

... pity to the crowd of supplicants at her feet.— One arm clasps her Divine Son, the other is extended to the helpless and the miserably, to whom that dear arm is the plank of hope.— Some who visit the city take away with them a vivid recollection of Redmond's Cross; others have that fair picture of Our Lady so photographed on their memory that it is never forgotten, but lingers with them as the perfume of a sweet flower. The richest crimson, the deepest blue, the brightest emerald, the purest gold, and the darkest purple, all stream in one grand light from the window, and fall upon the altar with its silver candlesticks, its ivory crucifix, and glowing flowers, upon the little sanctuary with its rich picturesque and graceful statues, and fill the church with that beautiful mellow radiance so well called 'religious light.' Now the glory of the sunset has somewhat passed, and the light in the sanctuary is that of innumerable tapers burning on the altar. The priest kneels on the altar-step surrounded by his white-robed acolytes, the incense rises in flagrant clouds, and the organ is intoning one of those simple and beautiful Litanies of Our Lady, which would seem almost an echo from the angels.

Look around you, dear reader; you are in the Emerald Isle, Saint Patrick's home, the seminary of Saints, the land that has held its faith in spite of persecution, fire and sword; a land in which a Catholic may be proud to die. The people before you are the sons of Erin, brave and faithful as her daughters are beautiful and good; men with hearts simple as children and yet strong as death, who will die by fame, by torture, by misery, and by grief, but who will never deny, in thought or deed, the faith for which their fathers suffered and died; men with hearts soft and docile to the kind word and charitable deed, but proud and hardened to injustice and tyranny. Look at the bowed heads, the clasped hands, the beads gliding quickly through the trembling fingers; listen to the many fervent prayers, the oft-times audible supplications. There are old men on the verge of the grave, young men with stout hardy frames and honest sunburnt faces, women still in the spring-time of youth and beauty, others bent with age and care; but every heart is the same, bent with the utmost reverence and awe. The beautiful chant of the Litany is soon caught up by those wild sweet voices; the tears in the eyes of the aged and the light in the faces of the young tell its power. It is ended, and the more solemn strain of the *Tantum Ergo* finishes the benediction. But the Litany lingers in the hearts of the people, so alive to the beauty and love of Mary. You can see it as they pass out in the kindly greeting, the lingering tone, the offered charity. A little group gathered at the corner of the lane, and were deeply engaged in discussing some evidently important piece of news, when one of their number exclaimed, 'Ah there he is, God bless him, and the Holy Mary help him; he takes half the sunshine with him wherever he goes.'

'Thru for ye, honey; dear; but there is one will wish him more than ye.'

'Ah! Kathleen is it ye mane? I'd give my right hand to save her grieving, but the blessed Mary knows it must be.'

In one moment the whole circle was silent: the men doffed their caps, and the women curtsied. A young man passed by, returning their many salutes in a graceful manner, giving sometimes a few words of greeting and sometimes a friendly jest. He passed with rapid steps, and entered the little chapel. After kneeling for a few minutes before the altar, he rose to take the path that led to Redmond's Cross; but just as he was leaving the chapel the priest overtook him.

'Oh! Louis, is that you? I have been expecting you all day.'

'And I have been in a state of despair that I could not come, Father Paul; even now, I cannot stay, but I will be with you again in an hour or two.'

'You go, then, to-morrow?'

'Yes, Father, to-morrow. I am going now to say good-bye to Kathleen. I will call as I come back, and ask for your blessing and your prayers.'

'They are both yours, my dear boy, and always have been; and I believe you value them. Strange that my entreaties and advice have been of no avail.'

'Yet I have listened to both, Father Paul, and, as far as I could, I have followed them. I may rather say it is strange that you, an Irishman, should not sympathize with my hopes and ambition.'

'It is because I am many years older than you, and know the truth and realities of life by experience; you are dazzled by imagination, by the glitter of fame and glory.'

'Ah! Father Paul, it is ever thus that they who have run the gauntlet of the world and its dangers speak to those who are eager for the race.'

'And ever thus their advice is received.'

'My dear father, do not, I entreat you, think I slight the good advice you give me; it is rather that I have faith in my destiny, that I believe my mission to be a great and glorious one. I will rebuild the house of my fathers, restore their name and fame, fill those old ruins with charity and light, restore the old church, call round me again the friends who loved and served my fathers of old, give to old Ireland a son who will love her, ah! and serve her, too.'

