

So James Dullard had dreamt no dream at all. He must have put the night-cap, where it was now visible, with his own hands, or (how the devil—God forgive us!) could it have got there? or, again, how could he have ever known that it had got there, if he had not put it there inasmuch as no one had ever told him it was to be seen there, before he went out with his neighbor, in consequence of his abominable suspicion, and plainly saw it there? The matter was a puzzle, and a very nervous one. He partially admitted the act to be his own, and he more than partially denied it. His bewildered mind did not know what to do. True, he had heard of people who walked in their sleep, ay, and who could even climb in their sleep; but how could he climb, either awake or asleep, whose joints were so old and rusted that they scarcely served him to creep out from his loom, every day for about an hour, to enjoy the fresh air, and particularly up to the very pinnacle of that dreaded old castle? The mystery became deeper and more fearful; and so it continued up to the moment when Jeff Corrigan told the story.

He ceased, and there was again a pause of doubt and awe among the listeners; and even Father Connell did not now laugh outright.—He took it into his head; however, to go up and down amongst them all, sage men and boys as they were, collecting their opinions as to how the thing could really have occurred; and when a most absurd and amusing mass of interpretations had been delivered, then indeed he enjoyed his hearty fit of laughter; informing them that, chancing to have been called out, to attend, on horseback, a remote country "call" (4 summons from a dying person) upon the morning when James Dullard ventured out in quest of his night-cap—some time before James got up, however—he had himself seen Ned Roach's thievish pet jackdaw busily employed at the top of the old building, in placing, on the point, where even at this instant it was visible to all observers, the old red night-cap. And here Ned Roach, the shoe-maker, joined ecstasically in the priest's laugh at the feat of his jackdaw; and, the pressure of superstitious terror, in various shapes, removed off their spirits, great indeed was its echo throughout all the assembled guests.

A few other tales, as we have before hinted, colivened the circle, which we again aver we must postpone,—but not for a long time even from our present all-devouring reader. And songs now took up, as a finale, the entertainment of the evening; and many old Irish ones were pretty well given by some of the men of the choir; and "Crazy Jane," and "Death and the Lady," and "Begone, dull care," and so forth, were drenched out by others of them. Father Connell himself, being called upon, tried to recollect the only song—we do not know what song—that he had learned in his early youth, but after repeated failures in his own mind, and half irritated by his sense of the necessity of contributing to the mirth of his revellers, he suddenly broke out into a joyous Latin hymn, and as suddenly stopped short, grievously at himself; and then, to cover his confusion, he appealed to "his boys," to help him out with his "portion of mirth;" upon which all of them became dumb and sheep-faced, except his old pet, Noddy Fennell, who, when no one else would befriend his patron, in this urgency, nimbly stepped to the middle of the floor, and with the small portion of a "Biddy Doyle" in one hand, and a half-finished mug of ale in the other, sang with much spirit and fun, if not with skill or science, "Billy O'Rourke was the boy for it—whoo!"

This little display affected his parish priest in a peculiar way. Perhaps it was the first time he heard a song of such a character; but however that might be, the old man now looked amazed, and as if admiringly, on such a new proof of the cleverness of his young friend; and then, as the little fellow swayed his body and limbs, and frisked here and there, humoring the burden of his melody, Father Connell smiled and winked his eyes, and laughed, and wagged his head from side to side, and almost attempted to whistle, in unison with the unexpected talent and capers of the public performer before him; and when Noddy had finished, he beckoned to him, took the pretty boy in his arms, kissed him, played with his auburn hair, made him promise over and over again to be a good boy, slid a shilling into his pocket, although at that time neither Noddy Fennell nor any of his family wanted such a donation; and finally, laying his hands on the urchin's shoulders, gently forced him down on his knees, to give him his blessing.

(To be Continued.)

[Written for the TRUE WITNESS.]

SKETCHES OF IRELAND.

BY "TERRA-NIGRE."

ARDFINNAN CASTLE, COUNTY TIPPERARY.

