

consequence of what they did, they would never have crucified the Lord of Glory (I. Corin. ii. 8). The meaning of his words is: that if the devils who are called elsewhere in the Scripture, the rulers of the world of this darkness, had foreseen the result, so glorious for our Lord, and so ruinous to their own power, that would follow from that persecution, which they stirred up the Jews to carry on against Him, and from the death which they induced that unhappy people to inflict upon Him, they would rather have endeavored to withdraw the Jews from their hostility to our Lord, and to prevent, by all means in their power, that death which would be the ruin of their own kingdom. In like manner, we may say of those wicked men who are now persecuting the Vicar of the Lord of Glory; that if they knew how directly opposite would be the result of what they are doing to that which they intend, they would never have put Pius IX. on the cross.

As the great question of the present moment is the temporal power of the Pope, we rejoice to learn with what unanimity all those whose authority can command the respect of the Catholic body come forward in its defence. It is true that there are some Catholics, otherwise very amiable men, who seem to be tired of the temporal power of the Pope. Some of these may be found in England, some, perhaps, in Ireland; but they are men whose authority is of no weight in such a question. Whatever knowledge of ecclesiastical history or canon law they may have, has been learned from the *Times* newspaper, or some such source of public information. They find that the question of the temporal power of the Pope creates embarrassment for them in Protestant society; and hence, for the sake of their own peace and comfort, they would wish to have done with it. They may even think it cruel that so little regard should be paid by the Pope and the Bishops throughout the world to the peculiar difficulties of their position—seeing that his Holiness in his several allocutions, and the Bishops in their addresses to their flocks, have insisted so strongly on the importance to the Church of the temporal power, that one would think they had it precisely in view to make Protestant society disagreeable to those kind, amiable men of whom we speak. We rejoice to say, however, that hardly any one, such as we have here described, is likely to be found in Ireland. There, the question is thoroughly understood; and the Catholic who would labour to persuade the people, that the temporal power of the Pope is of no consequence, one way or the other, to Catholics, would be justly considered to be a traitor to the Church. It is, indeed, most gratifying to us to hear the praises bestowed on Ireland for the unanimity with which Catholics of all ranks in society there, have come forward in defence of the temporal rights of the Holy See. On whatever other questions, it is said, Catholics of influence in Ireland—members of Parliament and others—may differ, they have been all ready, when the occasion called for it, to defend the temporal rights of the Holy See—to denounce the unjust invasion of its states, and to insist on the importance to the Church of preserving the temporal power of the Pope in all its integrity. We sincerely trust that each coming day will show forth more clearly the claims of our countrymen to those praises, which, we must say, are not sparingly bestowed upon them here.

Lastly, we rejoice to be able to assure you, dearly beloved brethren, that efficient steps are being taken, even in those parts of Italy which are most disorganised by the revolution, to counteract the efforts about to be made to scatter the seeds of heresy in this Catholic land. It requires not the inspiration of a prophet to foretell the utter failure of that mission, which, we are just informed, is being organised in London for the purpose of following up the blow that has been struck in Italy against the temporal power of the Pope, by an attack on his spiritual prerogatives, and on that true faith of Christ, whereof he is the constituted guardian.

We trust, dearly beloved brethren, that the reasons, which we have here adduced, will justify us to you in banishing from our minds those gloomy anticipations of the future of Italy, and of the temporal power of the Pope, in which some are too prone to indulge; and in rejoicing rather in the well-grounded hope of a future, whereof the coming is not far distant—a future glorious for the spiritual and temporal power of our beloved Father and Pontiff, Pius IX.

We cannot conclude, dearly beloved brethren, without offering you a word of advice, which, we know, you will receive in good part. Whilst you excrete as it deserves the devastation of Italy; and whilst you fearlessly express your opinion of those who would abuse their authority for the purpose of fostering that spirit; be very careful not to imitate the evil which you condemn. Guard yourselves cautiously against everything which might fairly expose you to the imputation of lawlessness in what you say or what you do. Any, who would recommend another course to you—no matter who they may be, or what may be their intentions—are in reality the enemies of your temporal as well as your spiritual welfare. Therefore heed them not: but continue to exhibit that due respect for the laws as well as for the authorities under whom God has placed you, which has hitherto marked your conduct; and in which it is your strict duty and true interest to persevere.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.  
 † JOSEPH DIXON,  
 Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland.  
 Irish College, Rome, 14th Dec., 1860.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS FROM THE SHANTONAGH SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the Dundalk Democrat.

