

would he get, do you think, to wear a... priest, only some poor outlawed creature like myself...

Lanty was accordingly dismissed, and Sir Thomas soon after coming in, the good news was speedily communicated to him...

'Divil a hair I care where I am,' responded Moll carelessly, 'if you'll only allow we enough of whiskey and tobacco to pass the time.'

Being assured that she would have whatever she desired, Moll dropped a low curtsy, and then marched off between two servants who were deputed to lock her up...

On the following day a small detachment of soldiers was sent out in quest of Father Sheehy, but their search was, for the time, unsuccessful. He had said mass that morning in his sister's house...

One evening he determined to make his way to the house of a farmer at the very extremity of his parish joining that of Ardhanan.

'No,' said he to his brother-in-law, Thomas Burke, 'Ally Boyce shall not die without the rites of the Church, if I can only reach her alive.'

'But, for God's sake, Father Nicholas dear, let me go with you!' said Burke entreatingly, 'it's wearing late, and you have a long road to travel.'

'Not for the world, Tom, not for the world would I consent to what you propose. Remember your wife and children, and that, after God, your first duty is to them.'

He had already got within a mile of the house when, forgetting his caution for a moment, he sprang over a stile and dashed along a narrow bridle-road or boren which he knew to be a short cut to Boyce's house.

'Why, then, Father Sheehy, is it yourself that's in it? What's your hurry this fine evening?'

'Maybe his reverence is going over to the Glebe to pay a visit to the rector,' said another jeeringly.

'Well! at any rate, it's like he can take time to give us his blessing,' suggested the third, and all three laughed uproariously.

'Really, my friends, you have the advantage of me,' said the priest, still hastening on, but two of the men quickly seized him by either arm, while the third walked close behind.

Fellow, said Father Sheehy aloud, what is the meaning of this? Whither would you take me? 'Oh! then, you'll soon know that, priest-darling! we'll not keep you long in the dark about it.'

Father Sheehy was silent—he was meditating on the chances of escape, and looking eagerly for an opportunity to make a bold attempt.

'Wouldn't that be a fine place, now, for the rascally Whiteboys to hide in?' said one of the men in a low voice, as though he really had some misgivings on the subject.

By this time they were full in front of the ruins, the gaping doorway of which was dark as a churchyard vault, when a sort of commotion was heard within.

'Shaun Meskill forever!—up, boys, and at them!' shouted a hoarse, suppressed voice in Irish, and at the well-known sounds the ruffians who held the priest turned pale as ashes.

'Why, how is this?' inquired the priest, seeing that the man who had appeared at the door was entirely alone: 'I thought you had a party here.'

'Sorra one but myself, please your reverence,' said Jimmy Boyce, for he it was; 'I went out, you see, sir, to watch for you, bekase poor Ally's so eager to see you, and I hadn't gone very far when what should I see but yourself coming walking along, betune two of Maude's men, and another of them right at your back.'

'And many thanks to you, too, my trusty friend!' said the priest with deep emotion, as he shook the sinewy hand of the honest farmer.

What was the rage and mortification of the outwitted captors, when, coming back to the ruin a few minutes after, with the whole detachment of soldiers, they found only the bare walls—not a vestige of priest or whiteboy was to be found or seen—the ghostly ruin was silent all and tenantless, and the discomfited guides, in addition to the loss of the reward, were forced to bear the scoffs and jibes of the soldiers.

(To be continued.)

PROHIBITING OF MEETING IN THE PARKS.

(From the Saturday Review.)

A letter under the head "Spiritual Touting" was inserted in the Times not long ago. It called attention to a state of things which has advanced to the rank of a social evil. A foreigner, or one who was apparently a foreigner, was accosted in the Exhibition by a shabbily dressed person, who immediately thrust into poor monsieur's hand a packet of cards containing spiritual advice, or what was meant for spiritual advice. Texts of Scripture, the shabbily-dressed person says they were; but we all know with what significance texts may be selected. This scattering broadcast of ghostly counsel in parks, and streets, and public places is becoming a serious nuisance; and in the interests of religion it may be fairly questioned whether religion itself does not suffer by it.

