

associations instituted for the relief of the widow and the orphan, of the sick, of the deaf and the dumb, and of the blind, which are so creditable to our Church, and afford such convincing proofs of the energy and activity of the Irish faith.

Penetrated with the spirit of Catholicity, and inspired with true love for their neighbor, the members of these associations whilst they make every exertion to check the spread of pauperism by preventing drunkenness, idleness, gambling, and immorality, its prolific sources, do not look on poverty in itself as a disgrace, or as a pest and a nuisance, but feel when offering assistance to the children of want, they are administering relief to Jesus Christ himself in his suffering members; and thus in the performance of their good works they are comforted by the hope that on the great accounting day, they shall receive an imperishable crown for their ministrations to him who shall judge both the living and the dead.

For the rest, brethren, we conclude in the words of the apostle: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline, think on these things. The things which you have both learned, and received, and heard, these do ye, and the God of Peace shall be with you."—Phil. iv. 8.

- † PAUL, Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland, and Delegate of the Apostolic See.
† JOSEPH, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland.
† PATRICK, Archbishop of Cashel and Emlly.
† JAMES, Bishop of Kilmore.
† JOHN, Bishop of Meath.
† CORNELIUS, Bishop of Down and Connor.
† THOMAS, Bishop of Killaloe.
† CHARLES, Bishop of Clogher.
† EDWARD, Bishop of Ossory.
† WILLIAM, Bishop of Cork.
† JOHN, Bishop of Clonfert.
† FRANCIS, Bishop of Tiupolis, Apostolic Administrator of Derry.
† WILLIAM, Bishop of Cloyne.
† PATRICK, Bishop of Killfenora and Macduagh.
† PATRICK, Bishop of Achonry.
† JOHN PIER, Bishop of Dromore.
† JAMES, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.
† DANIEL, Coadjutor Bishop of Raphoe.
† LUDWIG, Bishop of Elphin.
† JOHN, Bishop of Galway.
† THOMAS, Bishop of Ferns.
† JOHN, Bishop of Ardagh.
† DAVID, Bishop of Kerry.
† DOMINIC, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore.
† MICHAEL, Bishop of Ross.
† MICHAEL, Bishop of Killaloe.
† PATRICK, Coadjutor Bishop of Down and Connor. Dublin, Feast of St. Mark, 25th April, 1861.

MGR. DUPANLOUP'S GREAT SERMON. ON BEHALF OF THE IRISH POOR.

"Te angeli veloces, ad gentem convulsam dilectam, ad gentem expectantem et consultantem." "Go ye swift angels, to a nation rent and torn in pieces—to a nation expecting and trodden under foot"—Isaie, lviii. 3.

Let no one amongst you, my brethren, fear that I come here to add another subject of irritation to the painful divisions which in our days sadden all hearts.

No; I came here to plead the cause of the unfortunate, and not to embitter your thoughts. This cause is so just, so great, that I would plead it before my adversaries themselves, if any I could have in such a cause.

I have none. It is not a political cause; it is not even the cause of religion which I am here to defend.

Eternal thanks be to God, and to the dignity of our nature, there is here below a religion more elevated than that of human politics: it is the religion in which every one with the heart of a man respects loftiness and purity, misfortune, and the victims of unmerited outrage.

There are here below causes, if not greater, still more pressing and imperative in their day, than even the most important religious controversies.

Such is the cause I come to plead before, and I hesitate not in saying that it is the cause of humanity, civilization, and one that awakens the liveliest sympathies of the French people.

Therefore, you will perceive that even the indifferent interest themselves profoundly in the question, and that is the explanation of the present pious ardor and the motive power of this immense concourse. Yes, dear Ireland—and I will repeat it with your great poet—

"The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains: The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep, Till thy waters themselves, as they river thy chains, Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep."

