

my duty to do so, and we must never be deterred from doing our duty.

O'Brien was here abruptly informed that it was time for him to go, and there the conversation ended.

From the day before Father Sheehy's trial, the streets of Clonmel were constantly patrolled, both day and night, by parties of armed men, headed by certain of the vile Orange magistrates themselves—lodging-houses and taverns were kept under the closest surveillance, so that the friends of the unfortunate priest were not even permitted to manifest the slightest sympathy—nay, they dared not venture to converse on the subject. In short, the whole town was in the hands of the magistrates and their unprincipled satellites, and pale dismay was on the face of every one who favored the Catholic party, or was interested in the fate of those who lay down at the mercy of the common enemy. The town witnesses were handsomely entertained at the barracks in Clonmel. There Toohy cracked his jokes over his steaming whiskey-punch, furnished from a neighboring tavern, and the ragabond Lonergan grinned approval, while Moll Dunlea was in her element, romping and carousing amongst the soldiers. She had taken up with one in particular whose name was Brady, and he being a nominal Catholic either felt or affected to feel an interest in the fate of Father Sheehy. One evening when they were all assembled in the guard-room—it was the evening all but one before the trial—Brady suddenly asked Moll whether she did not feel a little squeamish about swearing against the priest.

'Squeamish,' cried Moll, snapping her fingers contemptuously, 'the devil a that I care for all the priests from shore to Shannon. And if it goes to that am I doin' what's right—isn't it fittin' that the guilty should suffer—gainsay that if you can.'

'Guilty,' repeated Brady, incredulously:—'you know as well as I do, Moll, my sweetheart, that the priest is not guilty.'

'Who says so?' cried Moll, starting to her feet, and shaking her clenched fist at the soldier, while her face grew livid with anger—who says that he's not guilty?—whoer's has the impudence to say it, Moll Dunlea's the girl that'll soon give them the lie. I'll prove it against a thousand—that I will—ay, and what's more, he'll hang for it, and I'll have the pleasure of seein' him.'

'Why, what harm did he ever do you, Moll?' inquired the soldier in a coaxing tone, being desirous of reaching the bottom of the secret, tho' his motive was only that of curiosity.

'Harm!' said Toohy, taking up the word before Moll could speak, 'didn't he order her out of the chapel—ay, faith did he, Jim—he put the decent girl out, and cursed her into the bargain, because she wouldn't give up a boy she was levin' with at the time. Sorra a word o' lie I'm tellin', Jim. And now is it any wonder that she'd owe him a spite? and between ourselves, he was hard on me, too, though the dear knows I'm as innocent a boy as you'd see in a summer's day—through I am, and Jack Lonergan will tell you so as well as myself.'

Lonergan answered this appeal by a sort of grunt that might have been construed either into denial or assent, but Moll cut short the conversation by calling for another glass.

'Where's the use talking,' said she, 'it makes a body drivin' dry; give us another glass, Brady, that's the chort, let the priest, and the judges, and all, go to the d—, for all us. Hurra, that's the real stuff—here's may we never have worse to drink.'

It was a melancholy sight to look at that miserable woman, and think that on the world of such as she should hang the lives of men of high standing and unblemished honor. What a state of society it was when such a man as Father Sheehy, his cousin Edmund Sheehy, Mr. Farrell and Mr. Buxton, were condemned and executed on the evidence of such profligate wretches.

For a day or two before the trial no one was allowed to see either Father Sheehy or his companions in misfortune, and though hundreds of friends crowded into the town, yet no one ventured to speak above his breath of that which engrossed the attention of all. On the morning of the trial Sir Thomas Maude and the two Bagwells were seated in the parlor of an adjoining the court-house engaged in conversation when Mr. Cornelius O'Callaghan made his appearance, and unceremoniously joined their company. This gentleman was well known to all three but they had their own reasons for affecting reserve in his presence.

'Good morning, gentlemen,' said the newcomer, 'what news have ye got here? I hope my entrance has not disturbed you.'

'Not at all, Mr. O'Callaghan, not at all, sir,' replied John Bagwell, making room for him beside himself. 'We are just talking over some matters of little importance.'

