

ble patron, and partly at Fairy Hill Cottage, the homestead of the O'Donnell family.

The comparatively few, however, who were aware of the escape of the priest, either were not of sufficient influence or sufficiently communicative to do away with the general belief of his execution, and though from that day to this a tradition existed confirmatory of the facts in the case, this tradition has ever been of a particular and local nature. Electricity had not yet descended from her aerial dwellings with her lightning messengers, to subvert the aspiring intellect of man, nor had the fire-king, emerging from his hidden recesses in the bowels of the earth, dared to commit his glowing car, on his iron causeway, on the surface of our planet; and hence the historian of that period has to contend with a dearth of facts and lack of materials which renders his task one of difficulty, and which the facility and extent of modern sources of information must for the future abundantly provide against and for ever preclude.

CHAPTER IX.

We shall now take the leave of the council and its deliberations, about their prisoner and the fool, to see what became of the fugitive and his attendant brother. The reader will not forget the address which Terry O'Mara displayed in stopping the pursuit of the priest by the dragoon guards. It was to this stratagem that he owed the success of his escape, for the darkness of the night, and the feebleness of his health, consequent on his imprisonment, rendered his progress comparatively slow. Besides these unavoidable impediments to the rapidity of their movements, their speed was furthermore retarded by the loss of a shoe by the animal which the priest rode.— They had to be very cautious likewise, in avoiding one or two patrols of yeomen, whom they could distinguish from the boisterous choruses of their loyal songs of 'Croppy, lie down,' 'Boyné Water,' and other Orange doggeries, with which they enlivened their nightly promenades during these rebellious nights. The fugitives on both occasions escaped the vigilance of these drunken night guards by getting inside the road fences, and halting under the shade of some hawthorn or birch-tree, or making the best speed they could through the fields and over the fences, till they were a mile or two in the advance or rear of their enemies. These incidental delays would have made the recapture of the priest an easy feat to the party of dragoons, long ere he reached Dungarvan, had not the gallant conduct and unexampled daring of O'Mara retarded their hot pursuit, and driven them back in a panic to their head-quarters. Between two and three o'clock in the morning, having arrived in Dungarvan, the clergyman took affectionate leave of his brother Thomas, having been met by the Rev. Mr. Murphy, who expected him anxiously during the night, and who undertook his further escort to the ship which was to receive him on board.— This was a gallant yacht named the Joan d'Arc, which was commanded by a brave Irish exile, one of the 'Wild Geese,' Le Barry, who volunteered on this dangerous expedition from hatred to England, as well as from friendship to his friend Capt. O'Donnell. The vessel lay anchored a little outside the bay of the borough in the shade of an island rock, to avoid observation. A rocket was shot into the air by the party on shore, who stood opposite to where the craft lay at anchor, and in a few minutes a boat manned by four marines was observed moving silently but rapidly towards the shore. The parole from the boat was given St. Denis, which being responded to by St. Patrick, a plank was shoved ashore, and Father O'Donnell having embraced his faithful reverend friend, bid adieu to his native land and defiance to his persecutors. On his reaching the Joan d'Arc, he was received with great courtesy by Commander Le Barry, who, after having congratulated him on his escape under the flag of France, took him to his cabin to invite him to repose, and to get from him a brief account of his escape, and to hear the fate of his friend the captain. On hearing that the captain was left behind in prison, the eyes of the vehement Le Barry emitted sparks of fire through rage, and it was difficult that he could restrain firing on the town of Dungarvan. This adventure being altogether a private affair undertaken wholly at the risk of Le Barry and O'Donnell, with the sole connivance of the French monarch, this bold project of bombarding the town was at once abandoned.— Besides, the innocent in this case would have to suffer, while the guilty would be sure to be out of reach of harm, and besides, such a step might do no good but much injury to his friend's case. A council of war was held by the few officers of the ship, consisting of commander, lieutenant, and midshipmen, and a seat at the council-table was given to Father O'Donnell; when it was resolved, that the escaped priest should be first placed out of danger, ere any further steps should be taken for the release of the captain. The rage of the gallant Le Barry was now changed to the gentle dew of tears, when he found he could not assist his hoarse friend. But what could he do? He had only about twenty-five men on board; he was specially warned not to compromise his royal master, and the distance from shore of the place of his friend's imprisonment, made it utterly impossible to expect to succeed in his rescue.