On a high rock, on the left bank of the Suir, between Calair and Clonmel, stand the ruins of the Castle of Ardfinnan. It was built according to the Rev. T. Walsh, the author of an excellent Ecclesiastical History of Ireland, by John, Earl of Mortown, in 1184.—Enough is left of its ruins which are ivy-covered, to tell us that it must have been a place of considerable strength. Shortly after its erection it came into the possession of the Knights Templars, a powerful order, having many strongholds throughout the kingdom of Ireland. This order was an extremely strict one, taking its rise during the first Crusade. Its members were bound to celibacy, poverty, humility and an untiring opposition to the infidel. They slightly differed in rule from the order of St. John of Jerusalem, for the Knights Templars, in addition to their monastic vows were ecclesiastics. Their dress in peace, consisted of a long white robe, with the Cross of St. George on the left shoulder; on the head was worn a cap of maintenance, and a staff having at its end an encircled cross was borne in the right hand.—In time of war they were accoutred in

the same style as the knights of the time, except the cross of the order being displayed on the cuirass, and the "Agnus Dei" being embroidered on their banners. Tinctured with the spirit of chivalry, all Christendom viewed with pleasure the spread of this Order and such was the support that they received, that in the period of one hundred and twenty-six years from their foundation, they became possessors of not less than nine thousand manors. Their corporate wealth was the cause of their ruin.—The monarchs of that time was as fertile in pretences as the monarchs of the hour to despoil Church property. Philip, of France, accused them of monstrous crimes and by prejudicing the people against them easily procured their ruin. Edward of England, following the example of the French potentate which he saw resulted in an augmentation of the Kingly coffers, ordered their seizure in England and in 1307 John Wogan, the Justiciary of Ireland was commanded to suppress them. Gerald, fourth son of Maurice, Lord of Kerry, was then Grand Master of the Order in Ireland. Their doom was not however rigidly enforced for some years until 1312, when their total abolition was decreed and their lands and possessions given to the Knights of St. John. After the suppression of the Knights Templars, their stronghold at Ardfinnan fell into decay but during the subsequent wars the Butlers, partially restored it, until the Cromwellian wars, when it was finally dismantled. There are some strange legends told of Ardfinnan Castle and its surroundings as indeed there are of every old place in storied Ireland. At a meeting of the Royal Historical and Archeological Association of Ireland held on 19th of July in the present year Mr. Courtenay of Cloheen, a much respected and talented Fellow of the Association communicated a legend which we deem of sufficient interest to reproduce in this sketch.—There is embedded in the wall of the mill building there, a portion of which is said to be as ancient as the Castle, a stone, bearing an almost defaced bas-relief figure of a woman's head. The stone is about fifteen inches square, about fifteen feet above the level of the road and a few feet from the pier of the bridge. It is said that for ages, all passers-by, familiar with the object, have been accustomed to show their contempt for it—the women of the district in particular by spitting on it. The legend accounting for this is, that when John was building the Castle, the persons employed in the work lived in huts around the building and as it progressed towards completion, it was occupied by the servants and dependants of the King, amongst whom the cook (whose effigy this head is said to be used to be frequently asked by the Masons for a share of the good things at her command. She invariably refused to gratify them, and they vented their disappointment and spleen against her, by setting up a caricature of her in this conspicuous manner, heaping all kinds of indignities upon it, the observance of which custom has been thus handed down to posterity. The effigy is popularly designated as "Jane Squib's head." The most remarkable feature in the legend is the dislike entertained by the women of the surrounding country towards the effigy, thus proving how heartily they, as hospitable Irish women, condemn the selfishness, evinced towards the hard-workings mason by "Jane Squib." There was also a monastery in the neighborhood of the Castle, founded by St. Finnan the Leper. This monastery existed in the 10th century, for Cormac Mac Cullenan, Bishop and King of Cashel, bequeathed one ounce of gold, another of silver and his horse and arms to the abbey. Giolla was its Superior in the year 1085 and in 1178 the forces of England plundered and burned the Abbey and the town. There also existed here a Franciscan Friary, of which at present, we have not been able to procure any historical notice. Ardfinnan was thus rich in political and religious edifices. Overlooking the bright flowing Suir the ruins stand, mute yet eloquent witnesses of Tipperary's glory in the past. May we soon see the day, when rescued from the grasp of destruction, these olden Monastic ruins shall arise in renewed beauty, and the Suir as it murmurs past carry upon its sparkling surface the echoes of hymns, chanted in security, by Irish monks to the praise of the ever living and true God!

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

At the request of the well-known and distinguished President of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, we publish the following from the Tuam News, 21st ult. Apart from our appreciation of Father Bourke, it gives us great pleasure to aid in proclaiming far and wide the virtues and value of Sir D. J. Oliver, Knight of the order of St. Gregory. This distinguished Irish-American arrived in Tuam last week. On the evening of Saturday, the 15th, he was the guest of the Very Rev. the President of St. Jarlath's College, as were also his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, the Very Rev. Dr. Thomas MacHale, the clergymen in connection with the College and the town, and many others from the neighbouring parishes. After dinner many toasts were proposed; and, as the subjects alluded to are those which just now very much concern Irish Catholics at home and in America, a summary of the observations made (from the pen of one who was present) may be interesting to the readers of the Tuam News.

