

pagate His Faith from those which human wisdom would suggest. Instead of choosing an Apostle for the Irish from the great, and noble, and learned, He sought out the slave and captive in a foreign land.—God rescued him, and told him he should free the people from worse than Egyptian bondage, and made them free with the liberty wherewith Christ had freed them. He took the poor, despised, and abject one from his solitude to prepare him for the great work for which he had destined him. And wonderful indeed was the result of his labors. Not only were converts made, but Priests, Bishops, and Religious formed out of these rude converts. But how was this effected; is there not some key to this? How did St. Patrick go forth? Not certainly by his sole inspiration, for had he done so he would have produced a Babel of confusion, a multitude of sects would have sprung up from his unauthorised teaching. No; he went to the feet of the Holy Pontiff, who consecrated the inspiration he had received from God.—He was there examined, tried, and probed before he was sent on his mission, and thus did he receive the power to establish the sole religion then professed in the world—the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Faith. This was the secret of his success—his mission from the Vicar of Christ on earth. After shortly alluding to St. Patrick's labors, trials, and triumphs, his Eminence continued—Every Apostle has some particular sign which distinguishes him, and places a mark on his work. The peculiarity of St. Patrick's teaching was the permanence of the Faith; the stability with which he rooted Catholicity in the land, is still visible in Catholic Ireland, for no efforts have been able to uproot it. He called upon them to look back with gratitude to God for the firmness of the Faith in the land, especially at this time, when so many efforts are being made to shake it from its high position. Racks, chains, and prisons, had been as ineffectual as they had been in the early Church to crush the Christians. But now the policy of the apostate Julian was being tried. Shutting up the schools of the Catholics, and so having the instruction of their little ones in the hands of the Church's enemies. This was what they were doing, and it was the most perfect device of the Evil One. They will not bring your Primate, as they did the holy Plunkett, to the block. Violence is not now their weapon; but by the deepest art and most wicked cunning they seek to draw you from the Faith. But, thanks be to God, their schemes are discovered; they have aroused the spirit of St. Patrick; his Clergy are coming to the rescue, and will baffle and bring to nought the machinations of the enemy. Incredible, indeed, were the means employed to delude and mislead. His eminence here related that he had but yesterday heard from a trustworthy person that in a sermon lately delivered, St. Patrick was declared to be a Protestant? (This announcement was received with a murmur of mingled laughter and indignation by the Irish present.) Be assured, continued the Archbishop, there is no art, no fallacy,—nay, no untruth they will not stoop to against you and your children. He exhorted them for the love they bore to St. Patrick, their Faith, and their country, to beware of those wolves who were seeking their destruction, and to beware how they gave way to the suggestions of their enemies, or St. Patrick would not recognise them as his children on the last day. He hoped before long that the humble chapel they then worshipped under, and which was peculiarly the chapel of the poor, would, by the zealous exertions of their Pastors, be exchanged for a large and noble church, worthy of their great Patron, and exhorted those present, whether connected with the chapel or not, to give liberally of their means for the important object of that day—the support and maintenance of St. Patrick's Chapel.

We may here mention that a sum of upwards of £4,000 has been collected for the purchase of the present chapel and adjacent buildings, but this sum is scarcely half what will be required, and the time is fast approaching when the purchase must (if ever) be effected.

The collection was then made, and amounted to something under £50. After Mass a procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place, and the Most Holy was exposed all day till the evening, when the Retreat was solemnly closed with a sermon, the Papal blessing, profession of Faith, and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. As the Cardinal left the chapel he was greeted with the hearty cheers of thousands of his faithful Irish subjects.

His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, accompanied by the Very Rev. P. Reynolds, President of St. Jarlath's College, was engaged during the week in attending the conferences of the several deaneries in the diocese.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND.—The Secretaries of the Catholic University of Ireland desire to acknowledge having received, through his Grace the Lord Primate, £200 from Anonymous. The Secretaries desire also to acknowledge the sum of £20, collected at SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Rosamond-street, London, per Rev. J. Kyne, five pounds of which sum is the contribution of Mr. Sheriff Swift.

THE COLLEGE OF ALL HALLOWS.—The Rev. Luke Hand, brother of the rev. founder of All Hallows, and the Rev. Charles Quinn, left this establishment last week for the diocese of Sydney, Australia. They were accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, of Maynooth College, and the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, of the College of Carlow.

