

rate the hearts of the landlords of Ireland, induce them to give good leases and not bad Bibles to their tenants: and make them understand that the Queen will have better subjects in a race of conscientious Catholics, than in a perfidious population of perjured hypocrites. In a letter received from Paris, within the last week by the writer of this article, the news referred to has been communicated: and as the Irish public are already acquainted with the accuracy of his former foreign correspondence, they can judge within some few months whether the present statement will be corroborated by future evidence.

The fear of having the religion of Ireland changed by the money of Bible Societies could have never been anticipated by any man conversant with the history of the Irish people: it was not the religious question which ever caused any uneasiness: no, it was its political results and concomitants. It was the social persecution of the people in the attempt to force their conscience: it was the combination of Protestant householders not to employ Catholic servants: it was the conspiracy between some landlords to exterminate and expel the Catholic tenantry. It was the persecution of the poorhouse, the insolence of the Poor Law Commissioners, the exclusion from office of Catholic worth, and rank, and talent: these were the questions, and not points of doctrine, which rendered the Bible mania in Ireland more terrific than the sword of Mahomet, more devastating, in point of fact, than the fury of Attila. Whatever be the motives of the present Government in the command referred to Ireland will accept this decision with thanks, and she hopes it will be the commencement of a new era of universal, social peace. But we must never lay aside the arms by which we have made England feel the power of the public opinion of modern Europe. It is the constant publication of our wrongs and the loud cry for help against our oppressors which have covered our enemies with shame, and which have eventuated in the present happy news for Ireland. No doubt, the bigots will, during the next Session of Parliament, make a rally against Maynooth: Exeter Hall cannot be silenced in a day: the Shaftesburys, the Spooners, the Drummonds, the Earldays, the Whitesides, cannot be changed into sound sheep in an hour. But the tide has already stood at the high-water-mark: it must soon begin to ebb: the moon under whose influence all the abovenamed bigots live has passed the Irish meridian: and their barques, which at morn have danced on the wave, will soon be seen in spite of their oars, at ere on the dry shore alone. I designedly forbear quoting the well-known poetry in reference to the last idea expressed in this article, because the music of the lines would not, or could not, harmonise with the discordant characters under consideration.

D. W. C.

Jan. 8, 1857.

PROTESTANT PROGRESS.

(From the Limerick Reporter.)

Taking the Times as the gauge and index of the public mind of England, we can perceive that with all the vain glory for which John Bull has ever been proverbially distinguished, the feeling is one of humiliation rather than of pride, of dissatisfaction and of discontent rather than of congratulation and hope—of apprehension and dismay, rather than of encouragement. We are candidly told that the year that has fled did not stand out in bold relief from the years that went before, for any peculiarity of incident other than for the "domestic stains, in the shape of huge defalcations, systematic embezzlements, colossal insolvencies and frightful crimes." We are further told that "banks have burst like bubbles leaving nothing"—that "men, not of the lowest sort, have been poisoning wives, brothers, friends, acquaintances, on all sides." The terrible fact is proclaimed, that "we had many sanguinary and hideous murders;" and that "confidence has been sadly shaken by the knowledge that the prison doors have been opened, and that a population of thieves and ruffians have been let loose, desperate of honest work, flushed with criminal triumph, and ingenious in new forms of plunder and outrage." The Times goes on to say that there have been, in England, "a more than usual number of fearful suicides, and we may add of ordinary disasters." London—the seat and centre of the world's wealth, of the arts and sciences, of the Church Establishment, with its millions and millions of annual revenue—with its multifarious missionary of every imaginable persuasion—with its vast police force—its army—its resources—with its philosophy, its experimentalism, its wonderful press, including the giant of the Fourth Estate—the Times—from which we have quoted, London, we say, with all these extraordinary institutions, and means of moral advancement, is allowed to be the most unsafe portion of the Queen's dominions, for any honest man or woman after night fall. Caffaria, the Bights of Benin, Sierra Leone, the noisome and abhorred spots on the surface of the globe, wrenched by conquest to the Crown, and over which the British flag floats, are to be preferred to the "Great Metropolis" by men who value property and life? And all this in the midst of luxury unexampled, of science without a parallel, of inventions that put precedent to the blush, and of a torrent of Bibles, cant and humbug, which threatens to submerge Exeter Hall and then who frequent its precincts, beneath its disastrous profusion!