The stern command was now given in the captain's martial tone of voice, to haul the anchor, unfurl the sails, and prepare a return to 'La Belle France.' Instantly the nimble sailors runs up along the tall masts, or balances himself on the giddy yard arm, while the marines and other hands seized on the lever-bars and work at the capstan, or secure the port-holes against the encroachment of surly waves. And now the melancholy clank of the plaintive anchor-chain rings along the beach, and is borne by the breeze over the bay, and the grave chorus of the sailors loosening their canvas to the wind, and balancing themselves on their unsteady footholds, is re-echoed from the rocky shore, and the sprightly vessel herself, as if conscious of the dangers of delay, dances on the surface of the watery plain, and, like a greyhound in the leash, seems eager for the expected race. Off she starts with her prow to the south-west, guided by a faithful hand at the steering; with her snow-white pennons to the breeze, she dashes amidst the opposing bil-

lows, and sets their foaming rage at defiance.— To one on the sandy beach she now appears like a swan riding over the surface of a rippling lake, or like some beautiful sea-bird, with expanded wings, skimming over the ocean, now appearing and now disappearing on the surface of the uneven surges. They had scarcely cleared the shallows, and gotten outside the perils of the rock-bound coast, when one of the sailors from the top-mast cried out in the usual tone, 'Sails ahoy!' and the captain soon perceived by his telescope that two British frigates were in pursuit of his little ship. To make resistance against such formidable opponents, the captain thought would be utter madness. He therefore spread all his canvas to the breeze, and keeping as close as he could to the shore, on the starboard tack, he attempted by this means to remain out of gun-reach of his gigantic pursuers.

The heavens now began to be overcast with black portentous clouds; the loud roar of the thunder of heaven soon silenced or rendered unheard the cannon of the frigates, and the summits of the Cummerab Mountains and the neighboring hills, enveloped in dense surcharged mists, blazed with the incessant flashes of the electric fluid. The terrific chase continues unabated around Ardmore Head, outside Youghall Harbour, past the Cove of Cork, and so far the gallant Joan d'Arc saved her distance and kept her ground; but in order to be able to double Cape Clear, and reach the wide Atlantic, she has to change her tack, and the rising violence of a strong breeze from the south-west compels her to reef her sails and lighten her canvas. The breeze will be instantly a gale, and the gale threatens to be a hurricane, and what is to become of the Joan d'Arc then? There are two poor sailors overboard.— Lord have mercy on them! and there is Father O'Donnell giving them absolution, ere they sink for ever under the mighty waters! The top-gallant-mast and the mizen-mast are gone, and so are the yards and every tack of canvas from her bare limbs! She is now almost at the mercy of the waves and of the British frigates, but the gigantic hunters are obliged to save themselves from the rage of the elements, and, with close reefed sails, to seek for refuge in the Cove of Cork. The Joan has escaped one enemy, and the most merciless, though not the most powerful of the two, that is, the wrath of the English men-of-war; but she is carried before the wind, and nothing but the hand of Heaven can save her from the doom of a watery-grave. No one despairs as yet, however, and the many bosoms of all burn with emulation in the work of saving their ship and evolution. Nothing is heard on deck but the voices of captain, soldiers, sailors,—all encouraging one another to work for the common safety, to struggle against the threatening destruction. The main-mast is at length snapped in twain, the rudder torn away, the deck swept clean of guns, bulwarks, and stores; the bravest and most active of the sailors and soldiers carried overboard by a mountainous wave, when the brave Le Barry at last exclaims, in French, 'Mon Pere, tout est perdu!' and rushed down into the cabin to inform the father of their despairing condition. He found the faithful servant of God on his knees, and, with uplifted hands, calling on Heaven for mercy, mercy! Having made a brief confession, and received the absolving sentence of Heaven, he assisted the priest up to the deck, during a sort of fitful calm of the hurricane—as if it repented of its cruelty by the sacrifice of so many men—who, with uplifted hand pronouncing the absolution over the poor fellows overboard ere they sank to rise no more! Another sea heaves itself over the trunk of the Joan d'Arc, and the captain is swept from his side, and the priest himself is hurled in an eddy of water back senseless into the cabin. All is now lost, as the hull of the yacht is borne on before the storm without a mast and without a rudder, or a living soul to steer her, and it is well that her gallant crew perished in one mighty gulf, for soon a more terrible death than that of drowning had awaited them. She is now urged on by the force of a rapid wind, assisted by furious billows, and the wild breakers of Malbay are grinning with rage, and destruction is re-echoed from every cave and nook and cavity of those terrible cliffs against which she is about to be dashed. A few minutes more, and not a trace of the gallant Joan d'Arc could be discerned by the eye of a spectator who might chance to have witnessed her fate from the shore. She has either sunk to the bottom of the ocean beneath the violence of the waves, or crushed against the dreadful cliffs that form the barrier to the encroachments of the dread Atlantic on the Western coast of Ireland, her wreck must have been forced into the caverns of this iron coast, or scattered in undistinguishable fragments over the raging element. The fate of this unhappy vessel, however, was not witnessed by a single person from shore; for the wild coast against which she was driven was uninhabited, save by the millions of sea-gulls, and other aquatic birds which seek here safe retreats from their incubation and young; the violence of the storm had caused all persons whose occupation was outside doors to take refuge in their houses, and the amazing rapidity with which she was drifted before the wind must have hindered her from being observed from the shore.