Dear Sir.—The latest news in reference to this workshop of soup-iniquity is, that there are only three Catholic families attending, that Mr. Fitz, its worthy teacher, in forcing himself by main strength on the presence of Father McCluskey on a recent occasion of a meeting of the people of a neighboring townland, under his spiritual jurisdiction, the people, to prevent their respected pastor from the attempted violence of the fellow, were obliged to throw him out of the door—and more power to them, say I for their so doing; and that Fitz and his soup confederates, Felix Briggs, 'Patric' McCabe, James Maron, &c. have been endeavoring to circulate a report that the Rev. Mr. Brennan, P. P. of Aughnamullen West, sanctions the school! With regard to the first item of this intelligence, the Catholic families who attend the school, are those of 'Patric' McCabe and James Maron aforesaid, and Peter, alias 'Nimrod' McKenna, the illiterate sailor of Ballytrain, who, instead of his roofless wigwam in that village, has got a new house—built by the soup captain—to live in, and on account of this change of residence is a recent importation into Father McCluskey's parish. But for this, there would not be a single individual from that parish attending that school Father McCluskey—all honor to him for his noble exertions in the good cause! He has gained a complete signal, and let us hope final, triumph over the iniquity as regards his parishioners. With regard to the third item of the news Father Brennan, so far from his sanctioning the iniquity, is highly indignant at the slander on his name involved in the report and in a recent letter to Father McCluskey on the subject (which I have heard the contents of), stigmatises such report as a 'vilifying of his character' (these are his words), and says that he has gone in person, and will go again, among those of his parishioners neighboring Shantonagh to warn them not to send their children that (as he very properly designates it) 'iniquitous school.' The Rev. Dr. McMahon, of Carrickmacross, also has taken the same steps in regard to his parishioners. I would not be surprised if Fitz and his soup friends would strive to

get up a report that this Rev. gentleman also sanctions the iniquity. There are three non-Catholic families who contribute their quota to the nuisance, those of Mr. W. Baily, postmaster, and his brother-in-law, James Wiley, with one Alick Donaldson, a real no-surrender true-blue. The two first mentioned of these gentlemen—before the war began—expressed themselves altogether dissatisfied with the school, on account of, as they said, the very indifferent way their children were 'coming on' (and, indeed, the progress they were making), and were very loud in their threats to remove their children to another school; but the 'stir' consequent on the dismissal of Miss McGuinness opened their eyes, it would seem to the various professional merits in Mr. Fitz which they could not discover before; he is now the 'white-headed boy' with them. As to Mr. John Clegg, though as staunch a Protestant as the Irish Establishment can boast, his son having been, previous to the war, three months under the tuition of a well-qualified teacher, and being, therefore, removed beyond Mr. Fitz's meagre stock of information, he is not only obliged to keep away from the school—not but his 'mum' would be desirous for him to go where he would be 'taught the Bible.' The fact is, Mr. Clegg's literary tastes (albeit a most devoted disciple of Exeter Hall school) rise superior to the sending of his son for instruction to a schoolmaster who can't spell. Be all this as it may, the Shantonagh school is done at any rate, that's a fact. The Head Inspector visited it the other day (I think in consequence of a letter to the Board that is on the tapis), and found—the school closed! To triumph! and alas! for poor souper Tom, like Othello, his 'occupation's gone.—I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,  
 A. M. M'GUINNESS.  
 Castleblayney, 18th December, 1860.

THE MISSIONERS FROM CONNAUGHT.

REPLY OF THE VERY REV. MR. M'NAMUS, P. P.  
 (From the Munster News.)