What will Parliament do? What can it do to grapple with the evil? We shall not, though we might speculate on the causes of this abnormal state of things in the heart of the most important, of the most powerful, of the richest—of the first City in the world. It is a plain indication at all events, of "the handwriting on the wall" which foreshadows the fate of a proud and puffed-up Empire that has ever enacted the tyrant's part with an unrelenting heartlessness, wherever it could dominate with impunity. In many of its phases the time is not unlike the England of Elizabeth's reign. There were then as now great triumphs by land and by sea—great internal improvements

great literary and scientific men—Raleigh discovered—Spencer and Shakespeare wrote; but never before then was there so alarming an amount of crime—so much suffering on the part of the poor, bereft of the abundance they possessed in the Church, and in its monasteries, whose lands had been partitioned out among the adventurers and followers of the Reformation in the height of its fury and bloodshed. It was then the law was armed against the Priest as well as against the man who begged for bread, after that bread had been plundered, and then for the first time in her history, England enacted a poor-law, to save, if possible, the frame work of society from utter destruction! In addition to the charges brought against England by the Times it may be remarked, that infidelity also overruns the land. A very remarkable incident, and one that is fully illustrative of the extreme immorality, infamy, and wickedness, that exist in England at the present moment, occurred the other day at Maidstone, during the trial of a German named Redaneiz, for the murder of a girl, Maria Back, whom, it was alleged, he had stabbed to death while walking with her near Folkestone. Thomas Girling, a carpenter and joiner, was called as a witness, and made his appearance in the witness box. This man said, that before he was sworn, he wished to remark that he considered the administration of an oath was merely a civil ceremony; and in reply to a question from the presiding judge, Mr. Baron Bramwell, he stated that he did not believe in a state of future rewards and punishments. He was not bold enough to make this horrible avowal until after the learned judge had assured him that he would not criminate himself by answering the question, which brought out the shameful declaration of his anti-Christian infidelity. Mr. Baron Bramwell then told Girling that he should not be sworn, and ordered him to leave the box. Is it not fearful, in this age of England's greatness and material strength—that one of her tradesmen—aye, even one, but this one is one only out of thousands—should be found to make the hideous declaration that there is no eternity whatever, in fact, denying the immortality of the soul? But whilst England is augmenting in wealth and extending her railways—pushing forward in every direction with Herculean energy—she is decreasing in faith and glorying in an infamy disgusting to man and outrageous to Heaven. Some of her bankers have been plundering innocent depositors, while those same bankers were regular attendants at church, with upturned eye heavenwards—and demure expression of countenance, shrouding deceit.

Let the reader peruse an article given in another column from the Times, which discusses with extraordinary power, vigor and eloquence, the present commercially moral aspect of England. So far as the mere commercial view of the matter goes, the Times is brilliant and true, but it fails to tell the English public, as it ought to do, where the true and only safeguard is to be found against those awful acts perpetrated in Britain, and which startle the rest of the civilised world from its propriety. The Times is the great organ of Anglicanism, and though it sees in child murders by the knife, by poison, by strangulation: though it records every day in its own columns the failure of the State Establishment which, according to the opinions of its founders, was to have enlightened and evangelised the world, it has not yet "screwed its courage to the sticking point," and told its myriad readers that, four hundred years ago, England was not tainted as it is now with those horrible and nameless deeds. But we should recollect! These were the "dark" times. With all their imaginary "darkness," however, it would be better for England, deformed as she is with crime, she had them back again, and that her laboring classes knew the primitive faith and the glorious charity of the age when children were not murdered by their parents for burial fees—when husbands were not in the habit of coming home beastly drunk, and, with deadly blows, sinking the hob-nails of heavy boots into their wives' skulls! It would be much better for people to go to Heaven with faith, than to hell with the speed of telegraphs and railways. What, however, will the Parliament do?

Reverting to the case of Girling, we take it that the refusal of Mr. Baron Bramwell to admit the evidence of an avowed infidel in an English court of justice, now raises the question whether such a class of men shall, in future, be heard as witnesses. Will the other judges sanction the ruling of Mr. Baron Bramwell? We shall see. Meantime, the moral and political aspect of England is fearful to contemplate; and it is impossible to conjecture what Parliament can do. The Times recommends the revival of sanguinary edicts as a panacea!! Have all the science—all the inventions of the present age—come to this?

AN EVANGELICAL SOIREE.

(From the Tablet.)

