

Mrs. Noonan again to take the porter. It was replaced by a bowl of nice sweet-whey.

CHAPTER IV.

When Norry returned from the laundry in the evening, Mrs. Noonan had good news for her.—She showed her two pounds which Richard Mannix had lent her to set up with, and she and Norry were consulting pleasantly for the rest of the evening on the best plan for setting afloat some little industry. Whatever was agreed upon it matters not now to tell, for a circumstance which occurred on the following day totally overthrew the arrangements, and left Mrs. Noonan as destitute and uncertain as before. She was sitting by her boy's bedside the next evening, expecting Norry, and wondering what kept her so late, when she heard some person in the room without, and, on going there, found the woman with whom Norry lodged.

"Is Norry here?" said she.
Mrs. Noonan told her she had not yet come.
"I wanted to hear all about this nice business they had at the well this evening," said Mrs. Barry.

"What business?" said Mrs. Noonan.
"Oh, is that all you know about it?" said Mrs. Barry. "There was as great a scolding match as was ever heard in the parish at the well this evening; poor Norry got plenty of it, by all accounts."

"Oh, Norry, oh, dear! What had she to do with it?" said Mrs. Noonan.
"Nothing as I know; only her good nature that did not like to hear one she had a regard for torn to pieces."

"That's me, I suppose," said Mrs. Noonan.—"Oh, I'm sorry poor Norry minded them." "This worse for themselves if they can't let alone a poor neighbor with the trouble on her."

"It was, then, about you it began, and Norry took your part, it seems, and I'm sure told only the honest truth; but, no matter for that: Sophy Buckley's cousin, that lives with quality above there, flew at her, and brought up to her how she had pledged her May Sunday gown; and then Norry, to be sure, told her a little of her mind; and it came to all but blows between them, as I can understand."

"Oh, dear, oh dear! oh, dear!" said Mrs. Noonan. "But is it true, I wonder, that Norry pledged her gown?"

"Wisha, I believe it is; for Norry did not deny it any how, they tell me."

Mrs. Noonan was greatly shocked and troubled; she remembered Norry's solemn promise, and she suspected it was even to assist her that it was broken. A call from her sick boy now prevented her hearing any more from Mrs. Barry, and shortly after Norry came in, looking much flurried. When she perceived that Mrs. Noonan knew anything of the matter she fancied she had been told all, and so she gave her version. "She began," said Norry, "by saying that you had a purse if you'd own to it, and other mean charges she put upon you."

"Oh, what harm, what harm, Norry? What did you mind her?"

"To tell you the truth, I did not mind her much whilst she kept to talking the like; but what provoked me entirely was her saying that you made mischief between Mannix and his wife, and that, when she came into the wake, he went home with himself, and that you didn't give her any countenance, and that it was all your doings. I was near telling her that it was the state she came in that made the poor man go home ashamed of her. But 'tis Sophy Buckley's bad tongue, I know, that's the beginning and end of it all."

Mrs. Noonan changed color as Norry spoke; she was dreadfully agitated and afflicted, for she was not prepared to think that any person whom she had not injured would invent such an odious falsehood of her.

"God forgive them," said Mrs. Noonan; "and He knows how they have wronged me. But, thank God, Norry, that gave you to hold your tongue about Mrs. Mannix's bad habits; as our clergyman often tells us, if we were striving for ever we could not do away with the mischief we had done by taking away our neighbors' character."

"It went hard enough with me then to hold my tongue, and such injustice going forward; but thank God I did. I never would forgive myself," said Norry.

"But the gown—did you pledge it, Norry?" "Oh, wisha, wisha, let me alone about the gown, Mrs. Noonan, dear."

"Oh, Norry, how could you commit such a sin for any one at all, at all—to break your vow, near as good as a Bible oath?"

"Well, if I didn't get my punishment hot and heavy enough for it, I'll be bound. Who should I see when I was coming out of the pawn-office, right opposite me, but Jenny Cremen. I wished the ground would open and swallow me—he gave me such a look, and turned on his heel up the street. Oh wisha, wisha, he'll never look at me again."

"You couldn't expect better luck, Norry.—Sure I know well 'twas your good nature for me that sorrowful morning; but we ought not to commit sin for any body. I'm in dread Cremen will turn the back of his hand entirely on you now."