'Dreams, my poor boy,' said the priest, sadly, 'dreams.'

'Not so, father,' said the young man, speaking somewhat haughtily, 'they are truths; I have nerve in my arm, and strength in my will and what heart and hand can do that I will accomplish.'

'I believe it, and regret the more that you will fail; and the priest's hand was laid gently on the young man's shoulder, while his eyes dimmed with tears. 'If you would but believe me, Louis, your place is here with us who love you; your work, your own salvation, and the good of those around you. In my old age you will leave me, who have depended on you from your youth upwards; you will leave the few but

faithful friends who are devoted to you, and all for what you will soon find to be a dream.'

A look of anxious tenderness shaded the ardor of the young man's face, and his hand grasped the one the priest had laid upon his shoulder.

'Father Paul, I could not do it. God knows I have done all for the best; I would rather die seeking my end than live quietly here, and so never attain it. Some men are made for stirring action; I am one. Trust me, for I trust in God. I shall win all, for I will fight for all.— My heart and soul have thirsted for years for this moment: there has been a voice in these old ruins that has called to me night and day to rise and go forth, and win that which my fathers have lost. I have spent nights in that square court, and have thirsted and longed to be up and doing, and now the time is come. Oh, Father Paul, bless and encourage me, for I have a noble task to achieve.'

The priest's voice trembled, and his hand shook.

'I will say no more to discourage you, Louis; God bless you, my son. Go now; I have detained you too long. You will call as you come back?'

'No fear that I shall forget, Father.' And so saying, Louis sprang lightly over the stile, and was soon lost to sight amongst the trees.

Father Paul entered the little chapel, and before the altar of that dear Mother he loved so well, he prayed for grace for the young and ardent spirit entering on so fiery a path, strength and mercy for its trials and combats, help and pity for the boy he had reared and loved so well. Ah! in his after years Louis owed much to those prayers. Dear reader, how little we know or think what the prayers and tears of our priests do for us, how they stand between us and the wrath of God; how they plead for us, for time and grace to repent, for strength to resist temptation, for help in trials and dangers. It is only when the great book of life is unrolled, that we shall know how they have shielded us, strengthened our weakness, brightened our darkness, and made more perfect our failing faith.

(To be continued.)

THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF IRELAND.

LECTURE BY REV. JAMES GAFFNEY, BEFORE THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY OF DUBLIN.

On the evening of the 13th ult., Rev. Mr. Gaffney delivered a lecture in the Catholic Hall, Denmark-street, Dublin, on 'The Ancient Christian Church of Ireland—were its teachings Protestant or Catholic?' There was a numerous audience in the body of the hall, and on the platform were the following: Rev. Canon Pope, Rev. Dr. O'Neill, Captain Lyman, James Delany, Esq., P. L. G.; J. Byrne, Esq.; Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, Rev. Mr. Brady, Rev. Mr. Murphy, S. J.; Rev. Mr. Moorey, Baldoye; S. Carolan, Esq.; Rev. Mr. Parrell, Rev. Dr. Kirwan, F. Mulligan, Esq.; Joseph Byrne, Esq.; Redmond Hanlon, Esq.; F. Dwyer, Esq.; Rev. Mr. Purcell, Rev. Mr. Gilligan, &c. Alderman J. E. Dillon took the chair in the first instance, but having to fulfil an engagement elsewhere Peter Paul McSwiney, Esq., Lord Mayor Elect, presided during the lecture.

