

and read again, these stanzas in particular, arresting her attention:

"It comes, collapsing pleasure's beams, A shadow from the future cast. Its secret in its source as dreams, And traceless as the blast."

"It comes, the dark, mysterious mood,— The prophet-spirit shades the mind, Which trembles, as autumnal wood That shakes without a wind!"

"The 'prophet-spirit!' repeated Mrs. Esmond; 'I wonder if that be not the spirit that has been shaking my weary soul these last weary hours?' She shuddered as she spoke, the book fell from her hand, and she sat for some moments with languid eyes fixed on the pretty time-piece, set in the belfry-tower of a miniature cathedral on the mantelshelf. The cheerful sound of the small pendulum concealed within the tower was the only sound that broke on the stillness of the too quiet room, and its pleasant tic-tic was more than usually distinct when, all at once, the sounds ceased, and the hands stopped precisely at the moment of half-past eight. 'Well, that is strange,' muttered Mrs. Esmond, 'I saw Harry wind it up this morning, and I never knew it to stop in that way before.' She was so absorbed in her own feverish thought however, that she forgot to set the time-piece a-going, so the pendulum stood still, with the hands pointing like skeleton fingers to half past eight.

Time grew drearier every moment, and every moment Mr. Esmond's anxiety increased: nine o'clock by her watch, yet still Harry came not—a moment or two after, a horse's hoofs rang on the gravel-walk without—a fervent 'Thank God!' escaped her pulsed lips. She would have hastened to the door, but her limbs refused to carry her, and she sank again on the sofa with her eyes fixed on the door. It opened, but instead of her husband appeared Mulligan, the groom. One glance at his face was enough.—She started up, and clapping her hands cried—'For God's sake Mulligan! what's the matter?'

'Oh, ma'am, dear, don't be frightened—we don't know what has happened—but—but—'

'But what?—why don't you go on? Out with it, man, whatever it is!'

'You had that horse comin' to the door there a minute ago—well, ma'am, it wasn't the roan, it was one of our Mr. Esmond's steel-grays—'

'Well, and who was the rider?'

'There was no rider, ma'am—but oh! ma'am dear, mind it wasn't our roan—'

'Nine o'clock or never!' muttered Mrs. Esmond. Her head sank on her chest, and she would have fallen fainting to the floor had not Mulligan caught her in his arms. His cries soon brought assistance, and leaving his mistress to the care of her terror-stricken servants, he hurried away to get the coachman and some of the neighbours to go with him along the road towards Rose Lodge to see if anything was wrong.

(To be continued.)

NAPLES AND POLAND.

The following letter has appeared in the Standard: Sir,—The treatment received in the prisons of regenerated Italy by ungenerous Royalists has been, I trust, but beyond question or denial by the publication of M. de Christen's journal, kept at Nisida and St. Elmo, in the Gazette de France. Not all the varnish of a Times correspondent, not all the eloquence of an R.W., can now serve to hide from public reprobation the hideous reality of the inhuman usage reserved for men so billed as not to believe in Italian unity as a specific for Italian ills. That France has permitted the accomplishment of such a sentence, on a French subject, is an eternal blot on her rulers, for even a Whig cabinet in the case of an Englishman shrunk from such an infamy; and if we imagine the aggravated fact of a Crimean soldier, a man of ancient descent and untarnished antecedents, being abandoned to the worst vengeance of the enemy he had beaten in open warfare, for the sole reason of his being a Legitimist, the facts assume an aspect of utter disregard of the responsibilities incurred by a government based on an acceptance of varying political convictions, that is not favourable to the high standard of national honour we had always believed paramount in every Frenchman's mind. The journal in question carries its genuine character in its very line, and the simple and manly narrative, evidently the work of no practised retailer of horrors, but the daily record of a band less familiar with the pen than with the sword, has gone abroad an eternal protest against the pretended extension of civilisation and humanity her conquerors have given to Naples, and the deeds denounced by Emile de Girardin, and for which the Sicels can find only words of indignant reprobation, will scarcely find sympathy among Englishmen who are upholding their voice in deprecation of Russian oppression in Poland. Wherever there is a plain negation of the first principles of humanity, wherever there is injustice or cruelty, wherever there is a denial of fair usage of gallant men who have honourably sustained and nobly lost a cause their traditions bound them to, Englishmen will be found to advocate generous treatment to the conquered, whether their sympathy goes with the principles or not, and the terrible facts of which the journal I refer to is but an indication are grave enough to calm the attention of even as fully occupied an assembly as the English House of Commons. Time is rolling on, and the amnesty hoped for in the Neapolitan provinces is daily becoming a more patent necessity. If it is never to be granted why is not the mask thrown aside and the facts acknowledged that what Piedmont won by treason she keeps by the sword, the rifle, the chain gang, and the prison; that the civil and military organisation is insufficient to ensure common security outside the city gates to even English excursionists, and that it is only brute force that keeps down a general insurrection.