"Oh, I suppose so," said Norry; and she heaved a pitiable sigh. "What must he think of me? and to see me such a bachelor as I was on May Sunday?"

"That time that he was talking to me about you," Mrs. Noonan, "when he wondered what could take you so often to the pawn-office, it was such a comfort to him when I told him for certain that you did not drink. 'Tell me the truth as you hope for salvation, Mrs. Noonan,' said he; 'for if she was the greatest Phoenix in the parish, and that she had the weight of herself in gold, I wouldn't marry her if I could discover she was addicted to that villainous vice.' Sure if he was my greatest enemy on earth, I wouldn't deceive him about it. I wouldn't put such a curse on any man as to take him in to marry a girl that would be so lost to shame and decency as to drink. Then I could see by him, as I told you, that he thought you must be very wasteful and extravagant, and to be so hard up for money

when you had constant employment, and no encumbrance. 'Though I said you had the encumbrance of too generous a heart,' Norry, but 'twas I excused you as far as I honestly could, still I couldn't gainsay him that you were imprudent and the like, and that you wouldn't be a good manager for a hard-working tradesman. But for all, I could see he didn't put you out of his heart, but as if he would take a trial of your mind yourself. And 'tisn't long since I met him, and he was taking such a shine out of not seeing you going to a certain place, as he said, 'Oh, Norry, 'tisn't every day that you'd meet a sober, well-conducted, easy-tempered man.'

"See now what I've done for myself," said Norry; and the big tears were in her eyes.—"And I went to the privatest place that I could think of, that I might escape him. I'll be bound he'll say I was going there all through, and that I was only throwing chaff in his eyes."

"One saw you, too, Norry, that 'twas worse to offend."

"True for you, Mrs. Noonan, dear; but we don't take that to heart as we ought, God help us. I couldn't expect 'twould thrive with me. And 'twasn't your fault, or any one else's—only myself that I've to blame. If I tuk your advice, I'd have money enough to spare to assist a neighbor without going next or near the pawn-office. But I've only to sup sorrow for it now for the rest of my days."

"Supping sorrow is a bad cure, Norry. Better try and mend in earnest now."

"Oh, there's no use in talking—he'll never look at me again, Mrs. Noonan."

"If he don't, itself, Norry, besides pleasing God, 'twill be a satisfaction to yourself to be doing what's right."

Norry was very desponding and distrustful of herself, she had failed so often in her good resolutions. Mrs. Noonan encouraged her not to despair entirely, though she was not sorry to see her fretting, for she hoped it would be a lesson to her to be more provident in future.

"Norry," said Mrs. Noonan, as they sat together over the fire that evening, "I'm glad I heard as much of this talk as I did before I used any of Richard Mannix's money. I must send it to him by you to-morrow; and now may God open a gap for me, to enable me to keep my little orphans together."

"What for should you do that, Mrs. Noonan? Sure Dick Mannix can't help their backbiting and talk. If I war you I'd take no sort of notice of it, but just use what God sent me, and pay him back when I was able."

"No, Norry, I won't keep it at all. And now that I think of it, if nothing had been said, it would be better for me not to have anything to say to it. If I borrow this money of Richard Mannix, I could not keep as distant with him as one situated as I am ought. He may or may not be coming in and out here, and it is not right for people, let them be ever so innocent, to put themselves in the way of being spoken of. One can't help it if they are wrongfully accused, but there's no woman that has any respect for herself, Norry, but what will avoid doing the slightest thing that would give any one cause to cast the least suspicion in life on her."

"Of course, Mrs. Noonan," replied Norry, "'tis not I that would be taking upon me to give you advice, but I know 'tis not every day you'd get a friend to serve you such a turn."

"God will raise friends for us, Norry, if we put our trust in Him. I'll strive all I can, and if He disappoints me, His will be done."

The next day Norry was despatched to Richard Mannix with the money. He was very much surprised, and came back with Norry to Miss Noonan's, and pressed her to keep it.

"If you are able to pay it, well and good; and if you are not, don't think you'll get an hour's trouble by it," said he.

Mrs. Noonan thanked him, but was firm in refusing it.

"Very well, if you change your mind, you'll know where to come," said he, and he went his way, wondering if it was true, as they said, that she had a purse.