(To be Continued.)

FRANCE AND IRELAND.

From a Correspondent of the Nation.

Lille, March 15, 1862.

The Lutesc Pastoral of Mgr. Parisais, the eminent Bishop of Arras, contains an allusion to Ireland, and the centuries of persecution that Catholic country has endured at the hands of their Protestant rulers, solely on account of her tenacity to the ancient faith, and to the imperishable chair of St. Peter. This is not the first time that Mgr. Parisais has expressed in his Pastorals the sufferings of Ireland for the faith; and as nothing from the pen of that distinguished prelate may I think, be interesting and edifying to your readers, I here send you a synopsis of the Pastoral (which fills four columns of the Propagateur of Lille), with a full extract of that part relating to Ireland, to Poland, and other countries, where the faithful suffer perpetual persecution for conscience sake. The subject treated throughout is charity or Christian compassion.—"That universal compassion," says his lordship,—"which the Son of God, in becoming man, has inaugurated on the earth, and which sustains, in their amazing develop-

ment, the thousands of pious institutions, consecrated by the Church for the relief of all the sufferings of humanity!" His Lordship here enumerates some of those sufferings, the most worthy of our compassion, and regarding the sympathy to be accorded to each, he says:—"Our intention in this instruction, dearly beloved brethren, is not so much to combat the ravings of a criminal and fictitious compassion, against which we, however, forewarn you, as to solicit your prayers and, if need be, your aims, in favour of those who have a right to true, holy, and evangelical compassion. You will easily comprehend, dearly beloved brethren, that before all, the first law of compassion, according to God, is to have for object only that which is an evil, and the compassion ought to be the more profound in proportion as the evil is great. Acting on this principle, it is clear that we should compassionate first whatever separates from God, since that is the supreme evil. Thus it is that zeal which manifests itself everywhere at the present day for the conversion of sinners is in the Church a brilliant manifestation of Divine charity, and of the faith of peoples." Further on the Pastoral, alluding to those separated from the Church by heresies and schisms, says:—

"Oh, there is no doubt that on this point even more than on the other, we should all show a great reserve and indulgence, and even respect for their persons! No, it was not in vain that the Son of God founded His Church, and that he clasped with his hands and his arms those who will not hear her." I am reluctantly obliged to omit the lucid exposures and salutary advice of the venerable prelate, in speaking of heresies and schisms, and to proceed to that part of the Pastoral where, alluding to a false and seductive compassion, his lordship says:—"What do I say? it has outstepped the bounds of particular compassion, and compassed the conspiracy on a large scale; it has made its accents the most lamentable heard in the far distance: its lamentations have become howlings, and it is said to entire peoples, living in the abundance and charms of the fairest country on the globe:—

"What! do you not see that you are plunged in misery, that your princes are tyrants, that your laws are chains of slavery, that your priests are deceivers, that their conduct is brutal? People, Oh, how I grieve to see you thus in fetters!"

And those same peoples who, after all, had a fair share of pleasures and enjoyments, even here below, have been thus induced to think themselves really an object of pity and compassion.