Seven thousand fusiliers—and the present affair, counting from the 20th of February to the 7th of March, add 29 to the number; 32,000 condemned to the galleys; the entire aristocracy in exile, and the people daily more estranged from their conquerors—these are no arguys of the age of gold the revolution was to usher in. It is only the overwhelming military force that maintains tolerable quiet, and liberty exists nowhere from Messina to the Tiroto. Is this to continue for ever, and are the richest and most beautiful provinces of Italy to be doomed to a hopeless struggle for their autonomy—hopeless only because Piedmont counts for a maintenance of her conquests on moral support in England? At least, let her prove herself worthy of it, and be humane in her dealings with the country for whose destinies she has made herself responsible in the face of Europe, and which she has brought to a pass never equalled in the annals of former dynasties. 'Ah, your amiable friend 'Anglicus' is mounting his hobby,' I think I hear a subscriber to the Times say, as he looks complacently at a letter of R.W.'s; 'we know his principles runs in favour of tyranny.' No, my very dear sir and member of the Reform Club, they do not, and that is the very reason he has devoted his pen to a most unpopular task of exposure of unpleasant facts it was a

settled matter in political circles of your creed to ignore. He has studied the history of Liberalism, and found that the so-called deeds of tyrants have generally been outdone by the men who overthrew them, and an experience of two years in Southern Italy has given him a very clear apprehension as to which side the tyranny is now enlisted on. The sympathy all men feel in their hearts for the gallant struggle Poland is now making for her national existence, is near akin to the sympathy which as yet only the few among us dared to express for the reactionary movement in the Two Sicilies, and it is a remarkable coincidence that the same voice which was raised last session in an indignant protest against Piedmontese brutality, against the forcible occupation of a resisting country, by foreign troops, has within the last few days rung the knell of Russian despotism beneath the rafters of St. Stephen's in an address which Poland will inscribe in the charter of her new-born nationality. Mr. Hennessy has dared to be consistent—a rare political virtue in these days. It reads strangely to see Lord Palmerston invoking the stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna, which he has been in the habit of treating as waste paper since the Conference of Paris, and advising the Emperor Alexander to put an end to the struggle by an act of generous amnesty. The Emperor may well retort on Her Majesty's Ministers, and ask why, with every power of giving friendly counsel, why, with every certainty of that counsel being accepted, they do not advise a similar measure in Southern Italy. The reply is that when the tranquillity of the Two Sicilies is restored, then it will be safe for Victor Emmanuel to be generous! Safe, when 7,000 more human souls have gone up to judgment through the civilizing medium of la sainte carabine. Safe, when Pozzuoli, San Stefano, and Nisida have received their destined complement of 32,000 victims. Safe, when the fever, the chain gang, and starvation, have decimated the crowded gaols of Palermo, Teramo, Patenza, Chieti, Ascoli, Aquila, and thirty other reactionary prisons. Safe, when the miserable Garibaldian deserters, whom the name of their former leader, and the certainty that they had up to the last moment the sanction of their rulers, led to forget their military oath at Aspromonte, have paid the forfeit of their delusion in the dungeons which moved the denunciation of the liberal Cambrézi. Safe, when the flames of Pontelandolfo, Casaldini, and San Marco have been rekindled in a hundred villages of Basilicata and La Puglia. When the resistance is fairly crushed out by means worthy of the Gossack hordes who are ravaging Poland—when the deeds of Russian leaders are rivalled by those of La Marmora, Fumel, and Fantoni—when the mockery of the popular will is no longer attempted to be sustained, and a downtrodden population hopeless, broken, and unresisting, are ready to submit without a murmur to brute force—then, and not till then, will an amnesty be given in the Two Sicilies. The evil is not a dormant one; no day passes without fresh political arrests. The Official Gazette bears daily witness to fresh fustillations in the provinces, England has incurred no such responsibility with regard to any country in Europe as she has to the forcibly amalgamated states forming the new kingdom of Italy. If she lent her aid to the predominance of the House of Savoy it was with the aim of rendering those states freer, more prosperous, materially and morally, than they were under their former rulers. In Naples at least the experiment is a signal failure. 'La legalita di ciccio; vogliamo misere eccezionali.' 'Law is the death of us; give us exceptional measures,' said Petrucci in the Turin Chambers more than a year since. The exceptional measures were granted. Pinelli, Fumel, and Fantoni were sent forth on their mission; and men, women, and boys, old men and priests; the village surgeon who gave a basket of bread to the hunted reactionary; the girl who at the risk of her life carried food to her brother or father in the mountains; the miller—who wore food for the rifle, the galleys, and the dungeon, and the evil remained unchecked. A chief was shot, but another took his place. It was Cipriani last year, it is Pilone this. The movement is crushed in the Abruzzi, but it springs to giant strength and vigor in the Basilicata, and it is going on as I write these words; and no mail arrives from the provinces without adding to the long muster-roll of cold-blooded murder, which is the measure Petrucci invoked and obtained, and found fruitless, for the roots of the movement lie too deep in the hearts of the people to be extirpated.

