the West—the celebration of the Jubilee of the Archbishop—passed off on Tuesday and Wednesday 8th and 9th of June, in a manner that realised the most sanguine anticipations. We (Nation) compile as follows from our daily metropolitan contemporaries an account of the proceedings.

TUAM EN FETE.

The special correspondent of the Freeman, writing on Tuesday evening from Tuam, thus describes the aspect of the town:—

Excitement has set a community stirring befitting the occasion, and it is seldom that a peaceful interest has moved people from their beds as early as five o'clock in the morning. At that hour to day Tuam appeared to have largely descended into the streets. The market-place was occupied by a crowd lively with expectation, and discussing the probability of the fete with an animation and fullness of voice which served as an effective stimulant to sleeping citizens. Soon the whole town was awake and abroad in its best aspects of gala. The crowd grew and grew, for it was holiday in a wide district, and from all sides the thousands began to stream in. It was bright and singularly beautiful weather—a dawn of dexter omen it would have been called in other days; and the sweet incense of the summer fields filled the air, a fact peculiarly strange and pleasurable to all accustomed to associate streets and the "huddle of houses" with the pestilent reek of the Liffey. Philosophy has beliefs less lovely than the graceful superstition which credits to Nature a sympathy with humanity. And if Nature were sensible of the day she could not have decked herself more charmingly in honour of the "golden wedding" of the great archbishop. The day it is unnecessary to say, was observed in all respects as one of festival. All shops were shut, the voice of rural labour was hushed as on the Sabbath, and the public mind had all its moods intent upon the commemoration. The appearance of the town explained a good deal of the stir and sound which had been abroad almost since daybreak. There was quite a transformation wrought with boughs, scrolls, and banners. Some devices were very pretty, especially in the nature of emblems enshrined in the interwavings of flowers and laurel leaves. The profuse employment of greenery from the groves about gave to the streets a cool and fresh aspect, while they turned to picturesque the commonplace physiognomy of the ancient town. Among the more conspicuous inscriptions was the following:—

"A good shepherd causes his flock to rejoice," which ran in gold letters on a broad green ground over the front of Mr. Baker's establishment. The sentiment of attachment and respect for the venerated object of this display was exhibited in the various other trceries and mottoes visible on every side.

The Irish Times reporter adds, on this point:—

More emphatically than in decorations or mottoes or even in the eloquently-worded addresses which were presented to his Grace, the feelings of the people were expressed in the immense numbers who flocked in from all parts of the archdiocese, and many from more distant places, to pay their respects to the venerable and beloved prelate. The peasantry had donned their best attire, and bore upon their countenances a beaming joy and happiness that very pleasingly contrasted with what the visitor was too frequently in the habit of commenting on in times gone by in reference to the lower orders in the kingdom of Connaught. But the upper classes were also very conspicuous by their presence, as the list of names given below, although necessarily meagre, will show.

To this it must be added that the hotels were crowded with visitors from the most distant parts of the kingdom.

THE SCENE IN THE CATHEDRAL.

The ceremonies of the day commenced with a grand function in the cathedral. Of this the Freeman correspondent writes as follows:—

Solemn High Mass was fixed for celebration at eleven o'clock, but the religious ceremonies of the occasion commenced before that hour. At nine the Archbishop officiated, according to his invariable usage. His indomitable physical energy has enabled him to retain in his 84th year a power of movement which may be almost called vigorous, while his unconquerable will, expending itself wholly in zeal for God and His glory, makes no account of bodily fatigue or the well-earned repose of venerable years. Indeed the untiring activity of this wonderful old man is one of the most impressive features of a remarkable character. In this as in so many other aspects he seems cast in heroic mould of antiquity, a survivor or a phenomena from the Miltonic days.

"When men were Titans, and with human hands wrought deeds of gigantic."