What we wish to demonstrate to you, dearly beloved brethren, because such is our duty as minister of the God of Truth, is that this great and high sounding compassion, if not a strange aberration is a detestable hypocrisy. These indefatigable talkers about 'tolerance' and 'liberty of conscience,' what have they said, what have they written, in favour of the Christians in Syria, and of Cochín China, massacred for their faith; in favor of Ireland and of Poland, who, for their faith, have also suffered persecution during whole centuries—persecution redoubled even at the present hour? What have those who so vauntingly proclaim themselves the defenders of liberty of conscience done for those martyrs? Have they openly and clearly taken up their defence? We all know, dearly beloved brethren, that they have done nothing, and that they never will do anything, precisely because their pretended compassion is nothing but a tactic, that the word 'liberty of conscience' is only a war machine, and that at bottom, in this sensibility, so demonstrative always for dissidence, there is nothing true unless it be an implacable hatred directed against the Church of God. It is for this, dearly beloved brethren, that we desire to let you know the true state of things. Oh yes, without doubt, we have reason, in our own day, to deplore the vexatious excesses, in certain countries, against the holy liberty of conscience; but, contrary to what may be told you of these excesses, nowhere does the Catholic Church practice them. Often, on the contrary, she is the victim of the tyranny of those who are loudest in complaining of her intolerance and firmness. For example, has the Catholic Church ever done anything to equal that which was perpetrated, and continues to be perpetrated, against Ireland by the action of heresy? Ireland! During three centuries that Catholic country is under an oppression the most inhuman, the most murderous, and, I will add, the most cynical, solely on account of her faith. For, note well, beloved brethren, it is not here a question of those excesses which are produced by a war of religion, which find excuses more or less from the war itself, and generally end with it. No, it is a cold, calculated persecution which spreads as much during peace as in time of war. All means are considered good that are calculated to un-Catholicise and pervert that people so eminently religious. Certain persons have dared to say that one of our Catholic charitable societies in France placed the poor in a position between conscience and famine. That was an odious calumny; it was impossible to produce a single instance as proof. But, as regards Ireland, is not such a system unfortunately a striking reality? Are there not every year thousands of the Irish people who not only suffer, but die from hunger and starvation rather than abandon their faith? Do not their very persecutors reckon at above 100,000 the number of those that have perished during twenty years? Have not still greater numbers withdrawn themselves into exile in order to escape exhausting death and misery? Do we not know that that double calamity Ireland has lost more than two millions of its inhabitants? We have here sufficient attacks against liberty of conscience—attacks the most grievous, the most flagrant, the most heartrending. But why do I speak thus to you, beloved brethren? Is it to inspire you with sentiments of vengeance and hatred against the authors of such cruelty? God forbid! It is, I repeat, "Pray for those that persecute you and calumniate you." We know by the preaching and example of our Divine model that such is the lot of his disciples. We are, therefore, neither discouraged nor surprised by that which arrives either to ourselves, and on ourselves, or of which others are the victims elsewhere. But we wish to demonstrate to you, in the first place, that the compassion of the enemies of the Church is highly inconsequent, if not lying; and secondly, to show to the world that truth of all times—that the Catholic Church suffers persecution always, but inflicts it never. And finally, to exhort you all, dearly beloved brethren, to acts of real and true compassion for those who are subject to such cruel trials, principally by the most efficacious means, which is prayer. O yes, let us pray for our brethren of Ireland; let us pray also for our brethren of Poland. Poland! Ah, the oppression that weighs on the conscience of the Poles does not merely come from famine, but from vexations perhaps even more direct and sacrilegious. Is it known to you, dearly beloved brethren, that in Catholic Poland, the priests, the bishops, the lawful organs of the true faith, can publish nothing, can preach nothing, but under the control and sanction of a schismatic authority? Is it known to you that the supreme right of conscience—the right to become Catholic—the right to enter on the way of eternal salvation, is, by law, forbidden in Poland, and that whoever dares to make use of this right, and wherever a priest dares to exhort to it, the criminal by law is, on the instant, punished by a confinement of all he possesses, by exile, and, in most cases, by that horrible torture called captivity in Siberia, where the continual intensity of the climate, the hardness of labor, the cruelty of privations, the barbarity of the guard, cause the victim to endure a continual agony, in presence of which slavery of old was an enviable condition? Above all, is not this torture imposed on Catholics solely for having dared to exercise a liberty of conscience? Is it known to you that even recently, in the capital of that great Catholic nation, to wear mourning for deceased friends—victims of cruelty—was severely, and we may add, cruelly punished—that religious ceremonies have been troubled, pious reunions dispersed, and temples profaned by an armed soldier, striking,

