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THE MOST REV. DR. MCCARTHY'S APPEAL FOR THE POPE.

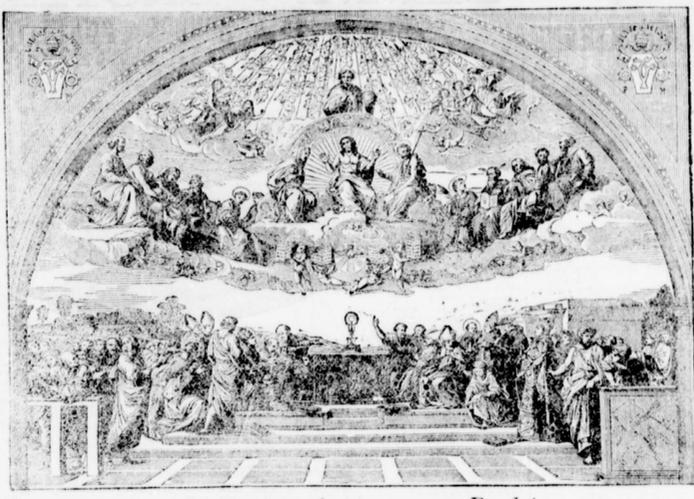
TRALEE, Monday, Jan. 20, 1879.  
The following address was delivered by the Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, Bishop of Ardfer, at first Mass, in the Cathedral, Killarney, on yesterday:  
"DEAR BROTHERS,—We have received copies of two circulars from the President of the Arch-Confraternity of St. Peter, in Rome, inviting us to make an offering of Peter's Pence to his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., as a testimony of love and devotion on the first anniversary of his exaltation to the Pontifical Throne. In compliance with this pious request, we desire that a collection of Peter's Pence be made in every church and chapel in the diocese at each Mass, on Sunday, the 9th of February next. Our offering will be presented to the Holy Father on March 3d. It is a dogma of Catholic faith that St. Peter was made head of the Christian Church; that in him was vested a primary, not merely of honor, but of jurisdiction; that in the Roman Pontiff dwells by Divine right the same primacy; that he is ruler and supreme Pastor of the entire fold, and that to his authority in all that regards faith, morals, and ecclesiastical discipline, priests and people throughout the earth must humbly submit. As the Church needs the action of the sacraments for her spiritual life, she needs the authority of the Roman Pontiff for her safe guidance. They have always defined her faith, fixed her discipline, and provided for the succession of her ministry. These high and sacred functions necessary for the welfare of the Church the Pope cannot discharge unless placed in an independent position, free from pressure of any kind, either from kings or states, or from want of the usual means of government. He cannot rule his vast kingdom of two hundred millions of Catholics, scattered over the face of the whole earth, without the help of congregations, ministers, officials, advisers, secretaries, &c., and thus expends much money. For one thousand years or more Divine Providence supplied the means of carrying on the great mission of the Church by making the Supreme Pontiff temporarily ruler of Rome and of the States of the Church. The light taxes paid by the willing people in the name of Christendom, together with ecclesiastical gifts from pious Catholics throughout the world brought to the Popes a revenue which was amply sufficient for all the expenses of their civil and ecclesiastical administrations. But the Pontiff is no longer *de facto* a sovereign prince; he has been stripped by violence, treachery, and injustice to his dominions and income. Leo XIII. has no vast landed estates, nor hidden treasures, nor funded property, nor rich bequests left to him by illustrious predecessors. All these fables of immense wealth left by Pius IX. to his successors are the inventions of an infidel press, studiously circulated for the purpose of drying up the sources of supply on which the Holy Father can now depend—the alms of the faithful. Like Peter, Leo has not gold or silver. He has surely the same right by divine and natural law to this support as every other minister of Christ. For the Lord ordained that those who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel. The workman is worthy of his meat, the laborer of his hire. If on other Churches the Popes of Rome have no claim, yet on the Irish Church they have many. Who can forget what the late Pope did for us in times of distress? In our archdiocese are regally preserved letters from Rome referring to numerous subscriptions of Pius IX. in the famine years. Can we forget how, in days gone by, in the worst era of our strange history, in the hour of darkest persecution, the Popes sent, year by year, large remittances to every court in Europe for the relief of Irish exiles, petitioning our banished bishops, founding colleges for the education of our priests, and granting indulgence to all the faithful who prayed for Catholic Ireland. Ingratitude is not a stain on our national character. If the Popes have sown in you spiritual things, it is a greater matter if they reap your carnal things. They claim but their maintenance and what is needed for the free exercise of their authority in return for the innumerable gifts which they have ministered unto you. We are poor—perhaps the poorest flock within the fold—yet we are willing to give according to our power, and beyond our power. Our gift will be estimated not by its amount, but by the affection and gratitude of which it is a pledge. We are dutiful sons and we offer this little tribute of love and devotion to the best of fathers. Peter's Pence means one penny each year from each of the faithful; and not one, we trust, amongst us who break in faith or cold of heart as to refuse that tribute to the Vicar of Christ."