I saw the great prelate for the first time yesterday. He was in the act of exercising a beatitude—his customary attitude. His pensioners crowded round him—the blind, the sick, the crippled—and while he spoke to them with the friendly benignity of a father addressing his children, he gave to each an alms. The figure and face of the patriarch, seen thus in the noblest attitude and office, were eloquently suggestive of that Christian hero who, "pressed with weight of more than four score years," never lost the youthful strength and valour with which he had entered on the battle. The splendid sunset of a career so brilliant and so beneficent is the finest spectacle offered by mortality. "Not all is vain," says the wisest of the Pagans. And it is from the record written to portray the vanity of human wishes that one recalls a passage of most apt reference to the honoured patriarch who now gives so eminent a realization of

The age that melts with unperceived decay, And glides in calm benevolence away; Whose peaceful day the work of good endears, Whose night congratulatory conscience cheers, The general favourite, as the general friend; Such age is his—and who shall wish its end?

At 11 o'clock there was not a seat unoccupied in the cathedral, and ten minutes later it became necessary to stop all further intrusion. The multitude which arrived too late, and in default of the entree, waited patiently outside, would have at least formed another congregation as numerous as that which already filled the sacred edifice. The ceremony was inaugurated by a procession of the female children of the convent schools. These small Christians—most of them little creatures of tender years—formed a pretty and interesting sight, as they marshalled two by two, and bearing banners richly emblazoned with pious devices. They walked through the vast throng to the church. Shortly after a commotion and movement in the waiting mass announced an event. It was the appearance of his Grace the Archbishop, who, accompanied by the Lord Bishop of Meath, passed, shedding paternal blessings on the kneeling and reverent crowd. Soon after the Lord Mayor of Dublin, wearing a court-suit, the Archbishop's aide of which was superbly relieved by the massive gold of the municipal chain, entered the church.

and was conducted to a fauteuil on the altar dais opposite the archiepiscopal throne. His Grace, robed in the full splendour of his exalted office, and wearing a jewelled mitre of great beauty, and valuing the radiant expression of every feeling—the occasion was calculated to produce in a sensitive mind fully impressed with his personal influence and significance. It was remarked with universal satisfaction that the grand old hierarch looked in the enjoyment of excellent health. His Grace, in bestowing the Pontifical Benediction, an act which he performed with most dignified solemnity, referred to the Papal Jubilee granted this year, and observed that he had many opportunities of witnessing the good effects produced by that indulgence. The religious ceremonies concluded with the Te Deum, which was excellently rendered. Near the conclusion of the high mystery the school children reformed and left the church in procession, while the congregation repaired to the hall of the neighbouring college to assist at the presentation of the numerous addresses, amounting in all to no less than thirty.

The Irish Times reporter says:—

A charge of 50s was made for admission, yet the sacred edifice was crowded to excess; and outside the chapel yard was occupied by a dense mass of people devoutly kneeling while High Mass being performed. It was announced that the famous Dominican preacher, the Rev. Thomas Burke, would preach the sermon on the occasion; but, unfortunately, news arrived last evening that the reverend gentleman was suffering from indisposition, and that it would be impossible for him to take part in the ceremonies. This, of course, disappointed many persons, who came from distant parts of the West to hear a preacher of whom they feel justly proud.

It should be mentioned that the High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Canon Magee, assisted by the Rev. Father MacHale as deacon, and the Rev. Mr. Hannay as sub-deacon, and the Very Rev. Ulick Canon Bourke—upon whom the chief burden of organising the whole celebration seems to have devolved—as master of the ceremonies.

The presentation of the addresses took place in the large hall of the new college, shortly after two o'clock. The hall was crowded, a considerable number of ladies being present. The first address, from the clergy of the diocese of Tuam, was read by the Very Rev. James MacGee. A Latin verse address, from the students of St. Jarlath's College was read by Father Burke, the President. Mr. Peter Daly read the address from the inhabitants of Tuam. Rev. Dr. Costello read the address from the clergy of Ballina and Killa. Mr. Dillon read the address from the town commissioners of Ballina. The address from Westport was read by Mr. Thomas Gibbons. An address from the Mechanics' Institute of Galway was read by Mr. Ferdinand, who stated that it might be taken as an address from the entire people of Galway. Addresses were also read from the students of the Catholic University, the Sisters of the Mercy and of the Presentation Order, the Home Rule League, and the Irish Catholic members of parliament. All these addresses were beautifully illuminated. We regret we cannot find room in our present issue for any of them but one—that from the Irish members of parliament, which was presented by a deputation composed of Messrs. Ronayne, Browne, Biggar, O'Byrne, O'Connor Power, Meldon, and Sullivan, and Captain Nolan and The O'Connor Don, and which was read as follows by Mr. A. M. Sullivan:—