and slaughtering defenceless Catholics of both sexes, whose only crime was to kneel and pray for their religion and their country? Let us stop here, beloved brethren, lest our further recital might inspire you with sentiments which it is rather our duty to stifle in the bud, and which, thank God, are far from our heart. Oh, no, once for all, curse not the persecutor, rather pity him; and do for the Catholic Poles all that Catholic charity inspires you to do. Above all things, pray for them; pray, earnestly the Divine Pontiff, who became like unto us in order the better to compassionate our sufferings. What shall we say of our brethren in the extreme East, who are exposed to still more horrible persecutions? It is true that, thanks to the strength of our arms, and the glorious magic of the French name, liberty of conscience has been accorded, at least in part, to the Christians of the vast empire of China, and that in its immense capital the adorable Cross of our Saviour is replaced on our restored temples. But in the neighboring kingdoms what is yet going on? In Japan, the same sacrilegious law obliges the inhabitants to trample under foot the sacred sign of man's redemption. In Tong-Kin we find those who adore the true God forced to adopt a clandestine worship under pain of confiscation, incarceration, and sometimes death. In Cochín China, especially, we find a redoubting of furies and atrocities, outstripping even the outrageous and bloody persecutions of Nero and Diocletian. The Christians are fettered out by Mandarins, who are interested in allowing none to escape, chased from their dwellings, which are burned or thrown down, and reduced to the worst misery—in fine, by an artful barbarism, unheard of heretofore, they are delivered up to the executioner, who marks their foreheads with infamous ineffaceable letters, branded in the quick flesh, in order that wherever they might be exposed to the constant rudeness and violence of the Pagans. Oh, dearly beloved brethren, we have here even apart from religious belief, a holy and tender compassion, and, nevertheless, you will not find the least reference to it in the writings of anti-Christian philosophy. No doubt, the heroic courage of the faithful martyrs is one of the glories of the Church; but, alas! in those days of horrible trials, are there not some who succumb in presence of such torments? Besides, is not persecution of itself a great evil? And even in the glorious times of primitive fervor, did not the Christians incessantly pray God for the appeasement and cessation of persecution. And now, beloved brethren, let us enter into ourselves and let us terminate this painful recital by a few practical exhortations, in accordance with the generosity of your hearts and the sincerity of your faith. Combat in yourselves the sad and fatal leaning one has to occupy his thoughts with nothing but himself. Let your thoughts and solicitudes be habitually directed, first, towards those who belong to you, and are your dependents; and if they are suffering either spiritually or corporally, or from other uncertain troubles of this life, have compassion on all their sorrows—learn to compassionate them in the full sense of that inspired word. But do not confine to your families that second and holy sentiment. Look around around you, and in the measure of your means, power, and leisure, occupy yourselves with giving relief to others—in the first place, by having yourselves enrolled as much as possible in those Christian associations, which have for their object the reunion of many and to concert means for developing around you works of mercy with more ease and efficacy. Next take part in all the great Catholic institutions—of the Propagation of the Faith, of the Holy Infancy, of St. Francis of Sales, and others—that by the aid of the feeble offerings of each member, produce such amazing results. But above all, at the present moment, dearly beloved brethren, show your sympathy with the incomparable grief of our sovereign Pastor and Father—grief at the injustices, the scandals, the sacrifices, occasioned by actual circumstances—grief for the many souls whose faith is troubled, whose conduct leads astray, whose religious habits are losing themselves in revolutionary enticements—grief on account of the supplications effected against the Holy See, and which, while placing it in a state of constraint for the present, and peril for the future, may not only compromise its dignity, but above all, injure that supreme independence which we all desire to conserve to it, for the security of our conscience; in fine, grief at the unworthy calumnies to which the good and holy Pontiff is continually subjected in every country in the world where newspapers, hostile to the interests of our holy religion, are circulated. Alas! where are they not in circulation at the present day? Oh, dearly beloved brethren, after Jesus, the Man of Dolours, and Mary, the Queen of Martyrs, is there another than Pius IX. who has a better right to address to us all these words of the Prophet in the Lamentations:—"O ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be sorrow like to my sorrow."—Lamentations, chap. i. v. 12."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

On Tuesday, the 25th ult., a deputation from the Corporation of Limerick, attended in their municipal robes, and attended by the nuncio-bearers, waited upon the Lord Lieutenant, at the Castle, for the purpose of presenting to His Excellency a memorial from that body, praying that a charter might be granted by the Government to the Catholic University.