The Rev. Mr. Gaffney, on coming forward to address the audience, was received with warm applause. He commenced by observing that a love of fatherland was implanted in the human breast by God, and being a portion of our nature, was to be found in every clime and under every variety of circumstance. In a prosperous country like England, it was the strongest bulwark of the people's liberties. By creating and fostering self-respect it at once opposed domestic tyranny, and repelled foreign invasion. In countries whose nationalities had been trampled down by the heel of the conqueror, such as Poland, and in other lands with which Irishmen might be more familiar, it refused to blot out the characteristics of its own national existence, and sought, amidst trials and tears, to preserve the national language, tradition and history. The inhabitants of this green isle loved the country of their birth; yet it was most strange how their love of fatherland, or patriotism, as it was called, did so little to prompt them to study the records of their country. At school they were taught the histories of Rome, Greece, and England, but not one word about Ireland. Yet was there a time when Ireland was the most illustrious country in Europe, and during four hundred years she continued the school of the West, and the centre from which was diffused through the continent civilization, learning and religion. Of that period Dr. Johnson says 'Leland begins his history too late; the ages which deserve inquiry are those times, for such there were when Ireland was the school of the West, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature.' The Rev. and learned lecturer having pointed out how incumbent it was upon Irishmen to study the history of their country and pore over the records of its glories, proceeded to notice the title of 'Island of Saints, anciently given to Ireland not through the egotism of her children, but by all the countries of Europe, to which her sons bore the torches of learning and religion; and then observed that the present lecture would be confined to investigating the nature of that religion taught and practised in the early Irish Church—a religion which produced such multitudes of holy men and women as to win from admiring and grateful Europe the proud title of 'Island of Saints.' There was a noisy class of Protestants in Ireland, especially in Dublin, who proclaimed from pulpit and platform, in addresses and in debates, that the religion which threw a halo of glory round Ireland for four centuries after the introduction of Christianity was not the Catholic religion at all, but that it was the pure Protestantism—taught by the Rev. Mr. Bide in Townsend-street, or in Fishamble-street, by the Rev. Mr. M'Carthy (a tongue).

The latest exponent of these views was the Right Hon. James Whiteside, who had the honour to assert in the House of Commons, on the 13th of May last, that the Protestant Church upheld the ancient, pure Catholic faith professed in Ireland centuries before the English set foot there, and that 'the ablest scholars, the best divines, and the soundest antiquaries were agreed upon that point.' He (the Rev. Mr. Gaffney) did not once join issue with Mr. Whiteside. He would suppose first, that the Protestant Church was the ancient Church of Ireland, and next, that the ablest scholars, the best divines, and the soundest antiquaries were agreed upon that point. The truth of this assertion was only equalled by its audacity. Did O'Donovan and O'Curry—only second to O'Donovan, whose place as an historian of ancient Ireland no one living could fill—agree to it. No. O'Curry, in reference to the canon of St. Patrick, said—'This most important canon affords a proof so unanswerable as to dispose forever of the modern imposition so pertinaciously practised upon a large section of our countrymen as well as upon foreign ears speaking the English language, namely, that the primitive churches of Erin did not acknowledge or submit to the Pope's supremacy, or appeal to it in cases of ecclesiastical difficulty. Nor is this canon, I may add, by any means the only piece of important evidence furnished by our ancient books on this great point of Catholic doctrine' (applause). As a contrast to the amazing

simplicity of Mr. Whiteside, they might acknowledge with pleasure how much Ireland was indebted for the knowledge of her early Church history to the enlightened labors of Dr. Todd, of Trinity College; Dr. Reeves, Rector of Lusk; of Dr. Greaves, Dean of the Chapel Royal, and of Dr. Petrie, the illustrious author of the ablest work published on the round towers of Ireland. To the writings of these men be could constantly appeal, as they were witnesses above all suspicion of partiality to the Catholic Church, but men whose love of historic truth would not allow itself to be warped or blinded by narrow prejudice, whilst their learning had familiarized them with the genuine facts of Irish history. The question before them was a mere matter of fact. What religion did St. Patrick teach—what did his followers practice. What dogmas were believed in Church from the time of St. Patrick to the invasion of the Danes at the close of the eighth, or of the English at the close of the 12th century. The principal doctrines that essentially separated the Catholic Church from the Protestant Church were—1st. The real presence of Christ in the most Holy Eucharist, and the sacrifice of the body and blood of Christ in the Mass. Second, the form of absolving from sin in the sacrament of penance, and consequently the practice of confession. Third, prayers for the dead, and the doctrine of purgatory. Fourth, constant use of the sign of the cross and miracles. Fifth, veneration for the saints, and the practice of asking their prayers, including a special reference to the Mother of God. Sixth, the supremacy of the Pope, as successor of St. Peter. Eighth, as a matter of discipline, the celibacy of the clergy. Ninth, absolute belief in, and profound reverence for the sacred Scriptures.