Truly, the nations of Europe, my brethren, and humanity itself, have just reason to be proud of the Irish race. I know no people around whom their patriotism, their pure morals, their courageous faith, their unconquerable fidelity, their bravery, that ardour whose object is conquest and civilization, their disinterestedness, their patient endurance of wrong, their poetry, their eloquence and all these noble qualities ever elevated—never cast down, exalted, and crowned by misfortune—have thrown a halo more captivating and more sorrowful.

But I must add, if humanity glories in the Irish race, the misfortunes of Ireland have long been for her a cause of sadness and affliction. For, if their exists not a nobler nation, neither exists there one more unfortunate. I except not even to-day that valued northern nation whose name and whose grief have ever awakened such deep sympathy in our land, and in whose case, I must still hope, that notwithstanding recent and bloody afflictions, an intelligent and generous sovereign will at length have the courage to repair the injustice done to her and to raise her from her ruins. Such is, then, my brethren, the illustrious, but oppressed people, whose cause I plead before you; such alone the titles by virtue of which I claim to enlist your sympathy for misfortunes.

Fear not, then; I shall not enter into the political questions which are debated between Ireland and her adversaries; nor into the political changes, more or less necessary, which the various parties in Ireland wish for, or do not; nor even into the question of whether the future of that unfortunate country is not capable of political amelioration. No, of all that, not a word; to others than me belong the task of examining into and resolving those problems.

As for myself, I have studied Ireland's history; I have seen her sufferings, her virtues; I have listened from afar to the voice of her distress; and from all sides, from her deserted hills, as from her deserted shores, from the ports where thousands of her exiles embark for distant lands, there have come to me such heart-rending and sorrowful wails of grief, that my whole soul has been moved, and I could not refuse to such afflictions the feeble succour of my voice and the accents of my heart to tell them to my country.

A blessing, then, on you, who, answering to my appeal, have not refused to this great cause the aid of your charity in this holy and solemn assembly.—But if in my words you are not to look for my poli-

tical controversy, still less are you to look for any of the gloss of eloquence, or the impassioned narrative, none becomes such a subject.

Of facts, facts simply related, facts attested by history, by the voice even of our separated brethren, by judicial investigation, by great magistracies, by legislative act, by statistics and official reports, that is, by whatever is most authentic and most irrefutable—of such my discourse will consist.

In any case I will not commence without asking of God the help of His grace, and of Christian souls the aid of their prayers, in order that from my lips will not fall one expression which would pain those whom I wish to enlighten, as in my heart I harbor no feeling which could give them pain. Ah! I feel well assured of it; there is not a man, whoever he may be, with whom, if a spark of humanity still slumbers in his breast, and if my heart can influence his, I am not sure to agree.

O God! be thou in my heart; and on my lips unction, charity, and light; be in all hearts truth, comparison, and love. What shall I first say to you, brethren, of the Irish race, of its high origin, of its antiquity, when as its first branch appears of the great Celtic race? What shall I say to you of that evident relationship with ourselves in which is still found something of that old Gallic blood and of that valiant character of our sires?

It is evident that the races of the north and of the south, mixed here their blood and their different qualities to form a people apart: expansive ardour and patient tenacity, fertile imagination and unbending courage, veracity and constancy, love of solitude and a passion for noble adventures!

Ah, no doubt, they have their defects: they know them, and reproach themselves with them, and do not at all times correct them. Must they be pitied? or must they be praised for having preserved, as we have done, that sort of eternal youth, that generous enthusiasm, which takes such pleasure in the souvenirs of the past and the aspirations of the future, more than in the sad realities of the present? Ah, I know it, that is always what has been the cause of their weakness with that positive and cold people, to whom such a cruel force keeps them united. Ah, no doubt, they are also improvident; they give too easily the little they have; it is one of their maxims, that generosity never diminishes fortune. If this noble maxim is the cause of their poverty, I have not the courage to reproach them with it. That they have these defects and others still, I agree; but at least, thanks to these defects and to their misfortunes, I shall say with a contemporary author, in a celebrated review, at least they are not vulgar. They have preserved nobility of sentiment, with piety of heart, is the finest flower of the soul.

