

left an infant daughter, whom Paola married later. This shirt and waistcoat belonged to the son of Paola, traitorously assassinated by a certain Luigi Fabiano, and reunged by the head of our family. On this stand, behold the garments of three of our great uncles killed in that famous combat, which cost the Fabianos five vigorous men, all in the prime of life; their blood had already been avenged on the field of battle: but that of my grandfather was so still more gloriously by his two sons Alfonso and Tibarcio. And now, last of all, do you recognise this pair of grey trousers, this riding-coat, on which the trace of blood appears so recent, and is still visible? This is your father's blood, Theobald, the only one of the family who awaits the vengeance to which he is entitled.

'Oh! my father, my dear father,' cried the young man, greatly affected at the sight of the garments he only knew too well, and large drops of filial piety fell on the bloody marks. 'Your tears cannot wash out that stain,' said Annunziata, watching her nephew's discomposure with the joy of a tigress, 'Blood alone can efface blood.'

But he heard her not; kneeling before these gloomy relics, the same that had been displayed at the assizes, he appeared to see his father once more, as on the last occasion; at one moment robust and full of health, and then, extended on the earth pale and disfigured, and this terrible recollection filled him with anguish. He remained for several minutes absorbed in the deepest grief, forgetting the whole universe; at length a burning hand was placed on his shoulder. He raised his head; his aunt was before him, her arms crossed over her bosom, her veil thrown back, leaving her energetic countenance uncovered, and never had the resemblance appeared so perfect, her expression recalling the features of his father Antonio Loncini.

Theobald was struck by the likeness, which had never appeared so exact as at that moment. 'The honor of the family is in your hands,' said she in a stern but gloomy voice.

The young man shuddered, and arose slowly. 'Burcica awaits you; will you not join him, Theobald?' continued the tempter. 'Will you not revenge your father's murder?' 'He reflected a moment. 'No,' murmured he, at length, so low she scarcely heard him.

'No,' repeated the voice of the haughty woman. 'Do you dare to refuse?' and her majestic figure appeared to raise itself still higher, while her eyes gleamed with a terrible expression. 'Then,' she exclaimed with impetuosity, 'in the name of our murdered ancestors, listen to these words: Theobald Loncini, you are a coward!' and thrusting him hastily out of the chamber, she locked herself in.

'May you have cause to repent the insult you have just thrown in my face,' cried Theobald, shaking the door furiously, for his whole being revolted at this outrage. Leaning with all her strength against it, Annunziata doubled the resistance of the worm-eaten wood, for she justly feared that a blow would have broken it down. However, she almost immediately heard her nephew's footsteps on the staircase, and the now trembling woman breathed more freely; she listened for some time at the lock of the door, and heard Theobald enter his room, then leave it;—instantly changing her position, she rushed to the window, and perceived him going towards the thicket with his gun on his shoulder. The heart of the proud and revengeful woman then beat with such vehemence that it appeared ready to burst from her bosom; her eyes brightened with savage joy, as she anxiously watched the course of Theobald towards the country, and when she was quite satisfied that he was taking the road to the Red Cross, she allowed a cry of triumph to escape her, and quickly descended from the turret. In the hope of success, Annunziata's plan had been laid beforehand, in order to avert all suspicion, and even to enable her nephew to prove an *alibi*, if necessary. By the order of Mademoiselle Loncini, a servant was despatched instantly to fetch different remedies from the neighboring apothecary and another was sent to request the immediate attendance of the physician, telling him that the case was very urgent, Annunziata being well aware that this gentleman was himself very ill, and unable to stir.

Thanks to all these articles, the report of Theobald's severe indisposition soon spread thro' the whole village. Clarita was informed of it on leaving church after the early service, and she immediately hastened to her brother's room, but Annunziata stopped her on the threshold. 'May I not see my brother?' asked the young girl. 'No, not at present, Clarita—he is asleep,' replied her aunt. 'I trust, at least, that Theobald is in no danger.' 'No—I hope not,' stammered Annunziata, embarrassed by these simple words. 'Go, rejoin our good mother. I will call you when he is able to see you.' 'I hope it will be soon,' replied Clarita, obeying with sadness.