An important meeting of the "Irish Church Missions" Society was held in Rat-lane, Luke-street, on Tuesday, 6th January. The "Irish Church Mission Society," which centres in London and radiates into the back slums of Dublin, is, it seems, a society for the propagation of lies, through the instrumentality of noodles. The ample hall in Rat-lane, in which the president took the tub with all his usual dignity, was profusely decorated on this occasion with what appeared to be green serpents contorted into a variety of convolutions. It seems that these symbols have a twofold meaning—the "green" indicating the proselytes or dupes, and the "serpents" the crafty founders of the "Irish Church Missions." The walls were profusely emblazoned with the honored names of these founders—such as "Whately," "Dallas," "Smyley," and "Saurin." The "Irish Church Missions" is guilty of ingratitude. We regretted to see an omission which reflects no credit on the "Irish Church Missions." The once-honored name of Sir John Paul, who contributed munificently to this movement, was entirely omitted in a hall where that name would have been so appropriate! So much for Souper gratitude! We wonder how they could rejoice as they did while he was suffering.

But so it was. His name was never mentioned, and we vainly perused the walls for the slightest trace of the initials of the Biblical swindler.

The Reverend president—who, though an ardent stickler for the English Church, has a deep-rooted repugnance to English grammar—opened the proceedings with a prayer. He then read from a heretical Bible a portion of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, and warned his hearers—a most appropriate warning—against "false teachers who are endeavoring to lead us astray, and destroy our faith." He took great pains to instruct the people, and it is really a pity that he is not himself better instructed. The president, however, is not to be despised. He is not well taught, but then he is exceedingly well fed. It was very judicious on the part of the society to place, during the famine years, such a Parson at the head of the movement, who showed in his very person the effects of the Protestant heresy. It was very judicious, and claims praise, not censure. The appearance of this gentleman is a controversial sermon in itself. It seems to say, "renounce Popery, and be fat as I am!" and accordingly, when potatoes were at famine prices, his school, a few years ago, could proudly boast of 120 starvelings, whose convulsions he triumphantly reached through the medium of their stomachs. His pupils have profited by the silent admonition. It appeared perfectly evident from a question or two which during the proceedings he asked the archbishops of his school, who were ranged on his left, that the capacity of their appetites surpasses the cultivation of their intellect. He contrived to show that though they may swallow strabout with voracity, they do not comprehend his teaching with clearness. But, then, it is very possible that he does not understand it himself. The stupidity of his boys called forth the censure of a critic, who exclaimed from the midst of the meeting, in a harsh voice—

"They're doing it bad to-night, Mr. McCarthy; they're only lame pupils."

"Can't you be a crutch to them?" exclaimed the president with great good temper and a vile brogue.

"Oh! you trained them, but you did not train me."

Subsequently to this interruption, the Rev. President of the Rat-lane Soupers proceeded to discuss, with a flippancy which must shock every rightly-constituted mind, the sacred Mystery of the immaculate Conception. He quoted Dr. Milner's "End of Controversy" with great fluency, and labored to disprove the infallibility of the Church by the logical process of taking it for granted that Dr. Milner is infallible.

During this harangue the stupidity of the Parson was most appositely encountered by the ignorance of a shoemaker, who, standing up in the midst of the audience, pelted the president with half-witted arguments. Sure, such a pair! If these two men could be rolled into one—if the Parson had the shoemaker's wit, or the shoemaker the Parson's learning (such as it is)—a clever individual might come into existence. But the shoemaker managed (though it was a difficult feat) to show himself more ignorant than the Parson, while the missionary (at his wit's end) floundered out illogical replies to the sallies of Crispin. The shoemaker without learning was followed by a nailer without lungs, who stood up merely to be knocked down, and to enable Mr. McCarthy to triumph and crow in his tub over this signal defeat of a nailer's theology.

The controversy might be summed up in a couple of words. Mr. McCarthy finds great fault with the theology of Irish Catholics, but Irish Catholics find fault with the moral practices of Protestant Parsons. First, the Irish Parsons fleece—indeed flay—the Irish, and then they hypocritically preach to them about the "good will to man and glad tidings of salvation." The brazen effrontery of these theologues surpasses all understanding, and it is only by contemplating the learned theologian of Rat-lane that one can even believe it. The garotters of London might improve by a visit to Ireland. They, like the Parsons, fleece the unoffending, but then they do not insult them with pious twaddle after taking their cash. They leave this to the Ecclesiastical rapacity of Ireland. If the garotters added the rapacity which robs the poor to the brazen hypocrisy which preaches to them immediately after robbing them, public opinion would no longer be divided as to their punishment; the unanimous voice of the community would condemn the garotters to be hanged—that is to say, if the garotters of London were like the Parsons of Ireland. But they really are not. They certainly plunder the public, but they never insult the horn victims of their roguery with the melancholy drivellings of their fanaticism. The garotters may be villains, but, at least, they are not Pharisees.

