

what's your butler's name?—Pierce!—exactly. I say, you, Pierce—did you speak to me just now?

'Is it me spake to your honor?' the butler replied in such a thin, weak voice; that every one laughed heartily—it was so totally unlike the voice heard but a moment before. 'Do you think I'd make so free as to spake to a gentleman unless he spoke to me? I'm a poor boy, and I don't know much, sir; but as little as I know, I know my place when the quality is to the fore. Bedad, I do, your honor.'

'Where did the voice come from, then?—Would you have us believe, you rascal, that it came from the ceiling?'

'Wisha, how can I tell where it came from? was the innocent and half bashful answer in a sort of winning tone that was indescribably ludicrous when compared with the stalwart proportions of the man; 'sure nobody wonders, your honor, at anything they hear—or see, either—on a Hol'ere night.'

The rest of the company all laughed at this sally, but Uncle Harry did not laugh. He seldom did laugh, and he was nowise disposed for laughing then. He fixed his stern eyes for a moment on the butler's somewhat stolid features, and somehow, as he looked, the expression of his own face changed and his look became more earnest. At last he said through his closed teeth:—'If I had my horsewhip near me, my good fellow, I'd find a back to lay it on, without going very far from where I sit.'

'Uncle Harry,' said the host, in accordance with a sign from his wife, 'we're waiting for you to fill your glass. P're a toast to give. Are you ready? I see you are. Well, here's may we all be alive and as merry as we are now next Hollow-ere night.'

The toast was drunk with all the honors, and it seemed to restore the general good humor—even Uncle Harry so far forgot his previous irritation as to sing, at his niece's request, 'One Bumper at Parting,' written by Moore, to the lively air of 'Moll Roe in the Morning.' No body ever sang that song, Henrietta Esmond said, half so well as Uncle Harry; and, as if catching the inspiration of the gay, dashing music, her own sweet voice mingled with his when he came to the beautiful words:—

'The sweetness that pleasure has in it
Is always so slow to come forth,
That never, alas! till the minute
It dies do we know half its worth.'

'But time, like a pitiless master,
Orises 'onward' and spurs the gay hours,
For never does Time travel faster
Than when his way lies among flowers.'

Then every one that could raise a note joined in the chorus, and 'hearts were light, and eyes were bright,' as the company left the table to finish the evening in the more refined amusements of the drawing-room. Meanwhile, the storm without increased its fury, the leafless branches of the trees swung like skeleton limbs in the fierce blast, and doors and windows creaked in dismal consonance to the wild music of the winds that came sweeping down from the stern old Rock to rush in unimpeded fury over the broad plains of Tipperary away to the far Galtees and the distant hills of Clare. But little cared the jocular party assembled in Esmond Hall, for as none of the guests were to leave till morning light, at least, what was the storm to them, or the witches and fairies who, that night, bestrode the blast? The louder the wind blew, the more merrily 'laugh, and song, and sparkling jest went round'—the host and hostess merrier of all the circle.

(To be continued.)

PASTORAL OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

From an admirable Pastoral Letter of the Lord Archbishop of Tuam we take the following:—

'When we consider that the direst calamities, such as famine, pestilence, disease, oppression, no matter whether coming from the elements, or inflicted by the free agency of wicked men, are a portion of the vengeance which God has provoked, the wider the sweep of these terrible instruments in afflicting the people, the more it is incumbent on them to humble their hearts in penance and in prayer, fervently supplicating the Almighty to stay His wrath, and spare them in His mercy.—Accordingly we find that although penance, mortification, prayer, and almsdeeds are prescribed as ordinary duties, it was in seasons of severe trial, when hunger and pestilence stalked through the land, or some ruthless foes strove to destroy its inhabitants, that all—old and young, priests and lay—flocked to the temple of God, beseeching Him, with uplifted eyes and outstretched hands and broken hearts, to spare His sorrowful people. It is not necessary here to cite those familiar examples of general and successful penitence, with which the Old Testament abounds; nor have instances of similar humiliations, equally effectual, been wanting in the history of the Church: such are the Rogation Days, which are still celebrated to record the memory of the powerful influence of public and fervent prayers in removing or mitigating destructive calamities. That with which we are afflicted is not confined to individuals or families; it embraces the whole community of every class and gradation, and, as a common misfortune, requires the concurrent aid of all in sustaining a portion of its pressure.—Besides the Lenten ordinances of fasting and abstinence, enjoined by the Church, and which will be religiously observed by its children, works of charity and mercy, from which none, thank God, whatever may be their rank or religion, claim exemption, are of those of which, on the present occasion, we most earnestly implore the due fulfilment. 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy,' convey the promise of the rich reward by which our Redeemer invites His followers to the practice of this virtue.