Annunziata, when alone, felt an involuntary feeling of melancholy take possession of her heart. So long as she had been obliged to act and exert herself in order to spread the false report of her nephew's illness, she had been sensible of nothing but the joy of her triumph.—Now, however, that calm reflection had replaced action, a kind of terror accompanied thought. This beautiful woman was passionate, proud, and vindictive; but she loved all those belonging to her with the greatest tenderness. A Christian education would have made this haughty spirit a woman in the true sense of the word, for Annunziata possessed great and noble qualities; but prejudice and ignorance had turned them to the service of her violent passions. She had an almost maternal affection for Theobald;—but, as she had declared to him she literally would have preferred seeing him dead rather than dishonored. This sentiment would have been sublime, if what Annunziata called honor had been anything but the deformed shadow of that noble and exalted virtue. This feeling, in-

spired by real piety, would have recalled the fine words of Queen Blanche to her son Louis IX. (surnamed the saint); but, dictated as they were in this case, by a barbarous prejudice, it became nothing but the expression of a savage hatred.

Annunziata firmly believed that Theobald had gone in pursuit of his father's assassin but as the hours passed and he did not return, she became less hopeful—less sure of the success of her enterprise. Guiseppe, the only one of the Fabianos who resided in the village, and the one whom she most cordially hated, was known to be a most artful, as well as courage as man.

'Who can tell,' said she to herself, 'if Burcica's plans were as well laid as he believed them to be? Besides, who can answer for unforeseen circumstances? And Theobald is the last of the Loncinis, the only hope of our family.'

She began to fear that she had rashly exposed his life, and these thoughts tortured her heart.

'Oh, why am I not a man,' cried she, 'that I might have accompanied him, and defend him at the peril of my life.'

At length she was unable to endure the weight of her grief alone, and went in search of her niece. She found the young girl half sad, half joyous.

'Is Theobald awake?' said she, entering the room and gazing round for him.

'Listen to me,' replied Annunziata, pressing a burning kiss on her pure calm forehead. 'Your brother has never been ill, but he does not run the less danger for that, for he is in the thicket in pursuit of Fabiano. Do you understand, child?'

'Great heavens! what do you say?' cried Clarita, growing pale. 'My brother—my noble brother—in pursuit of Fabiano! Oh, no—it is impossible!'

'Every one must believe him seriously ill—his very life depends upon it. Go and pray for him. Recite the litanies of the Blessed Virgin—implore her intercession. You, poor child, are so good, so pure—your prayers must be heard.'

'Let us pray together, dear aunt.'

They then both knelt before the image of the Blessed Virgin, which stood in one of the recesses of the room. Clarita raising her tearful eyes to heaven, cried with all humility: 'Thou wilt not abandon him, Mother of orphans, consider of the afflicted; thou wilt not permit my cherished brother, so noble and pure, to offend the Most High, by stepping his hands in the blood of a creature made in the image of Jesus Christ. Thou wilt not suffer him, either, to fall under the blows of the assassin. Have pity on me, Divine Mother; intercede and pray for me, for I have neither father nor mother, and Theobald is all that remains to me on earth.'

And while uttering this simple prayer, Clarita's tears fell less rapidly. It appeared to her that the Almighty stretched out a protecting hand to shield her much loved brother.

Annunziata's prayer was far different. 'Grant, Lord,' cried she, 'that his arm may be more rapid than the lightning, and more terrible than the thunderbolt! Let him overthrow his enemies, and trample on them! Let him grind them to powder; and may our name become celebrated during the lapse of ages!'

This prayer brought no relief to Annunziata's perverted mind, for God rejects all that is contrary to charity. She soon arose, therefore, without hope, and without consolation; and taking hasty strides in the apartment, she watched her niece with a feeling of jealous impatience; the young girl was still on her knees, but her physiognomy expressed nothing save a soft sadness, tempered with resignation and hope.

'How happy she appears,' said her aunt inwardly, 'how I desire to resemble her, for my mind is torn by most direful forebodings.'

