

was lost in the distance, and then, issuing from her place of concealment, she hastened in the direction of the chateau.

With the eagerness of a cat watching its prey, Margaret had long regarded all Isabel's movements with the greatest anxiety; above all she desired to discover the channel through which her foster-sister maintained this secret correspondence.

It had long been Isabel's custom to go at an early hour twice a week to the cottage of a blind and aged woman who was one of the recipients of the bounty of Lady St. John, to read to her, talk to her, and comfort her under trials, and Margaret determined to follow her thither the next morning, being under the impression that, in some way, this woman was worked up with the mystery she was bent on unravelling.

As usual, Isabel started on her customary errand, bearing in her hand a small basket containing some little delicacies she had put together for the blind woman's use, whilst Margaret followed in the distance, reading a book as she walked slowly on, in order, should Isabel chance to turn round, that she might be able to appear perfectly indifferent; for she meant to enter the cottage after her as if by chance, or, should fortune favor, to reach the old woman's unperceived by Isabel; even to play the eavesdropper, could she gain the information she sought in no other way.

To her surprise, however, Isabel did not turn as she expected down a road to the right, some distance beyond the angle in the valley which branched off to the hillside, but made straight towards a thicket bordered with oak and chestnut trees, the overhanging branches of which, interlacing themselves with those which grew on the other side of the road, formed a grove, and offered pleasant retreat in the hot summer days to the inmates of the chateau.

Within the thicket itself Isabel now turned, and as Margaret stood anxiously peering round the angle by the hillside, she could hear the crackling of the withered branches, as Isabel trod them under foot, and then she beheld her pause before an aged oak, put her hand within a yawning chasm in the trunk of the tree and draw something forth which she hastily concealed in her bosom.

To be Continued.

FATHER BURKE.

"Famous Names in Irish History."

LECTURE DELIVERED IN LOUISVILLE, KY.

(From the Western Watchman.)

The following eloquent lecture was delivered by the Rev. Father Burke, in Weisiger Hall, Louisville, Ky., previous to his departure for Europe.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—The subject on which I propose to address you this evening is the famous names in Ireland's history. But first of all let me remind you that next to their religion the Irish are a people who are supposed to love their history. A history is the recall of a nation's life, and it is in their history that we find all the elements that form the national character. It is in the history that the blessings and future destinies of nations are found, and next to the grace of belonging to the true religion of Christ, comes the glory and pride which most fill the heart of every true man when he goes back and turns over the annals of his country's history, and finds those pages unstained and unspotted by treachery, treason or crime. [Applause.]

The history which he sees may be a recall of national misfortune, but yet free from the taint of national dishonor. France to-day is unfortunate, but what man on the face of the earth will have the hardihood to say that France is dishonored, and in the recall of the recent gigantic struggles in your own country, are not friend and foe unanimous in declaring that the brave of the South, although they were obliged to yield, yielded without dishonor? [Applause.]

My friends, though it is the history of the land from which I come, its pages are written in the tears, and blood and suffering, and also the honor of a heroic people. [Applause.]

The man and child of Erin may weep over the recall of its national history. Yes, he may weep, but while bitter tears may fall from his eyes, no blush can come to his face, for there is no taint to his honor there.

Now, my friends, before I bring forth the subject of my lecture to your notice, I wish to say one word which will, perhaps, surprise some of you; and yet you will admire its truth after a moment's reflection. Nothing is more common than for men in our day to imagine that there is some necessary antipathy between the English and the Irish. They say for instance, put an Englishman and an Irishman into a room and they will fight. [Laughter.] In New York, when Froude came, my friends came to me and said: "Did you see that an Englishman has come over?" "evidently expecting that I would immediately respond, "Where is he, 'till I fight him." [Laughter.]

ing this, they were unable to take possession of Ireland. These divisions among themselves continued during the reign of the Plantagenet Kings, during the reign of the Edwards down to the time of Henry VIII., more than four hundred years. The battle was fought on every field in Ireland, but the ancient courage of the race remained, and though divided, the grand soul of the cause was holy enough and the love of the people was strong enough to make every Irishman come forth and strike a blow and bleed and die for his native land. [Applause.]

