

in affliction and humiliation, and have been held in contempt and detestation by their proud, and prosperous, and Pagan neighbors. The early Christians are thus described by St. Paul—"Even unto this hour we both hunger and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no fixed abode (how like the poor every day, leaving our shores). We are reviled, and we are blessed; we are persecuted, and we suffer it. We are blasphemed, and we entreat; we are made the refuse of the world, the offscouring of all, even until now."—1 Cor. iv. Poor Ireland cannot be more accurately described.

The itinerant parsons and the member for East Sussex announce, in their address, that the influence of the priests, from various circumstances, is greatly impaired in West Galway. What a pity that they have not been more explicit! Whether the change, supposed to exist, has been brought about by the circling of slander, calumny, lying reports, or by bribery, we are not told. The manner of converting the Irish Papists, and of impairing the influence of the Catholic priest is more boldly stated in another document which now lies before me. It is the second report of the "General Irish Reformation Society," printed at Kirby Lonsdale, 1848. The committee, which reckons amongst its members three earls, five lords, knights, baronets, members of parliament, and parsons innumerable, appeals to the public for money to carry on proselytism in Ireland. "If ever there was a time for England," they exclaim, "to make a great effort for the evangelising of Ireland it is the present; the poor are ready—the great distress has softened the heart of the poor." "A famine shows the poor Romanist the incapacity and tyranny of their priest, and the humanity and integrity of the Protestant clergy."

Whether this theology is from heaven or hell, I shall leave it to you, Mr. Editor, to decide. Was there ever such an exhibition of hypocrisy? These sanctimonious lords, earls, and parsons absolutely gloat with infinite satisfaction over the wretchedness of the poor, as affording them a hope of subverting their faith.

"Great distress (say these apostolic men) has softened the heart of the poor." Would to Heaven we possessed the secret of softening the corrupted heart of the rich; and of purifying it from that pharisaical hypocrisy and lying, which have aggravated the sufferings of our poor people to an inconceivable degree.

The expenditure, from which we shall quote a few items, exhibits in bold relief the object of the society:

The Rev. J. Alcock, for Cork converts	£50
Miss St. George, for orphan converts	5
The Bishop of Meath's daughter, for converts at Kingscourt	10
Rev. T. O'Grady, for employing converts at Kiltatherine church	20
Do. for do.	10
Do. for do.	10
Mr. P. D. Hardy, for Mr. Miley, a convert	10

"Many converts from Popery," they say at page 5, "have been kept from the grave, and very many sincere inquirers after the truth have been enabled to come out of Babylon through our protection." "Converts kept from the grave!" ay, the merciful missionaries gave them their choice, either to die of hunger or to apostatise for a little food. This is the grand work which the fanaticism and cruelty of England are now applauding in the *Times*, and all its other vile organs in the empire.

One of the agents of the party, who is styled the Rev. J. O'Callaghan, announced, the other day, in the *London Standard*, that he has now on hands forty starved converts. "He keeps them back," he says, "on account of their dwarfish appearance, caused by famine and exposure to cold, which made them appear only ten or twelve years of age, when in reality they were fifteen or sixteen."

Whoever reads these reports with a heart in his bosom will at once resolve to aid the Defence Association, one of whose objects is to counteract this cruel system of proselytism. The fanaticism of the established church, which, to its eternal disgrace, has suffered the name through which alone there is salvation to be unknown to millions of Englishmen, will, unless resolutely and zealously withstood, drive Christianity from the shores of Ireland.—I have the honor to be, yours,
JAMES MAHER, P.P., Carlow.

October 7, 1851.

P.S.—What has prompted the hon. member for East Sussex, Mr. Frewen, and his party of vicars and curates, to visit Galway?

In the report of the Ecclesiastical Commission for Ireland, printed by order of the House of Commons, April, 1851, it is stated that—

"The commissioners have agreed to sell the advowson of right of presentation to the four benefices into which the wardenship of Galway has been divided, to Thomas Frewen, Esq., for the sum of £2,000. Considerable expense has been incurred in bringing these advowsons to sale."

Knowing nothing whatsoever of this transaction, I cannot help, however, asking whether the purchaser is of the family of the member for East Sussex?—and whether the English vicars and curates are to have any share in the benefices which this Frewen has purchased.

What are we to say to this shameless merchandise of souls in Galway? The 35th canon of the church of England declares the sin of simony to be the buying and selling of promotions, dignities, and livings—a sin "detestable and execrable before God."

