

on Joan Flaherty's fire along wide him. So neither of the good ladies obeyed Neddy Fennell's command. The boy, however, was indistinctly, in the almost complete darkness, at the remote point he peered at, the head and shoulders of a man elevated over the imperfect division wall.

"Is the ould priest gone?" asked this apparition, in staid and husky tones. Neddy waked at Bridget to answer, and Bridget accordingly said—"He is gone these three hours, neighbor."

"Will he come agin to-night, ye ould collocks?" continued the same voice. "No, surely, neighbor; he is gone for this night, sartin."

"Bunnaith tath, then," and the head and shoulders disappeared. A dead silence succeeded. Neddy Carthy held up her hand, and significantly looked her meaning at Bridget Malrooney, who, in return, nodded her head.

"Neddy Fennell," added Neddy, "for the worth of the life that's in you, and that's in all our bodies,"—she whispered these words into his very ear—"don't let out of you a breath of what you have heard here this night;—mind my words."

They all went to bed, Neddy lying down on some straw, confronting that side of the house occupied by Monsieur the pig; while his gentle hostesses, unfolding certain rolled-up parcels in the corners to the right and left of the fire-place, but which, after all, contained only straw pallets, with very wretched covering, made their own couches thereof.

(To be Continued.)

[Written for the TRUE WITNESS.]

SKETCHES OF IRELAND.

BY "TIERNAN-O'GEE."

DUBLIN.

It would be an idle task to attempt to describe, however faintly, the City of Dublin in one sketch; and indeed an abler pen than ours might fail to do it justice. As the mists of morning rise into mid-air beneath the potent spells of the day-god, so the mists of years with all their varying hues while leaving to us the feeling that away beyond leagues of space is our home as dissipated by the sun of memory; but as it requires all the majestic glories of noon to make bright the day, so it would be required of us that we were in the flesh, as indeed we are in spirit, not looking through the light of memory, but revelling in the sun of home, in the city of the splendid buildings; where stands in mournful greatness the pile that once re-echoed the thunders of Plunket, Flood, and Grattan; where the liquid tones of Bushe fell like the melody of streams upon the legislators of Ireland; that pile where, in a horrid reversal of principle, the odious creature who thanked his God that he had a country to sell, with the whip of torture, perjury, bribery and dishonor, drove the Genius of Freedom from her Temple, and changed her votaries into the engravers of bank-notes and the purchasers of foreign stocks. We should be there in the flesh indeed would we appreciate as only the returned exiled can Old Trinity and City Hall and Four Courts and Post Office and Custom House, while floating down the stream of time and hastening to the unknown shore, we would see the students listening to an Emmet, the corporators enchained by an O'Connell, and belligerent barristers and bloody-handed judges wincing beneath the scathings of a Curran; and then perhaps an unbidden tear would fall when we would see Conciliation Hall changed into a flour store, or hastening through Thomas street, we might remember the gallant but unfortunate Fitzgerald, while from whatever side we might look, we would see the olden Castle with its grim tower, and the royal standard of England waving over all. Dublin is a very ancient city. Ptolemy, enumerating several cities as having had existence before him, A.D. 130, in Ireland, describes Eblana, a maritime city, situated about the centre of the eastern side of the island. Following in the wake of prejudice there are many persons who assert that Dublin was founded by the Ostmen. Their object evidently is to destroy if possible the antiquity of Ireland; but as it was not until about 820 that the Danish marauders invaded Ireland, and as we find in the Annals of Tighearnach, year 166, that "Con of the hundred battles" and Mogha Nuadhat divided Ireland into two parts, by a line drawn from Athelith Dublinne to Athelith Mearraige, or from Dublin to Clarnings Bridge near Galway, the assertion therefore is utterly without a shadow of justification. The city is remarkable for the beauty of its situation. Fronting upon a bay which rivals that of Naples, it stands in the midst of a fertile plain, while away in the distance are visible the Dublin and Wicklow mountains, and the heather and fern and yellow wheat upon their sides blend in magic as a thousand streams and rivulets reflect their simple graces. But it is not as a city of fine situation or of splendid buildings that the Capital appears to the Irish eye and appeals to the Irish heart. Its chief glory, its high attraction is that patriot eyes have feasted upon its beauties, and that patriot voices have told the oft-repeated tale of Ireland's rights and wrongs in its halls and assemblies. There "the poet of all circles and the idol of his own" sung his unrivalled melodies. There Davis wrote the harbinger of her resurrection and there he sleeps. There it was that a spectre-figure glided in almost unearthly solitude of thought, like a vield shadow in the setting sun, throwing himself athwart his country's name until Mangan and Ireland seemed one in fame and misfortune. There it was that the giant form of O'Connell strode in conscious power, while the thunders of his eloquence shook the temples of bigotry, and the lightning of his genius blasted the idols of Ascendancy on their very altars. There the dogs lapped the blood of many a high-souled child of Erin, who preferred to die as a rebel Celt, than live as a mongrel West Briton,