But it was only in the sixteenth century—three hundred years ago—that the contest between the two nations assumed the great proportions of a national war. Henry VIII. called upon Ireland not only to resign the idea that she was a nation—but he called upon her to abjure her allegiance to the religion which she had received from St. Patrick. The sword which had never been sheathed for three hundred years was once more raised, and the nation swore that two things should never perish, viz., that they were a nation and a Catholic people. [Applause.]

Then the clans that were so separated again united. Nay, more, foremost in the national contest appeared a people who never before had fought for Ireland's glory, namely, the ancient Normans who came over with Strongbow.

I wish to speak kindly of the FitzGeralds, because, as Mr. Froude reminds me, I have a drop of their blood in my veins. Their brothers in England had become Protestants, but they had stayed in Ireland and mixed themselves up with the Irish people and then, like men, they threw their swords into the cause of Ireland because the cause of Ireland became the cause of the Catholic Church. Thence among the names illustrious in Irish history of men who stood foremost in the ranks of the nation, and holding the very first place, was Gerald Fitzgerald, who though not an Irishman by descent, was an Irishman by birth, and fought against Henry VIII. in the cause of Ireland's freedom and Ireland's faith. Nearly the whole of Leinster was wasted with fire and sword, the clans were put down, and then the great treaty of peace held on until four years later when another man came to the front—a name upon which I love to rest—a man who has been abused and calumniated by English writers—even by the latest of those writers—a man who came over here to try to persuade the American people that the Irish were the most God abandoned people upon the face of the earth. [Applause.] I hope that the next mission he undertakes will be a greater success than his present mission was to America. [Applause.]

THE SECOND FAMOUS NAME.

The man of whom I speak was the celebrated Shaun O'Neill. He was called Shaun the Proud. Now, my friends, I need not remind you that among the descendants of ancient Milesias, the first of our bravest and best was the house of O'Neill of Alton. In 1551 Conn. O'Neill went to England and was created Earl of Tyrone by Henry VIII. God bless the mark. When he came home to Ireland after having paid homage to the English monarch, the very first question asked by his people was: "Who gave you leave to do that? You are an Irish King. You are equal to any English monarch. You are of a far more noble and ancient family, who have never disgraced their name. What on earth brought you to resign your sovereignty, and barter away the honor and freedom of the Irish people?" He was not able to give a satisfactory answer. His son stepped out from the ranks and drew his ancient sword in the name of Ireland, and in the name of the Catholic religion; and the very first of the great heroes that stand forth conspicuously in the history of Ireland's struggle with the treacherous and tyrannical King, is the name of Shaun O'Neill. [Applause.]

They tried to purchase him, but they found England had not gold enough to corrupt that true-hearted man, and for fifteen years he fought the whole army of England and asserted his sovereignty for ten years against Queen Elizabeth. I grant you that he was no saint. I have no sympathy with the man's personal character at all. He was one of the most atrocious characters for immorality that Irish history furnishes, but still English writers confess it of him that whenever the Catholic religion or the name of Ireland was insulted, he drew his sword like a man. How did he die? It is the history of the greater part of Ireland's heroes. There was an English gentleman sent over by Queen Elizabeth, named Captain Pierce, and he drew the brave Irishman in among a number of his men. They were afraid of him. They gathered around him and said some insulting things of Ireland and Ireland's faith. The old man drew his sword on the spot, and fell pierced by a thousand wounds to plead the justice of his cause before the tribunal of God.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