The Very Rev. President remarked that the presence of their welcome and honoured guest, Sir D. J. Oliver, naturally reminded him of the Holy Father, the head of the Christian world. Even his most implacable enemies admitted that Pope Pius IX. was a faithful steward over the vineyard of the Church of Christ on earth. No matter how much his enemies hated him, as our Lord had been hated, Christ's Vicar deserved to be honoured and loved by his spiritual children. He proposed the toast, therefore, and in proposing it prayed for the health of the Holy Father, who

was the greatest of the great Popes from the days of St. Peter to the present time; who had defined the grand dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the B.V.M., Mother of God, and the dogma of the Infallibility of the Vicar of Christ in matters of divine faith and morals. By a special providence he had now lived to the years of St. Peter. In his life he had been to the whole world the mirror of every virtue—patience, longanimity, mildness, meekness, forgiveness—a promoter of learning and of the fine arts. A new era was now arising for the good of the Church, and the dawn of that era dated from the year just past of the Pontificate of the Sainted Pius, the present Pope. He gave the "Health of the Holy Father," which was received amidst great applause.

In proposing the "Health of his Grace the Archbishop," Father Bourke remarked that if the Holy Father's length of years in the Pontificate was the occasion of wonder to many, the fact that his Grace was very near fifty years a bishop ought to be to all Catholics, and, above all, to his own spiritual children, a source of joy and of thankfulness to God. The Irish people were gifted by God with clearness of understanding. They appreciated virtue and honoured its possessor. Distance from their native home seemed only to enlarge and improve those natural qualities with which their race was blessed. And accordingly they found Irish-Americans and Irish-Australians having an intense love for the old land, the old creed, high aspirations after legitimate liberty, a love for learning to an intense degree, and naturally some hostility to those who had deprived their race and nation of those favours which they sought so ardently to possess. Mr. Oliver had declared that Irishmen all over the world admired our Archbishop, because they saw in him the living representative of learning, nationality, education, tenant right, the champion of the poor and the oppressed, the advocate of the language of our forefathers, so much neglected hitherto, the guardian of legitimate liberty, of Home Rule, of Ireland for the Irish. In this spirit he proposed the health of his Grace, and wished him many happy years.

His Grace spoke in terms of thankfulness for the high appreciation in which the Irish-Americans and all Irishmen regarded whatever service he had ever done for the faithful Irish people, who deserved well of every priest and prelate in Ireland.

In rising to propose the "Health of Mr. Oliver," the Rev. President said that as Irishmen love their native land and those who lend that land much of those attractive charms which surround it, so they hailed with a *cord mille fois*, and welcomed every exile,

When home his footsteps he hath turned From wandering on a foreign strand.

If an exiled son of Erin had been raised by energy and industry to rank and position in the social scale, such a one had in his own elevation aided in raising the character of his country, and therefore deserved a two-fold honour. Such a one was Sir D. J. Oliver. In 1842 he left Galway

Among strangers to find That repose which at home he had sighed for in vain.

He had been the leader of an *avant garde*, for Catholicity and civilization to San Francisco. He quickly became one of its most eminent citizens, and one of the wealthiest merchants in that rising city. But this was not all; he had aided the priests of the Catholic Church in that remote region, in erecting churches to God; and he gave out of his own purse munificent sums for the founding of schools, convents, and hospitals. For these acts he had received the honour of Knighthood from the Holy Father. He gave in the famine years thousands of pounds for the relief of the poor of this country; and, lastly he had been one of the most munificent in contributing to the erection of the New Buildings of our College. From the accounts in the public journals they had seen that he gave the present illustrious Pontiff a nugget of silver, value £1200; and that during the Council of the Vatican he had been princely in his hospitality at Rome to the Princes and Chiefs of God's Church. Therefore he hailed his presence in Tuam, and wished him a *cord mille fois* to his native Eire.