and it is to there that the eyes of millions are turned hoping for a return of its olden power, when the money-changers shall be driven from the legislative halls, and the representatives of Ireland shall make laws for Ireland on Irish soil. The citizens of Dublin are famed for their charity. In the highest ecclesiastical city in the world, where the Vicar of Christ reigns, the Capital of Ireland is known as the "City of Charity." The Rev. G. F. Haskins, a worthy priest of Massachusetts, who said in a work published in 1856: "Never can I forget the little Irish boy, my own pupil, who, in exchange for the letters I taught him, first taught me Christianity," speaking of Dublin in the same work, p. 259, said: "In Dublin—and the same we afterwards found true of every city that we visited in Ireland—there exist public institutions and charities as numerous as the diseases and infirmities to which the human frame is liable. Here are hospitals for the diseased; refuges for the penitent; retreats for the aged; asylums for the blind, deaf and dumb and the insane; and infirmaries for the sick and maimed and for women with child.—Nearly all them (Italics our own) are supported by the spontaneous and voluntary offerings of the people." "I cannot give a description of the charitable institutions of Dublin because I could not obtain any printed documents giving a history of their doings. In fact, the patrons of these establishments do not seek for notoriety, but only to do good." Dublin is essentially a Catholic city. Its episcopal ruler is remarkable for his energy in promoting sound Catholic education, and wears a Cardinal's hat. Its priests are pious and vic with each other in attendance upon their flocks, and strangers look with surprise at the chivalrous bearing of the mere gnomes whenever a Sister is near.—The Carmelites, the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Passionists, the Fathers of Mary Immaculate, the Jesuits, are represented, the churches are always open, and our Lord is never alone. If Dublin were the Capital of a nation instead of being the principal city of a province; if an Irish Parliament sat in College Green, it would be one of the finest cities in Europe, and as it is a moral impossibility that the Faith of Ireland should ever fail, so would the best interests of religion be promoted if national prosperity obtained instead of national squalor, if nationhood crushed provincialism.—The designs of Providence are beyond our mortal ken, but fervently do we pray that we shall live until the dawn of deliverance. It is coming, if justice be not dead, and political morality a myth; but until it comes the duty of the Irish Catholic is plain, whether at home or abroad, principally abroad because it is most urgent. It is to uphold the Faith of St. Patrick. To cling closely to the Apostolic See. To show by his zeal his devotion to the Great Truth: which not all the fendish machinations of impious men for centuries could destroy.—Yes, fellow-Irish Catholics, this is our duty. We may be in rags, we may be the scorned of men, Prejudice may dip its arrow into poison, and Hate may hurl the death-dealing shaft upon us, but beyond the stars where the Beautiful ever live, where the Ever-Young revel in the beatitude of the Lord, Patrick and Brigid, the Mary of Ireland, and Columba, are waiting for us, and praying for us, and glorying before God in the faith of our children. Let us preserve that holy faith.—Through the wilderness of our sorrows it has served us as a cloud by day; in the inky darkness of despair it has been to us a pillar of fire.—Above all give sound Catholic education to your children, and then pray that in after life they may not lose that to preserve which our fathers bled and died. The Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin devotes almost all his energies to this vital question, knowing that dangers surround the paths of those who possess not the advantages of Catholic education. Then again, looking at the question politically, the better Christians we make our children, the greater shall be their worth as men to the community. The honorable, respected citizen of Irish birth honors his name and country, and thus almost unconsciously forwards Ireland's interests.—Deep is our prayer for Ireland's future, and our feeling of hope tells us that ere long the "splendid phantom" of O'Connell shall become a magnificent reality. Then *Tiernan-O'gee*, with many a kindred soul, will rush to Erin, to its Capital and there feast upon the living joys of a resurrected nation.