In the brief time he could occupy in this lecture, only the first four points could be dealt with. What, then, was the teaching of the early Irish church in the real presence and the sacrifice of the mass. The most valuable life of St. Patrick extant was by Prætorius, chief lecturer of St. Patrick's, who was burned to death by the Danes, A.D. 950. In it they would read that St. Patrick in his tour through Connacht, converted two daughters of King Leurgaire, Ethenia and Felthima. In answer to their desire of seeing Christ face to face, he told them that the Eucharistic Communion was one of the necessary requisites for that object, upon which they said, 'Give us the sacrifice of the body and blood of Christ, that we may be freed from the conceptions of the flesh, and see our spouse who is in Heaven.' And St. Patrick then celebrating mass, they received the Holy Eucharist. In the festivity of Angus (A.M.S. of the 9th century), at the 13th of April, Bishop Tassach, one of St. Patrick's favorite companions, was thus commemorated—'The Kingly Bishop Tassach, who administered on his arrival the body of Christ, the truly powerful King, and the communion to St. Patrick.' Hence it appeared that Bishop Tassach attended St. Patrick when dying, and administered to him as viaticum, 'The body of Christ, the truly powerful King.' From the annotations of Tiorchan, written in the seventh century, and contained in the Book of Arrouth, they learned that the anniversary of St. Patrick's death was commemorated by a hymn, and by offering 'the proper mass' on that day, which Dr. Todd explained to mean that there was to be a special commemoration of the saint in the 'preface to the mass.' St. Patrick died in 465. Beaugis, his successor, died in 493, and he died he expired received from St. Jarlath the Lord's body. The same doctrine was set forth in the belief of the illustrious St. Bridget in her life by Cogitosus, assigned by the soundest antiquaries—Petrie, O'Donovan and Lanagan—to the 9th century. In this work by St. Bridget in which she and the nuns used to assemble for mass and other devotions. There was an extract from her life by Cogitosus quoted by Petrie in his work on the Round Towers. It refers to her church—'And through the one door placed in the right side the chief prelate entered the sanctuary, accompanied by his regular school and these who are deputed to the sacred ministry of offering sacred and dominical sacrifices. Through the other door none enter but the abbess with her virgins and widows among the faithful when going to partake in the banquet of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ.' Now, he asked, did this description of the church attached to the convent of Kildare seem of Protestant place or worship? St. Bridget died in 525, having previously received the 'Holy Communion of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ'—vide the 'Sainly Triade, or Lives of St. Patrick, St. Colomkille, and St. Bridget.' The Rev. lecturer then cited from Adamnan's *Life of Colomkille* (7th century)—the *Life of St. Brendan*—the antiphony of Bangor (7th century), containing the hymn entitled, '*Hymnus quando Communionem Sacramentum*,' and the Book of Armagh (8th century), passages which, in the clearest language, spoke of the constant sacrifice of the mass, the making of the body and blood of Christ, and the administering the holy sacrament to the faithful. The authenticity of these manuscripts was not denied, and the Rev. lecturer said they furnished abundant evidence to satisfy any honest man that the faith of the early Irish church on the Blessed Eucharist and the sacrifice of the mass was in every respect the same as that professed by the Irish Catholics of to-day. The other points, viz.—the power of absolving from sin and the practice of confession in the early Irish church—prayers for the dead, and the doctrine of purgatory—the use of the sign of the cross and veneration for the Saints—the practice of asking for their prayers, including a special reverence for the Mother of God, the Rev. lecturer proved in an equally conclusive manner from passages in the ancient authentic MSS still existing, many of them being in the Royal Irish Academy, and others in the Ambrosian Library, Milan. These MSS were received as authentic by Petrie, O'Donovan, O'Curry, Todd and White. In the Litany of St. Eugene, composed 706, there was invoked the three thousand father confessors who congregated in Austerus. In the mass-book of Columbanus (7th century) there were specified three rogations before the Ascension, and 'two masses for the dead—one in general, and one for the dead person.' The practice of praying for the dead was also proved conclusively by the inscriptions on two ancient stone crosses at Monasterboice, Clonmacnoise and Tuam, which called on the prayers by a 'prayer for Turlock O'Connell for the Abbot by whom this cross was made.' He proved by irrefragable evidence that St. Patrick, Colomkille, and St. Bridget dedicated churches in Ireland to the honor of the Blessed Virgin—that monasteries and convents were formed and flourished in their ancient days and he asked whether these evidences were reconcilable with the Protestants' or Catholic religion of the present day. The Rev. lecturer also read portions of a beautiful Litany of the Blessed Virgin, composed in the 7th century in the Irish language, in proof of the reverence entertained by the Irish people for the Mother of God. During the progress, and at the conclusion of his singularly able and convincing discourse, the Rev. Mr. Gaffney was loudly applauded.