Sir D. J. Oliver, in rising to return thanks, said that after landing in California he beheld a Catholic missionary priest living in a small tent, the frame of which was of broken timber, and the walls of which were made of calico. The zealous missionary was his own cook. On beholding this humble abode of the minister of Christ, his own Catholic heart was moved. He was thankful to God for having brought him safe round Cape Horn and the perils of that long sea voyage which he had made from New York to California, and as a token of his gratitude his first act was to erect an abode worthy of the Minister of God, and to furnish that new house with one of those patent grates value £100, many of which he had brought as cargo from New York. That was the first erection in that city, which now is the mistress of the South-west of the United States, and which, like Venice of old, commands the seas. He said he always felt a pleasure—he and family—in working with the priests of the Church in doing something worthy of the faith they in common possessed.

Sir D. J. Oliver has given (per the Very Rev. U. J. Bourke) £2 towards the fund for the support of Tuam band, and £2 for the members who compose that body.

Within the present week a great many circulars have been received by the electors of the County Galway, soliciting their support in the coming contest. We are in a position to state that when the vacancy occurs Captain Nolan will be again in the field, and will be supported by those whose influence has been ever most powerful in securing the successful return of the popular candidate. The political views of Captain Nolan before the country at

the late election are sure to win over to his cause the national elements of this county. Captain Nolan has lately set a noble example of what an Irishman is capable of doing, and the people will not be forgetful of their duties to him, believing him best deserving of the honor of representing Galway in the House of Commons.—Tuam News.

HOME RULE.—One of those events which occur but seldom, even in the life of a nation, and which serve as landmarks in history, was witnessed on Tuesday last in Dublin. The Council Chamber of Ireland's capital was the stage whereon was enacted a spectacle the most significant, if we except one or two instances, that for centuries has been played on the historical stage of that country. It was one of those grand dramas of which history is made. The auditorium was occupied by an assembly influential, brilliant, and we may add, august. Fair ladies lent the witchery of their presence to grace the scene; and grave men, earnest and deliberative, were there present. The dramatic personae were men whose names are historical—are as household words throughout the globe, wherever the children of Ireland have made themselves a home. O'Neill Daunt, John Martin, and Professor Galbraith, of Trinity College, Dublin, were the actors.

Seventy-one years ago Ireland was robbed of her birth-right. For a mess of pottage her inalienable right was bartered away by a few mercenaries who had no authority so to dispose of it. The representatives in the Irish Parliament were elected for a term of eight years, but no such power was, or indeed—according to the most eminent jurists—could be conferred on them, even by the nation itself. They could not legally sign away the liberties of their country. Nor—as Daniel O'Connell put it—would a nation, not alone morally but legally, be justified in committing such an outrage on herself. A country that holds her liberties in trust, and she can have no right to destroy them, or commit political suicide. To bring the case of Ireland prominently forward, and to win back her Legislative Independence, the Home Rule Association was formed. Amongst its most conspicuous members are the three gentlemen who appeared before the Lord Mayor and the Dublin Corporation, with the other Corporations and Trades Delegates from all parts of the island, on Tuesday last, deputed by the Association to lay its objects and views before that important assemblage, and to invite its active co-operation. The first speaker was Mr. O'Neill Daunt, and we cannot do better than give his opening remarks on the question he had come to discuss. He said:—

"You are already familiar with the facts I shall have to recapitulate. The Sovereign of England's Irish subjects possessed a resident Legislature in this island for more than six hundred years. So that in seeking a domestic Parliament we seek nothing new. We seek to recover for our country a privilege which our predecessors had for over six centuries. Of the freedom from English control which the Parliament of Ireland asserted for themselves, take the following sample as recorded by the historian Lehan. There had been some attempts on the part of England, in the reign of Henry VI., to usurp jurisdiction over the Irish subjects, whereupon, in the 28th year of that monarch, the Parliament of Ireland declared:—That Ireland is, and always has been incorporated with itself by ancient laws and customs, and is only to be governed by such laws as by the Lords and Commons of the land in Parliament assembled, have been advised, accepted, affirmed, and proclaimed." You will observe that the act does not profess to set up any novel claim, but merely to reassert rights that had always existed (hear, hear). The existence of the Irish Parliament is coeval with the connection of Ireland and England."