If faults they have, at least they are strangers to hypocrisy, to injustice, above all, to ingratitude. Who knows not that loyal civil list which in their poetry they voted to him who was the king of their hearts? And when another king, George the Fourth, visited that portion of his dominions for the first time, he found himself there surrounded by such sincere sympathies that he cried out—"It is amongst them that I have at last felt some joy in being a king."

Noble and generous people! I, too, feel my heart stirred and all my sympathies awakened at thy name!

"Green Erin," said an illustrious convert, "is a land ancient, and yet young: ancient in her Christianity, young in her hopes for the future. A nation which received grace before yet the Saxon had set his foot upon the soil of England, and which has never suffered the sacred flame to be extinguished in her heart; a Church which comprises within its historic period the birth and the fall of Canterbury and York—which Augustin and Paulinus found at their coming, and which Pole and Fisher left living after them."

A people religious and ardent, monastic and warlike, missionary and civilizing—and when faith demanded that grand testimony of love, a people of martyrs! Never more grand, according to the strong expression of the sacred writings, than in that long death, or rather that life ever dying, ever resisting: "Grandis interit" (Ezec. xlii. 6).

Nothing can be compared, I do not say with Ireland's charming legends, but with her most authentic early histories, at a time when all Europe being still plunged in barbarism, Ireland was already the peaceful retreat of sanctity and of science, when into the cloisters opened by St. Patrick (that young Gallo-Roman whom we sent her) hastened in crowds the sons and daughters of the noblest chieftains of Irish clans, showing the world that not only in the east and under the ardour of an eastern sun, but even in the extremities of western lands and in the depth of the mists of the ocean, may bloom and flourish the monastic life. What shall I say of St. Brigid and her virginal companions, and of that immortal fire, still kindled on her festive day by the faithful Irishman, even on the shores of Australia? What shall I say of St. Luan, the founder, himself alone, of an hundred monasteries, and of so many other holy abbots who succeeded him?

The Theobald alone has seen aught comparable to those marvellous foundations, these monastic cities as they have been so well named, of Bangor, of Clonfert, of Clonard, where more than three thousand religionists gave themselves up ardently to the cultivation of literature, to the clearing of forests, to sacred psalmody, and to the education of youth.

But what a marvellous thing! This monastic and contemplative people bears also in its heart the sacred fire of the apostolate. It is the missionary people par excellence.

It is even from thence, from those cloistered retreats, from that life of austerity which so powerfully tempers the soul for the apostolic life, that at the voice of St. Columbanus and his intrepid disciples, we see them hasten abroad into all countries, to propagate the Gospel far and wide; to combat Paganism, and to win over to faith and to civilization a hundred barbarous nations.

Already they had braved the storms of the sea, evangelized the Hebrides, the Highlands of Scotland and Northumberland. Soon we see them in Neustria, in Flanders, among the Austrians, the Helvetians, the Rhodians, in the two Burgundies. They cross the Rhine, they pitch their tents in Allemannia, Bavaria, all Germany to the south of the Danube. They penetrate into Spain, and are met with even in the extremity of Italy and the Greater Greece. Where is it we do not trace their steps?

That Gospel which they were missioned to carry into those vast regions was, as it were, a consuming fire, which they could not quench, and which continually kindled them to the Apostolic task, impelled them forward to preach the Gospel to the Infidels, to reanimate the Christians, crushed under barbarous invasions, to arouse to nobleness degenerate souls, to raise up powerful races, intrepid hearts, invincible at once to the passions of princes and to the rage of the populace; to re-entangle the extinguished torch of arts and letters—to carry everywhere the light of science and of faith.

They it was, we may repeat, with a contemporary historian above suspicion, they it was, who almost alone created the seventh century of the church and of European civilization.

And still, even at this day, they are continuing that grand work. At this hour no nation, unless it be our own, furnishes to distant missions—to the two Americas, to the Indies, to Australia, to Oceania—so many courageous bishops and priests.