The following reply of the Very Rev. Mr. M'Namus to our Rev. Correspondents of the ambulatory and residential order of the superfluous biblical propagandists who adorned our columns, will be read, we are sure, with the deepest diligence by both the brethren, and with that good effect, let us hope, by which candour is stimulated, and docility in the correction of the multiplication table, *super-inducted*. The voluntary addition to greater accuracy, manifested by one of the reverend gentlemen, encourages a belief in his further improvement as an enumerator of young conscripts in Connaught, and we do not altogether forego the expectation—after the lesson which the Very Rev. Mr. M'Namus takes, at the same time, the trouble to write for the good of the other brother; that he will not prove inflexibly stiff-necked, or stick to his system of making things pleasant by the practice of counting twice two as fifty. Our conjecture, we find, as to the process by which congregations are "constituted" in Connaught, was not wide of the mark; for we have the authority of the respected writer of this letter, that the admirable auditories which were enraptured by Mr. Eade's eloquence, were got up by the managers like a corps d'armé, to fill up the parts of the several exhibitions, and be, so to speak, the satellites of the episcopal comets or missionary stars whenever they blazed or beamed down in Connaught. How the few may do duty as the large congregations, is so well etched by the Very Rev. writer of the following letter, that the Missionaries, who are now-a-days, doubtless, pressed by their patrons for favorable pictures of their saintly doings, must feel much indebted for the delineation which the Very Rev. gentleman thus offers to their regards:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUNSTER NEWS."  
 Clifden, County Galway, Dec. 18, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR.—Last Saturday's number of your patriotic journal has just come to hand. Your spirited article, headed "The State Church, &c." is a fresh claim on my lasting, respectful gratitude. I much regret that this communication cannot reach you in time for Wednesday's issue.

Before I notice the two letters bearing respectively the signatures "Augustus Coghlan," and "Henry Eade," I beg to offer my sincere thanks, and the warm acknowledgments of my faithful parishioners to you, and to the other noble hearted gentlemen of your city for your kindness in making us acquainted with the recent Soup exhibitions in the "Protestant Hall" of Limerick. To detect and expose shameless falsehood is a work alike honorable to the able journalist, and beneficial to society.

Now, with regard to Rev. Mr. Coghlan's denial, I have to say that the *Limerick Chronicle* did report him to have read at the November meeting of the Protestant Mission Society, held last year in the Protestant Hall, a letter from the Protestant curate of Clifden, in which it was stated "there were then 900 children in the Clifden Protestant Schools, and that twenty-five adults had left the church of Rome in Connaught the month previous. Poor Richard Rudd was the anonymous correspondent, and it would appear he was ashamed to put his name to the falsehood. Some friend sent me the number of the *Limerick Chronicle* that reported the proceedings of the meeting referred to above. Not one word was then said about "passing 600 children through" the soup schools. No doubt, the recollection of a statement made a short year ago, may have leaked through the creature comforts so abundant in Nanturan Glebe, Askeaton. However, the sanctimonious simplicity of Augustus, the rev. owner of the lofty generic name of some of the purple sycarite of old, ought either to be content with his share of the good things of the establishment, or should remember that there is a certain class in society to whom a long or at least an accurate memory is necessary.

I pray you and your readers to look closely to the letter of this Rev. gentleman, whose meek composure must have been painfully disturbed by the sudden jerk with which he reiterates the assertion, that "during the last 11 years 600 children *died* *passing through the schools*." Aye, there it is: the blind horses in the Mill may be multiplied by the number of evolutions. Just so to the letter, have a small number of needy, reckless, idle schemers and adventurers, attracted by the bread of idleness, been swelled into fabulous figures by the crafty manipulations of this soup system. It is a notorious fact—every human being throughout the length and breadth of Connaught knows it, that whenever a stranger of respectability arrived in Clifden, more particularly when the wealthy fanatics, male or female, from England had come, messengers were dispatched to whip in from all quarters, the soupers of all ages, to make a show before the bungled visitor. The floating capital was frequently transferred *even* *on the same day* and exhibited at various points; and thus a congregation or a numerous school attendance was marked down for each and every one of those localities. A grosser swindle than the soup system can hardly be imagined but it brought the managers heaps of money.