This passage of Mr. Daunt's will serve to remove many misconceptions both in England and elsewhere, as to the demands of Ireland. He shows that the demands put forth by her are neither novel nor startling, and that she but seeks to regain the rights, which for centuries she held,—rights which England had never questioned, or striven to deprive her of, till the memorable days of 1800. He proceeds to say:—

"You will observe that the legislative independence of Ireland is here claimed as our birthright, and that the possession is stated to constitute the essence of our liberty. Are these words true? (Cries of 'yes' and loud cheers). Well, then, let me solemnly ask you whether legislative independence is not still our birthright? Has that monstrous crime, the destruction of the Irish Parliament, forced by the most execrable means upon Ireland, against the nearly universal will of the nation—has it annihilated the equitable title of this ancient nation to make her own laws, and to govern herself? (Vehement cheering). It has, to be sure, suspended our power, but our right is indestructible."

Mr. Galbraith's address was equally powerful, eloquent and convincing. The following passage is worth quoting:—

"It is my settled belief, that an armed people in Ireland would be the strongest defence of the imperial crown; but then Ireland must stand on equal terms with England. She must not be governed as now, by the Parliament of another country. What do we behold now? According to a recent return to Parliament, moved for, I believe, by my friend Mr. Plunket, thirty out of our thirty-two counties, are either wholly or in part under the provisions of the Peace Preservation Act of 1870. Since that we have had the Westmeath Coercion Act. If invasion occurred in such a case, I ask any Englishman of common sense, would this country be of any use to the empire? There can be no question that the present condition of this country is full of danger to the empire."

The noble utterances of Mr. John Martin, on Thursday, formed a fitting climax to the overwhelming argument and eloquence of his patriotic colleagues in the movement. That Home Rule has taken possession of the mind of Ireland there can be no manner of doubt. It is the all-engrossing, one subject, upon which the great majority of Irishmen over the world are agreed. Religious differences have been sunk in face of this great fact, and Catholic, Protestant, and Presbyterian, can afford to clasp hands over the altar of their common country. A most significant fact in connection with the movement is the headway it is making on English soil. Mr. Isaac Butt lectured on this subject in Birmingham, on Monday evening last, the chair was taken by an Abolitionist of the city, and several other aldermen and councillors were present on the platform. This of itself is anything but an insignificant fact, and shows pretty clearly the attention which is being given to the subject, even in England.

That the issue of the proceedings before the Dublin Corporation will be highly important, we are sanguine enough to believe. The scene itself—the arena—the auditory—in fact, the whole tabernacle—was one of more than passing interest. Upon the scene looked the statue of the immortal O'Connell,

at the base of which was placed the chair of the Chief Magistrate of the city. With the well-remembered features of his friend, the Liberator—his confederate in many a hard struggle for Reform, before him the heart of O'Neill Daunt must have throbbed with more than ordinary emotion, whilst pleading the cause of Ireland in that city hall. And John Martin, the veteran Nationalist, who often in life had met the great departed, must also have been moved in that noble presence. Professor Galbraith, the latest, but not the least powerful, accession to the friends of Ireland, too must have felt inspired by the influences of the scene. How such a sight would have gladdened the heart of O'Connell it needs not to be told. The old man would have lung with rapture on every syllable uttered by the patriotic trio, and would on the instant have taken the speakers to his big heart, for they were the champions of his beloved land. The cause is just—success must soon attend it.—Catholic Times.

DEATH OF EX-CONSTABLE TALBOT.—A point of the utmost importance in a medico-legal sense has arisen in this case. The unfortunate man, Talbot, received a bullet wound in the head, which, in the opinion of some of the best surgeons in Dublin, was not necessarily mortal, and it was said that the treatment adopted in probing for the bullet was not the most judicious. A young surgeon probing for the ball accidentally severed, it is said, an important artery, and the Irish Times states that the man's death was caused by anemic convulsions, the result of hemorrhage consequent on the surgical wound. If this be so, Kelly, who stands committed for inflicting the wound, can only be indicted for shooting with intent, which is not now a capital offence. So strong was medical opinion in favour of the probability of Talbot's recovery that the police magistrates committed Kelly on the minor charge, without waiting to see the result of the wound, or rather of the treatment. At the coroner's inquest the law officer declined to produce Kelly, and the inquest was adjourned in order to allow his solicitor to apply for a *habeas corpus*, in order that he might be present at the enquiry. Another difficulty is apparent from the fact stated, that the surgeon who made the blunder and a resident pupil of the hospital made the post-mortem examination, and not an independent medical witness.

Passion plays were in great favour in Kilkenny during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and part of the seventeenth centuries.