'What sort of a calendar have we this time—pretty full I believe.'

'Why, yes, rather so—this Whiteboyism has demoralized the who'e country.'

Mr. O'Callaghan smiled, and Maude continued—

'It is no longer safe for a gentleman, especially if he be a Protestant, to live in this neighborhood: these rascally papists are becoming quite savage on our hands. Don't you think so?'

'Why, really no,' replied O'Callaghan.—'Since you ask my opinion I must candidly tell you that Catholics have ever been, and still are, my very best neighbors, and even friends. I am one of those who do not believe the people to be half as bad as they are represented. Now to go no farther than this case of Mr. Sheehy. I do not think there is a country in the whole civilized world where such a state of things could exist, save this unfortunate island of ours. The fact of it is, that unless the whole population of the neighborhood be in error, the man Bridge was no more murdered than I was, and if he were murdered at all, which I for that do not believe, I would stake my life for it that this unfortunate priest knew no more of it than did any of us. The thing is absurd, improbable, and if I

am not altogether mistaken, this days' trial will prove it so.'

'On what authority do you ground your very decided opinion, Mr. O'Callaghan?' inquired William Bagwell, with a sly wink at Maude, 'for really it differs somewhat from ours.'

'On what authority,' repeated O'Callaghan, with honest indignation, for he well knew the men with whom he had to deal—'Why, on that of an intimate friend of my own, in whose house Mr. Sheehy slept the whole of that night on which Bridge is supposed to have been murdered. Yes, gentlemen, and his testimony—undoubted as it must be—will put your crown witnesses to the blush, or rather those who employed them, for blushing is out of the question with them.'

An angry flush was on the cheek of Maude, and a taunting reply on his thin lip, when a person entered to announce that that the judge was entering the court-house.

'You'll soon see what your opinion is worth!' said the baronet with a malicious sneer, as he passed O'Callaghan on the staircase. 'The unblushing witnesses may do as well as the intimate friend of Mr. Cornelius O'Callaghan. Ha! ha! His insolent laugh was echoed by his two worthy associates, but O'Callaghan did not condescend to answer.

The court-house was crowded above and below, but it was for the most part filled with partisans in the Orange interest. Few, very few of the Catholic party were allowed to enter, while the others were brought in from all parts, in order to make it appear to the judge that public opinion was against the prisoners. The jury was to a man composed of rabid Orangemen, the officers of the court were of the same school, so that they had the game entirely in their own hands, and a fearful game they made of it.

That very morning, about three hours before the trial commenced, the witnesses for the prosecution were separately visited by one of the magistrates muffled up in a large cloak. The visit over, the same personage had a long conversation with one of his brethren, and its tenor might be gathered from its conclusion:—

'So you think it would not be safe to try Meighan—we have shrunk from doing it all along, for the fellow has the name of being a good Catholic—that is to say, a staunch papist—but perhaps he might listen to reason, now that the trial is so near. There is yet time—if he could only be got to confess, and acknowledge that the priest urged him to do the deed. We might offer him something handsome.'

'I tell you it's no use,' replied Hewitson, 'it would only make matters worse—Meighan is a devilish obstinate fellow, and I know he would not turn against the priest, nor confess, as we facetiously call it, if you gave him your whole estate.'

'Well, really, these witnesses that we have are so very low and their character is so notorious that it is a great drawback on the whole affair. Is there none of the witnesses on the other side that could be turned to account?'

'I am most happy to inform you that we have succeeded in getting one of them over—a farmer of tolerable standing.'

'And his name?'

'Herbert.'

'Give me your hand, rector,' cried Maude in a glow of exulting joy. 'The gaining over of that man is the making of us all. I know him very well—he calls himself a papist, but I believe he is neither one thing nor the other, a sort of amphibious animal that can live in either church as it serves his turn. But you must have given him a high price.'

'His life, my friend, nothing less.'

'Why, how is that? I heard nothing of his being in jeopardy?'