Will the dark and priest-ridden district of West Galway be enlightened and purified by the introduction of this soul-destroying traffic?
J. M.

FALSEHOODS OF THE PROSELYTISING AGENTS.

Ballinakill, Clifden, Sept. 22, 1851.
TO THE RIGHT REV. THOMAS PLUNKET, BISHOP OF TUAM AS BY LAW ESTABLISHED.

My Lord—About seven years ago a placard was circulated through this parish, stating that one hundred Protestant families were located here, who were staunch Protestants, and wanted a church, and finding your lordship's name on the list of subscribers for £5 for the purpose, I took the liberty of addressing your lordship thro' the press, and proved to your satisfaction that there were no more than three Protestant families at that time in this district. Your lordship, nor any other man connected with this device, did not venture to deny or impugn the accuracy of my proof. The supporters of this fraud found it as easy to magnify three into one hundred, as the pious founder of the Achilli colony to multiply one island into 399 as the basis of that Protestant settlement. But as lies are the groundwork of the Reformation, it is natural to think that the church of Myard, in Connemara, would be built on the same foundation. Accordingly, plenty of money was poured into the

country to furnish this building, which is as yet an incomplete, cold, empty thing, a perfect emblem of the heresy it represents; and, as your lordship knows, its solemn consecration was fixed for last Thursday, the congregation made the best possible preparation to celebrate so great an event with becoming pomp and solemnity. Your lordship must be sadly disappointed in seeing so few assembled to welcome your lordship on so great an occasion, as I am told your congregation amounted to two Protestant families, without as much as one native, Jumper or otherwise, to sprinkle the saintly gathering. As your lordship did not see these 100 families, or their increase during the last seven years, as they are a part of your flock, I wonder you did not ask where did they reside? If your lordship would take the trouble to take a census of the Protestants of this place every seventh year, your lordship would find them to increase on a retrograde scale, like the old dame who registered her name for 28 years in '41, and returned her name for 25 years in the census of '51. Unless your lordship disbelieves the evidence of your senses, which you believe to be infallible in disposing of mysteries, as well as judging the ordinary occurrences of life, your lordship has an ample opportunity of discovering the cheat practised on yourself and the public. Your senses cannot make you to believe two to be one hundred.

As your lordship had no congregation to address, you endeavoured to supply this defect by scattering scraps of something along the public roads, with as much zeal as it you had a Divine mission to scatter and tear the Bible into pieces and cast it under the people's feet, instead of "teaching all nations." Of course it will be believed that those tracts were handed to the Roman Catholics, and that there was a great gathering of these present to hear your lordship, and receive those tracts from your hands.

In conclusion, it is to be regretted that your lordship would suffer your name to be connected with the demoralising traffic now carried on under your sanction among the poor starving people of Connemara.—I have the honour to remain, your lordship's obedient and humble servant,
WM. FLANNELLY, P.P.

MALLOW SESSIONS—THURSDAY, OCT. 9.

(From the *Cork Examiner*.)

DONOUGHMORE SOUVERS.

Jeremiah Buckley and Bartholomew Riordan were indicted for having, with several others, on Sunday, the 24th day of August, at Aghadallane, in the parish of Glountane, demolished the house of Catherine Quin, and for a riot and unlawful assembly.

Mr. Nagle and Mr. Gregg appeared for the prosecution; Mr. Philip O'Connell, Mr. James Jones, and Mr. P. Creagh for the defence.

Catherine Quin, senior, stated that on Sunday, the 24th of August, she went to divine service with her son and daughter; they went to Mr. Cotter's school-house at Donoughmore; whilst there a message reached her, in consequence of which she returned home; it was over a mile from the school-house; when she returned there was a crowd about the house, and she saw Riordan, her landlord, and the other prisoner (Buckley) pulling down the house; she only knew those two, but several others were helping them; Peg Callaghan carried off a large bundle of things out of the house, under her apron, and when witness wanted to follow her, Riordan followed and attacked witness with a pike; witness then went to the police-barrack and brought the police, and they found the house completely demolished; witness told the police who were attacking the house.

Cross-examined by Mr. P. O'Connell—Witness' husband is dead about three years; up to that time she was comfortable and independent; does not read nor write; about two years after her husband's death heard of the goodness of Mr. Cotter; all he says is the word of God; Mr. Scannell was her parish priest up to that time; is extremely sorry she did not leave his teaching long before, as his is not the word of God; never heard the word of God from him, but anything Mr. Cotter says must be the word of God.