The Catholic clergy, and people, cognizant of all this humbug and falsehood, frequently challenged the saintly heads of the "Mission to Roman Catholics," to give the names and places of residence of those vast numbers, whose conversion from Popery turned Connaught into a land of Goshen. But those "witnesses" were so modest that they would not tell the world the amount of real work they had done.—They could not be brought to the only test of the truth of these statistics. The Catholic clergy know its importance, and the Soupers know how fatally it would spoil the game of the babes of grace.

You were right in saying the Parish Priest of Clifden knew his flock; yes, my Rev. colleagues, and myself know our people, not only by name but intimately. We are always moving amongst them. We know the creeks, and glens, and islands, as well as we know every spot in the open agreeable positions of the parish: in one or two words, we know

our people, and they know us. More than this: we know the few seeking jumpers too, whether they be of Connaught, or of the ignorant squads of readers, tract-distributors, bill-stickers, or expounders of "the Word," that have been lured into this district by the lure of lucre. Furthermore, we also know, in general, the antecedents of the imported motley crew, from the apostate priest who was tried by a grand jury for an imputed offence, to the meanest official in the soup board. Hence, we fearlessly challenged those expounders of yellow meal religion to tell us all about their alleged numberless proselytes. No answer but tales of silly or lying generalities, has yet been given to this invitation to a profitable inquiry.

If Mr. Eade's letter be read by the light which the closing words of the letter which the imperial Augustus condescended to write inadvertently or designally let in on the soup propagandism, it will not be difficult to meet its statements. I can easily believe the missionary secretary, like the nimble manager of certain shows, exhibited his diagrams, and pulled the wires with becoming act at the supper show in the "Protestant Hall." Mr. Eade begins his contradiction of my former letters by exhibiting his logical acumen. My letter bears the misprinted date, November 28th, whereupon it was not written on Sunday the 25th, and therefore the Rev. truth-teller infers I told a lie by saying I wrote, as I did *de facto* write, the letter late on Sunday night. He again rushes to the old resource of vague generalities and false statement. Roundstone is stated to be in the parish of Clifden, whilst it is in reality the principal place—a town, in an adjoining parish—the parish of Roundstone. The same is true with regard to Moyrus; the parish of Roundstone intervenes between the parishes of Clifden and Moyrus. Yet, the Rev. perambulator fancies his ignorance of Connaught ought to be believed before any open, clear statements, emanating from the most accurate knowledge of places and persons.

Again, he says he was in Clifden that same Sunday on which he argues my letter was not written, and therefore he concludes the statement of that *unwritten* letter must be false! But he preached twice that Sunday in the Clifden Church; the flock at each sermon was between 200 and 300! This is a downright myth. Where did the "between 200 and 300 come from?" There are only ten habitations of Church-goers in the town and immediate vicinity—including the Parsons, his brothers and sisters, the Sub-Inspectors of Police, the Coast Guard Inspectors, and that of the Police: yet, from those ten houses between two and three hundred crowded to hear Mr. Eade preaching! Streamstown had its service and flock, he says, on that Sunday. It is only two miles from Clifden, yet there were between two and three hundred at each sermon of Mr. Eade, though Streamstown, the nearest congregation, did not send one to constitute the large auditory at Clifden; for our letter-writer says, they had a service for themselves at Streamstown on that day.—And at all the other places named by Mr. Eade there were sermon and service in each and every one of them, and therefore not one from any of the indicated localities increased the "ordinary congregation" of between two and three hundred, who were enlightened by Mr. Eade's two sermons on that Sunday the 25th of November! Well, if this be not romancing I don't know what is. Here are the eleven houses from which the ordinary congregation, as every one knows, of "between two and three hundred" came.—The Rev. Mr. D'Arcy's, (no family); Mr. James Darcy's (wife and himself); Mrs. Livingston's (no family); Doctor Sullivan's; Mr. Friar's; Mr. Keary's, J. P.; Captain McKellop's, of Coast Guard; Miss Thomas's, Post Mistress, (no family); Mrs. Mitchell's, (no family); Paddy Beatty's, the only jumper known, (wife and two children); three policemen; a jumper boys school counting ten, and a soup orphanage containing 23 little girls—*these and these only* are the sources from which Mr. Eade's Clifden "ordinary congregation of between two and three hundred" come! Good gracious, who can believe the miserable twaddle of such persons? Only one jumper in all town of Clifden, and yet his (Mr. Eade's) assembly, "constituted mostly of proselytes!"