Suddenly perceiving the telescope, which Theobald had left on his table she seized it, ascended to the highest part of the house, and endeavored to satisfy herself that nothing extraordinary was passing in the country; but she looked in vain, listened, and looked again. The sun shone as in the finest, most serene days;—the monotonous song of the grasshopper alone disturbed the silence of the woods. This terrible day, every moment of which seemed to increase her anguish, wore away at last; the sun slowly disappeared behind the hill, leaving a train of red clouds tipped with gold, the certain forerunner of a beautiful morning; the moon, rising majestically, penetrated the glades between the trees, and its mild rays sent beams of light into the depth of the thicket; all nature was silent, the birds slept on the branches, and Theobald was still absent. Annunziata now could find no rest her anxieties overwhelmed her, all her strength of mind suddenly forsook her, for she only expected to see him brought home dead, like her brother Antonio. This courageous woman began to feel what fear is. 'Holy Mother of our Lord, if thou wilt send him home safe, I promise to go barefooted to Notre Dame de Bastelica, (situated in one of the wildest regions of Corsica) cried she in her anguish.

Incapable of waiting longer, or remaining, she called Clarita, and they set out together in search of Theobald; but they had scarcely proceeded a few steps beyond their own property than they met him, returning home breathless, walking with difficulty, his clothes covered with dust, his hair disordered, and his left hand wrapped in a blood stained handkerchief.

'Great Heaven! What has happened?' exclaimed his sister.

'Nothing of much consequence,' replied Theobald, in a weak voice; 'only I think I have the ague.' Annunziata took his hand, and found that it was burning with fever.

'You must immediately go to bed,' said she, without daring to ask any questions.

The party of three then entered the house without having been seen by any one.

(To be Continued.)

The road ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love too ragged for honesty, and too dark for science

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

LETTER FROM THE MOST REVEREND DR. CULLLEN.

The following letter from His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, communicating the Allocation of His Holiness of the 17th December, was read in the churches and chapels of the Diocese on Sunday last:—

'Very Reverend Sir.—The Allocation, of which I send you a translation, was addressed a few days before Christmas to the College of Cardinals by the Pope, for the purpose of laying before them and the Faithful of the Christian world his present trials and sufferings, and of calling their attention to the violent persecutions with which the Church of Christ is assailed in so many countries. You will be pleased to read this address for your flocks, in order that, learning from his own words the afflictions of their Chief Pastor and Spiritual Father, they may sympathize with him, and offer up fervent and persevering prayers to the Supreme Ruler of all things imploring of Him to look with mercy on His Church, and to preserve Christ's vicar on earth from all the snares of his enemies. The state of things to which the Allocation of His Holiness refers is afflicting indeed. In the distant regions of the East our brethren in the Faith have been subjected to the most cruel persecutions; many of them have been reduced to the lowest state of misery and persecution—some have been cast into exile, and others, rather than renounce the profession of our holy religion, have suffered torments and death. However, we may hope that the sufferings of so many of her faithful children will secure new blessings for the Church, and that the blood of martyrs will be again the seed of Christians. In Italy, for ages the most flourishing and favoured portion of the Church, the faithful have also had to undergo severe trials; they are not, indeed, put to death for their religion, but they have to pass through an ordeal which, though accompanied with great suffering, has nothing of the glory of a martyr's crown. Convents, monasteries, and colleges have been suppressed, and their pious inmates dispersed; many venerable bishops and illustrious cardinals have been banished from their diocese or sent to prison; infidel or Protestant schools have been opened in the midst of a Catholic population; immovable books and obscene pictures have been scattered on every side to corrupt public morality; and churches built and endowed for Catholic worship have been handed over to Protestants; just as St. Patrick's Cathedral and Christ's Church in our city were formerly taken from our Catholic ancestors and delivered up to the followers of the so-called Reformation, which owed its origin to the corrupt passions and cruelty of a Henry and an Elizabeth. It is not necessary to add that the Pope himself has been most perfidiously assailed in the time of peace by the excommunicated King of Sardinia, that his faithful and brave defenders, among whom our own countrymen were not the least distinguished, were treacherously assailed and overpowered by brute force and overwhelming numbers, and that the dominions of the Holy See have been seized on by sacrilegious hands. In the meantime, some of the statesmen of Europe, and especially those now in power in England and France, have encouraged and applauded the actors in such wicked scenes, and many Catholic princes have looked on with apathy and indifference whilst the head of their Church, their Spiritual Father, their faithful ally, to whom they were bound by many ties, was assailed in the most unworthy manner, and stripped of the dominions which are necessary for the independent and free administration of the Church of Christ. What is still more alarming—to justify the attacks made upon the Church, and the insults offered to its Supreme Head—rebellion and sedition have been all too readily defied by a licentious press; the wildest theories of revolution have been propounded by ministers of state, who, provided they could inflict a wound on the Church of God, seem to have cared little about shaking the foundation of society; in fine, perfidy and treachery have received the highest eulogies and rewards.'