To the permission of using flesh-meat on the above days, we strictly annex the condition of contributing, each according to his means, to the diocesan collection uniformly made 'those several years past, on the first Sunday of Lent, for the benefit of the people themselves, and especially

to assist in securing Catholic education for their children. And never were the zeal of the clergy and generosity of the people more necessary than in those times to succor that innocent and helpless portion of the flock, who must depend for the blessings of an untaught faith on the joint co-operations of their parents and their pastors. Witness, for example, the modest schools of the National Board, reprobated, denounced, and to be shunned as unclean things, with which no connection is to be held; and yet those condemned institutions, against which episcopal interdicts are most deservedly issued, are yet sustained, encouraged, and carried on, in despite of those episcopal anathemas, by Catholic Commissioners, whose piety and faith we commend in the same breath that we denounce those mongrel model schools, which, in accordance with the wishes of a bigoted Protestant Viceroy, they are supporting, in opposition to the Catholic ordinary. And yet it is in behalf of such schemes, and their selfish abettors, we are required not only to sacrifice the faith and innocence of Catholic children, but likewise to close our eyes on the helpless condition of their parents, who are often cruelly evicted from their homes by the very men who affect such concern for their offspring. Is it from the councils of such Catholics, who are content to surrender the education of the poor into the hands of their enemies, we should expect purity or freedom in the superior collegiate and university education, to which it is desired, but not at all desirable, to associate them? Ever since the inauspicious formation of the National Board—a period of thirty-two years—the substantial interests of the Catholic people have been sacrificed or neglected under the specious plea of providing for their education. Of all the changes and variations that have marked the career of that hostile body, none has been more insidious or delusive than the recent one, by which they affect to relax the rigor of the rule, by which building grants were determined. Driven by necessity, and the indignation of the Catholic body, from the position they so long maintained of refusing building grants, unless the schools were vested in themselves, they have given a tardy consent that they might be vested in trustees—evoc Catholic trustees—say, Catholic clergymen. But on what conditions? Conditions most revolting to Catholic feelings, obliging those Catholic trustees to carry out all the bigoted and anti-Catholic regulations on which the Board has so long insisted, relying on the corrupted influence of its vast pecuniary patronage. These offensive conditions are distinctly set down in the deed or lease, so that all the Catholic clergymen who would consent to take a grant gains by this concession of the board is, that he becomes the slavish instrument in carrying out those obnoxious and offensive conditions which the Catholic clergy of Ireland have hitherto so rigorously combated. This fresh instance of the unabated hostility of that board to our religion should make its due impression. Some few in other places, we regret to hear, were deceived by the apparent liberality; and were it not that we raised our voice in warning against the deceitful proffer, the board might have imposed on some of the clergy of this diocese also. As the persecution against the Holy Father has not yet ceased, and as the sufferings of our people are more severe than during the last year, the clergy will add to the Collects of the Mass the 'Oratio pro Papa,' and *pro quacumque tribulatione*, until the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. In your Lenten instructions you will no fail to excite the devotion of the faithful to the Passion of Our divine Lord, as illustrated in the Stations of the Cross, so fraught with instruction to all, but with special consolation to the poor and the afflicted. On Good Friday, during the morning ceremonies, the sermon will be preached to the people, in their own Irish language, in the several churches in which the Office is usually celebrated. As gratitude is a virtue so acceptable to God and man, we should not be unmindful of our great obligations to the noble peoples of distant lands, who saved the lives of many of our perishing flocks in the course of the last most trying year. How deplorable it is that some of those nations should be waging war against each other. Let us, then, invoke the Divine mercy in behalf of our benefactors in Canada, the U. States, and as far as the remote shores of California, and of Australia, too, as well as those in Europe. The clergy of each diocese in the diocese will select a day during the Lent to offer up a solemn High Mass for all the benefactors of our people, specially commending to the Divine mercy the warring nations of the Northern and Southern States of America, that they may be spared the further effusion of blood, and that they may be blessed with a lasting peace.'