While Shaun O'Neill was thus combating for Ireland there was a little boy being reared in the Court of Queen Elizabeth, a nephew of Shaun's, called Hugh O'Neill, a mild and inoffensive youth, apparently not possessing much genius. He conformed to England's institutions in everything while in England except pretending to be a Protestant—that he never would do. In Queen Elizabeth's presence he made the sign of the cross as broad as his shoulders would bear him. He used to give the old Queen "fit" as you say in this country. [Laughter.] Queen Elizabeth was no lover of the cross; she never liked to see it, and I don't think she will ever be very much troubled by the signs of it again. [Applause and laughter.] The young man was destined as a tool when he came over to Ireland. He was intended to be used as a kind of instrument toward the suppression of the mighty clan of O'Neill. How little they knew! The young man had formed the determination to strike the blow every day of his life for the land of his fathers. He landed in Leinster, and the English Ambassador who accompanied him saluted him as Earl of Tyrone. He reached the place where the ancient family of O'Neill were accustomed to be crowned. While all hearts around him were indignant to think that the last son of their royal house should be brought in by the soldiers of England, as he stood on that spot he drew his sword, and, turning to those who had accompanied him said: "Now salute me." They gave their "All hail, Earl of Tyrone." Suddenly the face which had heretofore been so gentle lighted up, and, raising his arm, he turned to the astonished Englishman and cried: "I stand upon my native earth, and my only title is that of O'Neill." [Applause.]

FROM THAT DAY.

for twelve long years the brave Irishman stood where his uncle was accustomed to stand—right in the midst of the battle with the flag of Ireland and of the cross floating over his head, a true man and a true Catholic. For twelve years he braved the whole power of England and occupied O'Neill a king against all the troops Queen Elizabeth could send against him. How did he die? The same old story. When he was a broken hearted old man they got up a sham conspiracy against him, and he was obliged to fly from Ireland—fly from the land for which he had fought and bled the best years of his life. But the tradition died not with Hugh O'Neill. It lived as it lives to-day. Hugh O'Neill died in Rome a penitent man. Queen Elizabeth died at Hamilton Court an impenitent woman. She longed to see Hugh O'Neill, but she died without having seen him, and I verily believe she will never will see him. [Laughter.]

CHARLES: I CAME TO THE THRONE.

and the next great name in Irish history came forth, shining like a star illuminated in gold upon

an ancient choir-book—the name of another O'Neill—Owen O'Neill. In the year 1642, when Charles was in the midst of his troubles with his parliament, the Catholics of Ireland rose. They had been oppressed for more than a century, but they had no great hatred of the English as a people.—They had been punished with the most dreadful penalties for the faithful adherence to the religion of their fathers, but they still remained true. At that time Owen O'Neill was at the head of the greatest army in the world—the Spanish Infantry—and he was acknowledged to be the first general of his time. When he found that his brothers had risen, he flew to the aid of Ireland. He arrived in Ireland in 1643 or 1644, rallied the clan of O'Neill, of Alton, and when the English army appeared before him his force footed up to twenty thousand men. The two armies met upon the Blackwater one bright summer's morning, and when the evening came not a single flag of the English array was left upon the field, nor a single soldier left to uphold it. [Applause.] How did he die? The old story.

In 1649 a scourge of God came to Ireland in the shape of Oliver Cromwell at the head of the English army. Cromwell was afraid of the Irish general.—Advancing upon his march to the town of Londonderry, from there he sent a messenger to the camp of O'Neill and poisoned him.

OLIVER CROMWELL FOLLOWED QUEEN ELIZABETH, and where she is, in all probability, he is keeping her company. Don't be ambitious, my friends, of going where they are. I believe that any man who wished to sup with them this evening should provide himself with a very long spoon. [Laughter and applause.]

James the II. was a Catholic, but no sooner was he made King than the English people began to rebel against him for being a Catholic. I regret religious animosity as much as any man. I don't believe that I have any of it myself, but certain it is that in that day the English people were bitterly opposed to having any one govern them and be their King who was a Catholic. James came to Ireland, and though the Irish people were unwilling to fight for him as an English King, they were willing to fight for any man who was persecuted for his religion, and they rose in defence of their monarch.—And here comes in the next great name upon the record of Irish history—the name of the illustrious and immortal Sarsfield—the bravest man of his time—the bravest officer in that age of brave men. He fought through all the campaigns in Ireland until at length, in 1692, he, with a handful of about twenty thousand men—which was but a handful considering the army against, for William of Orange at the battle of the Boyne had eighty thousand men on the field—was obliged to surrender, and the terms of the treaty of Limerick were signed.