To conclude: the most alarming thing about the Reverend theologian of Rat-lane is not his logic, but his corpulence! If the editor of the Evening Mail, who advocates the necessity of the Established Church in Ireland, and denounces agitation against it as a crime, would select a single specimen from the herd, and try to feed that one as the Irish feed thousands, certain we are he would lose in the process all zeal for the Established Church. He would learn how painful it is to fill the capacious maw and cover the brawny back of one of the menagerie; and he would sympathise with those who accomplish that costly task. Let him take home only one specimen and feed him as we feed thousands, and the capacity of the animal's stomach and the proportions of his limbs will convince the Mail-man of the hardship of victualling the vast Episcopalian army of Ireland, and that, as Mungo says, "without no money." Let him try for a week, or even for a day, a moral or physical experiment of this kind, and his present opinions will experience a serious revolution.

Such thoughts as these crowded on our mind as we contemplated the president. Catholics should not argue with these men of weak minds and strong digestions, who do not regard religion in a theological, but in a sumptuary light. They do not want truth, but tithe-rent charge, and to argue with them is absurd. Catholics like Mr. Gosling—a most appropriate name—serve the same purpose in Mr. McCarthy's conventicle that puffers serve in an auction; they enhance the

undue value that ignorant Soupers set on their half-taught leader. To discuss such questions as the Immaculate Conception requires a knowledge of scholastic philosophy that nailers and shoemakers cannot always attain. But the opposition which does not edify may amuse. A pious fool may prove himself the greatest enemy of religion. If ignorant Catholics (if they be Catholics) did not make themselves laughing-stocks by exposing their incapacity, the insufferable dulness of this theological driveller would empty the house—no human patience could endure Mr. McCarthy left to himself.

WHAT ARE "ANGLICAN" BISHOPS FOR?

(From the Weekly Register.)

We last week published a correspondence between "W. K. Sarum" and some forty or more clergymen of the Archdeaconry of Dorset, on the case of Mr. Denison. The forty were aggrieved at his Lordship's two chaplains "attaching their names to a certain public protest against the recent decision of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the case of Archdeacon Denison." Not unreasonably supposing that Chaplains had the secret sanction of their superior, their writing to their "Bishop" amounts to a remonstrance upon the subject. So he understood their meaning, and replies—"I must meet your request with the mere expression of my regret that you have allowed yourselves to make it."—These gentlemen seem to have laid themselves open to this sort of snubbing, by the indirect way in which they applied for the opinion of their Bishop, with which we have nothing to do; but they called forth the following curious description of episcopal duties, not very lucidly or grammatically expressed, but which, after one or two readings, will become sufficiently intelligible to our readers:—

"While I desire to repress all such undue license as sets aside in any way the authority of the Church of England as our teacher, I am not jealous of your enjoying that liberty which your Church allows you."

"But perhaps you do not by your address intend thus to encroach upon the relations in which my chaplains stand to me, but only use such a form of request as a means of obtaining from me an expression of my judgment on the conduct and issue of the trial which lately took place at Bath."

"If this be so, I can only say that I shall be quite ready in this and in every case in which any of my brethren are in perplexity and doubt to give them my private advice, and thus help them to quiet their doubts and anxieties; but that, as at present advised, I believe I shall be acting more strictly in accordance with ecclesiastical principles, and so more for the good of my diocese, if I keep the resolution I formed some time since, and still remain silent, and refrain at this moment from making any public declaration about the judgment lately passed in the case of Archdeacon Denison."

This is sufficiently significant. Fairly interpreted, it says—"With regard to this judgment in Mr. Denison's case (which, be it remembered, turns upon the question whether there is more than a figurative Presence of our Lord's Body and Blood, in the Holy Eucharist), your Church allows you the liberty of taking whichever side you choose, and I will not infringe on that liberty by giving my episcopal opinion on one side or the other. If any of you are in personal perplexity upon this or any other subject, I will give you the best private advice I can, and thus help to quiet your consciences; but as to any public or episcopal expression of my judgment, I have resolved to keep entire silence. The question is most vital; one which affects the meaning, import, and efficacy of the most solemn rites of the Church, which you have constantly to administer. But you must expect from me no public decision or support either on "this side or that."