HOMAGE TO IRELAND.

AN ALLEGORY.

Written by the Reverend Aristides Pierard, ADDRESS TO THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS. (Concluded from our issue of March 6.)

CHAPTER III.—CATHOLIC ERIN ACCEPTS WITHOUT A MUMMUR THE PALM OF MARTYRDOM.

'Standing before the throne, clothed with a white robe and a palm in hand.'—Apoc. c. vii. v. 9.

We cannot restrain our tears, when we see that England, once the most zealous in the cause of catholicity is now become its most cruel enemy. Who will not be touched with sorrow to see a kingdom once attached to the centre of unity and of faith submerged in error and heresy, to which men in the pride of his rebellious spirit has given birth?

England, it is said, received the faith in the time of Tiberius Cæsar.

Joseph of Arimathea, says Saunders, with twelve disciples, introduced Christianity into the island. England remained firm in the faith during the persecution of Diocletian, and many of her primitive Christians sealed their faith with their blood. During the reign of Constantine, the first Christian emperor, faith increased very much. About the year 596, St. Gregory the Great sent over St. Austin with forty Benedictine monks, who converted the whole Saxon population.

In the year 1212, King John and the barons of the kingdom, made England feudatory to the Holy See, holding the realm of England and Ireland as fiefs from the Pope, and paying a thousand marks every year on the feast of St. Michael, and Peter's pence, according to the number of hearths in those king-

doms; which was first promised by King Ina, A.D. 740, augmented by King Etholf. Fifteen English kings and eleven queens have renounced the world and assumed the habits of religion in different convents; twelve kings were martyrs, and ten have been placed on the catalogue of saints. It is said that previous to the schism, there was not a village in England which had not a patron saint born on the spot. Henry VIII. himself, during the first years of his reign, was so attached to the catholic faith that when Luther attacked it, he persecuted the followers of the German heresiarch even to death, and caused all his books to be burned in his presence by the public executioner. He then published a book defending the doctrine of the faith on the Seven Sacraments in opposition to Martin Luther, and dedicated it to Pope Leo X., who on this occasion honored Henry with the title of *Defender of the Faith*. But alas! the thunder growls; the storm bursts forth; the unfortunate Henry VIII., to gratify a licentious passion for a wicked woman plunges himself into a vortex of crimes involving the nation in his ruin; thus making England, once the glory of the Church, a sink of wickedness, impiety and error. The power of the Pope in England and Ireland was rejected at the same time. Whoever professed to believe in the supremacy of the Holy See was declared a rebel. The sacrifice of the mass was abolished; prayers, fasting, abstinence, celibacy and all the rites of catholicity were likewise suppressed. He forced his subjects to embrace the false and impious doctrines of Luther. He put to death two cardinals, three archbishops, eighteen bishops and archdeacons, five hundred priests, sixty superiors of religious houses, fifty-six monks, twenty-nine peers, three hundred and sixty-six knights and an immense number of the gentry.

The accessories of Henry the Eighth continue this war against catholicity, and during this violent and long-continued tempest, what will Erin's children do?

There you find our virtuous Erin, like a modest flower, hidden from the gaze of men, the joy of heaven. She has shrunk instinctively from the public gaze, and retirement is her choice; she has not frequented the forum; she has abhorred the licentious theatre; she has never mingled in the gay assemblies of pagan households. Gentleness, modesty, tenderness and sensitive delicacy are amongst her first qualities, and they are cultivated from her infancy. Let her be seized by some traitor, and suddenly dragged before the public eye; it is not a crowd but a multitude by which she is surrounded. A clamorous, lewd and brutal mob. The sight of her modest charms seems but to increase their fury.

As a warrior you have already seen her put on her helmet of salvation, the breast-plate of justice, the shield of faith and the sword of God's word. She has fought in the Lord's behalf with as much courage as David, with as much generosity as Joshua, and with as much success as Judith. Now, she is covered with the mantle of martyrdom, and like Christ, her Lord, she will have to suffer and to die. Bad men came with biting tongues, tongues sharp as a sword; they came reviling sacred things; they came scoffing; they came challenging; nay, they came blaspheming what they knew nothing of. These men came not with the pure power of sanctity; they came with words of wickedness; they came with the appearance of godliness; denying the sacraments; denying the mother of God; deriding the saints of God and everything that was sacred and holy.