MOST REVEREND LORD ARCHBISHOP.—The Catholic representatives of Ireland beg leave most respectfully to approach your Grace, and to offer to you their hearty congratulations on this, the fiftieth anniversary of your elevation to the episcopate of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. Although the Irish Church has often been severely tried in the ordeal of persecution, yet God has been mercifully pleased to bestow upon her many blessings; and we cannot but regard it as an extraordinary mark of Divine favour that your Grace's most valuable life has been so long spared to the service of our Church and our country. Your Grace's arduous labours on behalf of the Irish people commenced early in the present century, while the Catholics of Ireland were still subject to grievous religious disabilities, and have been continued with unwavering perseverance down to the present day, in which you have the satisfaction to behold the masses of your countrymen invested with many of those constitutional privileges which your Grace was ever outspoken to advocate and courageous to defend.

The highest efforts of imperial statecraft in Ireland were anticipated in your Grace's writings nearly half a century before the truths you propounded came to be embodied in legislative enactments; and we who to-day represent Catholic as well as national interests in the House of Commons, are pledged to promote the views respecting the great question of Denominational Education which your Grace was foremost to enunciate 44 years ago, and to which you have, with unbroken consistency, ever since adhered. In the awful famine time you stood by the suffering people, and laboured in a thousand ways to mitigate their unspeakable affliction. Throughout the whole period of your Grace's illustrious career you have been in an especial manner the friend of the poor, and from them the shield of your powerful protection has never for one moment been withdrawn.

While girding with zealous vigilance the spiritual welfare of your own flock, and resisting every attempt made against the faith of Catholic Ireland, your Grace has always evinced the liveliest interest in everything affecting the material prosperity of the country, and to movements aiming at the assertion of her national rights your sanction and support have been cheerfully extended. We earnestly pray that God may long preserve you in health and vigour; that you may live to see the realization of your most cherished hopes with regard to the Church of God and our beloved Ireland; and that each day of your life may add to the glory of your eternal reward. We have the honour to remain your Grace's most humble and faithful servants.

THE CATHOLIC REPRESENTATIVES OF IRELAND.

The following is the splendid reply delivered by the Archbishop:—

Among the many congratulatory addresses presented to me on this auspicious occasion, for which I beg to express my deep gratitude, I have particularly recognised and particularly prized that from the Irish members of Parliament. If the value of praise is to be measured by the merits of him by whom it is bestowed, according to the adage "laudari is laudatus," it is no wonder that I should set a high value on the compliment of being honoured on this occasion by a distinguished deputation of our Parliamentary representatives who have recently so exalted the character of their country by their intrepid and untiring assertion of its constitutional independence against an unscrupulous and I will add, as ill timed a combination as any by which the rights of the Irish people have been hitherto assailed. You anticipate, I presume, the just and obvious reference to the fidelity of the Irish members, exhibited in their admirable opposition to the reimposition of penal fetters upon our people as the suitable recompense of their specially peaceful and dutiful demeanour. And at what time, and under what circumstances, has this unrighteous legislative attempt to manacle our people been devised and undertaken? Was it to assert the public tranquility against the restless movements of the foe of public order? The public records have borne testimony to the singularly peaceful conduct of the people; for such were the sincere and the judicious of our country, were presented abundantly with white gloves—