Mr. Eade closes his letter with one more fact—the 2nd of October last, he says, there were 600 worshippers, most of these proselytes; and 201 were confirmed; out of the same 201 so confirmed "167 were converts from the Church of Rome"—only 167 converts from the Church of Rome! Well, is it come to this with them,—that they are forced to abandon their "hundreds" and their "thousands brought from darkness to light." A short time ago we were honored with a visit from Mr. De Vere, nephew of Lord Montague. Like a genuine pious Catholic, his first object was to make out the priests, and visit the convent and our parish church. He told us that he himself had been repeatedly assured there were at least over sixteen thousand converts in Connaught! But the Secretary to the Irish Church Missions sets that matter at rest for some time; 600 worshippers, most of whom were proselytes; "201 confirmed;" and of the 201, "167 were converts from the Church of Rome!" Thanks to the triumphant force of truth, powerfully aided by the noble, generous, liberal Press—that encouraged our humble but persevering efforts to expose the knavery and enormous lies of those itinerant marauding hypocrites who belied the fair fame of the faithful people of Connaught, and have exhibited the creed of respectable Protestant in the most disgusting phase of materialism.

But I am not going to admit the truth of Mr. Eade's closing comports fact. When Bishop Plunkett was to come, there was not a Souper from Galway to Westport that was not swept into Clifden to meet their holy bishop, whose blessed pastoral staff was reported to have been turned into a sharp-spiked pole to accelerate the movements of the evicted widows and orphans off his Partry estate. Be that as it may, one thing is certain and well known too, that on the aforesaid 2nd of October, those angels of the new light could not scrape together, from all quarters, a motley muster of two hundred children; and adults were offered large sums of money and clothes if they but lent themselves for the day to meet the Bishop, who was to bring heaps of wealth with him for all who would come before him on that day. For he was a rich Bishop.

As this letter is already gone beyond all reasonable limits I must close by saying that there are many other facts and doings of Souperdom which I wish to bring under your notice.—I am, my dear Sir, faithfully yours,  
 PATRICK M'NAMUS, P. P., Clifden.

IRISH PROGRESS.—The *Times* has the following on the subject; its recognition of the morality of the people is valuable, and should serve as a hint to the "Swaddlers" to leave Popish Ireland in peace:—

"There are few who appreciate the advances made by the sister island during the 20 years which have just elapsed. People are aware that Ireland has improved, but they are hardly prepared to find that from an abyss of misery she is now in prosperity equal, if not superior, to a great part of England. An Irish paper has just published some statistics on this subject which are worth consideration, as showing that the progress is beyond what the most sanguine might have calculated. It reminds us that in the five years succeeding 1840 the number of paupers in Ireland was a third of the population, while in 1858-9 it was only a 32d part. Since 1830 2,000,000 acres of land out of 3,500,000 capable of being reclaimed have been brought under cultivation. The revenue has risen from £4,000,000 to £7,000,000. The tonnage of Irish shipping has increased since 1833 from 333,770 to 786,000. The wages of agricultural laborers, which averaged half-a-crown a week, are now 7s. a week. A quarter of a century ago the catalogue of crime was frightful; in 1860 there were only five convictions for homicide, and the Judges everywhere congratulated the Grand