But it is for religion to combine the two duties—not to preach truth as to confine its message to exterior disciples—not to deal with the world and sinners in its aggressive aspect as to bring its own sacred truths into contempt. No thinking person can doubt that the park preachers and tract distributors of the day at least seriously exaggerate one side of Christian duty. There is such a thing as Christian prudence; and in estimating its limits and obligations lies one of the very hardest and most delicate problems that can exercise not only the religious sense but moral wisdom. In common life, and in matters of mere worldly policy and home affairs, to give advice judiciously—to know when to give it, how to give it, and what to give—is no such easy matter. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest man, after balancing probabilities, will decline to interfere. In one sense, the easiest of all things to give is advice, and first-rate advice; but such are the varieties of temper, such are the innumerable contingent consequences, such the drawbacks and hindrances to being useful, that to be silent is often the safest rule, even for the sake of the advised.

All this is a mere truism; but it is just what tract distributors and park and street preachers forget. The most difficult task in the world is attempted with the coarsest tools. Zeal for souls, as it is called, is thought to be the only qualification for an Evangelist in London. The man who gives cards in the Exhibition and writes to the Times, makes no doubt of his mission and his capabilities. Bad English and coarse puns: appeals made without discrimination are said to be the Gospel. Thoughtful preachers often say that sermons to what are called mixed congregations are the hardest things in the world to write, because if they hit one, they miss two; or, if they do good to one hearer, the appeal is just as likely to do harm to two or three others; and in very many cases a preacher is dull simply because he is a thoughtful, careful, wise, and prudent man. What is true of sermons addressed to people who, within certain limits, all have some respect for religion, is doubly and trebly true of appeals, whether in the shape of tracts or street sermons, to the mere herd, of whom the chances are that no two in a hundred are in the same religious or irreligious state, or are of the age, sex, habits, education, temper, and manner of life. The tract distributors and out-of-door Evangelists cut this knot. They boldly assume that everybody they meet is a reprobate. In a case mentioned by the letter writer in the Times, the tract scatterer seems to have assumed that the ladies whom he was addressing needed warnings on breaches of chastity. Now, if this is so, it is simply outrageous; and the Commissioners of the Exhibition will be wanting in duty if they do not protect us and our wives and daughters, as well as our female visitors, from the cruel insults of the impertinent Pharisees who thrust these vile placards into the hands of the visitors to the Exhibition. We all know what an offence it is to have cards of another kind forced upon us in public abroad. The present affront, though offered in the name of religion in England, is scarcely less. And, unfortunately, there is no place or time free from these intrusions. In omnibus and steamboat, in the street, and in the park, in public and in private nobody is safe. One well-meaning but most injudicious person asks it a rule to send a tract to everybody who, from the newspaper obituary, is found to have lost a relative. Another takes all the young married people under his care, and introduces his ounce of spiritual verjuice into the honeymoon. Some foolish women spend their lives in haunting railway stations and dropping appeals into the excursion trains. Some persecute all the newboys, some all the omnibus conductors, some all the shoeblacks, some the soldiers, some those who are palpably going to church on Sunday, some, with more justice, those who are palpably not going. Some take to the soiled doves, and some to the rousts of society.