Had Piedmont come to the dominion of Naples by any legitimate means there would be no excuse for such a course. The plea of cession by the previous ruler, of rightful inheritance itself, could not excuse such a negation of common humanity; but when we consider the means, doubtful at the best, by which she won her mastery—when we reflect that the main instrument was a series of artfully-fabricated charges on the previous dynasty, now confessed by the fabricators themselves destitute of foundation—when we remember that on those charges the English Government based its open complicity with Garibaldi's descent on Marsala, the enlistment of the English Garibaldian legion, and the recognition of the plebiscite of October, obtained by force and intimidation, it is difficult to absolve Her Majesty's Ministers from responsibility in the matter, or to recollect a government based on a declaration of popular rights and the reform of abuses with the actual and existing regime of terrorism and repression. If Piedmont is to be supported by English public opinion let her at least prove herself worthy of it. She has taken her seat among the Great Powers of Europe—let her prove her strength by her mercy.

She is Lady of Italy by the popular will; be it so! Then an army of 80,000 bayonets, and that barely holding its own, is a crying anomaly. Freedom has no need of the weapons of tyranny. 'There is no blood upon her azure robes,' and the principles of '89, scarcely need the acts of '63 to enforce them. If, on the other hand, she is not yet mistress of the country she professes to resist of her unwilling subjects is yet to be quelled *vi et armis*, why does she not accept her position, and avow that her rule is that of a military despotism as regards the Sicilies? I would ask any impartial traveller in the Kingdom of Naples in 1862 what he thinks would be the result of a second plebiscite, where honest voting was ensured by a neutral occupation? The experiment would have no certain result. The elimination of the House of Savoy, and the restoration of Francis II., if possible, and failing that possibility, of any dynasty that offered a temporary respite from tyranny insupportable, and all the more galling that it adds the insult of a profession of liberty to the acts of despotism unmitigated.