Juries on the general tranquillity. In this prosperity there does not seem likely to be any change. Property is now on a sure basis. If there are fewer or proprietors with a nominally enormous rent-roll, at least those who remain, or who have come into existence within the last fifteen years, are the real possessors of the land which they call their own. Comfort and well-being have put an end to political agitation, and this quiet in return allows men to devote themselves to their private affairs. If Europe remains at peace, and the resources of the United Kingdom are not strained by warlike preparations, another ten years will probably place Ireland quite on a level with Great Britain. We may certainly hope for Italy and Hungary, for the oppressed Christian of the east, and even for the unhappy Negro, when we witness this wonderful regeneration. It seems but yesterday that men were discussing the gloomy future of the Irish race, and bitterly calling to mind the saying that the only remedy for the evils of Ireland would be to sink it in the Atlantic for twenty-four hours. Now Ireland is becoming as peaceful and prosperous as Scotland. In fact, the course of the two nationalities has been not dissimilar. For fifty years after the Union 1707 Scotland was as disaffected and turbulent as Ireland has been in our own times, and the antipathy of Englishmen to their fellow-subjects North of the Tweed was far more intense than any which has existed between Saxon and Celt. Yet time has obliterated every prejudice, and left only a healthy rivalry. Such a change we may predict will take place in regard to Ireland, and those who survive to the close of the century will be scarcely able to persuade their grandchildren that in the early days of Queen Victoria an Englishman in Connaught was looked upon as a foreigner, while the Celtic immigrant into this island was generally the object of suspicion and dislike.

RESULTS ALREADY.—The Irish people are now in possession of good evidence to prove to them that the National Petition movement is "a step in the right direction." The manner in which it has been treated by the English Press is a satisfactory demonstration of the fact. Most of those journals have waxed frantic on the subject, and indulged themselves in a perfect riot of abusive language. Many, in the bitterness of their reaction, have written down into the obscene slang of the lowest stratum of society; others have striven to be decent and to treat the matter in a jocular vein. The only journal which has permitted itself to look calmly at the case and to speak candidly of it, has admitted that in the matter of fair reasoning, of moral right, we have turned the flank of the English position, and won the victory. Henceforth, we are given to understand, England's title to keep this country in subjection is to be the naked sword. All the old claims, such as they were, which stretched their crooked roots through a troubled history of seven hundred years, are at once abandoned, cut off at a stroke, and actually existing force is now the only bond of connection to be relied on. Any one who reads the article of the *Times*, to which we refer, will see that the case is thus stated; Ireland has a right to assert her independence as soon as she can; and England has a right to prevent the occurrence as long as she is able. The question is to be one of the strong hand, and might is to make right. It is something to have extracted this plain confession from the leading journal of England. Next to a declaration that the claims of Ireland were in themselves just, and that her right should be conceded, it is the most important statement that could be given to us. It clears the Irish question for the future of many complications; it brushes away a number of dusty cobwebs, in which weak minds might get entangled. We base our remarks not altogether upon an article of the *Times*. We should pay little attention to a column full of sentences, their only claim to be considered important consisting in their appearances as a 'leader' in that journal. But we recollect that in the present case the article is perfectly in harmony with the tone of English opinion; we see in it a faithful reflection of principle avowed and acted on by the English Government, and viewing it in connection with these facts, we recognize, we admit, and we proclaim its significance. We have no desire to over-rate what has been gained for the cause of Ireland, but neither shall we under-rate the fact that on the merits of our case we have got a verdict against England, even from an English jury, and that we are now simply defied to avail ourselves of it. It is admitted that we have made good our claim to certain property; at the same time we are told that if we attempt to take possession of it, we should do so at the peril of our necks. Very well. That, at all events, is plain speaking; it brings the entire case within the grasp of every comprehension—puts it, as the saying goes, into a nut-shell; and it is well that the parties should so completely understand one another. We grant that we are not in a position to appeal to the argument of force to which England invites us. She is to-day a great power. Her fleet has not been defeated, her army has not been routed, her funds have not collapsed. The argument stands in her favor at present. But we believe, nevertheless, that much good is yet to be had by us from the sort of demonstration which we are now engaged in making. Its use is not yet exhausted, its force has not reached its culminating point. We must go on with the signing of our demand for native rule. Based as that demand is on strict justice, enforced as it is on English attention by England's own arguments, urged as it is with all Europe looking on, it possesses a power which will certainly win for us important results in addition to those already gained. Speed the good work then, you patriots of Ireland; carry it even to the most remote localities; search every nook and corner of the land wherever a man is to be found willing to join in this important national act. Your labour for your native land will not be expended in vain.—*Nation*.