RECEPTION OF A NUN.—Miss Ellen Killian, eldest daughter of our highly esteemed fellow-citizen, Nicholas Killian, Esq., received the white veil among the Sisters of the Ursuline Convent in Sligo, on Monday the 15th instant. The ceremony of reception was performed by the Right Rev. Dr. Browne,

Bishop of Elphin, assisted by several of his Lordship's Clergy. The young lady, after having been handed over by her immediate relatives to the rev. mother, was conducted, in procession, to the foot of the altar, where, after a most impressive address from the bishop, she was invested with the veil of the noviciate, and was admitted to her place among the novices, after having received the most welcome and fervent embraces and congratulations of the entire sisterhood.—*Galway Vindicator.*

The appointment of the successor of the Rev. Mr. Harrington is thus mentioned in the *Kerry Examiner*—"We have much pleasure in announcing the appointment of the Rev. George O'Sullivan, P.P. Camp, to be parish priest of Killorglin, vice the Rev. Timothy Harrington, P.P., deceased. The parish of Camp is annexed to Annescaul, and the very worthy parish priest of the latter, the Rev. William Brick, is appointed to the special charge of the united parishes."

Died, on Friday morning, after a lingering illness, the Rev. Michael Tobin, P.P., Caher. To say that his death is a source of deep regret, is but to convey an inadequate idea of the poignant feelings experienced by all who had the gratification to be ranked amongst his friends. As a priest he was beloved and revered by a highly respectable congregation; as a private gentleman his hospitality and benevolence often outstripped his means, for his warm and generous heart was open as day to melting charity; as a patriot he loved poor Ireland with an affection as ardent as it was unbounded, need we then add that his irreparable loss will be deeply mourned as long as truth, honor, and virtue shall be revered.—*Requiescat in pace. Tipperary Free Press.*

DEATH OF THE REV. TIMOTHY HARRINGTON, P.P. KILLORGLIN.—The *Munster News* says—"We regret to announce the premature death of the amiable, excellent and estimable young clergyman, to whom the spiritual charge of the important parish abovementioned had been entrusted by the Lord Bishop of Kerry; and by whom the duties had been discharged with zeal and efficiency up to the period when debilitated health rendered his retirement to his own house an essential expedient. The grave never closed, so far as we know, above a clergyman, or man, whose life was more sinless; and the mourning that follows when relatives and friends see one of their circle removed from among them, even though by the progress of graduated decay, must be alleviated by the assured conviction of the eternal happiness that purity and holiness like his had deserved. The Rev. Mr. Harrington breathed his last in Castletown, Berehaven, in the house of his mother—and the tribute of respect that Catholic clergymen pay to their brethren who have labored well was certainly not diminished because the affliction has visited a matron so exemplary and charitable."

CONFIRMATION.—The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster administered Confirmation at St. Mary and St. Michael's, Virginia-street, London, on Sunday last to the very large number of 480 persons.

CONVERSION.—We learn from the *Leeds Mercury* that the Rev. J. Watson, M.A., of Long Wharton, Leicestershire, was received into the Catholic Church on Sunday last, at Rugby, by the Rev. Moses Furlong, Catholic priest. The rev. convert is brother-in-law to the Rev. Mr. Barff, formerly curate of Holy Trinity Church, Hull, whose secession about a year since will be in the recollection of our readers. Mr. Barff is now residing at Preston, in Lancashire.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

The following eloquent and truthful description of the services and mission of that inestimable organisation was delivered last week by the Rev. Dr. O'Brien, at Limerick:—