The Virgin Erin is deaf to all these clamors. But what becomes of religion. Where are its noble churches—its stately abbeys—its flourishing institutions of learning?—the roofs are stripped off; the altars overthrown; the niches plundered; the walls defaced and ruined.

Not a church was left to Erin; not a place, in which she could assemble to worship God, not a college, not a school, not an institution whereby religion could be supported; not any one of those appliances, by which the inward devotion is so much warmed and sustained; not a function of the church, not an object which could move to religious affection; it is a miracle, indeed, how, with the loss, the total loss of every one of these aids to religion, the ancient faith was preserved not only alive, but bright; not only warm, but burning in the heart of the Irish people. Well, then, during these three hundred years, while she was ridiculed because her people dwelt in mud cabins, and amid the bogs and marshes of the land, when the last spark had died out from the turf on the cabin floor, and when poor, desolate, frozen Erin said 'Well, glory be to God! there was a brighter radiance in that miserable hut than all the lights of the most splendid room could have communicated to it. The judge is before the holy virgin Erin with his assessors and attendants; he stands cold and stern, determined not to be overcome by this poor frail woman. Erin, this holy virgin may hear at some distance the howling of wild beasts and the yell of executioners equally thirsty for her blood. Her life hangs in the balance against the words that she shall speak; with life, she will have ease, enjoyment and rank. Only say: 'I renounce the Catholic faith, and you are safe,' blantly insinuates the courteous president. Erin pauses but for a moment as she lifts her eyes to heaven, and stretches forth her arms in prayer, then with a calm look and a firm voice exclaims: 'I believe in my Lord Jesus Christ and his holy Church.' It is enough to consign her for centuries to the ironical jeers and oppressive annotations of temporal sovereigns. After so long sustaining the power of her oppressors, it appeared as if the might of the wrath of God suddenly broke upon her: famine, fever assuming almost the character of pestilence, invaded the greater portion of Erin's country.

I do not speak of the dreadful famines of 1721, of 1741, of 1817, of 1826 and of 1833; I am speaking of more recent sufferings. Since the month of October, 1861, a great number of parishes of the counties of Mayo, Galway, Clare, Cork, Sligo, Donegal, Londonderry, and Antrim, are not only in urgent want of potatoes, but every other necessary of life. A curate writes on the 13th of February that more than eleven hundred of his flock have no provisions' At Skibbereen, a great number of laborers and fishermen have no other food than raw turnips and seaweeds. In several parishes of the county of Clare, strong and healthy men remain in bed a part of the day, not having work, and hoping thus to assuage the pangs of hunger. A curate purchases a provision of corn, too happy to be able to give his parishioners each a portion, to appease their hunger. In a parish of the county of Mayo containing 5,700 inhabitants, 2,150 in the month of March, were without food and without resources. Others had no shelter and were reduced to nourish themselves with salt boiled in water, or else seaweeds which they procured when the tide was low. To the famished man may still remain the consolation of having a dwelling place. But, what will become of these poor sufferers, when they are thrown upon the high roads, exposed to the inclemency of the weather. Here, we see a village containing a hundred families, ninety of them are turned out by the proprietor of their miserable huts, and you can still see the desolation of their solitary village on the peninsular of Belmullet. On the lands of a dignitary of the protestant church, in the midst of a rainy and cold November day, fourteen families see their poor huts torn down and find themselves without a shelter. On another occasion, a catholic parish church is given up by a protestant proprietor to 400 soldiers. Further on a detachment of soldiers is sent to take from farmers the lands they have cultivated and enriched by the toil and industry of many generations.

A poor old man, before leaving his home, kneels down and kisses three times the door of his hut, as if he wanted to bear away with him a remembrance of his modest dwelling. His wife and children kneel by him, and follow his example; then, stifling their sobs and lifting their souls to God, they help to destroy their cherished home.

From an official speech, dated but a short time ago, we learn that during twenty years, from 1841

to 1861, 356,000 rural dwellings disappeared. (Speech of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, July 25th, 1860.)