THE CLADDAGH FISHERMEN.—The condition of this primitive and peaceable race is at this moment so deplorable as to demand the aid and sympathy of the public as well as of the Government. These men have stood aloof and apart from intermixture with their fellows for centuries. They belonged, from generation to generation, to the great deep. Their habits were as simple as their lives were innocent. To them the teeming waters around Galway Bay were the richest and most remunerative of diggings.—They provided themselves amply with the good things of life, and equally the ichthyophagists around their piscatory labors. In the revolutions of Europe, and the rise and fall of dynasties they took neither part nor interest. There was neither marrying nor giving in marriage outside their present limits. They fished, ate, and died, within a circumscribed circle of usefulness and simplicity. They knew nothing of "progress" until with them it became progress from bad to worse, and at last they found themselves isolated, behind the course of events stopping the way, and gradually being submerged in the depths of pauperism. Shall we stop here to inquire into the causes of this unhappy catastrophe? It would require no pains to do so. But it will be easy for our present purpose to show that it arose neither from idleness or criminal folly, but solely from the result of circumstances which they had no power to hinder. One of those main causes was the gradual decadence of the supply of fish in the Galway waters, and this increasing deficiency, it is alleged, sprung from the injudicious practice of "trawling" within prohibited boundaries. By this course it is asserted that the spawn has been carried away from the grounds in myriads, and the minute fish brought into our markets and sold for manure at a mere nominal price.—The Claddagh men now reap the fruits of this destructive policy. They remain out for days and nights, and come exhausted, half-starved and without fishes to exchange for loaves for their suffering families. They return to their cabins, which they find fireless and foodless, after braving the pelting of the pitiless storm, secure their wretched boats temporarily, and then seek

the tender mercies of the workhouse for the pale creatures whom God has put under their guardianship. Is not all this melancholy? Here are willing hearts and stout hands, men of iron frames who know not what fear is, simple sailors who trust in God, and work in all winds and weathers—but there is no reward for their industry, and they have forfeited their lives in vain on the changing and treacherous waters of the ocean. The Claddagh race of fishermen, we have said, form an ancient community. Their character has been uniformly gentle and primitively pure. It would be too bad that they should be doomed to extinguishment by a death of pauperism, and after braving the battle and the breeze for generations that they should perish at last under a workhouse regime. If they had boats and gear they would earn a profitable subsistence and be a source of wealth to the community. Will the Government save them under that consideration? They would form the finest sailors in the navy in this hour of England's peril. If they are destined to die gloriously in fighting the battles of Britain, let the fate come whilst their wives and little ones are cared for by the government; but in the name of humanity, let not the brave men be made aim receivers, porridge supplicants, uniformed and imprisoned beggars, whilst they yet possess "the hearts and hands of free born men" who ramparted once the kings of old who were fathers of their country.—*Galway Vindicator*.

INDEPENDENT OPPOSITION.—The *Kilkenny Journal* is labouring hard to convince the country of the benefits to be obtained for Ireland by independent opposition, and asks cannot thirty honest men be found to carry out the policy in the British parliament. We agree with our honest contemporary in all it says on the independent policy; but it has been tried under the most favorable circumstances, and it would then be useless to rely on it again. The *Journal* asks cannot thirty honest men be found to assert the policy in the English senate? Yes, we answer, but they will not be elected. Let the *Journal* remember that the two best men of the party—Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Moore—were defeated in Louth and Kilkenny, and when two such honest men were not accepted by the people, what chance would there be of electing thirty or even a dozen such Irishmen? Let us not be speculating in this childish manner. The times are favourable for a national effort for domestic rule; and every honest man will at once take his proper place, and work for parliamentary independence.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

The rental of Ireland has, within the last 20 years risen from £10,000,000 to £15,000,000, and the revenue is nearly £3,000,000 beyond what it was a century ago. Within thirty years the tonnage of Ireland has doubled; and within 33 years the foreign imports have risen from 1,500,000 to 5,500,000.