'Oh! but it was easy to put him in when we found that he was one of Sheehy's main witnesses. The fear of death will bring a man to reason, when money will have no effect, so we sent and had him arrested, and Toohy swore against him for Whiteboyism. When he found himself actually in jail, he was very glad to be offered his freedom on the terms we proposed. So, give up the notion of sounding Meighan—for it would only ruin all he'd be sure to throw it in our faces, and though his word would have no effect in point of law, yet it would be made a handle of hereafter, if anything came against us.'

'And besides we can do without him now, thanks to your friend Herbert. But let us be off, it's getting near the time. I think there's little doubt but we have our badge caught this time, we're here on our own ground, and we have another sort of man than Gore on the bench.—The only thing I'm afraid of is Keating's evidence: how is that to be got over? You see Keating stands very high, d— take the fellow! And they say he is to swear positively that Sheehy slept at his house on the very night in question. It is true, we have three 'plumpers' against his one, but then the question is, whether there may not be others brought forward to support him.'

'The subject requires serious thought,' said the rector musingly, 'and we have not much time to reflect upon it, for already I see the dragoons clearing the way for the judge. Come in here to the Spread Eagle, till we put our heads together, as the saying is. Perhaps it may not be so bad after all. At all events let us consider it.' So in they went to 'take sweet counsel' together on Keating's evidence, and the result of their deliberations will be seen hereafter. On coming out of the hotel, the first they met in the street was one of Father Sheehy's sisters, Mrs Green, leaning on her husband's arm, for she seemed scarcely able to stand. Her face was closely veiled but her whole frame was trembling with agitation.

'Mr. Hewitson!' said Mr. Green, unexpectedly accosting that portly gentleman, 'the soldiers have refused us permission to enter the court-house—they say that they dare not admit without orders from some of the magistrates. Will you be so kind as to get us in. My wife would fain be present, though I would just as soon she were not.'

'Well, really, Green,' replied the fat dignitary as he drew up his shirt collar, and stroked down his rosy chin, 'Well, really, you must excuse me.

I regret exceedingly that we cannot comply with Mrs. Green's wishes, but women are the worst spectators on such occasions—they are apt to make too much noise, if anything excites their feelings. Good morning.'

'Oh, my brother! my doomed brother!' cried the unhappy sister, 'is there not one of your own kin or kin to be present when you're tried for life or death? May God forgive you, gentlemen, that's all I say. But there will come a day for all this, be assured there will!'

Her husband drew her away, while the two gentlemen, laughed scornfully, as they bowed with mock respect and walked off towards the court-house. There was a deep flush on the cheek of Terence Green, and some bitter words were horring on his lips, but he resolutely repressed his anger, for he was a prudent man, and well knew that any expression of resentment from him would be wrested into an assault by the worthy magistrates, who desired no better than to get a plausible excuse for taking Father Sheehy's friends into custody.

'Don't say anything to them, Mary dear,' he whispered to his wife, 'you know that that's all they want, to get us to say or do them ill, that they may have us arrested. We'll leave them in the hands of God, darling, and let Him judge them. But I'm afraid it will go hard with his reverence this very day, for they have it arranged so that no one can get in without their knowledge—at least no one that could be of any service to Father Nicholas, or poor Ned Meighan. Look, look, Mary!' he added, pointing down the street, 'see, there are the crown witnesses going to the court-house. See, they have them guarded by a company of soldiers. Oh, then, blessed Mother!' he added bitterly, 'look at Moll Dunlea, the infamous prostitute, dressed up in a cloak and bonnet, finer than ever she was before. And there's Toohy, in the apparel of a gentleman, and the young ruffian, Jack Lonergan—oh, then, oh, then, is it possible that any judge or jury will take their word—their oath against such a man as Father Sheehy? Come away, dear, come away, I can't stand this any longer.'

The afflicted wife spoke not—she could not speak—but her tears fell fast and thick, as leaning heavily on her husband's arm she moved away.

(To be continued.)

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY COLLECTION.

The following address has been issued by the Rector of the Catholic University to the Clergy of Ireland, regarding the annual collection:— Catholic University of Ireland, Dublin, November 3, 1862.