Such is the representation of episcopal duty given by one who, amongst all the Anglican Bishops, may be supposed to place that duty the highest. Surely, then, in these times, it becomes Lord Palmerston's duty to ask what in having Bishops at all with these enormous revenues? Episcopal ordination, even if real and regular, confers no gift of causticity or power of dealing skillfully with cases of conscience. True, every Catholic believes his Bishop to be endowed with the "spirit of counsel" but that is for the government of the Church, which Dr. Hamilton altogether repudiates, and not for the guidance of souls in private. It is quite a new discovery that a Bishop *quoad* Bishop has any special gift of that sort. On the contrary, the history of the Catholic Church sufficiently shows that there have been those who have never risen higher than the priesthood, whose abilities in that respect have never been surpassed. What, then, on Dr. Hamilton's theory, can be the use of having so many highly paid Bishops? Perhaps it will be said that there are still a few Anglicans who retain some antiquated notions about the superiority of episcopal ordination and confirmation; and if we remember right, this was represented in Parliament no long time ago, as forming the principal part of episcopal duty—that is, beyond the more engrossing duty of managing the episcopal estates. But, granting that this constitutes a claim for continuing the "English succession," that might clearly be done at a much cheaper rate. For several years Mr. Marshall inspected all the Catholic schools in Great Britain which took Government grants. The two Archbishops then, if active men, with roving commissions, might easily accomplish all the ordinations and confirmations in the kingdom, and be well paid for their work too, with large space allowed for holidays. And if, in addition to this, the Prime Minister for the time being would take in hand the immediate government of the Church, from which Dr. Hamilton so readily relieves himself, we venture to predict that, to say nothing of the diminution of the income-tax, to be effected by the saving of twenty-five episcopal incomes, there would be more peace in the land, and fewer appeals to the "court of last resort" in matters of doctrine—the Queen in council.

The attention of a beautiful little girl being called to a rose-bush, on whose topmost stem the eldest rose was fading, but below and around which three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she artlessly exclaimed: "See, Willie, these little buds have just awakened to kiss their mother—before she dies."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Banquet to George Henry Moore, Esq., M. P., was to take place at Castlebar, on the 15th January. William Smyth O'Brien is to be the guest of Geo. H. Moore, M. P., at his residence, Moore Hall, county Mayo, during the week the banquet takes place at Castlebar.

MONUMENT TO FATHER MATHEW.—The Mayor of Cork has fixed Monday, 13th January, for the public meeting of the citizens for the above national object.

There is beginning to be some talk of a testimonial to the memory of Father Mathew, and the subject would be a grand statue for Logan. But the best tribute, says the Nation, that could be paid to the good friar's memory would be a quiet steady effort over the country among those who have remained faithful to the pledge to revive the Temperance movement. We have not another apostle to preach it with the same wonderful propagandist power, but something ought to be done, and especially among the rising generation, for we fear the country is fast relapsing into habits of drunkenness. We are glad to hear of the pledge being given in several districts.—The question is one we would wish to see taken up by the Young Men's Societies.

THE SOCIETY OF OUR-BLESSED LADY OF CHARITY.—This society which has for its object the rescuing of the children of the Catholic poor from the hands of proselytisers, and to afford relief to the aged and destitute, has been in active operation for the past four months in the parish of St. Andrew. Its members consist of thirty-three operatives, who devote all the time they can spare from their daily avocations to educating the poor-children of the parish; soliciting contributions, and in visiting the aged and infirm.—On first opening their school in Townsend street, there were no less than three hundred Catholic children in the proselytising school in the same street, but now, through the instrumentality of the society, that number is reduced to twenty. Thursday being New Year's Day eighty-nine of the children attending the school of the society were supplied with a substantial dinner of beef, plum-pudding, vegetables, &c. Nothing could be more orderly and correct than the conduct of the children during dinner, and several Clergymen of the parish who were present took the greatest interest in these little ones, who, we understand, were all at one time daily attendants at the proselytising schools. After dinner the children were conducted to the oratory attached to the schools, when the Rev. Mr. Cuffe gave out the Rosary, in which the members of the society and the children joined. After prayers the Rev. gentleman delivered an appropriate exhortation, at the conclusion of which the interesting proceedings terminated.—*Tablet*.