By the official returns it appears that in the three provinces alone of Terra di Lavoro, Salerno, and Naples, the prisoners for reaction are 22,700, and gives the fearful proportion for the sixteen provinces of 70,000 political prisoners. At San Stefano, where most of them are Garibaldians, the wretched 'gallotti' are chained to the walls and unable to sleep on account of the iron which are attached to their feet and waists. In the dungeons of Chieti are 500 reactionaries untried since 1860, and it is the same miserable record in every prison in the Regno. Well might the unlucky Garibaldian deserter who committed suicide in despair a few weeks since, in one of the bagnì of Naples, write on his dungeon wall—

I have fought against abuses, and I hang myself that I may not see yet greater ones (*Mi son battuto contro gli abusi, e per non veder maggiori mi applico*). Well might Nicotera exclaim, in his place in the Turin Chambers, 'The Government of the Bourbons ever maintained a certain respect for the Law and the magistracy. There is no example of the tribunals having received directly and openly, in defiance of decency, any orders in the aim of influencing their decision one way or the other. This example, gentlemen, was given by the Minister of Turin by his telegram to the Supreme Court of Naples.'

It is not on the word of one of the amiable friends of Francis II. that this iniquity now rests. It is a friend of Italy, one and indivisible, who rises to de-

fect justice; it is from the mouths of Pisibanti, Ricciardi, and Petrucci that his voice of protest has at length come forth. The *Movimento* is side by side with the *Standard* Catholic in calling attention to the misery of the country, and the only arm Piedmont can now call in is the suppression of any journal bold enough to lay open the wounds she has inflicted. The *Difensore* was suppressed a few days ago for reporting Lord Normanby's speech about Italy, and no journal in Naples dares print a translation of one of the articles contained in your columns. So much for the boasted freedom of the press.

It is by a court so constituted and so influenced that England has allowed an English and French subject to be tried, condemned, and in the latter instance, treated with the most inhuman cruelty. It is in such prisons as these that Her Majesty's Ministers abandoned to the mercy of men ignorant of the word thousands of unhappy Neapolitans still more helpless and defenceless. Lord Palmerston is about to deserve well of Europe by a timely remonstrance to the Czar of all the Russias. As he feels himself 'de force' for such a combat a *Voutrance*, surely he will not shrink from breaking a courtes lance with the certainty of success in quite as just a cause on the shield of Victor Emmanuel, dubbed to the order of 'les Grandes Puissances' by his own veteran sword hacked and lanted in a hundred fights against oppression.

With the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer as his squire the issue is scarcely doubtful.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ANGELICO.

Naples, March 7.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—To the Editor of the Times.—Sir,—In your issue of the 19th inst, you have joined together the Catholic University, the Rotiers of Cork, and 'St. Patrick's Brotherhood' as the exponents of disloyalty in Ireland on occasion of the recent rejoicings for the marriage of the Prince of Wales. On the part of this University I beg leave to object to your statements. The true principles of this institution are known throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. Every one here knows that this university is in no way connected with the 'Brotherhood of St. Patrick.' Our Chancellor, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, has on several occasions denounced that association.

The principles of the Catholic University cannot be mistaken. They are:— Loyalty to God and the religion which we believe He has established on earth. Loyalty to our country. Loyalty to the Sovereign and Constitution under which we live.

Were our University false to any one of these principles she would be false to herself, false to the Catholic Church which has founded her.

These principles she sufficiently declared by the act of her authorities on the late occasion. Your Irish correspondent misled you, or was himself misled, when he stated that the students were encouraged by two or three of the Professors, whose disloyal teaching drove away Dr. Newman and Mr. Arnold from the University. These assertions are unfounded. One and all we deny them, and challenge him or his informant for his proofs.

That some students should have been guilty of an act of insubordination does not prove the principles of our University other than I have stated. These few young men may or may not have been influenced by the motives you impute. I believe they were not. But, even if they were, an act committed in the thoughtlessness of youth, and which is now regretted does not speak the sentiments of the institution which repudiates it. You did not set down to the account of the Mayor and civic authorities of Cork the conduct of some riotous citizens; and you were right. No more can you with justice lay at the door of the Catholic University the act of insubordination committed by some of its students in contravention of the arrangements made by its authorities.

Were you to draw a conclusion from their proceedings I would suggest that it ought to be that these youths do not seem to have profited by the teachings of the University, and that their conduct shows how much an institution is needed to teach the rising generation of Catholics how to use the need of freedom granted to their fathers 32 years ago.