It was too late now for the oppressors to come with their money in their pockets and their perfidy in their hearts, when Erin's religion has regained its ascendancy in the country, not the ascendancy of power, but the ascendancy of zeal, of constancy and of virtue. It was too late to come now to the people, when they had battled through their trials; it was too late to tell them to throw aside the staff which had supported them along these perilous paths; to pluck away the rudder which had steered them through so many tempest-beaten seas of tribulation; to rob them of that bread of life which nourished their fathers and gave them the endurance of the Maccabees, and was for themselves the bread of salvation—it was too late now to tell the faithful children of Erin to abandon the bark of Peter, when its sails were magnificently unfurled to favouring breezes, and it was sailing nobly across the ocean in a state of comparative tranquillity; when the sun was shining out, after a long darkness, relieved only by the fire of that deep faith, hope and charity.

Brilliant indeed, and glorious, is the whole spectacle of this country, thus giving, to the world proof now the faith, which no persecution has been able to shake, no seduction to weaken, no time to wear away, still carries a nation or an individual safe through the hardest and most protracted trials. How sad is it to be a witness of such desolating scenes, during the reign of a noble woman, a good mother, an estimable queen, a widow—whose sorrow has excited the sympathy of all England! To see the most infamous injustice decreed by ministers, denounced by the magistrates, condemned by parliament, arraigned by the public opinion of the two worlds, yet having the text of the law always in their favor.

I know nothing more heroic, than the three centuries—representing the mystical three hours—of agony supported by a nation, fastened to the cross, despised and scoffed at by enemies for whom they pray, and refusing to come down from the cross, because, as the great O'Connell said: 'Their mission is to suffer for the propagation of the gospel.'

How consoling it is to hear the most eloquent of the English historians, Macaulay, express himself thus: 'It is not only in the first or second administration, but during centuries that we have used the sword against the catholic Irish; we have tried famine; we have had recourse to all the severity of the Draconian laws; we have tried to exterminate them, to efface all traces of this nation. What has happened? Have we triumphed? We could neither exterminate them nor efface them. I confess my incapacity to solve this problem. But could I find myself under St. Peter's dome at Rome, and read with the Catholic's faith the inscription which is traced all round it: *Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her*, then I should easily solve the problem of Ireland's Story.'

The Catholic Church has honored Ireland with the sublime title of the Island of Saints.

Faithful to her benevolent mission, Erin is the apostle of nations.

In our days, Erin is a queen by the ascendancy of her zeal, as much as she is a martyr by her sufferings. Yes, I would say, with M. de Lamoignon: 'The real Irish woman possesses every charm, grace, eloquence, beauty, unhappiness; she is overwhelmed without grief, without being discouraged.'

I repeat, with Monsiegnor Dupanloup, that zealous bishop now everywhere honored and respected: 'Let me send to Ireland at least sympathy and love, when I have nothing else to give.'

I will say, too, with Archbishop Hughes, of New York: 'I have known Irishmen by tradition; in early life by my intercourse and experience amongst them, and since then I have not ceased to know them in another land, and I think they would be accounted in the main, and in the opinion of sensible men, the first nation on the face of the earth.'

If it were allowed to add a word to these imposing testimonies, I would say: 'Yes, dear, noble land, old country of the saints, soil so fruitful in virtues and in sorrows, fatherland of faith, of honor and of courage, I rejoice to tell thee that the world regards thee with respect and love; it pities thee in thy sorrows; it admires thee in thy constancy; all generous hearts are thine. O noble Country, I can do nothing for thee, but I can at least tell thee that thy name alone fills me with emotion; it stirs my soul almost as deeply as that of my native land. I wish my voice could cross the seas and reach thine ear, not only thine, but that of all thy children in Australia and California, and by the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. O nation of martyrs! let me approach, and, like Veronica, wipe from thy countenance those cruel traces of suffering. Look forth on thy horizon; the dawn of resurrection shines brightly, and the bosannahs are already prepared for thee.'

In one word, Ireland has suffered everything: impleasurable persecution, anguish, famine, exile, death, every evil, in short, save only *opustacy*. And now I will conclude by this remark:

Divine Providence has given Australia gold—America Freedom—Ireland Faith!

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN CAHILL, P.P., INNISGARRA.—Died at his residence, Beechmount, on Sunday, 8th instant, aged 85 years, the Rev. John Cahill, for 41 years Parish Priest of Inniscarra. He was much beloved and respected by his parishioners, and will be universally regretted by all classes in the neighborhood. He interfered little in political or party contests, but devoted himself to the religious and moral instruction of his people, inculcating by example and precept the Christian doctrine of peace and good-will amongst all. He is buried in the handsome Chapel of Gloghro, erected a few years ago at his sole expense.—R.I.P.—Cork Examiner.