(To be continued.)

ALLOCATION OF OUR HOLY FATHER POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

Delivered in Secret Consistory, March 18, 1861.

VENERABLE BROTHERS,—We have long been witnesses of the agitation into which civil society is thrown, especially in this unfortunate epoch, by the violent conflict of opposite principles—truth and error, virtue and vice, light and darkness. Certain men favor what they call modern civilization; others on the contrary, defend the rights of justice and of our holy religion. The first demand of the Roman Pontiff to reconcile himself, and put himself in harmony with progress, with *Liberalism* (these are their terms), in one word, with modern civilization; but the other claim, with reason, that the immovable and indistinct principles of eternal justice should be preserved unchanged. They claim that the salutary force of our divine religion should be kept intact, for it alone extends the glory of God, brings salutary relief to the ills which afflict humanity, and is the sole and true rule by which in this mortal life the children of men can acquire all virtue, and steer themselves towards the haven of a happy eternity.—But the defenders of modern civilization do not heed this danger, though they call themselves the true and sincere friends of religion. We would fain believe their words if the sad events now daily being accomplished before the eyes of all, did not evidently prove the contrary. In fact, there is upon the earth one only true and holy religion founded and established by Our Lord Jesus Christ himself. This religion which is the truthful mother and the nurse of all virtues, the enemy of vices, the liberator of souls, and the mistress of true happiness is called Catholic Apostolic Roman. What is to be thought of those who live out of this Ark of Safety, we have already declared in our Consistorial Allocation of December 9, 1854, and we here confirm the same teaching.

But we will ask those who for the good of religion wish us to extend our hand to the civilization of the day, if the facts are such that the Vicar of Christ divinely established by Him to maintain the purity of His heavenly doctrine, and to feed and confirm in this same doctrine both sheep and lambs, can without very grave danger to conscience and very great scandal to all, associate himself with this civilization of our days, by means of which so many evils are produced that can never be sufficiently deplored, and by means of which are proclaimed so many pernicious opinions, so many errors, and so many principles flatly opposed to the Catholic Religion and its doctrines?

Every one knows how the solemn Concordats regularly concluded between the Holy See and other

Sovereigns have been completely abolished. As was lately the case in Naples. We complain of this once more in this august assembly. Venerable Brethren, and we protest loudly in the same manner as at other times we have already protested against similar audacious violations.

While this modern civilization favors all non-Catholic religions, while it opens access to public offices even to infidels, and throws Catholic schools open to their children, it waxes wroth against the religious congregations, against the institutes founded to direct Catholic schools, against a great number of ecclesiastical persons invested with the highest dignities, many of whom are miserably dragging on their life in exile or in prison, and even against those distinguished laymen who, out of devotion to us, and to the Holy See, have bravely defended the cause of religion and justice. While it makes grants to non-Catholic institutions and persons, this civilization plunders the Catholic Church of its most legitimate possessions, and employs all its efforts to lessen the salutary authority of that Church. Finally, while it gives full liberty to all speeches and writings which attack the Church and all those who are at heart devoted to Her, while it excites, nurses, and encourages license, it shows itself full of prudence and moderation when it has to prove the severity and violence displayed towards those who publish excellent works, while if these appear to transgress in the least the bounds of moderation, it punishes them with the last severity.

Could, then, the Sovereign Pontiff extend a friendly hand to a civilization of this kind? could he sincerely make a league and bond with it? Let things be called by their true names, and the Holy See will appear always consistent with itself. In effect, it has been in all times the protector and the initiator of true civilization. The monuments of history bear eloquent witness to this to all ages, that it is the Holy See which has caused true humanity, true learning, and true wisdom to penetrate into the most remote and most barbarous countries of the universe.

But if, under the name of civilization is to be understood a system invented for the very purpose of weakening, and perhaps of destroying the Church—no; never will the Holy See and the Roman Pontiff ally themselves with such a civilization. "What participation can there be between justice and iniquity? what society between light and darkness? what compact can exist between Jesus Christ and Belial." (2 Cor. 6, 14, 15).

With what honesty can revolutionists and promoters of sedition raise their voices to exaggerate the efforts which they have made in vain to come to an understanding with the Roman Pontiff? How could He who derives all His strength from the principles of Eternal Justice—how could He ever abandon them so as to imperil our Holy Faith, and bring Italy into imminent danger of losing that brilliant distinction—that glory which for nineteen centuries has made it shine as the centre and principal seat of Catholic Truth.