It is not to be wondered at that in a race which were helots in their own land, and were held for 300 years in worse than Egyptian bondage, a few individuals should be found who, despite of the teaching of our faith, have not yet learnt that they can love Ireland without animosity for aught else; that they can assert their rights as Catholics while respecting the feelings, and even the prejudices, of those who differ from us in religion. Surely every wellwisher of this great empire, to which Irish Catholics as well as English Protestants belong, ought to rejoice to see the spread of that expansive education afforded in an University founded on religion, which, by elevating the mind of men, will gradually break down and obliterate the land-marks set up in evil days, and impress more and more on the souls of the young their great obligations as Christian citizens to promote 'Glory to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will.'

I have the honour to be, Sir, your faithful servant,

BARTH WOODLOCK, Rector. Catholic University of Ireland, 88 Stephen's-green, Dublin, March 24

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY AND THE 'MORNING NEWS'.—The following is from the *Dublin Morning News*, the only daily newspaper in that city under Catholic management, which was founded by Mr. A. M. Sullivan, the proprietor of the *Nation*, and which till last Saturday was edited by him, having become the property of certain Catholics who desired to see their religion and their country worthily represented in the press. The editor has lately been returned as Town Councillor in the Corporation by the exertions and votes of the Catholic Clergy. The support of the Catholics of Ireland has been claimed for the *Morning News* on the ground that the time had come when the Irish Catholics ought to have an organ of their own in the Daily Metropolitan Press more truly Catholic and more distinctively Irish than the *Freeman's Journal*. The attempt may have been well meant, but hitherto as far as the interests of the Church and of the country are concerned has been a disastrous failure, or as the *Morning News* would say 'a most severe mistake.'

The *Morning News* says:—

It is merely a calumny to represent the conduct of the University students as animated by 'unmanly insult of a young and gentle girl.' This is not the country where young and beautiful girls are most in danger of insult and outrage. Those students meant, by the very act, to show their detestation of the country where such 'unmanly insults' are a national characteristic. They meant to mark their revolt against identification with that country which the French colonists designated 'the den of revolutionary assassins.' They meant to mark their abhorrence of the nation who, but yesterday, earned 'a notorious infamy' by their base, cowardly and unmanly outrages and calumnies against a Princess fully as fair. We differ in toto from the judgment of illuminating the University. We consider it a most severe mistake. But the authorities of that institution had a right to their own decision on the point, as fully and as freely as we to our criticism upon it; and an insubordinate revolt of the students against that decision touches on a principle subversive of all University discipline and good order. But we tell the *Times* and its following that the prevailing, and all but universal, sentiment of this country will recognise in the feelings which prompted that revolt—not the foul motives charged against them—but a praise-

worthy revulsion against the semblance of solidarity with Garibaldian England and Irish England—woman-insulting, sweetest-garrotting, and wife-beating England—the land of the Times.