But the fodd offered to these varieties of the spiritual mind is terribly monotonous. There is a prevailing sulphurous odour about every appeal. You are a lost soul. You are a desperate sinner. You are a black wicked reprobate. Now this is not pleasant to be told. It is not true in nine cases out of ten; and in the tenth the assurance only exasperates. The last preacher that we heard—he was a street, not a park preacher, and he was preaching on a week-day, before twelve o'clock at noon, and at the corner of the Portland Road, surrounded by a hundred people—was descending on a savoury theme, known, we believe, as the Calvinistic doctrine that Christ died only for the elect. Livid with rage of course spiritual rage, and pale with passion—passionate zeal, doubtless, for what he thought the truth—he thundered out his choice doctrine. "Christ did not shed his dear blood for the devil's goats." On this precious theme he enlarged, and of course he applied it. The hapless auditors were the devil's goats; and for the devil's goats was reserved—but we shall not fall into the error we are protesting against. What was the result of all this frenzied and foul blasphemy—for blasphemy in practice it was? Speechless horror on the part of the decent people present—abuse, slang, and cursing on the part of those who, bad or not, did not like to be addressed as the devil's goats. A cabman who was present, and who cried out to the waterman at the cabstand, "heave a pail of cold water over him; the gent's in a fit!"—pronounced the most charitable comment on this disgusting exhibition.

Another evil connected with this out-of-door preaching is, that the preacher being, after all, a man, sometimes loses his temper at coarse and brutal replies which his sermons provoke—when an Evangelist meets railing by railing, and contumely with cursing—it is only religion that suffers. An instance occurs. A street preacher was rudely interrupted by a jolly and profane devotee of the public-house—"Have a pull at this pot master; you must be dry after all that talk." "Oh no, was the meek preacher's reply, "oh no, my friend; you'll wait it all in hell fire." The same sort of thing is of constant occurrence in the parks on Sundays; and it is no uncommon thing for the preacher of irreligion to take up their parable, and to confront the ignorant Calvinists who think the world is to be converted by these fierce denunciations. The Garibaldi riots are the result. Clergymen, with the best intentions, encourage such displays by their attempts to substitute a milder and more decorous gospel for the ravings of these fanatics. But experience, and no small experience, among these public preachers, convinces us that the evils—plain familiar, and unmistakable—far counterbalance the possible good. Out-of-door preaching does, as a fact, call out contention, contradiction, and insult of religion. So, in a less degree, does indiscriminate tract distribution. Preaching in the parks and in the public streets is a matter of public concern. The Executive and the police have hitherto winked at it. The Home Secretary, or the Ranger, or the Commissioners of Police have been talked over. They have been terrorized by the zealots. They are addressed as quiet people are addressed in the streets by the tract scatterers. "What! will you refuse the Gospel?" as though the Gospel were identical with this foul raving, or those little scraps of nonsense. But the matter is capable of easy solution. Let short-hand writers be employed to take down any ten sermons delivered, and the running commentaries also delivered, by the audience on these ten sermons, on any Sunday, in the Regent's Park or in Hyde Park; and then let not only the bishops and clergy, but the respectable ministers of the denominations generally, say whether

in the interests of religion, public preaching in the parks should or should not be prohibited. We trust that Sir Richard Mayne's edict is intended to stop all out-of-door preaching. If this is not its object, the sooner we have a more explicit prohibition the better.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONFIRMATION IN THE PARISH OF OREGGAN.—His Grace the Primate made his visitation of the parish of Oreggan on Tuesday last. Before proceeding to administer the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation, he examined most minutely the children who were presented to be confirmed, on the mysteries of religion, and the principles of the Christian doctrine. The ready and correct answering of the children on the several subjects in which they were interrogated, elicited his admiration and astonishment, so much so, that he termed many of them, who had not exceeded their 7th and 8th years, little theologians because they not only answered correctly direct questions, but explained doctrinal points contained in them. The confirmation over, His Grace again addressed the children on the gratitude they owed to God for conferring on them a sacrament instituted to confirm them in their faith, and strengthen them to live up to its holy injunctions, and successfully to combat all the enemies of their salvation, addressing at the same time their parents on the obligation of watching over their children, keeping them from bad company, and all evil associations. He expressed himself in terms of great delight at the state of religion in the parish; the vast numbers who approached so frequently the Holy Sacraments, since the great mission of the Vincentian Fathers. The number of religious confraternities that were established, which, under God, were the means of banishing every trace of combination and public scandal. His denunciation of the vile, wicked, unnecessary system of Ribbonism made a deep impression, and will, it is hoped, be the means of keeping every one who heard it from the danger of being entrapped into that accursed system. He concluded by imparting to the parishioners a benediction so solemn and comprehensive and couched in language so feeling and impressive, that at its conclusion, in the vast congregation of old and young, there was scarcely a dry eye. In the evening His Grace and a very large number of clergymen of the Archdiocese and of the Diocese of Clogher were hospitably entertained by the Very Rev. Mr. Lennon.