Rome sends them forth, and at the voice of the successor of St. Peter they go, these prompt and light-footed messengers, to bear the glad tidings to all the waiting peoples.

Ah! no doubt, it is not their merchants. It is their missionaries, that are found in all lands: the merchants are of another nation; but the priests, the apostles, the peaceful conquerors, the true civilizers are the Irish.

I know not whether this noble vocation is appreciated as it ought by those who, as a publicist lately wrote, are ready to sanction the most revolting in-

justice for some yards of cotton or certain quintals of coal; but it is appreciated and that suffices, by such as hold in esteem, devotion, to the grandest things on this earth—the ministry of the truth, and the regeneration of souls. Such is the vocation of Ireland's sons: such, as one of themselves revealed to me, the providential end and the divine meaning of their trials. Let me indulge in this personal reminiscence—"They have for their mission to be nailed to the cross, and to suffer for the propagation of the Gospel," said O'Connell to me in London, in 1839. But Ireland—I say it with a redoubled respect and tenderness towards her—Ireland divides with another nation, she divides with France, that glorious mission. Ireland and France! behold the two apostolic nations, given by God to the Christian world for the sake of the infidel world. Only, by a different and mysterious dispensation of the Deity, while France has ever had it in her destiny to be prosperous and potent, Ireland has borne on her brow for ages only the crown of her own sorrows.—Yet, by their common devotedness these two daughters of the Catholic Church have always known one another as sisters. The French priest has always loved the Irish priest, and the Irish priest has ever found in France a second country. We have always counted some of them in our ranks. It was, O my brethren, it was an Irishman, the Abbe Edgeworth, who deprived us, French clergy, of the honor of accompanying Louis the Sixteenth, in the supreme hour, mounting with him the steps of the bloody scaffold, and saying to him those immortal words—"Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven!"

Apostolic people! martyr people! Yes, martyr, for they have endured all for their faith—all. But what soul and spirit, what energetic vitality must have been in that race, not to be utterly crushed!

I do not recall the past: neither those sanguinary proscriptions, nor those wholesale confiscations, nor those atrocious laws, the like of which were never yet seen on earth, not even under Diocletian; those laws of which the celebrated Burke said:—"It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of the people, and the debasement in part of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

Well, they resisted that fearful pressure; they have not been ground to powder under that dreadful machinery. Their souls have not been harmed.—They have come forth from the trial, a people ever generous, simple and good. Their nationality still subsists, along with the other features of their character, and if those qualities of the Irish race be not of the kind which are measured, counted, and too often sold, they are such as must be honored and venerated by all hearts that sympathize with whatever does honor to humanity—the love of native soil, sincere and tender devotion to old habits and customs, ardent reverence for the past; and all this heightened by poetic genius and eloquence, and that charm of a feeling heart which permits nothing to lose its savor—above all, that incredible faculty of suffering, without dying, miseries without a name.

All these qualities of their race, all these traits of their national character, notwithstanding the oppression of ages, they have preserved them all.

Still better have they preserved, with a fidelity tried in the fire, the faith of their fathers. Nothing has been able to detach them from that indomitable in suffering, they have been indomitable in faith.

And yet before their eyes, a nation reputed so strong and so firm, yielded miserably! Ah! I cannot refrain from saying with Bossuet: No, your character has not been so intractable, nor your parliament so proud and factious, you who have so often and in so many different ways suffered your consciences to be brought under the yoke! Under Henry the Eighth, under Edward, under Mary, under Elizabeth, under Cromwell. But while your faith thus went wavering, the sport of winds or of kings, and whilst your different masters made you bend at their pleasure, Ireland resisted. Neither heresy nor schism could find place in her: her faith remained virgin; and at this day the church beholds not over all the extent of the globe a nation more devoted from the bottom of its heart to the grand Catholic unity, and that holy Roman Church which is its immutable centre, and which a great doctor of the Gallican Church terms the mother and mistress of the Churches. Ireland has suffered everything—implacable oppression, anguish without end, famine, expatriation, death—everything except apostasy.