The Rev. Mr. Murphy, S. J., moved that the marked thanks of the meeting should be given to the Rev. Mr. Gaffney for his most valuable and most meritorious lecture, which displayed uncommon ability, learning, research and eloquence (cheers).

The Rev. Canon Pope, in seconding the resolution, said the lecture of the Rev. Mr. Gaffney would do honor not merely to that Hall, but to the ecclesiastical chairman of any college or university in Europe (cheers).

The Lord Mayor elect expressed his concurrence in the vote of thanks, which was passed with acclamation.

The Rev. Mr. Gaffney expressed his acknowledgments for the compliment, and said that he would be ever ready to place any knowledge he had at the disposal of the Catholic Young Men's Society (applause).

DR. MANNING ON THE POPE'S TEMPORAL POWER.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster having expressed a wish that active efforts should be made to assist the Pope by the collection of St. Peter's Pence, Monsignor Manning lately delivered at the Passionist's Church, at Highgate, London, a sermon on the subject of which I forward you a report. The gifted preacher's allusion to the fidelity of Catholic Ireland will, I am sure, be received with much pleasure by your readers. The Right Rev. Monsignor Manning said that the line of Pontiffs possessed many martyrs, and in the first three hundred years of Church history, there were more than thirty martyrs among the Popes. The Pontiffs had been persecuted by Catholics. The conflict had raged fiercely since the great rebellion of the 16th century, and mostly in England, and wherever the English language was spoken—the name of Mary revived, and the powers of the world were leagued against the Pontiff. There was hardly one government or prince that had not been in either secret or open hostility.

Even Austria had not been always an exception. People and legislatures had joined in attacking the temporal power of the Popes. That temporal power was of very ancient date. When Byzantium (the mercantile town of no great note) became the seat of the Roman Empire, and was named Constantinople, and that the Emperors ceased to reside at Rome, the Popes soon became possessed of temporal power, and their possessions were named the patrimony of St. Peter. That patrimony included not only Rome and the adjacent parts of Italy, but also Sicily, portions of Africa, Corsica, Sardinia, the Gulf of Venice and part of the South of France. The Pope's dynasty was more ancient than that of Queen Victoria or any other crowned head in the world. Why was the power of the Popes so much opposed? Because it was of Divine origin, and not of this world. The Church was appointed to possess supreme spiritual power, to be infallible in her teachings, and tranquilly hold some temporal power. But pride came in, and nations were anxious to boast of independence, and thus some of them sought to ting off even spiritual obedience. What but this spirit of pride caused the fall of England from the splendid position she held in medieval times, as a great Catholic nation? And what was it but humble submission to the Vicar of Christ which has caused poor down-trodden Ireland to shine so resplendently with the light of faith?

Under the new law there could not be a national church. There was, indeed, a national church in ancient times—the Jewish Church. But in the modern church the world was to be one; for the Apostles were commanded to teach all nations, and thus there was to be unity of faith throughout the globe. It was the pride of individuals that made heretics and schismatics Cranmer in England, Knox in Scotland, and Calvin in Geneva were illustrations. In Austria, hostility to the Pope had at one time developed itself in what was known as Josephism. The world was at war with the Church. The newspapers were almost all against the Church, and secret societies had caused the desolation of France in 1793, and the same spirit was abroad in 1848. At the same time there was revolutionary excitement in France, Rome, Naples, Berlin, and also, to some extent, in England. As if from a volcanic mountain, the lava of revolution burst forth, as Buns sent out streams from 160 craters. Under the surface there was in active operation a spirit which might despoil Europe. St. Paul had spoken of the man of sin as being lawless, and thus the Antichrist of revolution was abroad. How was it to be opposed? By the Catholic Church. For the Pope was the great enemy of the wicked men who fostered the spirit of revolution, and his temporal power was the especial object of their hostility. No empire was so old as that of the Pope; not Germany, nor France, nor Spain, nor England. Christendom was the creation of the Holy See, just as the harvest results from the labor of the sower. The Pope bound all nations with the keystone to the arch of society, all three hundred years ago.

But now falsehoods were rife throughout all the world, against the temporal power, and many would deprive the Pope of his sway. But he could not be the subject of any earthly prince, for, if he were, the Church would not have liberty. As the exponent of the Divine law, it was proper that the Pope should be a Sovereign. The Pastor of all should be subject to none. The preacher, in continuation, stated that, in 1845, he was in Rome, and that he well remembered how Pius IX., one of the most illustrious of Pontiffs detected the beginnings of the revolution. An army was sent to North Italy, and thousands of soldiers streamed through Rome. Two flags were brought to the Pope, to be blessed by him. One was the Pontifical white and gold flag; the other was the tricolor of revolution. The Pope blessed the former, but not the latter. Pius IX., was the enemy of revolution, and for many years he had striven against its destructive influence. A writer, some time ago, described a well-known Italian Minister (Cavour), one of the pedestal of whose historic fame was the policy of circumventing the Holy See.