BY THAT TREATY THE CATHOLICS

of Ireland were guaranteed a certain amount of religious liberty. They were guaranteed full commercial liberty. They were guaranteed their rights as citizens! Sarsfield was present at the signing, but no sooner had he left the country than all the provisions of that solemn treaty were violated by the victors. The Catholics were more oppressed and the commercial interests of Ireland—the woollen and linen trade—were destroyed.

In the meantime Sarsfield had betaken himself to the fields of France, and there upon the field of honor, danger and glory, he and his Irishmen still maintained Ireland's ancient fame for undaunted courage and grandeur in the field. He had his revenge a few years later fighting in the armies of France. He met in the field William of Orange, King of England, and right glad was the Irish General to meet him. They fought until at length the army of the English King was routed and sent flying over the field, and the brave Irish General had the opportunity of seeing before him, in full flight, the broad back of his English foe; but as he was about to close with his flying enemy, a stray shot pierced his heart and he fell covered with glory. As he fell, he raised his hands, all bloody from the wounds which he had received, to heaven, and cried, "Ah, God! if this blood had only been shed for Ireland," and expired. Sarsfield died, but the thirty thousand brave Irishmen in the service of France were constantly kept recruited, forming

THE FAMOUS IRISH BRIGADE,

which, far away from their native land, was animated by the love of their religion and the land that bore them. The charge of the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy and their destruction has been immortalized by the stirring verse of Ireland's poet, and will never be forgotten.

This brave brigade passed away, but the spirit that animated it lived on. It was revived in the brave and gallant Grattan, but he went down broken-hearted to his grave over the detestable action of the British Government. But the spirit still lived on, and lived in the illustrious Irish hero, Daniel O'Connell.

But alas! it seemed to be the portion of every great Irishman to die a broken-hearted man, and it may be said that they failed; but the great principle by which they were animated, and which led them on to deeds of valor and glory, did not fail, and it never will fail. That spirit has achieved the greatest triumph of the nineteenth century, not in war, but in one of the greatest peaceful and moral victories—the disestablishment of that stain on Ireland, the Protestant Establishment. The spirit of faith that animated those noble heroes, whose names have been mentioned, still lives on and must ever live on, and that spirit is the principle of Ireland's Catholicity and a national, patriot love of the land.—An English gentleman in New York the other day acknowledged Ireland was the only nation where faith and nationality go together, inseparably together, and that wherever the national standard is uplifted there side by side with it is to be seen the cross of Christ. Men may die, but this principle never dies.

IRELAND'S PRESENT WANT.

But it may be asked, what are the Irish people complaining of now. Catholics are emancipated. They were grumbling about the Protestant church, but that establishment has ceased to oppress. It is asked what right the people of Ireland have to complain now. There are many things of which they have to complain. The people have grounds of complaint to make of a serious nature of England. They are of a more substantial character than those of the old woman who was always complaining, as the story goes. When an Irish priest went to her she said she didn't have any turf to keep her fire. He sent her some turf, but she still grumbled and said she wanted planks. He gave her planks, but still she grumbled and said she would like to have a little bacon. He sent her the bacon, but still she grumbled. The priest told her to think how good God had been to her to furnish her all these things. She said: "O yes, God has been good to me, but you know it has all been taken away by the Corn Law." [Laughter and applause.] But Ireland has some real causes for complaint. The speaker said he was an Irishman, and all belonging to him had been Irish for seven hundred years—since the Normans came—but that he was in America now and was residing here. If he should go home to his native land, the first man he met could inform the authorities of his arrival, and he could be transported for being a friar. There the law stands in black and white. Is that nothing to complain of?

A wealthy man of Cork by his last will left three or four hundred pounds to the Dominican Friars, but the authorities came in and said they should not have it. But if one of these friars commit a crime they recognize his existence at once. The English Government founded four Queen's colleges in Catholic Ireland. In all of these colleges the

name of God was not to be mentioned; and yet Catholics are expected to send their children to those schools. The Catholics established a university there, and secured the first professors of Europe, but the English Government will not so much as recognize its existence. They will have their national schools there, but they will not allow a word of Irish to be spoken in those.