DEATH OF THE REV. M. KAVANAGH, S.J.—It is with deep and sincere regret we have to announce the death of this distinguished and benevolent gentleman and pious and exemplary Minister of the Gospel. On Friday he resigned his pure spirit into the hands of his Creator, surrounded by the consolations of religion, of which he was so warm an upholder and zealous defender. He died as he had lived, a model of Christian excellence, and he has passed away to receive the reward of a life spent in the promotion of the temporal and spiritual welfare of his kind and in the honour and the glory of God. The poor and needy, the sorrowing and the afflicted, in him have lost a staunch friend, the Church a faithful Minister, and society an example which all may follow with advantage to themselves and good to others. The Office and High Mass for his everlasting rest were solemnized in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Gardiner Street, on Monday, on which day his remains were removed to Glasnevin Cemetery for interment. The high altar and sanctuary were draped in mourning. At eleven o'clock the Office for the Dead commenced. The Prelates present were the Most Rev. the Archbishop of Trebizond, the Right Rev. Bishop of Galway, and the Right Rev. the Bishop of Salda. Over sixty Priests occupied seats in the choir. At the conclusion of the Office High Mass for the Dead was celebrated, at which the Rev. M. Lynch, S.J., officiated as celebrant, assisted by the Rev. Father Corkran, S.J., and the Rev. Father McDonnell, S.J., Deacons, and the Rev. Dr. Murray, Master of the Catechisms. The coffin, which was of Irish oak, covered with fine black cloth, bore a shield on the lid of which was engraved—

'The Rev. Michael Kavanagh, S.J.,
'Died February 13th, 1863,
'Aged 57 years.'

A long line of corteges followed the hearse on its way to the cemetery, where the usual ceremony was performed, and the ashes of him who had served God

and his fellow-creatures faithfully were placed in a humble grave beside those of his brothers of the Order of Jesus, who, like the deceased, had fought the good fight, kept the Faith, and received the crown which was in store for them.—Dublin Evening Post.

DEATH OF THE REV. CANON LEVING, P. P., ARDEM.—It is with extreme regret we have to announce the death of this revered divine, which took place at his residence, Ardem, on Sunday morning last. On Monday, a large and highly respectable procession was formed, which embraced a number of clergymen from different parts of the diocese and many persons from the country districts. The body was removed to the church, where it remained all night, and on Monday a solemn High Mass and office for the dead was offered up by the Rev. Dean Kieran for the happy repose of his soul, after which his remains were interred within the precincts of the church.—Newry Examiner.

MR. POPE HENNESSY, M.P., AND POLAND.—Mr. Pope Hennessy, M.P. for King's County, has been presented by the ladies of Poland with a very handsome screen of heavy black velvet, framed in oak, richly carved, and on which the arms of Poland are exquisitely wrought in needlework of silk and gold, with the initials of the hon. member surmounted by a Polish coronet. This splendid gift was accompanied by the following letter from the venerable and illustrious Prince Czartoryski:—

Paris, Jan. 16th, 1863.

My dear Mr. Hennessy,—When you first came forward in the House of Commons, on the 3rd of July, 1861, as the champion of Poland, the wrongs of my country had been for several years left unnoticed in that assembly. Your motion connected with that of the Earl of Harrowby in the House of Lords, elicited from Her Majesty's Ministers the production of most valuable diplomatic correspondence on the subject.

Thirty years had passed since that correspondence had taken place, and yet its production still carries weight, not as an historical document only, but as one calculated to bear on present and future decisions. In the following year, on the 4th of April, the Hon. G. Denman moved for further correspondence of more recent date, and you seconded his motion. The value of those debates and the production, however incomplete, of documents showing how Great Britain had remonstrated and protested against the violation of solemn treaties, the warm feeling, the depth of argument, which you so eloquently displayed on those occasions, have excited in every part of Poland a wish to testify their gratitude. The ladies have undertaken for you the arms of Poland supported by the British lion, which I am now commissioned to offer for your acceptance.