DISTRESS IN DOWNPATRICK.—We, the undersigned Clergy of the Deanery of Clifden, in conference assembled, feel it to be our imperative duty to make known to the world the fatal destitution of our respective flocks. They are without food, without clothing, without seed to put in the ground. These painful facts have been so frequently attested that the repetition of them becomes intolerable to men of feeling and revolting to minds raised above the level of habitual mendicancy. However, we wish it to be understood that neither we nor our faithful flocks have any predilection for alms-begging as the only means of preserving the lives of the suffering poor, and arresting the progress of famine for another year. For the truth of this assertion we might appeal to our efforts to fix the attention of Government on the wide-spread, deep-seated destitution of the people, with a view to their giving employment on public works, as an adequate and acceptable medium of relief. There is not another government in the civilized world that would not cheerfully and patriotically encourage the noble principles of a manly people, who prefer to earn their bread in the sweat of their brows, rather than accept an eleemosynary dole. But, instead of remedial measures, the mean subterfuge of indolence is resorted to by our fostering rulers. Whilst the meanest renegade to truth and manhood—whilst the most unscrupulous scoundrel of a suffering well-conducted people, ought to be convicted or punished by the united testimonies of all classes regarding the existence of hunger and of misery in every shape and phase our paternal rulers take no steps to save death by starvation a large section of the subjects of the British crown. Had we, or our respective flock, sought gratuitous relief from government, how we would be assailed by a shout of scorn! If the statements relative to the existence of distress were false, surely the government had ample means of detecting the falsehood; they had sufficient machinery for a searching inquiry into the alleged condition of the people. Again, we repeat the challenge to government, to institute this inquiry. If this scrutiny be avoided, is it because our affectionate rulers are reluctant to bring home falsehood and exaggeration to the Catholic Priesthood and Irish people? Of all the shining virtues of the Whig rulers this forbearance is the most incredible. Again we tell the government and the world, that one half the people along the sea coast from the Killeries to Kilkerrin, including the islands of Boffin Shark Turbot and Innisturk, measuring in all its windings over 150 miles, have not a morsel of food, that they are almost naked, and that their holdings will run waste for want of seed. In presence of these fearful facts we raise our voice on behalf of our suffering people. Again we challenge government to the inquiry. Let it begin at the distant point of Kilkerrin, and continue through the parishes of Moyrus, Roundstone, Ballinacorney, Omev, Ballinakil, the islands of Boffin, Shark, Turbot, and Innisturk—the population in these extensive districts is over twenty-two thousand souls. We pledge our veracity to the following painful facts, viz:—One-half of this population is bereft of all means—they are often without a morsel of food for twenty-four hours, they are subsisting on seaweed, shellfish, and other garbage utterly unfit for human food. Hundreds of them may be found lying in their cabins weak from hunger and prostrated by fever and dysentery. Their clothing by day and night will be found in piles in the pawn-office at Clifden. In the presence of these appalling statistics the Pastors cannot remain silent. Every feeling of charity, every instinct of humanity, every sentiment of our common country ought to find prompt expression from all classes, ecclesiastics and laymen, throughout Ireland, and England too, protesting against the apathy of government, and thus save from death by starvation, cold, and sweeping disease, a moral and faithful people, who ask leave from their fellowmen to toil for their daily bread. If an innocent person be consigned to the scaffold an effort is usually made to save him from an ignominious unjust sentence; the same sacred principle of humanity ought to be exercised on behalf of a multitude of innocent men, women, and children to save them from the slow tortures of death by hunger. We respectfully and earnestly entreat our country members, Mr. W. H. Gregory and Sir Thomas Burke, as well as all other humane Irish representatives, to bring under the notice of Parliament the condition of the people of the West. If the Government will still persist in refusing remedial measures, we cannot rid ourselves of the conviction that their policy is to eradicate the Celtic race. Fever is rife amongst us and it has had numerous victims. If we had not yet many deaths by famine, for this we are indebted to the efforts of our revered Archbishop, the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, of Tuam. We entreat all who are disposed to compassionate our sorely-tired and afflicted flocks to confide their charities to his Grace. If the lives of many of our people were not in danger, and if we were not accountable to the Father of the poor, who has given us an example of self-abasement for the welfare of His children, we solemnly declare that we would shrink with horror from this perpetual mendicancy. Again we call on Government to give the people employment, or, if they are resolved to extirpate the Celtic race, we would suggest a less scandalous, a less infamous, and a less inhuman course than death by starvation to effect that purpose, and that would be their giving facilities for free emigration to a down-trodden people to some other country where they might forget, if possible, the heartless neglect they experienced from their rulers in their loved native land.

Patrick McManus, P.P., Clifden, chairman. William Scully, P.P., Moyrus. Joseph McGuinness, P.P., Ballinakil. James Flannelly, P.P., Roundstone. Patrick Flannelly, C.O., Clifden. Thomas Ronayne, C.O., Clifden. Thomas M'Waller, C.O., Boffin. Patrick Loftus, C.O., Ballinakil.