Many good men and sound patriots, Protestants and Catholics, differed from O'Connell's views upon some great questions that occupied public attention during his long and stirring career. His objects, his aims, his means, did not obtain the concurrence of everybody, nor the approval at all times of even his most ardent general supporters. He said and did and proposed many things from which his warmest friends felt themselves constrained to dissent. But in all that he said or did or proposed, we believe that he was actuated by the purest motives and the best intentions, and that his grand object through life was the freedom and glory of his country, and the happiness of mankind. For this he toiled as few men ever did toil in any pursuit,—to this he devoted his great mental powers,—and that precious time which might otherwise have been employed in the pursuit of gain, and the accumulation of wealth, and the acquisition of professional honors. True, he received large sums of money from his devoted countrymen, but it has never been doubted that every shilling of the 'annual tribute,' as it was called, was spent in the political agitation in which he was engaged. From first to last, his expenses in endeavoring to rescue Dublin from the grasp of the Orange faction, and to prevent it from lapsing into their hands, must have cost him sixty thousand pounds. One Dublin election and its ordinary sequence, a Parliamentary Committee, absorbed that enormous sum. During the twenty years in which he fought for Catholic Emancipation, his professional losses must have been something one can hardly sum up even in imagination. Its amount may, however be estimated from the following facts within our own knowledge. In 1828, when Sir Anthony Hart displaced Lord Mauners of Chancellor of Ireland, O'Connell's fees in Chancery suit amounted to upwards of £2,000, though during the long incumbency of the bad lawyer and worse bigot who preceded Sir Anthony in that Court, O'Connell rarely held a brief there, even Catholic solicitors being afraid to damage the cause of their clients before the Chancellor by employing O'Connell to plead for them. Thus, by the bigotry of the Chancellor, the public were deprived of the invaluable services of the ablest advocate at the Irish Bar, and the advocate was deprived of his professional gains merely because he was a Catholic,—which throws a horrid light, by the way, upon the abominable working of the Penal Laws. The other fact is equally expressive, though it points no political moral: it is this, that when O'Connell started for Clare, in order to force the Government into a position in which they must resolve either upon Catholic Emancipation or civil war, at a time when the latter was surrounded with causes of defeat, his fees for three out of the four Terms exceeded £5,000; so that with special retainers on circuit, his fees were always numerous and heavy, his professional income must have then exceeded £7,000 a-year. This he gave up when he entered Parliament and we believe that the net amount of the 'tribute' did not average that sum, while the demands upon his purse were enormously increased. In plain truth his expenditure, not upon himself, for his personal expenses were insignificant, but upon the agitation in which he was engaged, exceeded his income; and he was, in order to pay his way, obliged to encumber his inherited property, and to use the fortunes of his children. The money he received from the people would not, if hoarded, have more than reimbursed him for his professional sacrifices in fighting their cause; but it was all spent, besides much more, in their cause and the heavy debt due to his memory remains still to be paid. Let this be done by a monument worthy of the nation and the man.—Weekly Register.