It is not to be denied that the national schools have been a great blessing to Ireland, because education is a great blessing to any country. The future of Ireland and the future of every nation depends mainly upon education. [Applause.]

But where are the laws governing Ireland made? Are they made in Dublin? No; they are made in London, and what do the people of London know about the wants of Ireland? If a bill were brought into parliament for the improvement of Galway Bay what would be said of it? It would be spurned as one of those Irish questions, one of those things which are always coming up, and would receive no consideration. These things will continue, and Ireland has the right to complain, and will never be satisfied, until England acknowledges her as a nation—and she has independence, and will consent to be united with England as one nation consents to unite with another. A province of England she has never been and is not to-day and will never be. [Applause.]

But the realization of this glorious dream of independence and the right of Ireland to make her own laws and legislate for herself, depends upon Irishmen at home and abroad. Let no Irishman be ashamed of his name, his religion or his country. [Applause.] Irish names are amongst the most high-sounding in the history of the world. In France and Spain and Austria and in all the European nations names of Irishmen are graven in letters of gold. Don't be ashamed of your name or religion. Your religion is the one unifying, ennobling and sanctifying principle that brought you into this foreign land. Let no man be ashamed of the land that gave him birth, and let not his children be ashamed. There is no nation in the world to-day that has a nobler record of heroisms, honor, truth and fidelity to God and humanity than our native land, Ireland. [Applause.]

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

EARL RUSSELL AND THE HOME RULE ASSOCIATION.—The Belfast Home Rule Association has forwarded a memorial to Earl Russell for presentation to the House of Lords, praying for an investigation into the conduct of Judge Lawson at the late Antrim assizes. In reply, Earl Russell said that he could present the petition, but could not support the prayer.

THE EVIDENCE BEFORE THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON THE CALLAN SCHOOLS.—The Select Committee on the Callan Schools has made no report, but has confined itself to submitting to the House of Commons the evidence taken; a result, considering the adverse constitution of the Committee, which some scarcely anticipated. This decision admits of but one interpretation. Even Mr. Cross and Dr. Lyon Playfair must now feel convinced that Mr. O'Keefe is not quite the immaculate martyr which he had been supposed to be, and that the majority of the members of the National Board have at least something to say for themselves. The three Commissioners, Mr. Justice Lawson, Mr. Justice Morris, and Mr. Morrell, a Presbyterian minister, who appeared on behalf of the minority of seven, all acquitted the thirteen members of the Board of being influenced by any other feeling in the course they had adopted than a sincere desire to advance education; an admission, coming from Judge Lawson, somewhat in conflict with the charge made in his letter to the Commissioners, that they were acting under episcopal "mandate." They further agreed that *prima facie* a suspended clergyman is undesirable, if not *ipso facto* unfit, for the management of schools; while Judge Morris stated that in 999 cases in 1,000 such suspension proves their unfitness. Nevertheless, these gentlemen would refuse to accept the certificate of the Bishop, Moderator, Presbytery, or General Assembly, as evidence of suspension or deposition; and would summon the clerical manager before the Board and hear and decide on his case, should he question the justice or validity of the decree. Whatever might be the character of the decree, they would retain the suspended clergyman in the management of the school, if the Civil Courts declared the suspension illegal; while Mr. Morrell asserts that there are cases, such as if the majority of the pupils in the school are of a different creed, or if the manager be popular with the parents of the children, when it is lawful to retain a suspended clergyman in the position of patron. Nay, more, Mr. O'Keefe himself stoutly maintains that immoral conduct—he names, for instance, intemperance—is no ground for removal; although the National Board first removed, and on his subsequent appointment, severely fined one of Mr. O'Keefe's schoolmasters for that very vice; so that, according to him, the priest and patron may with impunity be looser in his public morals than a parish schoolmaster. When examined by The O'Connor Don, Mr. O'Keefe admitted that in a public school, in the presence of all the pupils, he directed the master to affix the name of Mr. Martin, the recognized official Patron of the school and administrator of the parish, to a return which he forwarded to the National Board as the genuine signature of Mr. Martin, without the sanction or privity of that gentleman. And having done so, he still insists that such an act does not disqualify him for recognition by a State Department as a fit person to direct the management of a public school. One of the teachers having been convicted on enquiry by two inspectors, of having fraudulently falsified the school accounts—the pupils marked as present when the inspector visited being fifteen in excess of the actual number in attendance, for which she was fined—the inspectors were refused access to the school registers, and one of them was subsequently ejected by force from the school. The doors were locked against the recognized official manager, Mr. Martin. Finally, several actions were taken against the National Board in two of the Courts, in Dublin, in all of which Mr. O'Keefe was defeated. Yet, in spite of a fictitious signature to the return sent to the Board, the order to affix that signature being given to the teacher in the presence of the scholars; in spite of the ejection of the inspector; of the exclusion from the school of the recognized manager; and of divers legal actions brought against the Board—apart altogether from the ecclesiastical suspension—Mr. O'Keefe insists that he was wrongfully deprived of the management of these schools, and that their being struck off the roll and denied further aid from the State, is a lawless act of official oppression. No wonder that the *Times* should marvel on perusing the correspondence contained in the Parliamentary returns, and declare that the managers of English schools must feel indignant at the strict duties imposed on them when they read Mr. O'Keefe's sketch of the rights of an Irish patron. The Committee, notwithstanding its hostile constitution, must have been deeply impressed with these facts as they were elicited from Mr. O'Keefe by the able cross-examination of The O'Connor Don; while his repeated attempts to force upon the Committee the hearing of his paper condemning the ecclesiastical proceedings in his case, despite the Chairman's prohibition, precipitated the closing of the evidence. We doubt if Mr. Bouverie's zeal in defence of his client has not somewhat abated since he heard his own account of himself. One of the worst incidents elicited in Mr. O'Keefe's evidence demands fuller exposition than its force may be understood by Catholics. In the Callan girls' school there was a most excellent and highly respected mistress, Miss Phelan, ranked in the first division of the first class, and transferred to