IRISH DISTRESS.—High Mass in Tuam Cathedral.—A solemn High Mass, *cogm panifica*, was celebrated on Monday in the cathedral for the temporal and spiritual welfare of those generous benefactors who so liberally subscribed from America, Australia, Canada, California, and different parts of Europe, thro' His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, for the relief of our suffering fellow-countrymen during the trying ordeal through which they were doomed to pass during the late season of deep and widespread distress with which the West of Ireland was so sorely afflicted. The Mass commenced about half-past 11 o'clock, and the Very Rev. John O'Grady, P.P., Athreay, officiated as high priest celebrant, assisted by the Rev. James Waldron, O.A., as deacon; the Rev. James M'Ge, C.C., as sub-deacon, and the Very Rev. P. J. O'Brien, President of St. Jarlath's College, as master of the ceremonies. His Grace the Archbishop presided, and the clergy of the deanery of Tuam, with an immense congregation of the faithful, were present at the interesting and impressive ceremonies, which terminated about one o'clock.

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY, TRALEE.—Its Dissolution by the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Friday.—As a most exaggerated and incorrect account of certain proceedings of the Tralee Young Men's Society in connection with the celebration of St. Patrick's Day has appeared in one of your Dublin contemporaries, I am induced to furnish you with an accurate account of what really occurred. At the outset I must state that it is not at all my intention to deny that the proceedings were in themselves of a most moral and extraordinary nature, and cannot fail to reflect on the authors. At the scribe the Rev. Mr. Kearney, R.C.C., spiritual director of the society, presided. Three others of the Roman Catholic Curate of the parish were present, but one left at an early part of the proceedings. Letters of apology were read from the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, The O'Donoghue, Very Rev. J. Maw, P.P., two of the Dominican Fathers,

and others. I may state that while the reading of The O'Donoghue's letter produced enthusiastic cheering, the name of the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty was received with marked silence. The chairman (Rev. Mr. Kearney) gave the toast of 'the health of His Holiness and Patrick's Day,' both of which met with applause. To the latter toast Mr. Patrick Flynn (a mechanic), late of the United States, president of the society, responded in an inflammatory speech against the English government. But all was harmony so far. The reverend chairman then was about giving 'The Tralee Young Men's Society,' when a tailor named Curtin interrupted him by saying that he omitted giving two toasts.—The memory of the dead, and 'The Irish Exiles.' The chairman said they were not on his list of toasts, but Curtin insisted that they should be put, stating that they had been agreed to at a preliminary meeting. The chairman then said that as spiritual director of the society, he considered he had authority over the list of toasts, and had power to rescind any resolution previously come to. He did not wish to put these toasts, and if the company insisted on his doing so he should vacate the chair, and cease all connection with the society. Curtin persisting in his demand that the toasts should be given, and being seconded by a shoemaker, named Foley, the Rev. Mr. Kearney vacated the chair, and with the other gentlemen left the room altogether. Some confusion then ensued, which was ended by Curtin being called to the vacant chair. He put the toasts which the Rev. Mr. Kearney had refused to give. The memory of the dead' was responded to by the shoemaker Foley in a violent speech, in the course of which he attacked Mayo College, the influence of which he said had taken their spiritual director from them that evening. He also talked of Ireland's freedom being achieved by aid from America, and by the young blood of Ireland, when the proper time arrived. This speaker several times called for the song, 'Who fears to speak of '88.' The toast of the 'Irish Exiles' was responded to by a young man named Connor, one of the 'Phoenix prisoners.' I need scarcely say that these extraordinary proceedings, and the shameful treatment of the Rev. Mr. Kearney, have caused a very painful feeling among all the respectable Roman Catholics of the town, a good many of whom had formerly been members of the society, but had withdrawn in consequence of certain other proceedings. It was with no ordinary pleasure that they learned that the Rev. Mr. Kearney had received this morning a letter from the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, dissolving the Tralee branch of the Young Men's Society, in consequence of the disrespect which had been shown him, and the insubordination displayed in the introduction of toasts which he and the Rev. Mr. Maw had forbidden. His Lordship authorises that the hall should be immediately closed, and in his letter to the Rev. Mr. Kearney remarks, 'Although the society on that occasion did not sustain you, and you had in consequence to leave the chair, yet I cherish the hope that there will be found in Tralee many young men desirous to comply with the rules, and to act in the spirit of the organisation. We may, therefore, re-establish it at a future time, with careful exclusion of the offending parties, and of all those who sympathise with them.' I need scarcely add that His Lordship, in the course he has adopted, will be supported by every respectable Catholic in Tralee.—*Freeman's Journal*.