It cannot be objected to us; that in what concerns civil administration, the Apostolic See has turned a deaf ear to the requests of those who showed a desire for a more Liberal Government. Without needing to recall the examples of the past, let us speak of our unhappy age. Scarcely had Italy obtained from its lawful Princes more liberal institutions, when we, ourselves, animated by paternal sentiments, wished to see those of our children who were subjects of our Pontifical rule, made partakers with ourselves of the civil administration.

We made the suitable concessions, but in conformity with the rules of prudence, lest the benefit which our paternal heart had dictated to us, might come by the intrigues of perverse men to receive some admixture of their poison. And what followed? An unbridled license flung itself upon our harmless concessions, the palaces in which the ministers and the people's deputies were met was stained with blood, and the impious hands of the sacrilegious were raised against him who had granted them these boons. If of late days counsels have been tendered to us concerning the civil administration, you know, Venerable Brethren, that we have agreed to them, with the exception of a single one, which we rejected because it did not regard the civil administration, and because on the contrary, it aimed at nothing less than making us consent to the spoliation already committed.

But there is no reason why we should speak of counsels favorably received by us, and sincere promises made by us to comply with them, while the backers of usurpation loudly proclaim that what they finally contemplate is not reforms, but an absolute rebellion, and a complete severance from the Sovereign Pontiff.

It was the most inveterate promoters of mischief, it was the standard bearers of rebellion who filled everything with their clamours—it was not the people.

Of a truth, well might the words be applied to them spoken by Venerable Bede, of the Pharisees and Scribes—the enemies of Christ. "These calumnies came from no man of the crowd, but from the Scribes and Pharisees, as the Evangelists bear witness."

But not only is the Roman Pontiff attacked with the intention of entirely depriving the Holy See, and the Roman Pontiff of his legitimate power over civil affairs, the object is nothing less than to weaken, and (if that were possible) to destroy the salutary power of the Catholic religion. With this aim the very work of God is attacked, the fruit of the Redemption and that Holy Faith, the most precious inheritance which has reached us from the ineffable sacrifice consummated on Calvary. Yes: this is the goal to which they tend. The facts already mentioned, and those which we see happen daily suffice, and more than suffice, to demonstrate it.

How many dioceses of Italy have we seen despoiled by various obstacles of their Bishops, amid the applause of the defenders of modern civilization, who leave so many Christian flocks without pastors, and who seize on their property to employ it even for criminal purposes! How many apostates are there (it must be confessed with pain) who, speaking not in the name of God but in the name of Satan, and sure of the impunity which a fatal system has granted to them, destroy men's consciences, seduce the weak into prevarication, confirm those who have miserably yielded to perfidious teachings, and strive to rend the garment of Christ! Yet they have no fear of national Churches, as they call them, and other impieties of the same kind they praise and recommend. And after this insulting religion, which they hypocritically invite to adapt itself to modern civilization, they, with equal hypocrisy, press us to be reconciled with Italy.

Doubtless, while we, deprived of almost all our civil Sovereignty, are sustaining the heavy burden of our Pontificate and of our Royalty by the help of the pious gifts which the children of the Church send to us daily with the greatest tenderness, while we behold ourselves the object of envy and hatred by the act of those very persons who ask for reconciliation from us; they would like us to declare, in the face of all men, that we cede to the Spoliator the free possession of our despoiled provinces! By what audacity unheard of till this day would they ask this Apostolic See, which has always been the rampart of truth and of justice, to sanction the violent and unjust seizure of property, giving to him to who has seized it the power of possessing it peacefully and honestly, and so to lay down a principle so false as that an unjust deed crowned by success is no detriment to the sacredness of Right. This demand is quite opposed to the solemn words lately uttered in a powerful and illustrious Senate, declaring "that the Roman Pontiff is the representative of the principal moral force in human society." Hence it follows that he can by no means consent to this barbarous spoliation without violating the foundations

of that moral law of which He is himself recognised as the best expression and the most perfect image.