Whilst the rulers of the earth, those who ought to have been the supporters of order and authority, have presented a deplorable spectacle of incapacity, of weakness, or of perfidy, the Pope alone has acted with courage and consistency, and given us grounds to hope for the safety of the Church and the cessation of the present storms. Among all the great ones of the day he alone raised his voice against destructive and anarchical principles and the confounding of right and wrong—he alone has acted with dignity and majesty. He has not been a reed tossed about by every blast; no imperial threats, no promises could induce him to give up to a perfidious king the inheritance of the Church, the vineyard of the Lord. In the midst of all his trials he has displayed a calm and undaunted spirit. Does he not present a spectacle worthy of God, of men, and of angels?—And may we not hope that God will reward his patience and other admirable virtues, which shed so much lustre on his Pontificate, by giving him a glorious triumph over his enemies, and restoring peace to the Catholic world? Indeed, the experience of eighteen centuries shows us that the Apostolic See always triumphs over his enemies, and that the persecutions of the Church, though they may appear successful for awhile, always terminate their careers in shame and disgrace. All the princes of ancient or modern times who have assailed the Church of Christ have been shipwrecked on the rock of Peter, on which the Church is built. However, it matters not what turbulent events may take, we must be prepared to submit to the ordinances of Providence. We know that the Church, being founded by Christ to last for ever, cannot be destroyed; and hence we can smile at the ravings of those fanatical preachers who are proclaiming every day the downfall of the Papacy, and exulting with savage delight over the sufferings of the Pope; thus walking in the footsteps of Luther, Calvin, Knox, and other enemies of religion, whose prophecies regarding the Pope have, one after another, been proved false by the test of time. But the Church and her Supreme head may be persecuted; they may have to go through the same ordeal through which they passed in the early ages of Christianity. If such be the case, it is our duty to prepare to suffer with the children of light, to strengthen ourselves by prayer and good works, and to say, in the humility of our hearts, 'O Lord, whether we suffer or rejoice, whether we be afflicted or prosperous, let Thy holy will be done. Give us grace to preserve our faith, and to fulfil our duties as good Christians, and we shall care but little for the vain and transitory things of this miserable world.' You will remember that reference is made in the Pope's Allocation to the projected establishment of a schism in France. There must be grounds for believing that projects of schism are entertained in high quarters in that empire, otherwise His Holiness would not have dwelt at such length on this subject. Such schismatical projects have been proposed at other times, when princes, such as Henry VIII. in England, Christian in Denmark, and Gustavus Vasa in Sweden, blinded by ambition, or carried away by their unbridled passions, determined to free themselves from all religious control. In the beginning of the present century Napoleon the First entertained a project of this nature, but he abandoned it, seeing that there was no prospect of carrying it out. Probably the present Emperor entertains the same desires as his uncle, but his chances of success are very slight. Though the Government of France has acted so unworthily a part in regard to the Pope's territories, we know that the strongest spirit of Catholicity prevails in the French people, and that they are so sincerely and firmly attached to the Holy See, that no power on earth would be able to induce them to enter on the wicked paths of heresy or schism. As to the French Clergy, and especially the Bishops, they are at present distinguished by their virtues and learning, powerful in word and deed, and worthy successors of a Hilary, who re-