Reverend Dear Sir—In obedience to the commands of the bishops of Ireland, contained in the following resolutions, I beg respectfully to remind you, that Sunday, the 16th instant, is the day fixed by their lordships for the Catholic University Collection:—

'We unanimously agree to fix the third Sunday of November as the day on which the Catholic University Collection shall be annually held in every parish of every diocese of Ireland.'

'We also declare our willingness to permit the Rector, or other duly appointed authorities, to communicate with the clergy of our dioceses with the view to the proper organisation of the Collection.'

Allow me, rev. dear sir, to beg your valuable co-operation, and the aid of your generous people, for this national tribute to Catholic Education. We do not ask our expect large contributions; very few pounds each year from every parish in Ireland will form a liberal endowment for the institution, and will in a short time deliver our Catholic people from the danger of State Education, and secure for us perfect educational freedom.

Since I had the honor of addressing you last year, forty-two municipal bodies, representing most of our cities and principal towns, have approved the movement in favour of this University. Many of our Protestant fellow-countrymen have most efficiently advocated our cause; and one day over 200,000 persons unmistakably declared in this metropolis in the presence of distinguished prelates from various parts of the world, that Irish Catholics will have for their children none other than a thoroughly Catholic system of education. The point at issue is no longer confined to the simple questions: Is the Catholic University worthy of our support? Does Ireland want it? Do the Catholics of Ireland wish for it? Is it of any use to the mass of the people who are asked to support it? The issue now raised is: Are the Irish people who conscientiously object to other systems of education, and wish to have a Catholic system, to be refused the right of choosing for themselves? Shall we allow State Education to be forced upon us, to the exclusion of Catholic Education? In a word, are Irish Catholics to be practically denied full freedom of education? Those who profess any other religion, and no religion, are permitted to educate their children as they please—their efforts are encouraged. Institutions are patronised in which conscientious Protestants, or even Atheists, may bring up their sons in the open profession of their own religious or irreligious principles; where the seeds of moral and religious convictions, or it may be of scepticism, implanted in childhood, can be developed to the parents' full satisfaction; but, when a Catholic asks for the like liberty, and when honourable men of other persuasions, seeing the justice of the claim, join in the demand, the petitioner is refused; he is told that he must be content with the opportunities afforded him in a Protestant or a Latitudinarian University. Thus the Catholics of Ireland are refused every opportunity of getting an university education in the metropolis, unless in the Protestant University; and while we are told that Protestant parents cannot be expected to send their sons to the Catholic University, because it is directed exclusively by Catholic Ecclesiastics (which is not the case), Catholic parents are expected to send their sons to the Protestant University, of which almost all the authorities are Protestant clergymen.

I may be told that many excellent Catholic parents have sent their sons to Trinity College. Many of these good parents know not what they do. That university is, and must always remain essentially a Protestant institution. Everything there proclaims the superiority of Protestantism, the inferiority of Catholicity. The learned Fellows, placed alike over Catholic and Protestant students, must all be Protestant. Catholic as well as Protestant graduates have to kneel before the Protestant Chancellor of the University, in order to receive their academic degrees, "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghosts." The whole atmosphere of the place is Protestant; and as it would be impossible for a Protestant youth to frequent one of our excellent colleges for years, and yet remain a staunch Protestant; so a young Protestant could not go day after day for four years to the admirable schools of the Christian Brothers, and imbibe no tincture of Catholicity; so also it is well nigh impossible for a Catholic to go through the Protestant University with faith as lively, as practical, as when he first passed into its chilly halls from the warmth of Catholic faith which is found in Irish

One of the ablest writers on education in France, the Bishop of Chartres, says, that if he were asked who is the greatest enemy of the Christian religion he would name Victor Cousin.

families. Giving the authorities of Trinity College credit for doing their utmost to exclude everything with which Catholics may find fault, it is almost impossible for them to succeed. Catholic parents are not, in general, aware, that besides Locke's work, many portions of which are very objectionable, a part of the metaphysics of the French philosopher, Cousin, is obligatory on every student; and, if he attend lectures in College, of course, is learned under the direction of a Protestant clergyman. After all, their greatest success must consist in excluding from the education of Catholics all religious instruction. That instruction, of course, we would not receive from them; but is it not a sad privation for a young Catholic to be left without it, to be deprived of that educational element which civilised the world—that one precious aroma which preserved from utter corruption the civilisation of Greece and Rome, and changed it into the Christian civilisation, whose blessings we enjoy? Why should our Catholic youth be condemned to have their education thus maimed? Why should they be obliged to forego that thorough, systematic instruction in the principles of religion, in the sublime teaching of the Sacred Books, from which the greatest men from every age since the beginning of the Christian dispensation derived their best inspirations?