As to those who, seduced by error, and misled by fear, would fain offer advice favorable to the desires of the unjust disturbers of civil society, it is necessary, especially at this moment, that they should be convinced that these disturbers will never be satisfied till they shall see overturned every principle of authority, every restraint of religion, every rule of right and justice. Already for the misfortune of civil society, these perverse men have succeeded by their speeches and their writings in corrupting men's minds, weakening their moral sense, and taking from them their abhorrence of injustice. Their efforts tend to persuade all that the law invoked by just nations is nothing but an unjust will that should be utterly condemned. Alas! now it is truly that the earth is moved, and bath wept and shed tears; the world hath groaned, being shaken to its depths.—The earth hath been defiled by its inhabitants, because they have transgressed the law, have sinned against justice; and have broken the eternal Covenant. (Is. xxiv, 4, 5.)

Still, amid this darkness with which God in His impetrable judgments has permitted the nations to be overshadowed, we place our hope and our confidence in the clemency of the Father of Mercies and God of all consolation, who comforteth us in our tribulations.

For He it is, Venerable Brethren, who has poured forth among you the spirit of union and concord, and will daily pour it forth more and more, to the end that, being closely, justly and inseparably united to us, you may be ready to suffer with us the lot which the secret designs of Divine Providence reserve for each of us. He it is who, by the bond of charity, unites with one another and with the centre of truth and Catholic unity the Bishops of the Christian world, who are feeding with the teachings of the Gospel the faithful confided to their care, and amid this great darkness, by their prudence and their holy precepts, are showing to the people the safe path to follow. He it is who pours down on all Catholic nations the Spirit of Prayer, and inspires those which are not Catholic with an instinct of equity which makes them form a just judgment on present events.

This admirable union of prayers in all the Catholic world these unanimous testimonies of love in our regard, expressed in so many different ways (a thing the like of which is not easily to be found in past ages), manifestly show how much well-intentioned men feel the necessity tending towards this Chair of the Blessed Prince of the Apostles, this Light of the World, this Mistress of Truth, this Messenger of Salvation, which hath always taught, and till the consummation of the world will never cease to teach, the immutable laws of eternal justice.

The peoples of Italy themselves have not been wanting in this concert of love and filial respect for the Apostolic See. On the contrary, we have received from them many hundreds of thousands of affectionate letters which they have written us, not to solicit the reconciliation demanded by crafty men, but to lament over our cares, our troubles, and our anguish, to assure us of their love, and to condemn the criminal and sacrilegious spoliation of our dominions and of the States of the Holy See.

Things being thus, before ending this address, we declare openly, before God and man, that we have no cause for reconciling ourselves with any one. But still since, though unworthy, we hold here below the place of Him who prayed for his executioners, and implored forgiveness for them, we feel that we must pardon those who hate us, and must pray for them, that by the Grace of God they may repent, and may so more deserve the blessing of Him who upon earth is the Vicar of Christ. Therefore we pray for them from our heart, and we are ready as soon as they shall return to wisdom to forgive them and to bless them.

But in the meantime we cannot remain impassible as those who take no heed of human miseries. We cannot hinder ourselves from being much troubled and in great anguish. We cannot but regard as touching us most nearly all the wrongs and injuries inflicted upon those who are suffering persecution for justice's sake.

Therefore, while we are penetrated with profound grief, we pray to God, and we discharge the most important duty of our Supreme Apostleship, by raising our voice to teach and condemn what God and His Church teach and condemn that so we may fulfil our course, and the ministry of the Word which we have received from the Lord Jesus.

If, then, we are asked for unjust concessions, we cannot consent to make them; but if we are asked for Pardon, we are ready, as we have just declared to grant it from a full heart. But in order to utter this word of pardon in a manner which becomes the sanctity of Our Pontifical dignity, We bend our knees before God, and embracing the glorious sign of Our Redemption, We humbly beseech the Lord Jesus to fill us with the same charity with which he forgave his enemies before rendering His blessed soul into the hands of His Eternal Father.

What we urgently implore of Him is, that even as He, after having pardoned, amid the thick darkness with which all the earth was covered, enlightened the minds of His enemies, who, repenting of their horrible crime, went away striking their breasts, so He may once more deign, amid the darkness of our days, to pour down from the inexhaustible treasures of His infinite mercy, the gifts of His heavenly and triumphant grace, and bring back to one fold all the sheep who have gone astray.