A CHRISTIAN BISHOP OF THE ENGLISH PATRIARCH.—We venture to take some humble interest in Christian truth; and we should really like that some competent authority, would define what relation the English Church Establishment bears to it—for we put that precious swindle, the Irish Establishment, out of the question altogether. If you judge by the conduct of its paid officials, that English Church is one of the sublimest shams that ever robbed a nation of its revenues under false pretences. Its programme is in every prayer-book; its "reformed" creed is preached and taught in every college; and its elected ministers, from the humblest curate to the wealthiest bishop, leave those colleges, sworn to maintain that creed against all its foes. How they keep their oaths recent revelations prove. One bishop of that English Establishment was foisted upon Ireland. He had vowed to uphold the doctrine of monogamy—that no one should have more than one wife; when sending out some missionaries to Africa he advised them earnestly not to interfere with the social habits of the interested natives. One of the customs of said natives is to have as many wives as they can afford to keep; the pious bishop advised them not to interfere with that amiable institution on any account whatever. Devotion to the poor was another of his vows; but when the cholera came, the pious bishop reminded his clergy that they were fathers of families, and recommended them not to risk their precious lives for the sake of the souls of mere Irish paupers. Another English bishop signalled himself on another important point: "Baptismal regeneration" is professedly a fundamental doctrine of the English Church. This good prelate (whose name, we believe, is Hampden) said it was all nonsense; some excellent people appealed to the privy council (composed of a handful of free-thinking lawyers), and that tribunal decided that he was right; and so the worthy bishop still enjoys his immense income, whilst subverting the doctrines he was sworn to maintain. But the latest example of

the kind was given by a recently sent out to Africa to convert and civilise the Kaffirs. This respectable personage was appealed to by a Zulu convert for information on the subject of the Deluge. He promptly replied that it was all a humbug. "I felt," he said, "that I dared not, as a servant of the God of truth, urge my brotherman to believe that which I do not myself believe, which I knew to be untrue as a matter of fact historical narrative."—Here was a nice bishop for you. He had vowed to maintain all the Bible teaches, and on the faith of that vow he got his rank, his mission, and his vast salary. He felt he dared not preach what he had sworn to preach; but he did not feel that he "dared not" pocket the money paid him under grossly false pretences. An honest fellow? But this is not all. The virtuous and conscientious bishop deals a still heavier blow at the Bible. He says:—"Our examination has forced on us the conviction, by reason of the utter impossibilities and absurdities contained in it, that the whole 'story of the Exodus' is a fiction, and that, consequently, no such 'groups of laws' were ever laid down in the wilderness as the story describes. And if the last four books of the Pentateuch must be pronounced to be fictitious, it will hardly be contended that the 'Book of Genesis' can be any other than in the main fictitious also."—In point of fact, according to this so-called prelate, all that we have been educated to believe in as "revealed truth"—what the Jews themselves cherished—what an Augustine, an Ambrose, a Jerome preached—what the martyrs died for—is a delusion and a fraud! Such is the latest development of British patented Christianity. We cannot object to this man holding any opinions he deems right. But surely we may reprehend the scandalous dishonesty of receiving a vast income for pretending to preach a religion which he denounces. When Newman and the other great converts from the Church Establishment went into the fold of Rome, they gave up their rich livings and every worldly emolument: even their enemies could not dispute their sincerity, their purity, their honesty. Weighed in such a balance, what is the character of the miserable man who, whilst paid a vast salary to preach Christianity to the Pagans of Africa, tells them practically that the traditions on which Christianity is based are a lie—and, without shame or scruple, pockets his salary all the time?—Dublin Irishman.