"You know the Sisters of Mercy well. You have met them on their rough road of daily toil—many of you have heard their soft accents of sympathy stealing like the voice of a happy future into your troubled hearts. Not long ago, they sat in the sanctuary by your side; and you remember what a treasure of young affection they spread before the eye of Jesus, as they made Him the offspring of their innocent souls. They had happy homes and friends; and parents, who loved them, and who saw with an excusable throbbing of parent pride the mature virtues that brightened their early womanhood. With what anxiety they watched them, and how many radiant hopes affection wove around their destiny! To save them from the drudgery of fortuneless toil, and from the humiliation of unresisting poverty, how many plans were conceived and laboriously matured and successfully accomplished!—How many nights of thought and days of exertion, vexatious encounters, disappointments!—but the parent forgets them all, as his child presented herself happy, hopeful, innocent, and good. And, yet, behold them now. From early dawn till night, and after laboring on, stooping over the bed of wretchedness—breathing the hot air of contagion—piercing the dungeon-darkness of the cellar—ascending the tottering stairway to the garret—exhorting the obtuse—soothing the despairing—weeping with the unhappy—servants, sisters, and saviours, their lives are devoted to a mission—days, weeks, and years are unremittingly worn in sacrifice, from which the stoutest heart might well recoil, and the most vigorous spirit shrink with terror. To enable them to perform these miracles of self-subjugation, to light the fire of this sacrifice, they invoke you by the law of love. They ask nothing, and they need nothing for themselves. The coarse garment and the frugal meal they have brought from their father's and mother's hearth—the love that circled them in infancy and offered them willingly to Jesus still follows them on their pilgrimage, and stands by them in their humble cell. Refusing recompense for toil—declining even aid to sustain her in her exertion—the courageous Virgin of the Gospel seeks at your hands only the unpaid stewardship that lays the alms of Christian love by the bed of hopeless destitution. There she stands ready for work. Scattered through your lanes and alleys, and stretched on their hard couches of straw, the agonies of hunger and

the hopelessness of guilt await her coming. At the door of refuge the fair and pure inheritor of indigence weeps for the protection of a home. Thousands of your little ones—the fashioners of the society in which your children and even yourselves are yet destined to move—the scourges or hopes—the harlots and vagabonds, or the intelligent domestics and instructors of the future, cry for an education. There is the angel of God—praying without reward, hope, or even acknowledgment, to be allowed the privilege of encountering the darkest evils that threaten yourselves. Oh, dear brethren, who can doubt, deny, or hesitate to bid the gentle missionary, 'God speed!' We have been gripped by a mighty power, and our resources have been wrung out by an injustice or a vengeance which the world had hardly ever confronted. Plague, pestilence, and mistaken power, have buried and banished the health and honor of our creed and race, until we are written like a proverb in the mind of the nations. We are stricken with dismay and confusion, that inspire exertion, or create flight, where they have not spread despair; but if the day ever arrive when the meek exponent of the Church's spirit, and the minister of the love of Jesus Christ, shall vainly call for sympathy and aid for the dying, unprotected, and innocent—our sternest fate shall have obtained the mastery. We shall have been, indeed, extirpated or accursed."

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.—The following beautiful tribute was paid to the memory of our late beloved Archbishop by the Rev. Doctor O'Connell, when making allusion to St. Patrick and the episcopacy of Ireland, in a sermon, delivered on Wednesday in the Church of Adam and Eve:—"He was about to stand within the pavilion of the temple, to offer the mystic sacrifice of the lamb, when the Angel of Death brought the last summons, announcing—'Thy eyes shall see the king in his beauty in a far off land;' and he closed them to this world—to a long path of many years—up weary mountains, and through broken ways, full of perils, and full of thickening toils. In the twinkling of an eye all is changed. About his departed spirit, and before it, is the 'vision of beauty,' too intense for thought! Armies of martyrs—companies of prophets—the majesty of patriarchs—the glory of the apostles, each revealing the warfare of faith, the triumph of the church, and the power of the cross now throng upon his blessed spirit. Oh! healing and kindly death of God's saints, which refines mortal flesh to a spiritual body, and makes the lower nature chime with the eternal will, in faultless harmony! Blessed death, which is but the beginning of life, when the unimpeded soul puts forth new-born powers, as a tree in a goodly soil invited by a gentle sky! Even such was the death of the late venerable beloved Archbishop. The growth of his piety resembled the growth of the oak. It was as solid as it was gradual, and as far as the branches spread upwards in benevolence and zeal, so far the roots shot down in humility and faith. Of those who knew him best, one was heard to say that every day seemed to ripen him for the garner of heaven. His long day had no evening—no protracted, cold, shadowy twilight. His sun never descended. It arose full orbit into the eternal sky. His intellect was all vigor—his heart was all tenderness—his graces were all beauty, as he passed away to the 'far off land.' There was but a moment between his shining here and his shining there, when the 'just shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their father.'—*Freeman.*