Mr. O'Connell—Well now, why? Witness—Because he is the true way, and I am sorry I didn't leave Father Scannell long ago.

Mr. O'Connell—Why, didn't you admire the old faith till the soup was introduced into the parish? No, Sir, I beg your pardon; I gets good bread, and butter, and tea, and anything else I wants, since I met Mr. Cotter (great laughter.)

Mr. O'Connell—Do you mean to say that you do not get good soup? I never got any soup—nothing but bread, butter, and tea.

Mr. O'Connell—Do you get them always after prayers to wash them down? I do, and all of us, after preaching.

Mr. O'Connell—Do you ever take a twist at the preaching? Of course I do.

Mr. O'Connell—Can you read or write? No, Mr. O'Connell—And still you preach occasionally? Why not, to be sure I do (laughter.)

Court—Let me understand you, woman—do you mean to say that you preach the gospel to the people in the school-house? No, my lord, but Mr. Cotter and the ladies do.

Mr. O'Connell—Does the schoolmaster preach? He does.

Mr. O'Connell—Have you ever heard in that house where Mr. Cotter gets the funds from to supply the mock turtle? Yes, to be sure—he gets them from God; who else would he get them from?

Mr. O'Connell—Not from the bountiful English ladies? No such thing, but from God.

Mr. O'Connell—Was your husband a Catholic? He was.

Mr. O'Connell—Did he die one? He did.

Mr. O'Connell—Who went for the priest? I did, but he did not come in time.

Mr. O'Connell—Did you go to chapel until his death? I did, but I often went to Newbury church.

Mr. O'Connell—Now let me ask you one question, and I'll be done with you; which was it the good "bread, butter, and tea," given by Mr. Cotter, or the word of God inspired you most? Faith, I believe you can't answer that.

Mr. O'Connell—Does Mr. Cotter pay your rent? No, I pay it myself.

Mr. O'Connell—But who gives you the money? Mr. Cotter.

Mr. O'Connell—Does he give you anything else? He feeds us, clothes us, and whenever I apply he gives us anything we want.

Mr. O'Connell—How many in the congregation? I can't tell.

Court—Do you mean to say you can't tell how many attend the service at the school-house? About 40 my lord.

Mr. O'Connell—Do you know that gentleman (pointing to Mr. Gregg?) I do.

Mr. O'Connell—Were you examined by him? Yes.

Mr. O'Connell—Was Mr. Cotter present? He was.

This closed the cross-examination.

Court—Are you certain that the man you point out as Jeremiah Buckley was there? I am quite sure, my lord.

Catherine Quin, jun., examined by Mr. Gregg—Is daughter of the last witness; went to church to Mr. Cotter's schoolhouse on the 24th August; did not go with her mother; whilst there in consequence of a report they heard she and her mother left the church to come home; her mother came before her; when witness reached, the house was pulling down; and Peg Callaghan on the house, and several others she did not know; did not know Buckley or Riordan.

Cross-examined by Mr. J. Jones—Her father was a Catholic and always went to Glountane chapel up to his death, and her mother went also; witness went to chapel also; always thought her mother a Catholic as well as her father till she went to Mr. Cotter's schoolhouse; she could not say she saw either of the prisoners whilst the house was pulling down.

Fleming examined by Mr. Nagle—Is the son of a farmer in that neighborhood; when he saw the women coming to the house he went to it; it is next his own house; saw the women pulling down the house; saw a man named Patrick Murphy on the road doing nothing, but none of the prisoners were there; they could not be there without his knowledge.

To a Juror—I never saw the prisoner Buckley before; he could not be there without my knowledge; Jeremiah Buckley, of Aghadallane, was on the road, not the prisoner.

Constable Hubart examined by Mr. Nagle—Was called on the 24th August, about three o'clock, by the prosecutrix; she came with me to the house; when they arrived her daughter was at the place before them; the house was then down, and no one there but children.

Cross-examined by Mr. P. O'Connell—Knows the prisoner Buckley; had him in custody the following day, when Catherine Quin said he was at the house; he was in charge for another offence; when the prosecutrix went to witness on Sunday, she told witness the names of those who pulled down the house, but never even mentioned the names of the prisoners.

The crown here closed.

Court—Well, Mr. O'Connell, what do you intend to do?

Mr. O'Connell—I will not address the jury after such a scene of falsehood and contradiction.

The Court then addressed the jury, commenting on the gross contradictions in the case, there being no one who attempted to identify the prisoners but the first witness, Catherine Quin, and she was contradicted by all the witnesses for the prosecutrix.