ENCYCLICAL EPISTLE OF HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS IX.

To all Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops, Bishops and other Ordinaries in Communion with the Holy See.

VENERABLE BROTHERS, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEEDICTION.

Often, Venerable Brethren, during Our long Pontificate, have We turned to you and intimated how gratefully We have received the proofs of devotion and love which the God of all mercy has put into your minds and into the minds of your faithful flocks to show to Us and the Apostolic See. When the enemies of God began to invade its civil dominion, in order that, if it were possible, they might prevail against Jesus Christ and His Church, "which is His Body and the fulness thereof," you, Venerable Brethren, and the Christian people, have, without ceasing, besought God, whom "the winds and the sea obey," that He would still the tempest; nor have you desisted from repeating again and again the testimonies of your love, or from discharging every duty by which you could console Us in Our tribulation. And when this City, the Capital of the whole Catholic world, was wrested from Us, and We were placed at the disposal of those who had oppressed Us, you, together with the multitude of the faithful of your Dioceses, redoubled your prayers, and with your numerous denunciations you asserted the sacred rights of religion and justice that had been most audaciously trampled upon. And now that, by an event unknown since the days of Saint Peter, and unprecedented in the whole succession of the Roman Pontiffs, We have attained the 26th

year of Our Pontificate in the Chair of Rome, you have given such magnificent proofs of your joy on account of this great mercy granted to Our littleness, and you have so brilliantly exhibited in action the vigorous life with which the entire household of Christ is animated, that We have been profoundly affected at it; and, uniting Our prayers to yours, We have been afresh encouraged to look with greater confidence than ever for the complete and absolute triumph of the Church. It has been most gratifying to us to know that in every part of the world the faithful have made, in vast crowds, pilgrimages to celebrated sanctuaries, and that great assemblages of Catholics have been gathered at those sanctuaries, and there, under the leadership of their own pastors, have publicly offered up their prayers and made their communions to thank God for the great mercy he has bestowed upon Us, and to beseech Him to give the victory to His Church. We felt Our sorrows alleviated, may turned into joy at the congratulations contained in your letters, at your assurances of loyalty, at your prayers, and at the very numerous arrivals of Catholics from all parts, amongst whom were many distinguished by noble rank, and by ecclesiastical and civil dignities, and still more ennobled by their faith; all of whom being united in feeling and in act, together with a large number of the citizens of Rome and of the provinces that have been seized on—from different and distant realms have travelled hither with one accord, and have voluntarily exposed themselves to the same perils and insults to which We are exposed in order that they might come face to face with Us and there testify the pious sentiments of themselves and their fellow-citizens, and also might present to Us volumes, containing many hundred thousand signatures of the Faithful of all nations to addresses, in which they characterized in the severest terms the invasion of Our Primedom, and earnestly maintained that its restitution was demanded and enjoined by every principle of religion, justice, and even of civilization. By this occasion also there hath accrued to Us a receipt of money larger than ordinary; both poor and rich having exerted themselves to relieve the poverty that had been brought upon Us; added to which there were