THE REV. MR. STRICKLAND IN TUAM.—In these days when penal enactments are revived, and English gold is flowing into the country—not to amend the effects of English misrule, but to enlist the emissaries of Exeter Hall, in an unholy and abortive crusade against the faith of our people, to set a premium on apostasy, and bribe reckless and mercenary men to the utterance of blasphemies against our common Christianity, and the dissemination of oft-refuted calumnies against the practices and doctrines of the Catholic Church—it is cheering to mark the religious convictions of the people, rising superior to these base allurements, and the love of Catholicity in their hearts, to borrow the beautiful image of Goldsmith, "Like some flower that, only when trodden upon, yields the full store of its hidden fragrance." The visit of the Rev. Mr. Strickland to Tuam, during the past week, gives occasion to these remarks. This clergyman has been engaged for some years upon the mission in Southern India, and has returned to Europe for a few months, in order to raise sufficient funds to enable the missionaries to extend their labors among the Hindoo and Mussulman population of that country. The Rev. gentleman preached at the Tuam Cathedral on Sunday last. The appearance of the rev. missionary—the flowing beard which, owing to the custom of the country in which his mission is cast, he is obliged to wear, and his cheeks embrowned by the fervor of the tropical sun—was peculiar and prepossessing. Having read the gospel of the day, the rev. gentleman proceeded to address the congregation in a strain of pulpit oratory, which for purity of style we have seldom heard surpassed, occasionally rising, when fully warmed with his subject, into fervid eloquence. He first remarked upon the appearance, so extraordinary in their eyes for a Catholic Clergyman, which he was obliged to present, in obedience to the habits of the East. He then proceeded to sketch the career of the apostate, his miserable lot here, his dreadful punishment hereafter. This portion of the rev. gentleman's discourse created the most marked sensation on the congregation that thronged the aisle of the chapel. He next passed to the immediate subject of his mission, gave a rapid but succinct account of the history of the Indian mission—the terrible privations to which the missionaries were subjected. How many of them, reared in luxury and surrounded by worldly comforts, have relinquished all these, and filled with holy zeal which the Catholic Church alone can call forth, with a moral heroism, before which the triumphs of military glory grow pale, have faced contagion and privation, and for no earthly reward have enlisted beneath the banner of the cross, to spread the torch of Christianity through heathen lands. He made some touching allusions to the Irish soldiers in the Indian service, and observed how mysteriously God's providence worked. How many a thoughtless and reckless youth had left his home, and being sent to join the Indian army, had, under the chastening influences of absence from his native land, and religious feelings, become an example to those among whom he was cast—and how often the missionaries were beholden for aid and support to those poor Irish soldiers. The rev. gentleman concluded his discourse by asking their most trifling contributions to aid his holy labor. It gives us much pleasure to say that the appeal made

by the rev. gentleman was responded to more munificently than he could have expected, considering the depressed state of the country. The writer proceeds to notice the eagerness with which the poorest of that poor locality came forward to contribute their mite for the furtherance of the rev. gentleman's most benevolent object, and concludes with the following scathing observations on the fanatical absurdity of the paymasters of the proselytisers:—"And it is to convert a people wedded with such unalterable attachment to their faith like this, that rabid bigotry is suffered to let loose its skull-cracking apostles, threatening the very safety of society! And 'tis for this hopeful object that English dupes furnish the means! What mischievous madness! But it is only a new phase of that fanatical mania, which seems periodically to seize on the people of England, that at one time deifies a Johanna Southcote or a Thom, and now makes a diversion in favor of a Seymour, a Nangle, or a Dallas!"—*Correspondent of Galway Mercury.*