CONTRASTS IN KILKEE.—At the rate of progression, in the construction of lodges at the West End of Kilkenny, and of actual or threatened demolition at the other end, the former is likely, before long, to compare not alone the greater number of handsome new houses, admirably situated and tastefully built; but afford the principal accommodation which will be available to sojourners and visitors. At the West End every encouragement that liberality can afford is wisely and well given by Major McDonnell; and not only in this respect is his excellence as a landlord evinced, but also in relation to his property at Faugha, to be the occupiers of which he has made arrangements in consideration of the failure of their oats crop this year. Thus, in the inland as well as by the sea shore Major McDonnell pursues the course by which he honourably acquits himself of the obligations due from justice and foresight; and, whilst he deservedly gains the good will and gratitude of the people, adds great and growing value to his estate.—He assures to himself and to his successors a tenantry who will not and an income that cannot, hereafter fail. We regret to say that, on the estate at the other side of the boundary, a different system is still adopted. We learn that possession was taken, last week, from more of the luckless tenants of that side of Kilkenny; and the belief that twenty or thirty houses more are soon to come down. We thought the crowbar was sworn to the status in the agricultural districts, but the implement of domestic ruin, and human dispersion, and misery, God knows how harrowing, seems to have been newly pointed and steered for the work of destruction in the very centre of the most industrious and enterprising community along the whole west coast of Ireland. A wholesome summer residence, Kilkenny was a cheerful spot to look upon from any of the neighbouring heights; but now, with additions to the unsightly blanks and breaks which we saw last season in the heart of the town, we doubt if visitors will enter it without feelings of reluctance, or contemplate that action which is a scene of the workings of the Irish Tenantry Oath, without a revulsion of feeling, and something like an anathema upon the work.

The quantity of snow which fell over this portion of Ireland on the evening and night of Thursday last remains frozen on the ground. Aggravating as the increased cold does, the sufferings of the working class still they draw favourable expectations from the advent of the old sort of weather, and believe that when the frost disappears, fertility without precedent for many years will fill the earth with healthful productivity.—*Limerick paper*.

On Wednesday morning, about half-past four o'clock, a fire broke out in a cattle house in the farm yard of Sir William Somerville, Bart., at Somerville, county Meath. The fire was discovered by the man who takes charge of the yard, who alarmed Mr. Keilor the steward, who had the farm bell tolled to cause an alarm. The building which took fire was connected with a square of offices, and were it not for the exertions of the steward and those who assisted him in cutting off the connection, an immense amount of property would have been destroyed. The fire was confined to the cattle house. One cow was burned. The damage was between £60 and £100.

THE MURDER OF ALDERMAN SHEEHY.—Our Clare Correspondent writes as follows:—"Thomas Flannery, who was in custody, charged with having been concerned in the murder of Mr. Sheehy, was admitted to bail on the 24th inst., by Mr. O'Hara, R. M."

AWFULLY SUDDEN DEATH AT RAHEEN, NEAR LOUGHREA.—It is with deep regret that we announce the sudden demise of Mr. Benjamin Taylor, yesterday, at his residence, Raheen. Mr. Taylor was at dinner with his family, when, it is said, he was suddenly attacked with apoplexy. Dr. Lynch was immediately sent for, and proceeded to Raheen with the greatest speed, but ere he arrived the vital spark had fled. Mr. Taylor was a useful and practical man, and as poor law guardian he was the friend of the destitute. He was under agent to the Earl of Clancarty on his lordship's Loughrea property for many years, and not only did he discharge his duty creditably towards his employers, but he was deservedly esteemed by the tenantry.—*Western Star*.

AN AWFUL DEATH.—As a young man named Robt. Freeman, a porter in the employment of the Great Southern and Western Railway company, at Monasterevan, was proceeding on Tuesday night, along the line to his father's house, at Tihogher, when about midway between Monasterevan and Portlinton, he was overtaken by a night luggage train, and his brains scattered for ten or twelve yards along the line. His two legs were cut off, and when he was found by one of the milesmen next morning, he presented a shocking spectacle, as from the position in which his body was found it is supposed that other trains must have passed over him during the night. An inquest was held on Thursday, when a verdict of accidental death was returned.—*Leinster Express*.