THE 'DOINGS' IN BALLINA ON THE 10TH.—Our excellent contemporary, the *Siligo Champion*, devotes several columns of its last issue to a detailed statement of the alleged 'outrages' in Ballina on the occasion of the celebration of the royal marriage.—Great as have been the efforts to lighten the 'outrages' on the Catholic body of that town, our *Siligo* contemporary ably and conclusively exposes the clumsy calumny, and clearly proves that the 'outrages' such as they were, were commenced in the grossest and most offensive manner by the Orange faction. Our contemporary says:—'It should be known to the public at large that four Catholic children had been for some time in the Presbyterian Orphanage in Ballina. Their mother was dead but on the 9th instant, the day preceding the marriage of the Prince of Wales, the father of those children proceeded to the Orphanage and demanded them. We need not say that there was no inclination to give them up, but the father's authority prevailed, and the children were rescued by him, aided by two priests, to the great joy of a number of the townspeople, who cheered them on their departure. This was a heavy blow and sore discouragement to the cause of proselytism; but we can well believe that it was determined to have satisfaction on the first opportunity. *Verbum sat sapientia*. Now, as to the 'outrages.' It is a fact that the town was most peaceable until the Orange flag, or something of the same dye, was exposed from the windows of a shop-keeper in the town. It is also a fact that, previous to this exhibition of loyalty, the British flag was hoisted in another part of the town, but not the slightest symptom of rebellion was exhibited by the people—even when a number of emigrants who were bound to America were passing it, with their friends, there was neither word nor act to denote anything of the 'evasive insult' with which Mr. Joynt has charged the people. No, it was what they considered to be an Orange flag that exasperated the people—that flag under which such atrocities have heretofore been perpetrated. It was that which led to the getting up of the American flag, 'the Stars and Stripes,' and also led to the breaking of some windows on the night of the 10th of March. The individual raised an outcry, as if by previous concert, calculated to lead those at a distance to believe that the town was half demolished—sacked; the truth being that the only damage done was the breaking of about one hundred panes of glass, the greater number, no doubt, having been demolished by the boys.'

THE INFLAMMATORY PLACARDS IN CORK.—The author of the inflammatory placards posted so extensively about the city on the Sunday and Monday previous to the marriage of the Prince of Wales has been discovered. He is Mr. Edward O'Sullivan of the Butter Exchange, who has become notorious for the bitterness of his harangues against the Crown, and his devotedness to the 'National' cause. From the appearance of the placards, suspicion as to their authorship rested strongly on him; but so well and so secretly was the affair managed, that up to within a couple of days ago no clue could be obtained as to who printed the productions. Ultimately it was found out that one of them was from the office of Mr. Boylan, printer, Hanover-place, and was composed from manuscript supplied by Mr. O'Sullivan in his own handwriting. It is stated that Mr. Boylan has sworn information as to how it came into his possession. This placard was the largest of the three posted, and commences with the words—

"The Saxon and the Dane Our immortal hills profane."

The second of the placards that has been traced was printed at the office of Mr. Hurley, George's-st. It was the one commencing 'Proclamation to Ireland.' The manuscript of both documents has been forwarded to the authorities in Dublin. Mr. O'Sullivan, it is understood, has absconded. According to some reports he is now on his way to France, but it is believed in well informed circles that he is not far distant from the city. He was last seen in Cork on Tuesday, when he was engaged in a magistrate's court case. He then acknowledged to a magistrate of the city that he was the author of the placards, and pulling some documents out of his pocket, said:—'Here are the receipts for the printing, and here are those for the posting; go and tell that to John Francis Maguire.' Informations, it is understood, have been sworn against him, and a warrant issued for his apprehension. The person who posted the placards, a man named Murphy, is also known. He has stated that it was Mr. O'Sullivan employed him to post them and had paid him for doing so.—*Cork Examiner*