and denunciations at once of the peaceful condition of the country. Who could anticipate the proposal to introduce coercive measures in the midst of such tranquillity?—a proposal as unnatural and unwelcome as it was impolitic—and manifesting to the world the alien and hostile source from which it sprang. As coercive legislation usually follows in the track of turbulence and violent resistance to law and order, all draw the obvious conclusion that such a proposition did not emanate from the friends of Ireland, but rather from some of those adepts in a strange kind of statecraft, who were indicated, by O'Connell under the name of shave-beggars, and who substituted for the capacity to discharge the higher functions of government a successful audacity in making apprentices to that science, political experiments of Ireland. Their motto was *fall experimentum incorpore vite*. I did hope that the long continued and unbroken tranquillity of Ireland, and the unanimous concert of judicial approbation which testified to that tranquillity, without a single note of dissent, would have secured an immunity from any harsh or repressive laws. But I regret to have been entirely mistaken, and I found that some of these men of the Castle-reign policy, whom I thought had disappeared from our land, were like the Rip Van Winkle of Washington Irving, during that recent period of peace and good will, awake only in the miserable memory of discord and sorrow. But, thanks to the public spirit of that country, the advocates of coercion have found that repression is not so easy nor likely to be as remunerative as of old. Thanks to the indomitable courage and perseverance of our gallant representatives from Ulster, Munster, Connaught, and Leinster, whose presence I hail on this occasion, who have drawn the fangs out of the shave-beggars' Coercion Bill, and who have impressed its artificers with the conviction that if they are proud of their victory, it is one of which, like that of Pyrrhus, it might have been said, another such triumph would have been equivalent to a discomfiture.

In reference to the address of the Home Rule League (which body was represented by the Rev. J. A. Galbraith, F. T. C. D.; Rev. H. P. Kelly, O. D. C.; Clarendon-street, Dublin; the Rev. P. Lavelle, P. P.; Cong, and Mr. Alfred Webb), the Freeman correspondent says:—

The sensation of this episode was the reading of the address from the Home Rulers by the Reverend Professor Galbraith. The distinguished savant and patriot was received by the Archbishop with marked consideration. He read with striking effect the tribute of his party, in which warm acknowledgment of the Prelate's sympathy with and support of the national movement was expressed.

In the course of the day the following telegram from Mr. J. Nolan, hon. secretary to the Amnesty Association, Dublin, was received by his Grace:—

On behalf of the Amnesty Association of Ireland I reverentially tender to your Grace our congratulations on the event of your jubilee, which gives universal joy to the Irish race.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S BANQUET—THE ILLUMINATIONS. The Freeman correspondent thus concludes his notice of Tuesday's proceedings:—

At half-past five a large company were entertained at a banquet given by his Grace in the new college. The Archbishop presided, having on his right the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, on his left the Lord Mayor of Dublin. During the festivity, which was marked by equal elegance and hospitality, an interesting incident occurred. A loving cup of large size, in massive silver, richly chased, was passed round, bearing the inscription:—

"Presented as a mark of respect and affection to the Right Rev. Dr. John MacHale, by the Theology Class of the Roman Catholic College, Maynooth, A. D. 1825."

This presentation, made half a century ago, occurred by a notable coincidence on the anniversary of the jubilee it was now employed to celebrate. Several speeches were made in the course of the entertainment, which, however, was of a semi-private character. Later in the evening the town was ablaze with illuminations, many of which were of a strikingly tasteful character. The first day's proceedings were brought to a brilliant termination by a display of fireworks. Happily, all concluded without an untoward incident of any kind. The crowds which occupied the town to a late hour dispersed quietly.