Yes, whatever be the future which the designs of Divine Providence may reserve for us, We beseech Jesus Christ, in the name of His Church, to judge Himself the cause of His Vicar, who is the cause of His Church, to defend it against the efforts of His enemies to illustrate it, and to restore it by a signal victory. We beseech Him also to re-establish peace and order in convulsed society, to grant us that peace which We invoke, with most ardent wishes for the triumph of justice, and which We expect from none but from Him. Of a truth, amid these frightful troubles which are agitating Europe and the whole world, and which are threatening those who have to perform the painful task of governing their peoples, there is none but God alone who can combat with us and for us. *Judica Deus Deus, et discernere causam nostram de gente non sancta: da pacem Domine, in diebus nostris, quia non est alius qui pugnet pro nobis, nisi tu, Deus noster.*

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

PASTORAL OF THE BISHOP OF ELPHIN.—The Right Rev. Dr. Gilooly, Bishop of Elphin, in a Pastoral, has ordered the collection of Peter's Pence in his diocese. The collection will be made up in each chapel of the diocese on the first Sunday in each month beginning with the first Sunday in April. He denounces in most eloquent terms the attacks made on the Holy See. His lordship says:—"You are aware of the dismal state to which an impious revolution has reduced Italy; how its churches have been profaned, its bishops banished or imprisoned, its sees left without pastors, its religious communities dispersed and stripped of their possessions. You have seen, with grief and indignation, the Vicar of Christ robbed of the domains of the Church by the perfidious King of Sardinia, and each day may bring the deplorable news that Rome itself is betrayed into the sacrilegious hands, and that our saintly Pontiff is again an exile or a prisoner. Now is the hour and the power of darkness, iniquity triumphs over justice and religion, and the Vicar of Christ like his Divine Master, is betrayed to his enemies. The scoffing infidel, the greedy plunderer, the fanatical revolutionist, are leagued with heresy against him. The public press of Europe is in their hands, they have their abettors in the councils of kings, their partisans in the parliaments of nations, their secret societies in every country in Europe. It is true they put on the mask

of patriotism, and, affecting either a philosophic indifference, or a friendly solicitude for the spiritual authority of the Pope, they object only to its temporal power, which they declare no less injurious to his spiritual dominion, than incompatible with Italian unity and freedom. But the tree is known by its fruits, their actions betray their projects. Up to this moment, irreligion, sacrilege, immorality, the tyrannical suppression of liberty of thought and conscience, have everywhere marked the footsteps of those pretended Italian patriots. They care not for the people, they despise them, but they want the people's name, they want their strong arms to demolish the altar, and to build upon its ruins their own impious despotism." Referring to the manifestations in favor of the Holy Father his lordship remarks:—"In these demonstrations of filial piety, Irishmen will prove themselves worthy of their persecuted forefathers. No nation has suffered more for her attachment to the see of St. Peter; and to none does Rome, in the day of her affliction, look more confidently. The diocese of Elphin, so faithful and generous in the past, will consider it a high honour, as it is a sacred duty, to unite with the rest of Ireland, and of the Catholic world in relieving the pecuniary wants of the Holy Father. We feel certain of being the faithful interpreter of the wishes both of the pastors and of the people, in now founding amongst you the collection of Peter's Pence, and we confidently rely on your zeal and piety for its successful organization in every parish within our jurisdiction."