The deputation, which was headed by Alderman William Lane Juyat, Mayor of Limerick, (who carried his wand of office) was composed of the following gentlemen:—

M. R. Ryan, J. P.; Maurice Lombard, John McDonnell, J. P.; Ambrose Hall, Robert Mahon, J. P.; Stephen Hastings, Eugene O'Callaghan, J. P.; Daniel Cullen, Matthew de Courcy, City Treasurer; John Elford, Town Clerk; Joseph Murphy, Law Adviser.

In attendance upon His Excellency were Mr. Hatchell, Private Secretary, and an Aide-de-Camp.

Alderman Juyat said—May it please your Excellency, I am directed by the citizens of Limerick to renew the expressions of regard for your Excellency which they have so long entertained. The memorial we have the honor to present was unanimously adopted by the Town Council of the city of Limerick, representing a large number of Catholics and Protestants. The sincerity which the citizens feel in the question of a charter for the Catholic University is proved by the fact that they have subscribed £2,000 within the past few months for endowments in the University for the diocese of Limerick, and I believe a sum of £8,000 during the past year by the people of Ireland. The citizens of Limerick look with confidence to the political principles of your Excellency's past life, and of that great party with which you have been associated, as the best guarantee that those principles of education acknowledged during the present century will be carried out to their legitimate extent, and that every obstacle will be removed tending to prevent the complete study of science, whether from political or other causes. The question of a charter involves no expense to the Government, and we cordially hope that your Excellency will use your great and deserved influence to concede to the promoters of the University that recognition of the education conferred there which they believe they are entitled to from their numbers, their resources, and the aids which they give the Government.

Alderman Juyat then read the memorial. His Excellency read the following reply:—

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen of the Corporation of Limerick—I beg to return to the members of the Corporation of the ancient city of Limerick my sincere thanks for the respectful assurance of the dutiful loyalty which they bear to the Throne of these realms. I must always have an enlightened zeal for the education of the rising generation. I should at the same time be wanting in candor if I did not state to you that Her Majesty's Government are not prepared, as at present advised, to give their countenance to any system of exclusive education.

"If any means can be suggested for placing Roman Catholics upon a more complete equality with Protestants during their attendance in the Queen's Colleges, I feel assured that the Government would consider it in the most impartial spirit."

His Excellency then handed the reply to Alderman Juyat, adding—I feel it is all I can say at present. I suppose you will find it not very satisfactory.

Alderman Juyat—Not very.

The deputation then retired.

CHARITABLE OF THE POPE.—The Holy Father has sent, through the hands of Cardinal Barnabo, a contribution of £100 to the Mansion House Committee for the relief of our suffering people. This benevolence, exercised at a moment when unusual difficulties press upon the Pontiff, and require for their resistance his entire resources, must ensure to him the gratitude of Ireland, and the prayers and blessings of the poor, for whom he has manifested such a paternal regard. Rome has, at all times, manifested sympathy for Ireland. An attachment, which neither time nor circumstances could succeed in weakening, has ever subsisted between them; and words of encouragement, as well as practical proofs of support, have, in all our necessities, come to us from the Holy See. How strangely does this munificence of Pius IX. contrast with the conduct of our Government? Out of his scanty resources, and in the midst of his afflictions, he liberally subscribes to relieve our destination; whilst our rulers, who are bound to protect and save us, either turn a deaf ear to our entreaties, or respond to our supplications by taunts and sneers. Our Lord Lieutenant, after deputations had waited on him, and public bodies had appealed to him, and private influence had operated upon him, sent to the starving poor of the West the generous contribution of £3! Our Chief Secretary procured spring vans to bring them to the workhouse, and the higher powers closed their eyes to their condition; and yet, uncollected and unasked, the Pope extends to us his generous hand, and forwards a subscription towards the relief of our poor, worthy at once of his saintly goodness and royal bounty. It is a sad thing to reflect that we are still obliged, in our necessities, to look abroad for protection. Denied that natural aid which it is the simple duty of the Government to afford us it is yet consoling to reflect that, from such hands as those of the Holy Father, we can expect aid, which is not so much the offering of pity as of love. We trust our people, who are ever ready to appreciate kindness, and ever grateful for services, will treasure up this beautiful act of the Pope, and cherish with fond attachment the general sympathy which dictated it. No wonder, indeed, that Ireland should, even on other grounds than those of religion, be devoted to the Holy See, and that Rome should find in us faithful champions of her rights, as well as ardent believers in her destiny.—Morning News.