UNVEILING THE STATUE OF THE ARCHBISHOP. Wednesday the ceremonies commenced with Mass at eleven o'clock, and soon afterwards Mr. Farrell's statue of the archbishop was unveiled in presence of several thousand people. The Freeman reporter says:—

The ceremony of unveiling the statue was fixed for twelve o'clock, but it was fully one o'clock before the gentlemen who were expected to be present ascended the platform. Amongst these were:—

The Lord Mayor of Dublin, the Right Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath; Mr. Biggar, M.P.; Mr. O'Connor Power, M.P.; Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P.; Mr. George Browne, M.P.; Mr. C. Meldon, M.P.; Captain Nolan, M.P.; Mr. O'Byrne, M.P.; Rev. J. A. Galbraith, F. T. C. D.; Professor Kavanagh, C. U.; Rev. Thomas O'Shea, P. P.; Oasory, Mr. Bolster, Limerick; Very Rev. Dr. Derry, Rev. Mr. O'Brien, P. P.; Mr. Ronayne, M.P.; Mr. Sebastian Nolan, &c.

At half-past twelve there was a crowd of at least 5,000 people in the chapel-yard assembled round the veiled statue. A platform afforded accommodation to a few distinguished individuals—those who were to take part in the proceedings—and the representatives of the press.

The Bishop of Meath, the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, performed the ceremony of unveiling amidst tumultuous cheering, and then addressed the assemblage in a short speech, which is reported as follows by the Freeman:—

I would detain you more than a moment, because I know you are all anxious to hear the hon. member for Louth, Mr. Alexander M. Sullivan—(loud cheers)—the most eloquent of living Irishmen at the present day (cheers). I will, therefore, not detain you further than to say this, that while I have the greatest possible gratification in unveiling this statue to your great archbishop to-day, the event has to my mind, in some respects, a melancholy aspect, because it reminds us that great and illustrious as he is, he will one day pass away from amongst us. Notwithstanding his strong physical constitution and great talents; nevertheless he is still mortal. He appears amongst us like a vision from heaven that will soon pass away; but you have as far as you could immortalised him in this marble statue, which, when he is gone, will bring his Grace's noble face and form to your remembrance. When you look upon that beautiful statue you will recall the features of one who was the pride and glory of the Irish Church—not only a great priest, but one of the greatest Irishmen that ever trod his native land (loud cheers). I have no great pleasure in introducing to you a member of that gallant band to whose efforts and courage in an alien senate we are all so much indebted, and of whom we are so proud (cheers).

The Freeman reporter then says:—

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., then came forward, and was received with prolonged applause. He addressed them not as men of Galway or Mayo only, but of Ireland, because that was not a local, but a national celebration (cheers). Priests and people—many of them representative men—had come from the most distant parts of Ireland to do homage to the grandest name in Irish history in the nineteenth century (cheers). It was with a sense of deep and almost painful responsibility that he consented to come forward and make a few observations on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of the illustrious Archbishop of the West, (loud cheers), for he did not lay claim to any prominence in that band.