that school about twenty-five years ago, many years before Mr. O'Keefe's appointment to the parish.—When the strife broke out in the parish, when Mr. O'Keefe was suspended and the parish chapel placed under interdict, to avoid offending Mr. O'Keefe by going to the Friary Chapel, she drove every Saturday to Kilkenny, eight miles distant, where her sister resided, and having there attended to her religious duties returned to her work on Monday morning. When Easter came, she went to the Bishop and obtained leave to make her Paschal Communion in the Cathedral at Kilkenny. On her return, Mr. O'Keefe questioned her as to the fact, and on hearing her statement, instantly dismissed her, informing her, as he stated in his evidence, that in not reporting to the interdicted chapel at Easter she had violated a decree of the Council of Lateran. She gave up the school, but continued to reside in the apartments attached to it, when he summoned her before the Bench at Petty Sessions, and then before the Chairman of Quarter Sessions, in order to eject her from the premises; but he failed in both, as the schools belong to the Committee, and he had no legal title to them. Miss Phelan eventually obtained from the Bishop a situation in Kilkenny. Painful as is this incident, the Catholic people should know of it as an illustration of the sad fruits of the schism in Callan, and of its true character. Another feature in the evidence is the effort made by Justice Lawson and several others, even members of the majority, to prove that there are no *ex officio* managers of schools, a distinction of recent introduction. The object is to deny the right and claim of the parish clergy, as such, to the management. These persons classify the right of management into those attaching to the founder of a school, to the heir to a founder, and to the successor to a clerical patron; the object of the distinction being to exclude the right of the priest, *qua parochus*. In answer to all this, we point to the facts that the Commissioners, as a corporate body, are themselves *ex officio* managers of about 120 model schools; that the 763 Boards of Guardians are *ex officio* managers of nearly that number of National schools; that many of the Boards of Guardians of jails are in a like position; and that hundreds of National schools, as, for instance, those in Callan, are under the management of committees *ex officio*. And, further, we point to the original charter of the National system—Lord Stanley's letter—in which it is expressly laid down that the Board "will look with peculiar favour" on and will give the first preference to the clergymen of the parish, in all applications for aid to schools; that the claim of the clergy and laity comes next, and that of the laity last of all. A clear right on the part of the clergy *ex officio* is thus indicated; and the allegation that there are no *ex officio* managers is answered. Mr. Bouverie will, no doubt, bring forward his motion, perhaps however not with the same confidence of success as when he first introduced it.—*Tablet*.