CATHOLIC DEFENCE ASSOCIATION.—The Parliamentary Committee met on Wednesday, March 19, at the rooms of the association, Rutland-square, Dublin, and resolved to open an account in the Hibernian Bank for a fund to assist in the return of members at the ensuing election on the principles of the association. The Hon. Thomas Preston, Mr. James O'Ferrall, Mr. Errington, Mr. Bianconi, and Mr. Wilberforce were appointed treasurers of the fund. A resolution was also passed cautioning the electors not to promise their votes prematurely to any candidate until they have ascertained whether one, of whom they can entirely approve, will offer himself.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—THE CASTLE GUARD.—The time-honored observances which a long series of years had attached to this military formula at Dublin Castle on the anniversary of the patron saint of Ireland, but which had fallen into disuse for the first time under our late centralizing and abolishing Chief Governor, were renewed on Wednesday the 17th, and the event passed off with great eclat and enthusiasm. Long before eleven o'clock the approaches to the upper gate by Cork-hill and Castle-street were crowded with people, and when the guard arrived from the Royal Barracks it was with some difficulty they made their way through the crowd. A large body of police were stationed at the gate, and admitted none but a favored few within its portals; but his Excellency having learned that a vast number of the citizens were assembled outside, anxious to witness the ceremony, issued immediate orders that the gates should be thrown open and the public admitted without any hindrance or distinction whatever. The Castle-yard was soon densely thronged, when the Lord Lieutenant, accompanied by the Countess of Eglinton, presented himself in front of the balcony. The noble pair were received with hearty and prolonged cheering, which they repeatedly acknowledged in a gracious manner, his Excellency remaining uncovered the whole time.—The band played "God Save the Queen," and then "Patrick's Day," and the cheering was continued for a considerable time. The guard having been relieved, the assembled crowds soon after dispersed in a spirit of good humor and satisfaction. We should not omit to mention that the Countess of Eglinton displayed a rich bunch of shamrocks, worn under a diamond ornament, in the front of her dress, which was splendid and tasteful, and, better than all, of Irish manufacture. His Excellency also wore a bunch of shamrocks in his bosom.—*Freeman.*

THE CORPORATION OF DUBLIN AND THE NEW LORD LIEUTENANT.—On Monday, at two o'clock, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and other members of the Corporation, waited on his Excellency at the Castle, for the purpose of tendering their congratulations to his Excellency on his arrival in this country. The Lord Lieutenant received the address in St. Patrick's Hall. The Presence Chamber was so crowded during the presentation of the address from the University, that part of the flooring gave way. Fortunately no harm was given; if there had, a rush must naturally have taken place, and loss of life would have been inevitable. It was subsequently ascertained, by a survey, that the ceiling sunk nearly four inches, and but for the support afforded by the pillars underneath, the most fearful consequences might have resulted.

VICEROYAL COURT.—On Tuesday, his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant held a levee at the Castle, which was attended by about 1,700 persons, including upwards of thirty peers, a great number of military men, and a legion of clergymen of the established church. On Wednesday night their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of Eglinton, held their first drawing-room. The attendance, as at the levee, was very numerous.—*Freeman.*

Addresses to the Lord Lieutenant were presented on Thursday by deputations from the Parent Board of Irish Manufactures, the Society for the Promotion of Irish Manufacture and Industry, and the Benevolent Society of Saint Andrews.—*Ibid.*

In reply to an address presented on Monday, the Lord Lieutenant expressed his opinion against the abolition of the vice-royalty; he would use his best endeavors to improve the state of the country.

LAW APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Edmund McCarthy has been appointed to the office of Sessional Crown Prosecutor for the city of Cork, in place of Mr. Murphy, whose resignation the Attorney-General has been pleased to accept.

THE MAGISTRACY.—On the recommendation of Lieutenant Colonel Caulfield, lieutenant of the county, Parker George Synnot, Esq., Ballymoyer, has been appointed to the commission of the peace for the county Armagh. The Lord Chancellor, on the recommendation of the lieutenant of the county, has been pleased to appoint David Harrel, Esq., of Downpatrick, a magistrate for the county of Down. J. Richardson, Esq., Poplar Vale, and H. Hawkshaw, Esq., Dromore, county Monaghan, have, on the recommendation of Lord Rossmore, lieutenant of the county, been appointed to commissions of the peace.

DEATH OF SIR JAMES ROSS MAHON, BART.—It is with inexpressible regret we have to announce the death of Sir J. Ross Mahon, which melancholy event took place within the present week in Yorkshire at the residence of his brother, the Rev. William Mahon, who succeeds to the baronetcy and estates. Sir James was a kind and indulgent landlord—a strong and leading feature in the character of an ancient family which he represented.—*Bathurst Star.*

THE RATE IN AID.—A paper has just been printed, by order of the House of Lords, in respect to the rate in aid in Ireland. The amount of rate imposed on the unions in Ireland to the 31st of December last was £322,628 7s 4d. The amount remaining unappropriated on the 31st of December to the total sum assessed in the several unions was £22,404 13s 6d.