The jury instantly acquitted the prisoners, which ended a scene of two days' considerable excitement.

SATURDAY.

Denis McCarthy and Jeremiah Buckley were indicted for setting fire to the dwelling house of one Maurice Dillane, at Glashabuee, on the 24th of August last.

Maurice Dillane, examined by Mr. Nagle, Crown solicitor—Remembers Sunday, the 24th August; lived at Glashabuee; had a dwelling house there; his wife and children lived with him; was doing business on that day for the Rev. Mr. Cotter, and left his house locked up on that day; his wife was at Knockalour school-house at prayers; returned home about four or five o'clock that day, and stopped in the cabbage garden; could not be seen from the road where he was; his wife had been previously in the house; after he had been some time in the cabbage garden, some of the prisoners came up to the house; they had fire with them, some fire in a tin vessel; John Buckley had the vessel; saw them put the fire into the house on the western side; Jerry Buckley took up the thatch and blew the fire into it; the side where he put the fire in was the one nearest to the road; the prisoner McCarthy held the vessel for the other prisoner; they then went off; it was smoking before they left; they saw him when they came to the head of the house, but they said nothing to him, nor he to them, for he supposed they would as soon have beaten him as set fire to the house; tried to put out the fire, and burnt his hand in doing so; the first person he met afterwards was Jerry Buckley, who came towards him with a bundle of grass on his shoulders; went to the police to inform them of it; a tin vessel was found in the house of a man named Riordan, Buckley's employer, by his wife (witness here identified the tin vessel, with cinders of burnt turf); Sergeant Huleatt came to see the house that night; there was nobody in the house when it was set on fire.

Cross-examined by Mr. Philip O'Connell—Would like to live in his religion as long as he could; Mr. Cotter is a gentleman, is minister of Donoughmore; is in his employment over twelve months; lived at Father Scannell's, and went from him to the parson's.

Mr. O'Connell—Now, upon your oath, tell us was it pure conviction or the taste of the soup that turned you?—I don't think I am bound to answer that. Will you tell us when you commenced to be a propagator of the faith? I don't know. Do you read? I do not.—Does your wife read the bible for you?

Mr. Ware—Why don't you answer, Sir?

Witness—Sure I can't answer the whole of yez (laughter).

Mr. O'Connell—Who was it asked you to go to Mr. Cotter's? I went there myself. And did you change your religion and your master together—did you dismiss old mother church, the priests, and your master together? I did change my religion immediately after I left Father Scannell's; but I don't think I am bound to answer these questions. Now, who told you to say that? Myself told me so. Now, was it before or after you went to Mr. Cotter's that you changed your religion, or did you change it at all? I can't tell that. Well, tell us were you at prayers on that Sunday? I was not; I was minding the cow, and had other business to do. Did you go the Sunday before? I did. Now, on your oath, how often did you go to prayers during the last six months? I think I was there every second Sunday—the church is about two and a half miles from my house. Now, what brought your wife back on that day? She wanted to look after the house—it was about four or five o'clock when she came back; she got her dinner at Mr. Cotter's schoolhouse; I often gets my dinner too there after the prayers. Do you get anything else there? We gets the word of God there. And you never heard the word of God at the chapel, I'll engage? Indeed, I did, Sir; but I'll not be answering you any more; 'tis dhroll satisfaction I'm getting for burning my house (great

laughter). Now you may go down, Maurice; when the soup is over you'll come back, and sure *thearchais* to you (laughter).

Witness—This man, your worship, is trying to tackle at me, and they're whispering about here bothering me, and what one forgets the other of them remembers (laughter.)

To the Court—My wife returned about ten minutes before I went into the cabbage garden; she remained about a quarter of an hour; I did not see through the house; it was when I went round to the head of the house I saw them do it; I was not at the head of the house when they first came up; my wife was not at home when it happened; she had gone back to the schoolhouse; I did not see any one for an hour and a half after, until I saw Jerry Buckley.

Margaret Dillane examined by Mr. Gregg—Remembers the time the house was burnt; was at Mr. Sullivan's, the schoolmaster, at Donoughmore; went home about four or five o'clock, my little child came and told me the Widow Quinn's house fallen down, and I went back to see after our house; when I came back I found the house burnt, and my husband's hand and the sleeve of his shirt burnt; I went back to the schoolhouse, and went from that to the police-barrack; I found the tin vessel produced in Buckley's employer's house; there was no one by when I found it.