Let not these remarks be considered derogatory to Trinity College as a Protestant University. There is no reason why between it and the Catholic University there should not exist an honourable rivalry in the wide field of literature and science. What we do object to is, that it should have the direction in any way of the education of Catholic youth. In the year 1793 some such power was given to it by the Irish Parliament; let us hear the opinion of the great Edmund Burke on this proceeding. Writing to the Rev. Dr. Hussey, on the 17th March, 1795, he says:—

'By the act of parliament, which they passed a year or two ago, when they took off the penalties on your keeping schools, they (the government) put any schools you might have in future under the direction of the College of Dublin. Probably a more cruel and unmerciful insult was never added to a cruel injury, from the beginning of the world to this hour. I believe I never the College of Dublin as much as any man, and am sure that a better inspection over schools belonging to our Church could not be provided; but it is neither fit nor decent that they should have any meddling whatever with your places of education.'

It may be said, they now have now no meddling with our schools and colleges; but is it no meddling for them to have in their hands exclusively the highest education, for which schools and colleges are but preparatory? Is it no meddling when every student of these Catholic places of education, who may wish to aspire to a complete course of academic training in the capital, must beg this boon at their gate?

But Trinity College is no longer the only University in Ireland. There is another, open alike to Catholics and Protestants. Why will not Catholics avail themselves of the Queen's University.

In reply to this question I do not hesitate to say that in many respects the Protestant University, most objectionable as it is for Catholics, is much less so than the Queen's Colleges. In Trinity College the true principle is laid down, that all education ought to be based on religion, although that principle has, as we Catholics believe, been erroneously applied; in the Queen's Colleges it has been gravely asserted that religion is not the foundation of education. As a Protestant, then, it is to be preferred to a man of no religion, so also is an University founded on Protestantism to an University which has no religious basis. In the one, the Anglican Church enjoys her fitting place as the supervisor, the controller of the studies of Anglicans; in the other, every idea of an ecclesiastical body, of a Church, is studiously avoided: nay, more, the very name of the Church of Christ dare not be mentioned.

It is thus our enemies seek to secularize all teaching; to divert the laity from the clergy; to destroy all ecclesiastical influence in education: nay, more, to do away with all dogmatic teaching, and to produce in the mind of youth a sad jumble of conflicting opinions on the all-important subject of religion—a jumble which, perhaps, is not contrary to Protestant doctrine, but which is destructive of the foundation of Catholic belief. It is but a few days since the distinguished personage, in whose gift are at present all the offices in the Queen's Colleges, is reported to have said in St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle:—

'When we look a little backward and around us, and consider that it has pleased the Almighty to permit the various creeds and churches of Christendom to be supported and adorned by such men as Luther, Bossuet, Fenlon, Jeremy Taylor, John Wesley, Bishop Hall, Dr. Chalmers, and Dr. Chauncy—men with the fire of divine eloquence on their lips, and the teaching of divine piety in their hearts—surely there can be none of us who must not think how likely it is that in many points he may be wrong, how impossible it is that in all points he can be right.' Here is the creed of these Colleges, not Catholicism, not Anglicanism, not Calvinism; but a mixture of them all; or rather a practical discrediting of all; for every religion is likely to be wrong in many points! It is impossible that any religion can be right in all points! Here is the teaching proposed to Catholics, who if they wish to be Catholics, must believe, that the Church is the pillar and the ground of truth (1 Tim., iii. 15); that in any, even the least point regarding faith or morals, it is impossible for the Holy Roman, Catholic, and Apostolic Church to deceive or be deceived, as it is for the great God, who has promised to be with her all days, even to the consummation of the world (Matt., xxviii, 20). What wretched fools were our martyred fathers, to die for a faith that was likely to be wrong in every point! How senseless the apostolic men of every age, to labour, and sweat, and bleed for a Gospel which could not possibly be right in all points! How vain and useless even the teaching, and toils, and death of the Son of God Himself made man, who has not left on earth even one of His children, inheritor of the truth He brought from Heaven; for, "surely there can be none of us who must not think how likely it is that in many points he may be wrong, how impossible it is that in all points he can be right." Here is the abyss opened for our country in these Colleges—loss of faith, loss of religion, the spread of scepticism. Well may we apply to these Institutions the dreadful words of Burke: "For the country, if some proper mode of education is not adopted, I tremble for the spread of Atheism among Catholics."