—in which he was but a full private—which in a foreign assembly was doing battle for the liberties of their country (cheers). There were on that platform to-day men who had travelled 900 miles to be present on that auspicious occasion. They came from the mountains of distant Kerry—priests, the boundary of whose parishes was the mighty Atlantic; and there were others from the equally distant North (cheers). Speaking of the Archbishop, Mr. Sullivan said that the story of his Grace's life was the chronicle of Ireland for the last four-and-eighty years. It was in the year 1731 that a child was born unto Ireland—a child that was destined to be a pride and a joy to the entire nation (cheers)—a child that, like another Moses, was to guide a people wandering through a desert, and suffering persecution and wrong—until he led them to the promised land of peace and prosperity (cheers). He had seen thrones totter, and fall and dynasties crumble to the dust. He had seen revolutions rending society, and had ever proved himself a deadly enemy to the oppression that subjugates national existence (cheers). He (Mr. Sullivan) now saw before him the fresh young faces of men whose fathers had bowed beneath the yoke, but, blessed be God, they had lived to see better times. The great agitation carried on by O'Connell by moral force, but with great physical force behind it, had been conducted with such strategic ingenuity that British ministers had been brought from their high place of defiance down to the dust (cheers). No tongue could tell the opposition and humiliations that tracked the footsteps of the Irish Catholic in those dreadful days which, thank God, were never again to return. The speaker referred at some length to the penal laws, which he said stripped the people of property and position, deprived them of education, made it a felony to educate an Irish child, and put a price on the heads of the priest and the schoolmaster. He declared before God that anything of mind and virtue which survived to the Irish people at the present day they possessed in defiance of British law (loud cheers). After education and property were taken from our people what else remained? Why, the indignity of patriotism—the last result of persecution—and they also had the solace of turning to Almighty God. But here again the law stepped in, and made it transportation for the first offence, and execution for the second, to be a priest in holy Ireland. This was the state of things in their country immediately preceding the birth of John of Tuam, and it was under the circumstances arising out of this state that he entered public life, and became the right arm of the great Liberator, Daniel O'Connell (cheers). His great sagacity and patriotism brought to O'Connell the ablest aid he could command. He would tell those present that as long as they labored justly in a righteous cause they should hope for the redress of their wrongs after the granting of Catholic emancipation. What was the next phase in the life and labour of the great archbishop? The English ministers said:—"Let us get hold of the education of the rising generation of Ireland, and although the present race may be indoctrinated with the principles of O'Connell and John of Tuam, let us get the education of the young into our hands, and in course of time the young people will be ashamed of the principles of their forefathers." Accordingly they spread over the land the so-called system of National Education, and the people, eager for learning, at last got an opportunity of going to school, but the great John of Tuam saw the possible danger to faith and national feeling in this boon offered by the British government (hear, hear). Many men thought on that occasion that he was cynical and over-suspicious, but time had vindicated the judgment of John of Tuam, for before 25 years it was admitted that the teaching of the Irish people was fraught with proselytism. He was faithful amongst the faithless then, but they saw him in a new phase when famine was mowing down the people of Ireland. There were at present in the homes of Ireland old men and women who could tell the tales—otherwise unknown to human eye and ear—of the great Archbishop's labours in that mournful time (loud cheers). If he had no other claim to their love and the proud title of Archbishop, it would be found in his heroism and devotion during the famine time. Out of that time sprang the desire to settle the Land Question. The speaker next alluded to the establishment of the Fenian League, the objects of which, he said, were frustrated by the perfidy of Sadleir and Keogh, and remarked that Dr. MacHale threw himself heart and soul into that movement. Mr. Sullivan next referred to the fact that several members of Parliament had attended the celebration, including an Ulster Presbyterian, as well as a clergyman from Trinity College—the Reverend Professor Galbraith (cheers)—and that a man whose reputation as a scholar was European and whose patriotism was well known throughout Ireland. The speaker concluded as follows:—"I have traced these events for you—I have gone over the record of this life, so intertwined with all that is great and heroic in Irish history for half a century past—for the purpose of showing and demonstrating by the irrefragable testimony of facts that are on record that there is no public man at present living who can so fearlessly look into the past, and so confidently seek their triumphal vindication as this illustrious man beside whose statue I now stand (cheers). As the eagle may gaze on the sun, so may the eyes of John of Tuam gaze into all the past of his life, and be there undimmed by a trace of inconsistency—a public act that he could regret or wish amended (cheers). It is not given to many public men to be able to review their public lives. It is given to few men to attain to such an age as his—to have lived through a period of such storm and vicissitude, and yet to have upheld unstained the purity of his soul and the fresh vigour of his native Ireland (cheers). It is not given to every man to be surrounded, as he is to-day, by such demonstration of affection from those of his own fold, and of respect and esteem from all that are virtuous and honest outside of it. Yes, this life of his—this career which I have traced—is a grand emblem for Irishmen through all time; and so here to-day we have set up this statue on high, that in imperishable marble his features may be perpetuated—those features upon which so many of us have so fondly looked—and that future generations may be familiarized with the figure and form of that grand old man whose jubilee we celebrate to-day. And here will come in future years, to find new strength and hope, whosoever battling in the cause of public right and justice faints, or grows weary, or desponds in the face of fearful odds, and here before this effigy, the record of his life, he will take heart of new hope and courage, and long, long after the grass has grown green upon the grave of John of Tuam, Irish parents will come around this pedestal and bring their little ones, teaching them to pray with clasped hands in that Gaelic tongue which he loved so well, to the Almighty God who rules upon high, that he may give a place in the mansion of bliss, amidst the saints who surround his throne, to the good and virtuous archbishop whose jubilee we this day celebrate (loud cheers).