The Right Rev. Dominick O'Brien, the highly esteemed prelate of Waterford and Lismore, has been pleased to appoint the Rev. Patrick Wallace, C.C., to the curacy of Ballypooreen, and to translate the Rev. John Terry, C.C., from Ballypooreen to Ballyneal.

The Rev. James Maher, P. P., Carlow-Graigue, uncle of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, has addressed an admirable letter to the new member for Dungarvan on the subject of out-door relief in Ireland. In one passage the reverend gentleman says:—"Within a few years (from 1846 to 1860) Ireland which is sometimes called the right arm of England, has lost one million of people by starvation, with all its frightful horrors. It has lost more than a million by emigration and it has lost a third million by what is called the clearance system—hundreds laying waste for their pleasure or their profit, for their whims, or more frequently from prejudice whole districts in a day."

The National Festival in Kilkenny was ushered in by the splendid band of the 36th immediately after midnight on Sunday, 10th March, the music on the occasion being "St. Patrick's Day," and "Garryowen." The afternoon of St. Patrick's Day was a gay time in the barrack square, the regiment being engaged in all kinds of athletic games.—Journal.

CONTEMPORARY still writes under famine, oppression, and attempted proselytism.

DISSURTS IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.—To the Editor of the Dublin Evening Mail.—Sir,—I fear the effect of the debate on "distress in Ireland" will be to deaden the sympathy of benevolent persons for distress where it really exists—such as in districts similar to that in which God has placed my lot. The residents in this locality are not able to afford any sufficient employment, however well-disposed they may be, to aid their poor neighbours in that way; none of them can afford to expend £10 in employment beyond the usual current expenses of their households. I therefore ask you to insert the enclosed letter which I addressed to Sir R. Peel to correct some statements of his in the House of Commons in the hope it may thus meet the eye of some benevolent person who may aid the poor of this place for the next pinching months, till God again gladdens us with the harvest.

I am your humble servant, Wm. A. FISHER, Rector and Vicar of Kilmoe.

Ballydevlin, Skibbereen.

Sir,—In the report of the debate in the House of Commons, as given in the Cork newspapers, I find the following statement attributed to you in reply to some observations of Mr. Maguire's, referring to this parish:—

"The hon. gentleman read the letter from a clergyman named Fisher. The place to which it refers is the last I shall allude to. It is on the very extreme of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Tuam.

"Mr. Maguire: No; the place I referred to is Kilmoe, in the West Riding of the county of Cork.

"Sir R. Peel: Is it? Well, the hon. gentleman read a letter from Mr. Fisher. Now a gentleman writing to a colonel in the army, gives to the statement made by the hon. gentleman this triumphant refutation. He says:—

"The fact is (1) an alarm has been raised by the Priests (2) and local efforts have been checked. . . . (3) There is no pressure for food. (4) We have got a special coal fund I have closely watched the state of the people, and I do not think I ever saw (5) so large a market as we had last Saturday."

"That was at the end of December."

I have numbered the assertion in the extract read by you as a "triumphant refutation" of Mr. Maguire's allegation that deep distress exists in the parish of Kilmoe, in the West Riding of the county of Cork.

Now, the assertions numbered 1, 2, 4, 5, have no existence in this parish. No alarm raised by Priests—no local efforts checked—no coal fund—no market—can in any way whatsoever refer to the parish of Kilmoe.

Therefore, either the press has misrepresented you or you were led astray by the similarity of the name of this parish and of the parish of Kilmoe, in some other part of Ireland (for there are no less than eight parishes of that name) or your informant led you astray. The assertion marked No. 3, "no pressure for food," is contrary to the fact as regards this parish. I shall briefly state my view of what destitution means. When a family or individual is suffering from nakedness, cold, and hunger, without means of alleviating them, I think there is destitution. Now I assert that in this parish there are not alone very many individuals, but also several families, who have only miserable rags to cover them by day, and wretched bed-clothing covering their wisp of straw under them by night. So wretched are their beds that fire, six, and seven are huddled together under the same coverlet. I therefore reassert that I am often pained when I see many respectable elderly persons stealing into church in the dusk of the evening that their wretched rags may not be noticed by the congregation. This I know to be the case with over thirty Protestant families. Nor are many of the Roman Catholic people any better off.—This state of things