The events of 1860 and 1861 were especially desecrating of note. At a time of peace, an army was sent, without notice, into the territories of the Sovereign Pontiff, and certain portions of the States of the Church were wrested from the Pope, and were now held by the army of occupation. The Pope had been abolished, three years ago, a confederacy for the purpose of union in prayer for the Holy See. All good Catholics loved the Holy See, and dearly prized its rights. They ought to love the name of Papiet. 'I for one,' said the preacher, 'cling to the name of 'Papiet,' and would wish to be the greatest 'Papiet' in the world. I hope I would shed my life blood for the Holy See. *Vbi Petrus ibi Ecclesia.* No one can love the Pope, and not love the Church. Cherish, therefore, the title 'Papiet,' which will distinguish your sentiments from all modifications, and will show that you boldly confess the Apostolic successor of St. Peter. And love, too, the name of Roman Catholic. Some others call themselves Catholics, but they never call themselves Roman Catholics. Let us, therefore, be proud of that name that binds us still closer to Rome. The collection of St. Peter's Pence originated with our Saxon forefathers more than a thousand years ago. The Pope has need of aid, for he is not only obliged to maintain the dignity of the Holy See, but to provide for missions to Christian nations. He continues to pay the interest on some millions borrowed on the security of lands which have been unjustly taken from him. Give, therefore, to the Holy Father,' said the preacher in conclusion, 'whatever your means permit. Show your final love to the Pope, and your indignation against those who have despised him. Think of all that he has suffered, and rejoice that you have an opportunity of proving that you are true children of the Church.'

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ST. BRIDGET'S CONVENT, ABBEYLEIX.—Among the many evidences of the progress which religion and education have been making among our people during the last few years, not the least gratifying is the large number of religious establishments which are every where spreading up throughout our land.—There is scarcely a town of any importance but may not be heard occasionally during the day, calling its inmates to prayer or study, and reminding us in this age of Mammon-worship that there are in our midst laborers in another field busily engaged in laying up to heaven treasures more precious far than those of earth, and which time cannot destroy nor dust or moth consume. Of all the religious communities whose mission it is to educate the little

ones of Christ, none have been more successful than the Sisters of St. Bridget, who have now many establishments, especially in the diocese of Kildare, one of the youngest and most flourishing of which is that at Abbeyleix. It is astonishing the progress which this institution has made in a few years.—Where a short time back stood a small house, intended as a residence for the clergy of the parish, there has arisen, through the exertions of a zealous pastor and generous people, a magnificent building, capable of accommodating a large number both of nuns and boarders, and forming one of the principal ornaments to the handsome little town upon whose people it has conferred so many blessings and advantages. Day by day the community has been increasing, and a few days since the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh performed the interesting ceremony of religious profession, in the parish church, the handsome private chapel intended for the accommodation of the community not being yet completed. The young ladies admitted to holy profession were—Miss Mary Anne McNamara, of Trough, county Clare; Miss Mary Kenwick, Tullaroan, county Kilkenny; Miss Anne Grace, Kilkenny. Miss Teresa O'Gorman, Parsonstown, received the white veil. Amongst the clergy present were Very Rev. Dr. Taylor, Maryborough; Very Rev. Dr. Egan, Birr; Very Rev. Dr. M'Elroy, Tallamore; besides a number of priests from the neighboring parishes. The healthful and beautiful situation of the establishment, and the admirable education imparted by the sisters, render it one of the most desirable seminaries for young ladies to be met with in Ireland.—*Dublin Telegraph.*

LANDLORDISM IN TYRONE.—The owners of property in Ireland, more than any other class in the community, have it in their power to make a large number of people happy. Every one knows how much depends upon the landlord's will. The law allows him to be a tyrant, and suffers him to perpetrate injustice with impunity; and, if he be so disposed, he may be cruel, and harsh, and oppressive. This great license can, however, be made productive of good; for a right mind and a generous heart will find in arbitrary power the means of contributing to the welfare and happiness of all who are connected with them. A kindly smile, a considerate act, an encouraging word—what can they not effect! and yet, even though so little can do so much, that little is seldom done. There are, of course, exceptions which stand out in the strong light of contrast, and thus become examples to others. The inhabitants of the baronies of Dunganon have reason to congratulate themselves on being more favored in this respect than many of their neighbors.—*Cork & Waterford Observer.*