Cross-examined by Mr. James Jones—You are also one of the disciples of Parson Cotter? I am, Sir. You are in his holy keeping, too? I am, Sir, but I got nothing bad from him. Oh, no, but everything good? Yes, Sir. Good meat, good drink, and good soup?—Yes, Sir (laughter.)

Witness, in continuation—About two or three o'clock I left Sullivan's, to come back to my own house, when I remained for about ten minutes, and went back again to Sullivan's; when I came back first the house was not on fire, but when I came back the second time it was.

Constable Huleatt examined by Mr. Nagle—Is stationed at Aghadallane; went to see Dillane's house about twelve or one o'clock in the night; was out on the patrol from nine o'clock previously; when he went to see the house, could not perceive where it was burnt, but on the next morning found a small part slightly burnt; found the thatch of the Widow Quinn's house torn down; 'twas in the prosecutrix's house I first saw the tin vessel with the wife, and she then carried me to where she said she found it.

To Mr. O'Connell—I believe I did say the night before, that it would be well to try and find the vessel in which the fire was.

To the Court—I was in the police-barrack up to nine o'clock before I went on patrol; I was surprised when he showed me the place where he was lying, and told me that he saw the men setting fire to the house from it, for I think it would be impossible for any one to see the place from it.

The evidence being closed, Mr. O'Connell addressed the jury in a most able and eloquent style, and alluded very feelingly to the bitter consequences always attendant on the system of proselytism unhappily too frequent in this unfortunate country, and then went in detail through the contradictions in the evidence for the prosecution.

His Worship then charged the jury, recapitulating the evidence, and making observations thereon.

The jury immediately returned a verdict of acquittal.

FATHER MATHEW.—We learn that Father Mathew during the last week administered the pledge to twenty thousand persons at St. Mary's Church, Grand Street. Persons came from every part of the city and the country around to receive the pledge from his hands. Not the least remarkable part of it has been to see Quakers and Presbyterians coming for the purpose into a "Popish" Church, kneeling down before a "Popish" priest and letting him sign their foreheads with a cross.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

We learn from an authentic source, that the number of Catholics in the newly erected Apostolic Vicariate of Santa Fe, New Mexico, is estimated at sixty thousand. There are sixty-five Churches, and about fifteen Padres.—*Shepherd of the Valley*.

The forces at the Cape of Good Hope under the command of Sir Harry Smith, amount to 271 officers and 6,794 men.

The Queen of Portugal was prematurely confined of a still-born child on the 4th inst., but is considered out of danger.

NOVEL APPLICATION OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—The electric telegraph, being the first instance of its application for such a purpose, has just been introduced into the principal school at Bishopswearmouth, the wires being laid throughout the establishment, and the orders of the head master being instantaneously transmitted to the associates and servants.

We read in the *Brighton Herald*—Father Gavazzi and Doctor Achilli purpose forthwith taking a tour together through the principal towns and cities of England and Scotland for the purpose of lecturing on "Papal Aggression." *Arcades ambo*.

It is said Smith, not John, has published a new edition of his grammar, in which he speaks of four genders, viz:—Masculine, Feminine, Neuter, and Bloomer.

The *Providence Journal*, in speaking of the "Sweet Swan of Erin," Miss Catherine Hayes, says she is an "Irish Jenny Lind, without the Barnum."

A tremendous giant has been discovered in Ohio. He stands about eight feet high, weighing over four hundred pounds, with good proportions, and yet he is a beardless boy, and still growing. He is a sight worth seeing, as it is only once in an age that such a person is permitted to grow.

A Miss C. C. Cushman has undertaken at St. Louis, to walk five hundred miles in five hundred consecutive hours; the feat to be performed in Bloomer Costume.

The man who will take a paper a length of time, and then send it back "refused" and "unpaid for," would swallow a blind dog's dinner, and then beat the dog for being blind.—*Boston Pilot*.

The following, the *New York Herald* says is the platform of the Woman's Rights Convention at Worcester:—

1. The right to wear the breeches.
2. The right to vote at all elections.
3. The right to run and stump it for all offices, from a pound-master to the Presidency.
4. The right to go a courting upon their own hook, and to look after the morals of the young men.
5. The right to turn over the care of the kitchen and the children to Mr. Caudle.
6. The right to command in the U. S. army and navy, including the dragoons.
7. The right to wear whiskers and moustachios of the latest fashion.
8. The right to do just whatever they please.