No; I know of no fidelity more courageous, no faith more nobly guarded and practised than that of the Irish people!

You who visit that noble land, enter into their churches, and see the people at prayer—those poor men, those poor women, bent down with their faces to the earth, smiting their breasts; where will you find a more vivid, a more touching image of adoration, of the deep humiliation of man in the presence of God. Can you hear without emotion, at the moment of the elevation of the sacred Host, their groans and their prayers in an audible voice for their fathers, their mothers, their sons, their exiles, and their sick? And this so lively faith, it is not merely the faith of the populace; their most renowned chiefs give them the example of it from sire to son. Permit me to narrate to you a touching trait which a few days since an Irishman recounted to me.

This Irishman was a great admirer of O'Connell, and went often to listen to him in the House of Commons. One evening in winter, in the month of February, there was a great debate in parliament, which was prolonged till two o'clock in the morning. O'Connell spoke the last, and his speech lasted two hours. The Irishman of whom I speak had heard it said that O'Connell was in the habit of going to communion every Sunday and holiday, at the six o'clock Mass, in one of the poor little Catholic chapels which were then found in London; and he said to himself, "I have now an excellent occasion to see whether he is faithful to his religious duties."

With this thought he proceeded in the midst of terrible weather, to the little chapel; but his sadness was great at finding there only some servants and poor laborers. However, he said within himself that a day of such great fatigue, ending with a long speech at so advanced a period of the night, was a sufficient excuse. Soon, his eyes becoming accustomed to the obscurity of the poor chapel, he perceived, leaning against a pillar, a man of tall stature enveloped in a cloak. His heart told him who was that man. At the moment of the communion, O'Connell—it was he—divested himself of his cloak, went forward and kneeled down at the holy table in the midst of his poor fellow-countrymen.

Behold, my brethren, the faith, the piety of the Irish, the highest as well as the humblest. It is to this profound religious spirit Ireland owes another of her glories: I mean the purity, the admirably preserved innocence of her morals.

There is one virtue, the daughter of faith, a virtue peculiar to Christianity, so touching and so pure that it adorns with an inexpressible charm the object of youth; venerable also under the white hairs of the old man, and which at every stage of life sets, as it were, an aureole of honor and respect on the brow of the man who possesses it: if it reigns amongst a people, it clothes that people with the force and the austere splendor of all manly virtues.—I speak of the purity of morals. This, I repeat it, is the glory of Ireland.

Near to her shores, then, is an isle, which, in days of old, in better and more blessed times, men called The Isle of Saints; and may that name one day be restored to it? As for Ireland, she was called, and she still deserves her title, The Virgin Island.—There is as an extinguishable focus, it has been well said by the last and most illustrious historian of St. Columbanus—there still survives, along with orthodox the most intact, that admirable purity of morals which no conqueror, no adversary, has ever been able either to impure, or to equal, or to corrupt.—In ancient ages no profligate trod the soil of Ireland. Roman corruption, Roman orgies, never blighted

and tainted her. So, when Christianity was presented to her, she had not as usual against it, the habit of vice and profligate morals. Ireland alone, perhaps, of all the countries upon earth, was not baptized in the blood of martyrs. This glory, however, was not destined to be wanting to her; but it was not till the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries that heresy demanded of her the grand testimony of her blood; and we know with what heroism she gave that testimony.