But there is a third reason why the Catholics of Ireland should refuse to rest satisfied with the Queen's University. It is a Government Institution. The liberties of no people can be safe when the Government turns schoolmaster; above, all people on the face of the earth the religious liberties of Irish Catholics cannot be safe, if the Protestant Government of England be allowed to control, to direct, to govern our education. Here is the principle now at issue. Here is the reason we on this day ask you, reverend dear Sir, and your people, to support the Catholic University of Ireland; because we will have freedom of Education; we will have free, untainted Catholic teaching, untainted by any breath of Protestant interference, free from every appearance of State control; for let us remember, it ought never to be forgotten—that in the Queen's University every official, from the chancellor to the clerk who keeps the books, is appointed by Government. The Presidents, Professors, &c., are all nominated by the Lord Lieutenant, and removable at his good will and pleasure. When a Professor of Latin or Greek, or of History or Metaphysics, is wanted, the applicants must submit their qualifications, not to this or that learned body, not to any judge of faith or morals, but to the English nobleman who happens at the time to represent the Prime Minister in Ireland, or, it may be, to the English commoner, just installed in Dublin, well skilled in the geography of Ireland, and fully acquainted with her abundance, even when

famine is in the land; and by such a man as this is the teacher to be appointed to instruct the Catholic youth of Ireland! And when the students have completed a course of studies, which must have been approved by the Lord Lieutenant, and are preparing for the academic grade which is to crown their labours, it is to Dublin Castle they must direct their steps for the examination, and it is there they receive the degree, which is at once the badge of political servitude and a protest against the authority of the Church of five-sixths of the people of Ireland. Would the people of England consent to such a prostitution of learning? Would they allow the State thus directly to control education? Most certainly they would not; and one of the causes of the spirit of liberty which breathes throughout England is, because the Universities have remained almost free from Government control, as free at least as they could remain, when the Church is but the slave of the State.

On this point of the necessity of keeping our education free from state interference, let us again hear our illustrious fellow-countryman, Burke, whose words of wisdom can never be repeated too often:—

'I have considered this matter at large and at various times; I have considered it in relation to the designs of your enemies. . . . If you consent to put your clerical education, or any other part of your education, under their direction or control, then you will have sold your religion for their money. There will be an end, not only of the Catholic religion, but of all religion, all morality, all law, and all order, in that unhappy kingdom. These are not the rash opinions of the moment. For my fixed sentiments on this subject I beg leave to refer you to the letter, dated February 21, 1782. You will there perceive that my notions (such as they are) are not founded upon chimerical abstractions upon the rights of states and governments to regulate education, &c., &c., &c., with all that silly prattle of metaphysical politics, which a parrot could go through as well as they who use it, and is much more becoming green plumage than black gowns. This letter was written a little more than thirteen years ago. God forbid, if circumstances had varied, that I should resist the lessons of experience; but experience, instead of weakening these opinions in my mind, has strengthened them with a new accession of reason and of motives.'

It remains for us, reverend dear Sir, to profit by this teaching; to take care to not sell the liberty of our religion and our country by subjecting education to a Protestant Government; boldly to assert our right to every honour and legal distinction open to our fellow-countrymen of other religious persuasions; in a word, by placing ourselves on an educational as well as legal equality with Protestants and all others, to carry out to its legitimate consequences the glorious triumph won for us by O'Connell when he gained Emancipation. This is to be done by maintaining the Catholic University, by giving it the Charter of a nation's approval—I have the honour to remain, Reverend dear Sir, Your faithful Servant in Christ,

BARTH WOODLOCK.