The Daily Express, says of the statue itself:—

The figure is of more than life-size, being about eight feet high, placed on a pedestal of Portland granite, about six feet high. The Archbishop is represented in his episcopal robes, holding the crozier in one hand, and having the other hand uplifted as if imploring a blessing on his flock. The likeness is a very true one, and the entire work is most creditable to the sculptor, Mr. Farrell, R.E.A.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S BANQUET. The Archbishop's banquet was given on Wednesday at the new college, and was attended by a public banquet of the Archbishop in the hall of the new college, of St. Jarlath's. About 200 hundred persons

and denunciations at once of the peaceful condition of the country. Who could anticipate the proposal to introduce coercive measures in the midst of such tranquillity?—a proposal as unnatural and unwelcome as it was impolitic—and manifesting to the world the alien and hostile source from which it sprang. As coercive legislation usually follows in the track of turbulence and violent resistance to law and order, all draw the obvious conclusion that such a proposition did not emanate from the friends of Ireland, but rather from some of those adepts in a strange kind of statecraft, who were indicated, by O'Connell under the name of shave-beggars, and who substituted for the capacity to discharge the higher functions of government a successful audacity in making apprentices to that science, political experiments of Ireland. Their motto was *fall experimentum incorpore vite*. I did hope that the long continued and unbroken tranquillity of Ireland, and the unanimous concert of judicial approbation which testified to that tranquillity, without a single note of dissent, would have secured an immunity from any harsh or repressive laws. But I regret to have been entirely mistaken, and I found that some of these men of the Castle-reign policy, whom I thought had disappeared from our land, were like the Rip Van Winkle of Washington Irving, during that recent period of peace and good will, awake only in the miserable memory of discord and sorrow. But, thanks to the public spirit of that country, the advocates of coercion have found that repression is not so easy nor likely to be as remunerative as of old. Thanks to the indomitable courage and perseverance of our gallant representatives from Ulster, Munster, Connaught, and Leinster, whose presence I hail on this occasion, who have drawn the fangs out of the shave-beggars' Coercion Bill, and who have impressed its artificers with the conviction that if they are proud of their victory, it is one of which, like that of Pyrrhus, it might have been said, another such triumph would have been equivalent to a discomfiture.

In reference to the address of the Home Rule League (which body was represented by the Rev. J. A. Galbraith, F. T. C. D.; Rev. H. P. Kelly, O. D. C.; Clarendon-street, Dublin; the Rev. P. Lavelle, P. P.; Cong, and Mr. Alfred Webb), the Freeman correspondent says:—

The sensation of this episode was the reading of the address from the Home Rulers by the Reverend Professor Galbraith. The distinguished savant and patriot was received by the Archbishop with marked consideration. He read with striking effect the tribute of his party, in which warm acknowledgment of the Prelate's sympathy with and support of the national movement was expressed.

In the course of the day the following telegram from Mr. J. Nolan, hon. secretary to the Amnesty Association, Dublin, was received by his Grace:—

On behalf of the Amnesty Association of Ireland I reverentially tender to your Grace our congratulations on the event of your jubilee, which gives universal joy to the Irish race.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S BANQUET—THE ILLUMINATIONS. The Freeman correspondent thus concludes his notice of Tuesday's proceedings:—

At half-past five a large company were entertained at a banquet given by his Grace in the new college. The Archbishop presided, having on his right the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, on his left the Lord Mayor of Dublin. During the festivity, which was marked by equal elegance and hospitality, an interesting incident occurred. A loving cup of large size, in massive silver, richly chased, was passed round, bearing the inscription:—

"Presented as a mark of respect and affection to the Right Rev. Dr. John MacHale, by the Theology Class of the Roman Catholic College, Maynooth, A. D. 1825."