also manifold presents of various kinds and of great value, forming a magnificent tribute of the productions of Christian art and genius, excellently adapted to exalt the twofold power, Spiritual and Royal, granted to Us by Almighty God; there was also an extensive and splendid supply of sacred vestments and church furniture, out of which We were enabled to assist the poverty and meanness of a great many churches in different places. Truly it was a wondrous spectacle of Catholic unity, and one which clearly proved that the Universal Church, although spread over the whole world, and made up of nations differing in manners, in character, and pursuits, yet is animated by the same spirit of God, and is all the more marvellously strengthened thereby, the more fiercely the impious persecute and distress her, and the more earnestly they plot to cut her off from all human aid. Let, therefore, abundant and most hearty thanks be rendered to Him who glorifies His own name, and at the same time by showing forth His ever ready power and help raises up our afflicted souls to the hope of final and certain triumph. If, however, We refer all the good things that We have received to God their giver, yet at the same time We do feel the utmost gratitude towards those who have been the agents of Providence, and have discharged abundantly towards Us all the duties of help, consolation, loyalty, devotion, and love. Lifting up Our eyes and hands towards heaven, We offer to the Lord all that has been conferred on Us in His name by Our children; earnestly beseeching Him that He would vouchsafe speedily to hear their united prayers for the liberty of the Holy See, for the victory of Holy Church, and for the peace of the world; and that He would bountifully reward each one with earthly and heavenly blessings, which is beyond Our power. In truth, We could have wished to express to each and to all personally. Our gratitude, and to give to each and to all the assurance of Our warm affection; but the great number of presents, letters, and addresses that have come in from every quarter render this plainly impossible. In order therefore that Our desire may in some manner be carried into effect, We communicate Our sentiments to you, Venerable Brethren, first of all; and beg that you would announce and explain them fully to your clergy and to your flocks. And We exhort all that they continue instant in prayer unitedly with yourselves, and in full confidence of soul; for if "the continual prayer of the just penetrateth the clouds, and turneth not back, until the Most High regardeth;" and Christ has promised that wherever two or three are gathered together in His name, and agree as to what they shall ask for, His Heavenly Father will do whatsoever they shall ask, much more must the Church Universal, by her continual and united prayer, obtain all that she asks for—so that, Divine justice being appeased, she may behold the powers of hell crushed, the efforts of human malice defeated and brought to nought, and peace and justice restored to the earth. But do you, Venerable Brethren, above all things, labor with your soul and strength to this end, that, being ever united together in a close phalanx, you may confront the enemies of God, ever attacking, with fresh plots and violence, the Church, which no force shall ever destroy—that you may the more easily and successfully resist their onset and defeat their armies. This is what We do most earnestly desire and most fervently pray for, and with all Our heart do We ask it for you and for the whole household of the Catholic Church; and as a pledge of that most wished-for issue and of the Divine favor, and as an undoubted proof of the special affection and gratitude that We feel towards you and each one of you, Venerable Brethren, We do from Our inmost heart very lovingly impart to yourselves, your clergy and flocks, the Apostolic Benediction. Given at