Writing on this subject last week, we pointed out our notion of the very least Electors should do, if they wish to be properly represented. Some of our contemporaries object to Parliamentary work altogether, and prefer waiting for the "good time coming," when Louis Napoleon is to land, and put an end to our misery at once. This is a view of the Irish question never entertained by *The People*. We shall never encourage our countrymen to look for Foreign Aid. We believe that Heaven helps those who help themselves, and instead of keeping our minds fixed on vain illusions, let us do the practical work that lies before us. We believe that an Independent Party in Ireland can win for us everything we want—short of self-government; and we have no doubt such a Party can be created and maintained. Every county in Ireland could send in, at least, one honest man, at an expense so trifling, that it will scarcely be credited out of this county. We will give an instance known to ourselves and to many of our readers. At the last election for the county of Wexford, the whole expense incurred for the popular candidate in New Ross, was more than one-fourth of the electors were polled, was exactly seven shillings and two-pence. This, of course, did not include the Sheriff's fees, nor a few books sent from Ennisceorty, but it included the whole expense for committee-rooms, tally-rooms, conducting-agents, booth-inspectors, poll-clerks, and travelling-expenses of voters. Here is the way it was managed. The use of the Tenant Right News-Room was given free for a committee-room. The late Mr. John Morgan gave a shed for a tally-room. One member of the independent party acted as conducting-agent another as booth-inspector, and a lot of little-boys from the Christian Brothers School acted as poll-clerks. Right well they performed the duty, and the whole expense incurred was in providing cakes and fruit for the little boys. The electors who gave a split vote to George, came on George's cars. The electors who split with Hatchell came in on Hatchell's cars. The electors who plumped for McMahon came in at their own expense. It was clearly proved at that election that an independent candidate could be returned, counting every expense, Sheriff and all for less than £100, and the actual expense, we believe, very little exceeded £100. Now, when a county can return a man for less than £100, who will not have an independent party in Parliament? Of course under present circumstances, a Tory is to be preferred to a Whig, but why not have a man of our own, on whom we can rely in every contingency? A genuine Whig, unless he believes his principles, must always vote wrong. A Tory will, generally, vote right, as against the Whigs; but as Toryism is composed of a mixture of good and evil principles, we cannot be safe relying entirely on Tories. Therefore, let us have a man on whom we can always rely. The subject is not exhausted: we must return to it again.—*Wexford People*.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN IRELAND.—Our Irish exchanges announce the formation of a New Irish Society, "*The National Brotherhood of St. Patrick*."—Of its sentiments and objects some notion may be formed from the following account of the celebration of the National Festival, at which all the honest men of '48 were duly honored by name. We copy from the *Dublin Irishman*:

Chairman.—The toast which I have the honor to propose is one which will carry its own weight with it, and I know that it will be ably responded to by my friend on the right. I give you gentlemen, the men of '48, coupled with the names William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, John Mitchell and John Martin. The toast was most enthusiastically received.

Mr. T. D. Brougham said.—Sir, I feel that I am not at all competent to do that justice to the toast it so well deserves. Many are the opinions that have been formed on the sad failure of '48, and too many indeed, and too harsh, are the criticisms on the principal men connected with that movement (hear, hear). But we all know that those who stood aloof then are the readiest to find fault now, and ask, "why didn't they fight when they went about it?" why didn't they do wonders in this place and miracles in that, when it is their own consciences that should haunt them. When they should curse the day that they let the opportunity pass, when they should enter those who made them turn from the cause, and send them home to die of hunger, instead of fighting as men ought (hear, hear); when they should vow before God that they would never again be deluded by gorballed punch-drinkers, who preach slavery to the starving millions, while themselves enjoy all the luxuries of this life (hear, hear). Such should be the feelings of those who, had they their heel in the ash-corer then (hear, hear, and laughter), instead of flinging fault with the men who were at the helm in the hour of danger (hear, hear, and applause), who risked their existence for the people, and who suffer for them still in exile, or have sunk into the grave with broken hearts (hear, hear). The empty-headed and lazy politicians of whom, I am sorry to say, we have a great number, also inquire—"What time was it to begin when the people were starving?" What time are a people to look for their rights but when they are in need of them? If they wanted nothing, for what would they begin at all? Whether was it more sensible for a hundred thousand men to stand up then, and keep the provisions that were in the country in it, or allow the ships to carry them away from the harbours every year? (Hear.) For, whilst the famine raged, provisions to the value of seventeen millions sterling found their way out of the country annually! (Hear, hear.) Whether, he asked, was it more sensible for the people to fight for their own, when, by doing so, they would have secured to themselves and their posterity plenty and comfort for ever in a free nation? (Cheers)—or for two millions of them to lie down and die of hunger, as they actually did? But the destruction of two millions of our population was not all the injury this sordid inaction allowed; for, by weakening themselves, they strengthened their oppressors. To grind them more and more to the earth, they settled that Government on a firm basis, which means securing to themselves and their posterity periodical famines, and all other kinds of misfortune for ever—unless at some future-time, which, I hope is not far distant (hear, hear), they will be roused, by a sense of duty, to chase the Saxon from amongst them, and