sisted all the power of the wicked Arian Emperor, Constantius. Should the present ruler of France let himself be carried away so far as to propose to such venerable prelates to make themselves the instruments of his ambition, undoubtedly his proposals would be rejected with scorn and contempt. As a matter of course, the anti-Catholic press of England will encourage every project of schism, and heap fulsome praises on its originator, but Catholics will not be deceived or led astray by such arts; and the man who attempts to destroy the wonderful unity of the Church, and rend the seamless garment of Christ, will meet with a decided resistance, and universal reprobation. You will all take an interest in what His Holiness states regarding the establishment of Protestant schools in Italy. It appears that the money necessary for this purpose is supplied by the biblical and revolutionary societies of England, who also provide the funds for carrying on the vile and degrading system of proselytism in Ireland. The object of such schools is not to promote the growth of knowledge or morality, but to disseminate wretched Catholic principles, and to shake the foundations of faith, leaving the minds of youth a prey to doubt or infidelity. In the course of time it will be found that the present attempts to introduce Protestantism into Italy will have no other effect but to make millions of some few Catholics who had led bad and scandalous lives, just as it happens here at home, where none but drunkards, spendthrifts, or prodigals, ever yield to the bribes or promises of proselytisers. Freed in this way from putrid members and rotten branches, the Catholic Church becomes more healthy and vigorous: But sad is the lot of those who fall away, for they shall be cast into the flames.

But, returning, I beg of you firstly, to exhort your flocks to pray with fervor for the restoration of peace, and the welfare and happiness of our Holy Father. It is principally by prayer that we are to fight the battles of the Church, and to overcome the powers of darkness. Secondly, to caution the Faithful from time to time against the lies and calumnies with which the Catholic Church and its Supreme Head are assailed every day by the English press, and to put them on their guard against the destructive and anti-Christian principles of anarchy and sedition that are so loudly proclaimed by the same press, and even sanctioned by some of our ministers of state. May God preserve our poor country from the scenes of devastation and bloodshed that follow in the train of such principles; may our people be always filled with that patience and obedience which are prescribed in the gospel of truth. Let me add, in conclusion, that it is our duty to continue to assist by our offerings his Holiness in his present wants. The people of this diocese have been most generous in their contributions during the course of last year, and there were very few, indeed, so cold or hard-hearted as to determine to give no assistance, or to endeavour to prevent others from giving assistance to Christ's Vicar on earth in the hour of his distress. The exertions of our people in favour of the Apostolic See will render the year 1861 ever memorable in the annals of the Irish Church. But the Pope is still in difficulty, and continues to require our aid. I do not, indeed, apprehend that his trials will be of long duration. The new proposed Italian kingdom, founded, as it is, on perfidy, treason, parricide, spoliation, sacrilege, and impiety, cannot last long. There may be violent convulsions and troubles for awhile, but I trust that in a short time the Pope will be again in the peaceful possession of his dominions. In the meantime, to provide for his immediate exigencies, associations have been formed in most Catholic countries to collect small voluntary donations under the name of Peter's Pence. To keep pace with our brethren in other countries, we shall establish a similar association in this diocese, to commence its operations in the first week in Lent. The large contributions of those who wish to show their affection for their suffering Father will be received. Yearly donations of 12 pence per annum for the same purpose will also be accepted, but the regular subscription which will enable all to participate in the indulgences granted to the association will be only a penny per month. I shall write more fully upon this subject before I write. I am confident that our pious Catholics will enter into the proposed association with a fervent zeal, inspired by their hereditary attachment to the See of Peter. The peace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the prayers of the Immaculate Mother of God be with you.

Dublin, 17th January, 1861.

The O'Donoghue, M. P.—The O'Donoghue is giving himself energetically to the National Petition movement. His "address" has given it a considerable impetus, and he is now following it up by a letter to the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, of which the following is a copy:—

KILLARNEY, January 21, 1861.