WHO COULD OFFER MORE THAN THIS CHILD

The following little story is a touching one and the hero thereof is a well known young gentleman of this city. He has been somewhat wild in his habits in the past, but for four months he had abstained from drink and spent his evenings at home. One evening three weeks ago, he went out calling, and some one gave him a glass of wine. This aroused the sleeping fiend and he went off on a grand carouse. For three days he lost all mastery over himself, and scarcely knew where he was. On the morning of the fourth day he was comparatively sobered up. He wandered into the reading room of one of our hotels, where he was well known, and sat down and stared moodily into the street. Presently a little girl of about ten years came in and looked timidly around the room. She was dressed in rags, but she had a sweet, intelligent face that could scarcely fail to excite sympathy. There were five persons in the room, and she went to each, begging. One gentleman gave her a five cent piece, and she then went to the gentleman spoken of, and asked him for a penny, adding, "I haven't had anything to eat for a whole day." The gentleman was all out of humor and he said crossly: "Don't bother me, go away. I haven't had anything to eat for three days." The child opened her eyes in shy wonder and stared at him a moment, and then walked slowly towards the door. She turned the knob and then, after hesitating a few seconds, she turned quickly and walked straight up to him who had spoken so ill-naturedly, and gently laying the five cents she had received on his knee said with a tone of true girlish pity in her voice, "If you haven't had anything to eat for three days you take this and go and buy some bread. Perhaps I can get some more somewhere." The young man blushed to the roots of his hair, and lifting the miniature Sister of Charity in his arms he kissed her two or three times in delight. Then he took her to the persons in the room and to those in the corridors and the office, and told the story and asked contributions, giving himself all the money he had with him. He succeeded in raising over \$40 and sent the little kind-hearted one on her way rejoicing.

We must strain our ear to catch the divine inspirations, or they will sound only like an inarticulate murmur, when they are not inaudible altogether.

How much more God is longing to give us at our prayers, if only our prayers would ask for more, and would ask it more boldly, more hungrily, and more believingly.—Thoughts from Eiber.



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1879 - - - 1879  
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THE LADIES' MAN.

It is not necessary to define what we mean by a ladies' man—to point out his peculiar characteristics and his most striking features; we will not describe his dress, his manners, his voice, his peculiar charms, or the arts by which he manages to make himself the observed of all servers. Why do we draw the full-length portrait of a man who represents a class so well-known to us all?

Go to a party, go to a ball, start away for a merry brilliant picnic, join a score of amateur musicians, gain a footing in some literary coterie, and you are sure to meet with a few choice specimens of the class. Now the question arises—a sober question this, and one which we are at a loss to answer—Are these ladies' men especially beloved by ladies?—is their devotion whether real or apparent, repaid by brighter glances, gentler words, or it may be whippers even gentler still, than more manly and "finely touched" natures can ever give? Are their attentions especially acceptable; and if so, what female hearts are they most apt to enthrall.

There are some women whose soul the ladies' man cannot touch, and wouldn't if he could; there are others, warm, glowing, impressive, full of ardor and vivacity, sensitive as the mimosa, and yet happy as the dove, which "sings its sultry bosom on the thicket," others again, carry nothing on the surface; they are, or seem to be, cold and calm, and the fire and life that may be within are known to few—perhaps only to one. Such natures are altogether beyond range of our "young lady's young gentleman."