Lord Lyndhurst's grandfather was, we (Miner's News) are told, a do-no-good baker's apprentice in the English town. He was named Collopoy, agricultural Gopley, and he ran away out of Limerick, emigrating to America, where he married. His son became a printer, and it was by him the altarpiece of the Ascension, in the Augustinian church here, a work of merit, was executed.

It is stated by a correspondent of the *True Witness* that two hundred processes are served at the suit of Lord Hoodly, for 'large arrears' of rent due by tenants of the Glenbeg estate.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

(To the Editor of the London Times.)

Sir,—I have read with deep regret your comment on the letter of a Cork 'Magistrate.' The enormous influence which you exercise renders necessary that Irishmen should protest against the unjustness of those remarks on the cause of that rapid decline which must now be admitted as a startling fact; and I rely upon your justice to give publicity to a denial of a conclusion which you erroneously draw. As the representative of a large and important constituency, I would not enter into a discussion of this kind in any party spirit, nor would I rake up old scores; but, starting from the point at which we now stand, the question is—How is this fearful and rapid decline of our population, and our population to be arrested? Certainly not by the dissemination among mercantile classes and capitalists of such doctrines as you propound. You allow that Ireland is solely dependent on agriculture, with an ultimate proverbially treacherous and uncertain, and yet, with a strange inconsistency, you ask why, under a terrible and crushing agricultural depression, Ireland is impoverished and depopulated while Lancashire survives and England prospers. Perhaps you will allow me to ask, if we were called upon last winter to help Lancashire to survive when our own wretched condition was worse? Leaving politicians to defend themselves, and even admitting that many of them are indefensible, and their politics, fostered by England's policy a curse to the country, what interest can the people have in preventing the accumulation of the wealth on voluntary contributions from which they, in their temporal capacity, exist? Can you point out a single instance where a well conceived attempt to establish a manufactory has failed? Can English investors in Irish railways, banks, and mercantile undertakings draw an unfavorable comparison with similar concerns at home? On the contrary, the cheapness of labour renders any judicious undertaking tolerably certain schemes have failed. This has arisen entirely from injudicious management and ignorance of the feelings or prejudices of the like—which exist in common which exist in common with all nations. But what I cannot understand is that Englishmen, so acute in their colonization elsewhere, should make such egregious mistakes in Ireland, while Irishmen, in every country but their own as a general rule, succeed. Again, I will allow in some instances the purchase of land has been a failure,—but why? In England the possession of land is considered to confer compensating territorial and social advantages, purchases bear a low rate of interest, and, there being other sources of wealth, proprietors can make satisfactory arrangements with their tenants. In Ireland recent purchases have, frequently, been made as mercantile speculation, with money which has yielded 10 or 15 per cent. trade, consequently disappointment in the rate of interest may exist; while many of the older proprietors are the victims of a system which, charging the rate, their only property for generations, for the maintenance of the family, necessarily left the tenant the few improvements at his own expense. Thus, the one class assert a sort of right to the holdings, while the others are unable to act as tenants under other circumstances, they would know to be a mutual advantage. But let any man with adequate capital purchase an estate with the condition that he first of all makes himself acquainted, and enter into it with the determination to act with justice, as many have already done, and he will himself amply repaid. Or let any capitalist direct his spots, like proper means to establish judiciously a manufactory, with wages thirty per cent. below the English rate the poll tax in favor of the enormous, and the most favored. Let 'Creditors' and 'Land Mortgagees' be extended in Ireland; encourage the borrowing of money in Ireland; to be expended in Ireland, instead of, as you actually do, borrowing the little capital in Ireland and through the large joint stock banks, in England at five or six per cent., and you would see the different state of things. Experience teaches that the Irish laborer is grateful for real kindness and consideration, and the Irish artisan inferior in mental cultivation and natural endowment to his English compeer; and a judicious and judicious investment of capital in Ireland affords the only opportunity of arresting what must otherwise become a calamity.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
S. A. DIXON, Lieutenant Colonel  
M.P. for Limerick County

Croom Castle, Limerick, Oct. 22.