My Lord Archbishop,—Will you allow me to affix your name to the National Petition? The object of the petitioners is to obtain for Ireland an independent native parliament. You need scarcely be reminded that the Repeal of the Union was the panacea prescribed by O'Connell for the ills of our country. I do not pretend to the wisdom or foresight of O'Connell; but my experience of the House of Commons has convinced me that he was right in this respect. In the House of Commons the voice of Ireland is not even listened to now, and this in a great measure is owing to the absence of a vigorous agitation. Tenant Right is laughed at, and the system of education denominated by the Hierarchy badly refused. During many years the English Parliament has turned a deaf ear to our complaints, and has treated our grievances as imaginary. According to English statesmen, there are only two obstacles to the prosperity of Ireland, viz., the Catholic religion, and that longing to see Ireland free, which is inseparable from the nature of the great body of our countrymen. The annual depopulation of eight thousand Irishmen is fast removing these obstacles—by diminishing the number of Catholics and patriots—When this has been going on long enough, and the few who remain behind are completely at the mercy of an alien legislature, Ireland will be declared to have attained the summit of prosperity. Extermination is counselled, applauded and sustained by the English Parliament, and when the people supplicate for some legal guarantee, to secure to them the right of living in their own country, and to preserve their souls and bodies from landlord tyranny, they are met by the English Minister with the assurance, "that Ireland was never so prosperous." Believe me, my Lord, the aim of English legislation is to make Englishmen of us all. So long as there is a large population who remain faithful to the Church, and who love Ireland, the work is one of great difficulty.—Consequently every facility is afforded for the dispersion of the population. It is a solemn act to say these things to a Bishop, but so convinced am I of the truth of what I write, that were I about to expire, I would not alter a syllable. The necessities of our position call for any extraordinary effort, an extraordinary manifestation of national feeling. Public meetings have been tried and have failed, the clubs are the slaves of the oligarchy, from whom we can expect nothing. We must then either abandon agitation altogether, and accept in silence our wretched lot, or make some move which cannot fail to mark our sense of English misrule, and our utter want of confidence in the English Parliament. The National Petition if adequately signed, will do this in the most impressive, and most telling manner. In 1851 the Bishops endeavored to create an independent Irish parliamentary party. The Bishops were unable to create such a party; both they and the country were betrayed, and result has been great loss of influence to the Bishops, and the diffusion through Ireland of the belief that there is no such thing as public virtue amongst public men.—Every voter now believes in his heart that it is a

matter of indifference for whom he records his vote. My Lord, the contempt with which the Pastoral of 1859 was treated by even the Catholic members must convince you that even those members think they can defy the public opinion of Ireland, so long as they please the English Government. Do any facilities exist now for the creation of an independent party in the House of Commons which did not exist in 1851? Are the Irish members more Irish and less English than they were in 1859? Are our prospects for the hustings better than at the last elections? It seems to me that our situation is worse than it was in 1851 or 1859, and that at each election the popular cause must meet with ignominious defeat unless by a grand and united effort we rouse the national spirit of the nation. To rouse the spirit of the nation without the co-operation of the Bishops is next to impossible, therefore it is, my Lord, that I implore you to sign the National Petition.—The declaration of five hundred thousand Irishmen, headed by the Bishops of Ireland, that they have no confidence in the English Government, cannot fail to produce most beneficial results. How often have the Bishops called upon the members to vote "no confidence" in the Government, and rebuked them for not doing so? If the names of the Bishops be not found on the Declaration, the Government will be unable to boast, that the clergy of Ireland do not share in that distrust of English legislation expressed by the petitioners. How could I account for the absence of the names of the Bishops? My Lord, I would not venture to write to you then if I did not feel the importance to poor Ireland of obtaining your signature and that of your venerable brethren. In the name of Ireland, then, I solemnly ask you to allow me to affix your name to the National Petition and awaiting your reply with great anxiety, I beg to assure you that I am your Lordship's faithful servant.

O'Donoghue, P. S.—I am happy to be able to tell you that Dr. Cantwell, the Bishop of Meath, has signed the Petition.