Rome, at St. Peter's, August 5, being the Feast of Saint Mary of the Esquiline (Our Lady at Nives), Anno Domini 1871, in the 26th year of Our Pontificate.

PIUS PP. IX.

THE HOME RULE ASSOCIATION COMMÉMORATIONS.

THE Freeman's Journal tells us that the meeting of the Home Rule Association on Tuesday opened with an occurrence pleasingly significant of the growing strength of the movement. No less than seventy-five new members were admitted into the Association; and these included gentlemen of every shade of political opinion, of every religious creed, and from every district. At the sitting thus prosperously initiated some remarkable speeches were delivered, and notably one in which the Rev. Mr. Galbraith sought to impress on the Catholics and Protestants of Ulster, and in a particular degree of Derry, the folly of their interecne contests, and the ruin which they were bringing on their suffering Fatherland. We earnestly hope that Mr. Galbraith's words will sink deep into the convulsed and passion-torn hearts of Ulster. We honour the transparent sincerity of his motives—we recognise the value of his services, but he must permit us in all courtesy and all good faith, while we applaud his advice, to differ *to to* *caro* from his estimate of the facts of the case. Stripped of the eloquent and generous phrases in which his maxims are enveloped, his plan for putting an end to the annual disturbances at Derry is, that the Catholics should abandon their Defence Association, and should permit the celebrations to proceed as they were wont in former years. Now, let us at once say that this piece of advice should, in our humble opinion, be addressed to the Derry Orangemen, and not to the Derry Catholics. The cause of complaint which the Catholics have against these demonstrations is unanswerable. They allege in the first place—and this, of course, no man can gainsay—that these demonstrations are intended to commemorate certain very grievous disasters which in old days befell the Catholic cause in Ireland; they allege also that at these demonstrations language of the foulest and most outrageous character is used; and, what is more important, that persons who participate in them work themselves up into a state of frenzy which often leads them into gross attacks on the lives and properties of unoffending persons. Professor Galbraith knows very well how often Orangemen have wound up demonstrations at Derry or elsewhere by wrecking a house, beating the brains out of some unhappy Papist, or sending a volley through the windows of a dwelling-house. We do not dwell on these matters for the sake of awakening bitter memories. Heaven knows that none are more anxious than we are that the dead past should bury its dead, that these miserable feuds should be blotted out for ever. But the Freeman alludes to these facts to show how unjust, how unreasonable it is to expect the Derry Catholics not to use every legal method of putting a stop to these celebrations at once so absurd, so offensive, and so dangerous. Forgiveness is an excellent thing, no doubt. A wise oblivion is the Linbo to which these Ulster feuds should be consigned. Grant all this; but let us ask Mr. Galbraith—are forgiveness and oblivion to be expected while an insolent faction continues to annually outrage the sentiments and, if permitted, attack the homes and the persons of the Derry Catholics? The reverend gentleman carries with him all honest Irishmen when he condemns the feuds and heartburnings of Ulster. But early associations so warp a powerful mind and an honest heart that he cannot see that the sole responsibilities for these feuds rests with the Orangemen of the North. In old days, in that blood-stained seventeenth century when the world was torn with wars of religion, Ulster was the great battle-ground on which Catholic Ireland and Protestant England fought it out. Both sides had their triumphs and their disasters; and yet one side alone keeps alive the recollections of these civil struggles. True it is that the siege of Derry was a glorious triumph for the arms of Protestant Ulster. But equally glorious for Catholic Ireland was that famous field where Owen Roe smote hip and thigh the choicest levies of Protestant Ulster and its Scottish allies. And yet what Catholic ever seriously proposed to celebrate the triumph of Benburb? What liberal Englishman ever dreamed of a commemoration of the flight at Marston Moor? What Tory Englishman ever thought of celebrating one of Prince Rupert's victories? Do the German Protestants illuminate Frankfurt on the anniversary of one of Gustave Adolphus's successes, or does Vienna commemorate the day when the troops of Tilly triumphed over the Protestant hero? No; the Ulster Orangeman is the only living being so ungenerous and so ignobly vulgar as to perpetuate with insulting joy the memory of disasters suffered by his own countrymen; and it is to him and not to the Northern Catholic Professor Galbraith should appeal.

THE IRISH REPRESENTATIVES.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact of the late Session is that almost every individual and every party has come out of it with diminished influence and diminished prestige. The country is indignant with the Commons for the manner in which valuable time has been consumed in wearisome talk; it denounces the Lords for their obstructive policy; it laments over Liberal incapacity and Liberal blunders, over the match tax, and the sailing of the Megara; it sees nothing to admire in the hollow and insincere tactics of the Opposition. But, turning from Imperial to national views of policy there can, indeed, be no doubt that we have had no such melancholy shipwreck this Session as that of Irish membership. Each succeeding year since the general election Ireland has more and more lost confidence in some of her representatives. In '68 Ireland, by the most superhuman efforts and sacrifices, at the cost of much individual suffering, in defiance