The Irish in general, and the Catholic portion of them in particular, are just now receiving anything but complimentary attention at the hands of their enemies on both sides of the Channel. The Times, with its accustomed magnanimity, leads the way, and, with few exceptions, the entire Protestant press is thundering forth denunciations of "Romish rioters," and mixing up, in one wild tirade of abuse, the 'ignorant Papists of Paddyland' with the 'miserable scum' and 'savages' of the London rookeries. This voluminous Billingsgate is apropos of the late riots in Hyde Park, and has also special reference to the disturbances in Trilwee, and the minor exhibitions of feeling in Dregbada and Newry. As regards the London enue (for so the French papers term it), it has, it would seem, almost vindicated itself. Meetings such as those that provoked it have been forbidden—the citadel, for whose possession so many hard blows were given and received, has been removed, and British public opinion has been startled, by the resounding peals of the Irish shillelagh, into propriety, and it accordingly declares that neither in the park nor in Guildhall have the patrons of the Goddess of Reason a right to assemble and insult their fellow-men. The 'wild Irish' have contributed not a little to the preservation of decency and decorum in the capital of Great Britain, and, although they were rash enough to face overwhelming odds, and to knock down pipe-clayed guardsmen and plebeian citizens by the score, and to send French and Italian refugees flying like scared geese before them, they have had the satisfaction of knowing that, at the sacrifice of a few broken heads, they have secured to London future immunity from a very intolerable nuisance. We would, of course, have much preferred to see our poor, hot-headed, enthusiastic, courageous countrymen otherwise engaged than in a shindy where every hand was against them, not excepting those of the magistrates and police; but if we are to take the version of the affair which appeared in our Saturday's issue, over the plain, blunt signature of an 'Irish laborer,' we are forced to the conclusion, that, provoked and assaulted as they were, the Irish had no resource but to battle as they did battle for their manhood and lives. They might perhaps, have been expected to pocket the uncalculated insult involved in the now-days common exclamation of 'To-h—l with the Pope'; but when such impertinent interrogatories as 'Why aren't you over in Belfast, Paddies?' were put to them, we confess that we felt a sort of satisfaction in learning that when on further and more irresistible provocation the 'Paddies' were forced to fight, they thrashed their assailants well.—Ulster Observer.

MR. BERNARD SHEEHAN AND GARIBALDI.—At the Improvement department, Cork, on Friday, the Mayor in the chair,

Mr. Sheehan (holding a letter in his hand) said—Is it not strange, sir, here is a letter I got from Garibaldi. (Cries of 'Order'.)

The Mayor—This is not the place for it.

Mr. Sheehan—It's no harm to read it. It's in favour of the people generally (laughter).

The Mayor—But this is not the place for it.

Mr. Sheehan had then to sit down. The following, however, is a copy of the letter:—

"Dunoon, Varignano, Oct. 10, 1862. "SIGNOR BERNARD SHEEHAN, CORK, IRELAND.—Your reputation as an Irish patriot has reached my ears. I covet the friendship of the worthily renowned. Hence from my prison bed I greet you. The vivacity of your nature, the celebrity of your character, the dignity of your arms, and the persistency of your crusade against popular frivolities command respect, and induce in me an ambition to aid you with my future co-operation. Your protest against the amplitude of unsightly, demoralising crinolines has immortalized your name. Go on in your exalted mission, until every nook and angle in the world shall be gladdened by your achievements, and until your sentiments shall have elicited the smiles of mankind. I am anxious to communicate with you. I sail, when released, for America, to give to the Negro the freedom that is due to him as a man.—This work accomplished, I hope to be at four sides in Ireland to right the wrongs of your country, and absquatulate its ancient oppressors—the English.—Should you visit Italy before I leave, I shall rejoice in the opportunity of presenting you with an appointment on my staff. Accosted as a Garibaldian, your figure would alone be too much for the enemy—the tyrants of my beloved Italy. Would I had a regiment of such heroes as yourself! For the present, adio, my friend. I assure you of my most distinguished consideration, and pray believe me in my sentiments of friendship, yours, "GARIBALDI."

"Please inform the Council of my intention to visit Cork.

"N.B.—This despatch is transmitted to you through my friend, Count Isacco Juliano [Mr. Isaac Julian, attorney], who tells me he is off to Queens-town early in the morning."

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN AND THE TRADES OF LIMERICK.—Mr. W. S. O'Brien having been invited to deliver an Inaugural Address to the Trades of Limerick, has written a letter to the Secretary of the Trades, in which he says:—"I am afraid that, under present circumstances, I could not in any case feel that buoyancy of spirit which is requisite on the part of those who address public assemblies. Your request compels me to announce to you that, having been deprived of my home by the operations of those to whom I confided the protection of my estate, in 1848—(operations which I shall not characterize in the language that they deserve), I am about to endeavor to forget the painful results of my misplaced confidence by seeking, in the excitement, which is incidental to foreign travel,