THE APPROACHING SESSION.—The Irish Bishops.—In a few weeks more the representatives of Ireland will be taking their departure from amongst us to take part in the deliberations of the Imperial Parliament. If we ask ourselves what we have done during the recess to assure ourselves that the wishes and the wishes of the country will be pressed upon the attention of the legislature, it must be admitted that, beyond the advocacy in the national journals of an independent course of action, nothing has really been effected. And if an inquiry into the sense of the public apathy were instituted, it would be found to have been the result of despair on the part of the people; and it would also have to be admitted that there were sufficient grounds for the despair which resulted in so much popular distrust and general indifference. The character and career of so many of the Members of Parliament sent from Ireland during the last few years were such as to make men—and honorable men too—come to the conclusion that nothing could be achieved in the British house of Commons to the advantage of Ireland. Even The O'Donoghue, whose address to the people of Ireland we published last week, tells the people of Ireland the idea of expecting anything from a "parliamentary policy." Now we have the greatest respect for the talents of The O'Donoghue; we admire his chivalry; we are delighted that he has the prestige of his princely name and high position to the movement in favour of a Repeal of the Union; but we dissent totally from that part of his address in which he ignores parliamentary policy. We have frequently so fully expressed our opinions upon the merits of the National Petition, that it is unnecessary for us to say more than that we approved of it from the commencement. But whilst we wished to see the statement of England placed in a dilemma before the European public, we cautioned the people against giving up the advantages which the honest exercise of their constitutional privileges places within their reach. We shall be delighted to see the O'Donoghue becoming the advocate of Ireland's right to a Domestic Parliament. We hope that the Irish people will respond to his call, and that before the presentation of the petition there will be more than five hundred thousand names attached to it. But we trust that the memorable episode of the year 1859 will not be forgotten. We fervently hope that we are on the eve of seeing the great principle then enunciated by our venerated hierarchy again solemnly reiterated by that august body. The Catholic prelates of Ireland, in their united Pastoral of world-wide celebrity, declared that Catholic Education and Tenant Right were necessary for the salvation and prosperity of the Irish people; and their lordships distinctly said that the only means of achieving these essential measures was by an independent party in Parliament opposing every Government that would refuse to grant those concessions. We have had a few honest men who endeavored well to carry out this policy; but the Whig party have so many adherents amongst the Catholic representatives, that the dozen or two of Independent members could accomplish little or nothing. The conduct of the Whigs, however, for the last twelvemonth, must have completely convinced their greatest admirers that they are still the perfidious party described "as base, bloody, and cruel," by O'Connell. The Whigs are always the same plotting scheming politicians; there is no change in their tactics. They offer a few bribes to the most distinguished and prominent of the Catholic body, whose weakness and self-interest can be acted upon. But the country loses frightfully by the transaction. The Catholic religion is attacked by Whig diplomacy all over Europe. What do the Whigs care about "unity" of Italy? They aim to destroy the "unity" of the Catholic Church. They would drive the Pope from Rome; they would create a schism in France; they would withdraw French protection from the poor Maronites of Syria; they would hand over the entire Italian people to the excommunicated King of Sardinia and his infidel Premier. And if we abandoned a parliamentary policy, they would deluge the land with blood, and retard the progress and improvement of the country for centuries. No! let us not humbly and independently. If we cannot be true to the interests of our Church and our nation, we do not deserve to be free—we do not deserve the privileges of freemen. Let the blameworthy Whigs be spurned. Let our venerated Bishops give the word, and a willing and cheerful obedience will be accorded by an ever faithful and obedient people. Let it be distinctly understood that no man will be contented as a representative of the people by the Catholic hierarchy, and Clergy of Ireland unless he acts up to the principles of the Pastoral. If this policy is honestly carried out, a domestic Parliament will follow as a matter of course. Let us not abandon the practical for the ideal. We can, if we wish, have as many honest representatives in Parliament as, in the present balance of parties in England, can achieve all that is demanded by the Pastoral. That historical document has been allowed to remain in abeyance for some time. The Whigs have shown that nothing can be expected from their generosity—Bishops, Priests, and people must be thoroughly disgusted with their baseness and treachery—with their unguided attempts to overturn every Catholic institution on the Continent. Away with them! Let us take advantage of the favorable circumstances—let our good Bishops again declare for the policy of Independent Opposition to every Government that will not grant Catholic Education and Tenant Right—that will not give full Religious Equality. Let that policy be acted on with honesty and earnestness, and before twelvemonth elapses we shall have no call to petition for a Repeal of the Union.—Waterford Citizen.

THE GALWAY LINE.—The frequent disappointments in the sailings of the ships of this line since October last, have caused much loss and disappointment to poor emigrants who were sold berths.—Mayo Constitution.