of the landlord's terrorism and in despite of the rich man's gold, returned to Parliament some sixty or seventy persons pledged to support the national cause. How have they since borne themselves? Let us take as a test the two most important divisions which, as far as Ireland is concerned, took place this Session; we mean the division on the Westmeath Coercion Bill and on Sir John Gray's motion with reference to the Park affray. On the first of these occasions only eleven gentlemen could be got to go into the lobby against an attack on the liberty of the subject so gross and unprovoked, that the very Ministry which forged the weapon have been ashamed to use it. On the second occasion, when all that was asked for was that some inquiry should be made into the circumstances attending the furious onslaught of the police on a crowd of inoffensive people, only twenty-three M.P.'s recorded their votes in favor of the member for Kilkenny's motion. The fact of it is that many of our Irish members are so steeped to the lips in party ties, party obligations, party hopes, that they would sooner see Ireland share the fate of one of those Polynesian isles which the Pacific occasionally amuses itself by swallowing up than annoy Mr. Glynn by giving an adverse vote. There is no such argument for Home Rule as the extraordinary effect which the Westminster atmosphere has upon Irish patriotism. How wonderfully does the enthusiasm of the hustings cool down after a Session or two, and the patriot submerge in the partisan! And this London air appears to have an effect as unfavorable on Irish ability as it has on Irish honesty. The four or five Irish members who occupy a prominent place in the House and maintain the old reputation of the country are all middle-aged men. Where are the young athletes training to take their places? Among recent accessions to the Irish representation, perhaps the only man who has earned a high reputation is Mr. Plunket, who, in a couple of Sessions, has exhibited powers which strengthen the general belief in the hereditary character of oratorical gifts. But we must chronicle this success at once with pleasure, for the Irish heart would be cold indeed if it did not feel some interest in the fortunes and successes of the descendants of William Conyngham Plunket; with sorrow, deep and heartfelt to see a young man of the highest promise, the most unquestioned abilities, "to party give up what was meant for mankind." No man who has looked into Mr. Plunket's Life of his grandfather can doubt the writer's profound sympathies with Ireland and liberalism. As a lecturer at King's Inns, it was notorious that he took the broadest and most democratic views on all disputed constitutional points. And yet, such is the stern irony of circumstances, this man sits in Parliament amongst the dull bigots of Ulster, steals his heart to the cry with which to-day the dear old country calls on all her sons, and deprecates vote by Ballot lest it may increase the number of Irish members devoted to the cause of Home Rule. Mr. Plunket is a type, a favorable type we admit, of the Irish member in the English Parliament. In an Irish Parliament such a man would be a useful and honoured servant of his Fatherland. His devotion to its cause would be freshened and intensified by all his surrounding circumstances. Living in an Irish city, mixing in Irish society, breathing the same air that Curran breathed, and sitting beneath the roof which once rung with the immortal eloquence of Grattan, the national aspirations in his heart would be quickened into activity and life, and would bear noble and enduring fruit. But what is Mr. Plunket or any other clever Irishman in the Palace of St. Stephen? His individuality soon becomes lost, his nationality is obliterated by the English influences which surround him; like Samson of old, he is "in brazen fetters doomed to grind, with his Heaven-gifted strength." The iron of selfishness soon enters into his soul, and after a time he has no higher aspiration than to escape from Parliament altogether, and for the rest of his life doze placidly in some sinecure post. When Ireland had a representation of her own it was famous the wide world over for its eloquence, genius, and capacity; but in her present provincial state, her representation in a foreign land must ever wither, a sickly exotic.—*Dublin Freeman.*

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE DUNGANNON INQUIRY.—The inquiry which is now proceeding into the conduct of the magistrates at Dungannon is a subject on which we will have something to say at its conclusion. But we cannot permit the evidence which is contained in our morning contemporaries to pass without at once noticing the all-important fact disclosed in it. It is certain that Orange drumming parties are, on the well known anniversaries, in the habit of disturbing the town of Dungannon, and that their conduct is regarded as most offensive by the Catholic inhabitants, and as very reprehensible by many of the Protestants of the town. Now, the Catholics of Dungannon allege that the local magistracy foster and encourage these drumming parties, which it is their manifest duty to discourage. This serious allegation is confirmed by the resident magistrate, is denied by the local magistracy; and it is to try and inquire into the issue thus joined that a Commission is now sitting at Dungannon. One of the magistrates implicated in the charge of partiality is Colonel Stuart Knox. That gentleman had joined with his brother magistrates in denying that there was any truth in the allegation as far as he was concerned. A morsel of evidence adduced on Monday at once puts an end to all doubt on the subject. A certain Sub-constable Colgan deposed, that on the 12th July, '69, he saw an Orange drumming party enter the town. At its head was a certain Tom Johnston, *nood-ranger* to Colonel Knox. This person was exceedingly violent, shouted out to some Catholics who were in the neighbourhood, "Come on now, ye cowardly rascals." This exhortation had the desired effect—the Catholics came on, and nothing but the presence of the police prevented a very serious riot. This one fact, we hold, disposes of Colonel Knox's defence. Does anybody in his senses imagine that Johnston would have joined this drumming party unless he knew in his heart that his master did not—to say the least—regard it with disapproval? What hope can the Catholics of Dungannon have of justice in party matters when they see the confidential servant of one of the magistrates, unshaken and unpunished,