P.S.—I take the liberty to send herewith two or three placards, to be posted as you may deem useful; and I would respectfully suggest that this circular could be made available for perusal by your flock, by having the leaves torn asunder, and posted one under the other in such a convenient place as you may approve.

May I beg you, reverend dear Sir, to explain to your people at the Masses on Sunday next, the object of this appeal.

Should your own many duties render it difficult for you to attend to the Collection as you may wish, I shall, if you permit it, send placards, &c., to any two or three members of your flock, whom you may name to me as likely to co-operate as collectors in this national effort.

In fine, I beg you, reverend dear Sir, to forward to your venerated Bishop the amount of the Collection as soon as you can conveniently do so after the 16th instant.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF REV. J. SALMON, P.P.—We (Kilkenny Journal) regret to announce the death of Rev. J. Salmon, P.P., Callan, which occurred on Wednesday the 29th Oct., after a few weeks' illness. The deceased Rev. gentleman was distinguished for talents of the highest order; while his extensive charities to the poor and distressed, won for him the admiration and esteem of many who differed with him in other respects. A solemn Office and High Mass were celebrated on Friday in the parish church of Callan for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace.

DEATH OF THE REV. MICHAEL O'REILLY.—It pains us greatly to record the demise of the Rev. Michael O'Reilly, Catholic Curate of Castletown, in the Diocese of Kilmore. On Tuesday week he appeared to be in his usual good health, but on Wednesday morning he complained that he was not well, and on the evening of that day Dr. Moore was sent for to Callan, and arrived with all despatch, too late, however, to be able to obviate the stroke of death. Father Michael O'Reilly was in the very prime of life. He graduated some fifteen years ago in the Kilmore Academy, Callan, and went thence to the Cape of Good Hope, an ardent and efficient Missionary. Bad health caused him to return to his native diocese, where for some ten years he labored and prospered in his efforts to promote the good cause, as well of patriotism as of religion, and his early demise will be regretted equally in Ballyconnell and in Butlersbridge. Lord have mercy upon his soul; he was a good priest, and a true Irishman.—*Death Poem.*

THE REV. P. FOLEY, P.P., PRIOR CO., KERRY.—It is with much regret I have learned that the above named estimable clergyman has been placed under suspension (for a period of six months) by his Bishop. The facts which led to this severe step being taken by his Lordship, are, as well as I could ascertain them, as follows:—'It appears that a gentleman, a native of Cork, possesses some property in the parish over which the Rev. Mr. Foley has presided for a long period. This gentleman's dealings with his tenantry in the above named parish, have formed subject of comment in the local papers, and have been rather strongly commented on. It appears that Mr. Foley alluded to the matter from the altar of his parish chapel, and it must be presumed, carried away in a moment of excitement, used very strong language, and spoke of the gentleman as a *nominalist*. It appears legal proceedings were threatened to be had recourse to, and the matter was brought under the notice of the Bishop, who instituted an inquiry, the result of which has been that His Lordship has considered it necessary—though of course it must have been most painful to him—to prohibit Mr. Foley from celebrating Mass for a period of six months.—*Truce Cor. of the Cork Examiner.*

His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam has transferred the Rev. Rev. Edward Griffin from Roundstone to the curacy of Claremorris; the Rev. James Flannelly from the curacy of Abbeyknockmoy to Roundstone; Rev. Michael Joyce from the curacy of Claremorris to that of Cummer; Rev. Patrick Fitzgerald to Abbeyknockmoy; Rev. Patrick O'Donnell to Claremorris.

The Trades Chamber of Commerce have appropriately and patriotically initiated a movement in Kerry for the erection in that county of a monument to the memory of O'Connell. When Clare has created one, why should Kerry, the birthplace of the illustrious Liberator, be without a visible, a lasting memorial?

At a late meeting of the Town Commissioners of Kilkenny, it was unanimously resolved that a meeting of the gentry and inhabitants of Kilkenny would be held in the courthouse to promote the collection of subscriptions towards the National Testimonial to O'Connell.