ENGLAND AND HOME RULE.—The steady, calm and quiet strides which the Home Rule movement is making, is beginning to fill the minds of some of the English people with dismay. They are beginning to see that the country is seeking self government in a business manner, and that the advocates of the good cause cannot be prosecuted or persecuted, as they create no excitement, and give no annoyance to the authorities. The London *Globe* has given us an idea of how Englishmen look upon this new sort of agitation in Ireland. It states that there is no violent commotion, but that the business which engages the Association is the preparation for the coming election, when Ireland expects to be able to return at least sixty Home Rule members to parliament. At a meeting of the Association, held on Tuesday, Mr. Butt delivered an able address in reply to the criticisms of the London journal. A most gratifying incident took place at the same meeting, in the admission as members of several clergymen belonging to the diocese of Achonry. Some time ago people exclaimed, "Why do not the Catholic clergy join in the Home Rule agitation; they have deserted us and left us alone in the struggle for native government!" When these and similar comments were made on the absence of the Catholic Clergy from Home Rule meetings, we considered it our duty to state that such observations were improper and most unjust. The Catholic Clergy of Ireland have been at all times true to the country. In the days of persecution they risked their lives in attending to the welfare of the people. When calumny times arrived they united with O'Connell in seeking Catholic Emancipation, and they rendered most important services to the national cause. Later still, in agitation for Repeal, they went boldly into the contest, guiding the people, and guarding the cause from the dangers which the enemy, with his usual cunning, placed in its way. Such having been the conduct of the Clergy in the past, who, except unwise and inexperienced people, could for a moment doubt that they would, at the proper time, join the ranks of the Home Rule party? But because they did not rush in at once, certain people declared that they had deserted their country. To act with haste, however, is not the practice of the Priests of Ireland. They heitated that they might see if the Home Rule movement was worthy of their support, and now, when they find that it deserves their confidence and support, they are coming forward to give it the benefit of their influential assistance. Ireland must observe in the fact that they are joining the Association, that the cause of Home Rule will have nothing to fear from its opponents, because they are a mighty power in the land, and they will assist in guiding the movement until it is crowned with victory. As we have frequently stated the electors of Ireland should commence at once to prepare for the coming contest. They should select their candidates as soon as possible, and they should be men whose honesty has been tried and tested. If better men are not chosen than most of the present Irish members, the cause will not be successful as soon as some people imagine, for unless honest, faithful men are sent to fight the national battle, there will be division in the ranks, and we all know that where division exists there is weakness, and weakness is succeeded by defeat. The present condition of Ireland is deplorable, which is the result of English misgovernment. At the port of Dundalk large numbers are still departing for foreign countries, and what is to terminate such a destructive exodus but native government? England will do nothing to counteract it, for it delights her to find the "Irish enemy" taking shipping for foreign lands. She endeavoured at one time to exterminate them by using the sword; at another by starvation, and now she is getting rid of the Celt by banishing him to other nations. She has ruined our commerce, destroyed our manufactures, and she carries away £20,000,000 of our money every year, and has left us a poor and beggared nation. The remedy for this deplorable condition of our country is in the hands of Irishmen, and if they be true to themselves, there can be no doubt that English misgovernment will be brought to a close in Ireland. But it will require much courage, fortitude, and patriotism to arrive at such a desirable consummation. Catholic and Protestant must have the courage to unite. They must confide in each other, and bear with each other. They must understand that it is in order to plunder Ireland that England fosters disunion in the country. Knowing this, feeling this, let them resolve not to be any longer the slaves of their enemy; and if they do, there is no power in the hands of English statesmen that can prevent the opening of an Irish parliament in College Green.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

It is said sometimes of a husband and wife that they are best friends apart. It has often occurred to us, what a uncommonly good understanding would prevail between England and Ireland if the Atlantic instead of the Irish Sea rolled between