A woman of sense would as soon put to sea in a man-of-war made out of paste-board, or take up her residence in a card-house, as dream of attaching herself to a lady-killer. Women worth the name are seldom deceived into thinking our ladies' man the choicest specimen of his sex. Whatever their ignorance may be, womanly intuition must tell them that the men who live for great objects, and whose spirits are so firmly knit that they are able to encounter the storms of life—men whose depth and warmth of feeling resemble the powerful current of a mighty river, and not the bubbles on its surface, who if they love, are never unkind, but more far more worthy of their regard—even of occupying their thoughts in idle moments, than the fops and men about town with whose attention they amuse themselves.

If we were to tell him this, he would only laugh. He has no pride about him, although full of vanity; and it matters not to him what may be broadly affirmed or quietly insinuated. Soft and delicate though he be, he is as impervious to ridicule as a hothead, and as regardless of honest content as an alderman. Were you to hand him this article, he would not take it to—some, indeed, he would read it aloud in the most mellifluous voice as a homage to his own attractions. But, after all, your ladies' man is but a growth of our own fostering; half in vanity, half in rudeness, we have kept him in society until he is getting to be an institution. But it is only putting him upon a just level.

If bright eyes would but "rain influence" on men who really merit it, if they would quicken into fresh life the chivalry which seems sometimes to smoulder as if in need of their awakening touch—we should be more hopeful, not only with regard to our social life, but also about the future prosperity of our country. Certain it is, that those men often, who are least worthy of female regard, manage to gain no small share of it; not indeed, from the best of the sex, but certainly from a large bevy of fair women. Our own private opinion of the ladies' man is that he is thoroughly contemptible—a sort of specimen of a life hardly worth thinking about—a nutshell with the kernel withered up—a handful of foam drifting over the wine of life something not altogether unpleasant to the fatigued, but of no earthly use.

WILD HORSE BREAKING.  
A well-known traveler gives the following account of the manner in which horses are caught in South America. They are caught with a lasso, which is a greased and plaited thing, forty feet in length, with a noose at one end, and driven into a corral, which is a place enclosed with posts. Of course the gaucho or peon goes at this sport on the back of a tame animal. The corral was quite full of horses, most of which were young ones, about two or three years old. The chief gaucho, mounted on a long, steady animal, rode into the enclosure, and threw his lasso over the neck of a young horse, and dragged him to the gate. For some time he was very unwilling to leave his comrades, but the moment he was out of the corral his first idea was to gallop off; however, a timely jerk of the lasso checked him at the most effectual way.

The peon now ran after him on foot, and threw a lasso over his forelegs, just above the fetlock, and twirling it, they pulled his legs from under him so suddenly that he really thought the fall he got had killed him. In an instant a gaucho was seated on his head, and with his long knife cut the hair from the end of his tail. This, they told me, was to mark that the horse had once been mounted. They then put a piece of hide in his mouth to serve as a bit, and a strong hide halter on his head. The gaucho who was to mount arranged his spurs, which were usually long and sharp, and while two men hold the horse by the ears, he put on the saddle, which he girthed extremely tight. He then caught hold of the animal's ears, and in an instant vaulted into the saddle, upon which the men who held the halter threw the end to the rider, and from that moment no one seemed to take any further notice of him. The horse instantly began to prance in a manner which made it very difficult for the rider to keep his seat, and quite different from the kick and plunge of our English steed.

However, the gaucho's spurs soon set him a-going, and off he galloped, doing everything in his power to throw his rider. Another horse was immediately brought from the corral, and so quick was the operation, that twelve gauchos were mounted in a space which I think hardly exceeded an hour. It was wonderful to see the different manner in which different horses behaved. Some would actually scream while the gauchos were girthing the saddles upon their backs. Some would instantly lie down being held, their legs stiff and in natural positions, their necks half bent towards their tails, and looking vicious and obstinate; and I could not help thinking that I would not have mounted one of those for any reward that could be offered me, for they were invariably the most difficult to subdue. It was now curious to look around and see the gauchos on the horizon, in different directions, trying to bring their horses back to the corral, which is the most difficult part of their work, for the poor creatures had been so scared there that they were unwilling to return to the place.

It was amusing to see the antics of the horses; they were jumping and dancing in various ways, while the right arms of the gauchos were seen flapping. At last they brought the horses back, apparently subdued and broken in. The saddles and bridles were taken off, and the animals trotted towards the corral, neighing to one another. Every time one of them was made to bear the bridle, a meeting which is eternal.