Already in the twelfth century, an inhabitant of Wales, a rival country, paid her this distinguished homage. He said, "amongst the numerous virtues which distinguished Ireland, the prerogative of chastity is in the first rank." Inter variis quibus pollet virtutibus, castitatis prerogative preminet atque precelit. And yet in our days, strict and severe morals, traditions of honor and of purity, are transmitted from generation to generation as the sacred patrimony of those impoverished families, as their blessed and inalienable wealth. There may still be found that generation, casta generatio, in which are cherished and guarded, along with self respect, the honor of the domestic fireside, the sanctity of the marriage bed, the fair repute of their own name, whatever that name may be, the dignity, the honor, of father, of mother, of venerable forefathers. There, the public registers attest that families are almost unknown, and when they are met with, they do not pass without astonishment. Ah! my brethren, the morals of a people are then indeed pure, the traditions of chastity are then indeed deeply rooted in a land, when vice dares not show itself; when, on the rare occurrence of such an unhappy case—but a few days ago this was witnessed—an aged father and mother came to the church on the following Sunday, to kneel down, taper in hand, before the altar, and audibly crave pardon of God and man for the scandal which their child has given. Ye poor Irish! ye, who are poor, often very poor, and always unhappy! but ye have preserved at least the truest honor, and are exempt at least from those debasements and those vices which wealth and prosperity seem to lead in their shameful train, and which too often characterize nations proud of their success and their opulence! Yes, I fear not to affirm, the Irish people is perhaps the most chaste on this earth. On that soil of Ireland they breathe I know not what fragrant atmosphere of virtue, which is no where else found. But chastity, my brethren, is fertile on other virtues: and this is the reason that in Ireland, more than in any other nation, are produced multitudes of virgins and of priests: thus it is that Ireland sends legions of missionaries into all regions of the globe, and numerous swarms of holy men into North America, Australia, and all the vast colonies of England.

Religious and chaste, the Irish people are also valiant—a nation of warriors; and it could not but be so; for piety and purity of morals, those lofty virtues, whilst they inspire devotion, also inspire valor. While licentiousness enervates nations, these virtues preserve in them a generous blood and a vigorous always young. From these spring always the gallant races, the vigorous stocks, the robust nations of the earth; such is Ireland. Wherever the Irish have fought their bravery was admired; and their military reputation makes them equal to the best soldiers of the world: they are with justice reputed the principal strength of the British army: and how often have they turned the tide of victory? It was an Irishman, Lord Gough, who won the battle of Gugerat in 1849. An Irishman, Lord Keane, led the English troops into Cabul, and planted the English standard upon the walls of Ghuznee. The strongest mainstays of English domination in India at this day, the two Lawrences, are Irishmen. Sir Henry Pottinger, General Gillespie, and other heroes of the Indian wars, were Irish. The Duke of Wellington was an Irishman: his brother Marquis Wellesley had been Governor General of the British possessions in India, and no man ever executed that great office with more valor and more glory. Who is there that does not know how Sir Charles Napier (who was not however an Irishman,) gained the great battle of Meeanee against the armies of Scinde? He had but 3000 men, of whom 400 only were Europeans; but then it was an Irish regiment, and from the county Tipperary. Beholding them from far off, standing singlehanded all the brunt of the battle, struggling with unshaken gallantry against countless hordes, then shortly after dashing forward, overturning everything before them, he could not restrain from crying out, magnificent Tipperary!

Many a time also have they fought by our side, under our banners; for I know not what ancient and potent sympathy has at all times brought Ireland and France near. The Irish and the French are indeed two sister nations; Catholics both of gay temperament, witty and eloquent; but the one people, as I have said, almost always fortunate, notwithstanding their faults, the other almost always unhappy in spite of their virtues. Howsoever that may be, I know not how many battle-fields have seen the blood of Ireland mingle with the blood of France.

"In the long wars of Louis the Fourteenth," writes the Duke St. Simon, "the Irish battalions performed prodigies of valor." "From reports sent to the War office," says an Irish historian, writing in 1763, "we find that since the introduction of Irish troops into France, 1691 down to 1745, the year of the battle of Fontenoy, more than 14,000 Irish died in the service of France." Thus Louis the Fourteenth, whose name in spite of fate, remains "great," wished, in the enthusiasm of a just and royal gratitude, to naturalise altogether the army of James the Second. "Our wish," wrote he, "is, that the Irish enjoy the same rights with the French, without having need of letters of naturalization."