The movement against the war ninpence is now fairly in operation at this side of the Channel. The most important of the provincial demonstrations came off on Wednesday in the city of Cork, in which occasion a large and influential body of citizens met in the Court-house for the purpose of protesting against the continuance of the tax in its present shape. The Mayor presided, and the resolutions were proposed and supported by Mr. Pagan, M. P., Mr. J. F. Maguire, M. P., Colonel Bemish, &c.—The utmost unanimity prevailed. Meetings have also been held at Belfast and other places this week.—*Nation*.

DISTRESS IN INISKEEN.—The following is an extract from a letter addressed by the Most Rev. Dr. MacNally to the Rev. Mr. Heggan, in reference to the poor of Iniskeeen, enclosing £5.—"It has, indeed, been most afflicting to me to hear of the destitution to which so many of the poor people of the parish of Iniskeeen have been reduced by the desolating effects of the terrible thunder and hailstorms which passed over that district in the month of August last, and by which, from the destruction of their growing crops, so many persons have been deprived of the means of subsistence. In addition to what I have heard from you on the subject, a gentleman from Dundalk, who was here a day or two ago, and who, having passed through that district immediately before and immediately after the storm, was an eye-witness of its ravages, gave me a vivid description of the desolation which it produced. The sufferings and privations of these poor people and their families, thus deprived of the means of support, must, during this dreary winter, be exceedingly great; and unless charitable and benevolent persons send them assistance, their prospects for the future must be most gloomy, as they will be utterly unable to provide seed and other requisites for putting in the crops in the ensuing spring. Their claims to public support are greatly enhanced by the noble stand which they recently made against the insane attempts resorted to to pervert their children and rob them of their children."

CO. MAYO.—TENANT RIGHT MEETING IN KILMOY.—On Thursday, first January, a large and influential meeting was held at the new Church of Kilmoye to further the cause of the tenant farmers. The indefatigable and patriotic Parish Priest, Archdeacon Coghlan, took the Chair amid enthusiastic applause. In the course of an able speech he pointed out the strong necessity that existed in his own parish for some security for the tenant's industry. Almost within his view, and in the parish of Kilmoleague, there were 30,000 acres of reclaimable land—land more easily reclaimed than the American woods—a desert that the people, if permitted, would turn into a teeming paradise. If the landlords studied their own interests, they could double their rentals, and, at the same time, create a flourishing and happy tenantry. It was usual to say that Ireland wanted English capital to develop her resources; but all such talk was idle—there was untold capital in the people's labor (hear, hear). He (Archdeacon Coghlan) begged to introduce his friend, Mr. Reilly who gave him such active aid in collecting funds for their church, and who would place his views on the vital subject of Tenant Right before them (hear, hear). Mr. Reilly, who, on coming forward, was received with loud cheers, made a long and eloquent speech, into which he introduced some humorous and telling anecdotes. Doctor O'Connor, P.P., Lough-glynn, said they were not there that day to assist in giving a tone to the country and to cheer their honest and independent representatives by showing that they were alive to the importance of the question—that it was their particular duty to press forward in their places in parliament. Nothing so heartened an honest and enlightened man, such as their representative, George H. Moore, so much as apathy on the part of those he was struggling for (cheers). The large meeting before him proved how deeply interested the people of Mayo were in the question of Tenant Right, the settling of which would decide whether the people were to live in the land of their birth serfs or freemen (cheers). There were inducements in the neighborhood of interest and amusement that day to draw the people away from the meeting, but superior to all temptation, they testified, by their presence in such numbers, that those who counted upon the temporary prosperity of the farmer in causing them to forget their duties to their country, know not their staunch fidelity nor patriotic perseverance (hear and cheer). After some further remarks the vast assembly separated, giving hearty cheers for G. H. Moore.

An influential meeting has been held in Dublin to adopt means to procure funds to be applied to the purchase of an annuity of at least £100 a year for the benefit of Mrs. Little, the mother of the murdered gentleman, for her life, with remainder to her daughter in the event of surviving her mother.

The remains of the late Mrs. Kilgariff, who had been missing from Tuam for some time, were discovered on Monday morning in the river, between the bridge and iron grating in the Bishop's demesne.—*Galway Vindicator*.