May the sight of this memorial further arouse your sentiments as to what Europe, and Great Britain in particular, suffer from the violation in Poland of all these conditions without which there can be no peace and no security among nations. May we soon see the day when liberated Poland will inscribe you among the friends and statesmen who never despaired of the aid of Divine Providence in the triumph of a just cause.

I am, dear Mr. Hennessy, yours truly,
L. CZARTORYSKI.

DISTRESS IN THE COUNTY OF GALWAY.—We are sure it is needless to call special attention to the following letter and the appeal it encloses:—

My dear Mr. Wilberforce,—I enclose the appeal of the Nuns at Oranmore, hoping that you will kindly insert it into your paper, for they are ignorant of the ways to get relief, and have requested me to put it into your hands. They have not long been established in this poor village, and I can assure you, from my own knowledge, that they begu their efforts to relieve the starving children in the school on the strength of a single pound note. They are an enclosed Order devoted to teaching, and it is wonderful to see the change they have effected in these few months upon the children, who are learning to work as well as to read, and to make and mend their clothes, and knit stockings, &c., for sale. It is impossible to describe to any one who has not seen for themselves, the amount of misery they have to contend with, and it is quite true that most of the families are living on turnips, and that when these are gone those who cannot earn by getting labour have literally no prospect of food till next harvest. We endeavor to give them spinning, and knitting, and embroidery, but many are unemployed even in this way for want of funds.

Yours very truly,
M. LUCKLES.
Newville, February 17th.

DISTRESS IN CONNEMARA.—Meeting in Clifden.—According to arrangement and public notification, a vast meeting took place in the Court-house of Clifden, on Wednesday, the 11th Feb., for the purpose of adopting such measures as may tend to alleviate the fearful distress now prevailing throughout Connemara.

The fact that there is distress in Ireland, that it is urgent and extreme distress, is now admitted. But concerning its cause, the likelihood of its duration, and its remedies, opinions differ. The Evening Post says that 'Farmers even of the small tillage class had been saving money in the years previous to '59, and they had been punctual in the payment of their rents. Where, as in Ireland, there are no manufactures, one bad season produces distress; two, cause destitution; a third bad year, places the country in a state of prostration—such is the position of Ireland at this moment.'

At the half-yearly meeting of the Great Southern and Western Railway Company, the Chairman, Mr. William Haughton, said that the suffering which the country is now undergoing does not apply to the lower classes of the population; that the poor rates are exceedingly moderate; that the sufferers are the small farmers, shop-keepers, and landlords; that he regards the causes of depression as merely temporary. On the other hand, the Freeman's Journal speaks of the peculiarities of the social condition of Ireland, which periodically eventuate in distress bordering on famine. Food is abundant, yet the people are in want—the ordinary necessities of life are cheap—cheaper than they have been for many years—yet the peasantry hunger and faint. The letter of the Archbishop of Tuam to Lord Palmerston goes to confirm the conclusion that the present distress is rather the symptom of a deep-rooted evil than a special visitation deserving the name of 'famine,' even in the most mitigated acceptance of that word. Tablet.

STATE OF THE COUNTRY. A public meeting was held in the Court-house, Newry, on Monday, for the purpose of considering the best means to be adopted for relieving the distress existing in that town. Amongst those present we noticed:—Messrs. Peter Quinn, M.P.; Denis Maguire, Denis C. Brady, Hill Irvine, J. Morrison, M.D.; John Savage, M.D.; Alex. Arbuthnot, Isaac Corry, John O'Hagan, Rev. Patrick O'Neill, Rev. Mr. King, Rev. Mr. Fletcher, &c.

On the motion of Peter Quinn, Esq., seconded by Baron Von Steiglitz, Denis Maguire, Esq., was called to the chair.

Peter Quinn, Esq., said that he had just been informed that the persons who were instrumental in having called did not prepare any resolutions, but that made very little difference. There was no doubt a large amount of distress existing in the town. It was to be attributed to various causes—partly to the American war, but still more so to the extremely wet weather experienced, in consequence of which the laboring classes were unable to obtain employment. Under these circumstances, it was absolutely necessary that they should do something. The resolution he would propose would be a suggestion that a committee be appointed consisting of the Clergymen of all denominations, and a number of respectable lay inhabitants, to take such means as they may deem fit, and collect a sufficient sum of money to meet the present emergency. The poor-house gave large relief. There were at present sixty