And certainly Louis the Fourteenth judged aright. Who is there that does not know what service they performed for us at the famous battle of Fontenoy (for it appears there were some hot-headed characters difficult to manage, as amongst our own Zouaves—and, indeed, I know not whether any great thing can be achieved without having by your side some of these same hot-heads; but whatever become of that theory, thus, perhaps, rashly regarded, it appears that the Irish soldiers were not always perfectly in good order—Father Mathew had not yet converted them)—one day, I say, M. d'Argenson came to complain of them to the King—"Sire," said he, "that Irish Brigade gives me more trouble than all the rest of your army." "That is precisely," replied Louis the Fifteenth, "what my enemies say of it."

And shall I say that they are still the same? Yes still better. The same generous blood runs to-day in their veins; the same valor still distinguishes the Irish soldiery. What achievements have they not done in the late Indian war? And but yesterday, in the little Pontifical army, with what glory did not the Irish cover themselves by their heroic resistance at Spoleto and Ancona? If I turn my eyes elsewhere throughout the armies of Europe, in the North and the South, in Austria, in Spain, there still I find renowned warriors of Ireland. And if I turn again to our own dear and glorious army of France, you yourselves know some who, at the present moment, are in its highest grades; and amongst them one name which will be reverberated for ever by the echoes of Malakoff and of Magenta.

What can I say now of the patriotism of the Irish people—of their love for the blessed land of their birth? Amongst all these affections which Providence has enshrined in the depths of man's heart, and which make the human soul throbb with a generous emotion, one of the noblest, as well as the most powerful and unconquerable, is the love of country, of our natal soil, of that earth which holds the bones of our fathers, and ought also to receive our own. And amongst what people is that feeling so vivid and imperishable as amongst the Irish? It is the honor of that nation—and bow I to it here with the homage of my heart—not its happiness, alas! but its indecisive honor—to be passionately attached to its own unfortunate country, to carry engraved on the

heart an ineffaceable image of that country, and never to lose its recollection. But if it is for that nation the most desolating of all her woes, it is also the most odious crime of her masters, that Irishmen cannot escape the horrors of famine on the soil which gave them birth; save by the misery of exile on foreign shores. Ah! when the poor Irishman, driven by hunger from his country, embarks in those vast ships which are to bear him across the great ocean to some far distant coast; when he leaves to see it never more, his own dear Ireland; when he bends on it a last lingering look, what tears stream from his eyes, what sighs struggle in his heart; and after all what imperishable regrets, what a vivid image of the far father-land! Yet no, it is never far off from him; it is there always present in his heart. The Irishman ever has one country. On the shores of America, in the forests of Australia, on whatsoever coast, under whatsoever sky the waves may have borne him, Ireland follows him everywhere. That is his first, his last love. He has but one single thought, one sole memory! Ireland, Ireland still and for ever.

Ireland! what do I say? She is sometimes there in reality before their eyes; for in taking leave of her for ever, they often take with them some small portions of their native adored native earth!

Among the humble chests which contain their apparel, there is one in which they carefully spread out a little of the soil of their sad country—a tuft from their village sward—in order to try and revive it near their cottage in one of the distant forests of America or Australia, whither they go to die, in order to have the consolation of contemplating from time to time, and of showing to their children, a portion of their beloved land.

Ah! there are some who have dared to say and to repeat of this race, energetic and strong, but oppressed and condemned to a servile and unproductive toil, that its poverty and the miseries of its native country were due to itself and to the idleness of the people.