At half-past nine o'clock on the 18th. ult. the body of the Rev. John Hally was found drowned in the River Suir, a few miles below Clonmel, by two boatmen from Carrick-on-Suir, named Commons and Torpy, who at once communicated that fact to the Clonmel police. The body being found at the county Waterford side of the river Dr. Gore, coroner for that county, had to be communicated with, and he will hold the inquest to-morrow on the remains. The deceased was missed from his home since Saturday last. He was for years curate in the parish of Kilsash, but on the removal of his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Hally, to Dungarvan he declined to officiate there, and has since then been without a parish. His unexpected and sudden demise, which is believed to be the result of accident, is much regretted amongst the parishioners of Kilsash and Kilshehan.—Dublin Freeman.

LEAGUE OF S. SEBASTIAN.—At a special meeting of the Council of the League, held in Dublin, on June 22nd, Captain de la Haye in the chair, it was decided that "The League express publicly its regret at the loss of so truly a distinguished and influential member as the late Very Rev. Dr. Spratt." Dr. Spratt, who died in Dublin last month, was one of the earliest and warmest supporters of the League in Ireland.—At the ordinary meeting of the Council, held in London on July 1, it was resolved, "That a letter be written by the Joint Secretaries on behalf of the League to the Hon. E. Noel, honorary member, expressing the thanks of the League for the protest he made against the Sardinian occupation of Rome by his conduct at the Hotel d'Angleterre on June 19th."—Roman News Letter.

The Daily Examiner tells us, that of the 29 members of Parliament for Ulster all are Protestant, while 49 per cent, or about half the population of the province, are Catholics. Only one of these 29 is a Liberal, two or three others being political hybrids of the Orange Republican or the Liberal Conservative genus, even these few having been returned by the Catholic vote. Catholics may, therefore, be said to have no political, and absolutely no religious representation amongst the twenty-nine members for Ulster. When to this we add that the "representative" peers of Ireland are all Conservative, and more or less tinged with Orangism, it will be at once seen how well the voice of Ireland is heard in the Imperial Parliament.

DISMISSAL OF A CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN.—We have received a pamphlet containing the principal portion of the correspondence relative to the summary dismissal of the Catholic Chaplain of the Hibernian Military School, S. Mochta's, Conilla, Co. Dublin, for an alleged violation of Rule 16 without any investigation whatever. Rule 16 says that "all boys on admission are to belong to the religion they enter with, and that no person whatever shall attempt to tamper with them, on penalty of dismissal." The alleged infraction of this rule was the questioning by the Rev. Dr. Leonard, the Chaplain, of a boy who had been improperly entered as a Protestant, being in fact a Catholic, and desiring to be admitted to the exercise of his proper religion. The letters of Dr. Leonard, Colonel Wynyard (the Commandant), and His Eminence Cardinal Cullen seem to show that a great act of injustice and oppression has been done to the Catholic Chaplain, Dr. Leonard asserts that the Catholic children of Catholic soldiers are still registered as Protestants.—The Governors of the Hibernian Military School may, or may not, have followed the precedent common to the Protestant corporations of Ireland; and kidnapped the unfortunate children of Catholic parents. This usual course of dishonesty Dr. Leonard would be conscientiously bound to resist to the utmost, even to the sacrifice of personal popularity. The matter requires thorough sifting. We are far from insinuating that Dr. Leonard has written "the thing which is not?" when we say that if only a small portion of his statement be true, a great outrage has been perpetrated against justice. It is scandalous, unfair, and unsatisfactory to the common sense of a tolerant age, that allegation should attempt to take the place of proof: Dr. Leonard challenges the proof of his alleged guilt, conveyed in the assertion that he has "systematically and persistently interfered with matters outside the duties of his office." The charge is, to say the least, vague and ambiguous, since his accusers do not say what are the duties of his office? or if his "persistent interference" has gone beyond objecting as a Priest to the Protestant kidnapping of Catholic children.—Until these points shall have been cleared up, all honest impartial men will regard the governing body of the Royal Hibernian School as guilty of a sly act of petty bigotry, or as using the power of their position to gratify personal malice. It is to be hoped the subject will not be dropped until full justice and restitution shall have been extorted.—The Nation tells us the head and point of Dr. Leonard's offence appears to have been his active interest in the case of John Murnane and his brother Hugh, the sons of a Catholic soldier, who were registered as Protestants, though the elder boy told Dr. Leonard that he was unhappy and wished to be of the religion of his father, and though the mother of both the boys, herself a Catholic, made a declaration before a magistrate that she had promised her dead husband to rear his boys as Catholics, and that she now desired to have their religious registration altered by the agency of Dr. Leonard, and another