Look at the Irishman in America, where his land is his own, where his cottage is his own, where there is no threat of eviction to paralyse his efforts, where he is sure of the fruits of his toil! What courage! what constancy! what energy! A laborer leaving Galway a year ago, was asked why he went into exile. "Oh," replied he, "there's no chance for the poor man in this country." But when beyond the reach of their persecutors, when the rams are no longer shackled, what courageous and fruitful toil is theirs! They are the best workmen of the New World, and the irrefragable proof of it is the amount of their earnings. But here again what nobleness! Yes, what becomes of what they earn? O generous people! their earnings do they send yearly to Ireland, to an aged father, to a poor mother, to brothers left behind them, whom they have parted with in order to work in distant lands, so as to be able to provide for their necessities better than they could have had they remained with them at home! And are you aware what an amount these poor emigrants transmit yearly to Ireland? You will scarcely believe it, and it is scarcely creditable. But our information we derive from an official report—25,000,000 of francs. It is prodigious. For my part I know nothing on the earth equal to it. What then shall I say of the condemnation to exile of such a people, or how shall I characterize the violent severing of the bonds which unite such hearts? Harmonious bard of Erin, noble Moore, may thy country and her misfortunes be the theme of thy song; they are worthy of all our pity, of all our tears, of all our respect! Yes, well mayest thou say to thy Erin:—

"Remember thee? Yes, while there's life in this heart, It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art, More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers, Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours." "Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free, First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea, I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow, But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?" "No; thy chains are they rankle, thy blood as it runs, But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest, Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast."

Yes, my brethren, these lines are beautiful; they excite emotion. But there is something which appeals more strongly to my soul; there is something far more eloquent to me than even these admirable lines; and that is, the poor little tuft from the village sward, the small sod of earth carried across the deep to distant shores, and the 25,000,000 francs of their sweat, their toil, and their love, sent by them to the old country.

(To be continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF THE LOND BISHOP OF RAPHOE.—With sincere regret we announce the death of the Most Rev. Patrick McGittan, Lord Bishop of Raphoe, the oldest bishop in Europe. He died on the evening of Wednesday, the 1st instant, at his residence, Rathmullone, county Donegal.

THE SERMON OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF OBLESS.—The following letter has been received by the Bishop of Orleans, from the Most Rev. Dr. M'Hale, Archbishop of Tuam, thanking him for his sermon on behalf of Irish Catholics:—

"Tuam, 9th April, 1861.—Monsieur, Permet me to tender to you my warmest gratitude for the efforts you have made in favor of the unhappy inhabitants of Partry as well as of other districts. So much devotion to the cause of charity would, at any time and under any circumstances, excite gratitude; but it is increased beyond measure at seeing your Grace defend the poor of Ireland, at the moment when you have hardly recovered from the fatigues of your incessant efforts to defend our Holy Father. To-day I confine myself to expressing to you my profound gratitude for your zeal, your charity, and your goodness. We have not yet received your magnificent sermon, but we have already received the fruit of it, which reflect as much honor on the eloquent preacher as on the sensible and generous spirit of the noble, as distinguished for its charity as for its faith and its heroism, and who have responded to your appeal with so much munificence. In expressing to the illustrious Bishop of Orleans our gratitude for his readiness to take up the defence of the poor of Ireland, it is not the place to point out here, even lightly, the deep and continual causes of the evils which have gained them his support. I prefer to follow the example of your Grace, and cast a veil over the attempts that have been made to dissuade you from preaching on behalf of the unfortunate Irish. Far from entering into those hostile struggles so fatal to the interests of our countrymen, your Grace has kept yourself in the elevated and pure regions, whence can be seen from one side only an immense extent of misery, and from the other only the charity which comes to its assistance. Once more, Monsieur, accept the assurance of our profound respect and gratitude, and believe me your Grace's most devoted and obliged servant.

† JOHN MALCOLM, Archbishop of Tuam."

RATING OF CONVENTS.—At the hearing of an appeal by the Sisters of Mercy, at Belfast Quarter Sessions, against their premises being charged with water-rate, his worship ruled that the schools were exempt as being used for educational purposes; that the residence of the nuns, who were teachers in the schools, was also exempt, as being a necessary adjunct to the schools; but that the penitentiary although a meritorious charity, it being for moral and not religious purposes, did not come within the 11th section of the water act and is therefore liable to the rate.