

and prudence, and most probably, encouraged by the advice of his venerable pastor, the brave man did what he considered his bounden duty, and gave information to the nearest magistrate concerning the murder of Mr. Chadwick. The storm of indignation that burst forth amongst the peasantry on hearing of what they considered Marra's treachery is beyond conception. Those who, being like himself under the strong influence of religion, secretly applauded his self-devotedness, and prayed that God and the Blessed Virgin might save him from the deadly vengeance of the boys, who held the whole population in terror. But these kindly sympathisers being the most orderly and virtuous portion of the community, naturally shrank from incurring their enmity by any public expression of their sentiments, whereas the friends and upholders of the imprisoned Grace were loud and vociferous in their denunciations of the 'informers,' as they chose to call him. Indeed, there would have been little chance of Grace's conviction on poor Philip Marra's testimony, had he been left at large, but the Government had prudently provided for his safety by keeping him in safe quarters under a strong guard till the time came for trial, viz: the Summer Assizes, then not far distant. Fear and terror then took possession of the friends of Grace, lashed to fury by the consciousness of their inability to save him, but amid all the raging storm of public and private excitement, which his family largely shared, there was one gentle heart that uttered no loud complaint, but pined away in sad, heart-wearing anxiety, with scarce one gleam of hope to keep the life-current flowing. That one was the betrothed bride of Patrick Grace. And when, at last, the dreaded day came, and the unhappy culprit stood at the bar, in the pride of youth and manly beauty, firm and undaunted as though the shadow of the gibbet fell not athwart him, it was hard to look on him and believe him guilty of so heinous a crime, so cold-blooded a murder. His sweetheart, as they would say themselves, was not present, being kept away from the court by her friends almost by main force, and the fact of her being absent from the family-group, whose presence his keen eye soon detected, was an inexpressible relief to the doomed prisoner, though the sight of her, as his heart whispered, would have been to him as dev to the parched flower. Yet he was glad, oh! how very glad, that she was not there to see him a manacled felon at the bar charged with the fearful crime which he well knew was about to be proved home against him. And it was proved home, notwithstanding all the professional skill of the eminent lawyers engaged for the defence, and the audible sobs and groans and piteous entreaties for mercy, which all the exertions of the police could not silence in the body of the court, the awful sentence of death was pronounced on Patrick Grace unanimously found guilty of the murder of Mr. Chadwick. Then the fiery spirit of revenge burst forth from the ash lips of the yet undimmed prisoner, and he said, when permission was given him to speak: 'Before a twelvemonth passes I'll have revenge in my grave.' Many a heart echoed those fatal words that day, and swore that so it should be. The sentence was that the prisoner should be hung by the neck till, dead, on the very spot where his crime had been committed. And so they reared the dismal gibbet within sight of the grand old pile beneath whose ruined walls the royal O'Brien who raised it to the honor of God sleeps in peace. 'his warfare o'er?'—and much warfare did King Donald wage, for he was a man of might in his generation, and a thorn, moreover, in Strongbow's side. It was a strange scene, the noble ruins and the sculptured tombs and the forgotten graves of the dead of other years,—and the rich level fields, heavy with the unrequited grain, and green in the freshness of Irish verdure,—and the seething, surging, heaving multitude topping ditches and walls and trees and every spot that could give a view of the doleful spectacle,—and high over all the dreadful apparatus that was to launch into eternity the pride of Tipperary peasants. The place immediately round the gallows was occupied by a large body of constabulary, their bayonets glittering in the sun, and their dark green uniform strongly contrasted with the many-hued freeze coats of the county people in the crowd outside their serried circle. Much anxiety was felt amongst the people generally as to whether Grace would die penitent or impenitent; the good hoped the former, the bad, and especially his brethren of the secret society, the latter, for they would consider it a triumph for the enemy and an indehible disgrace to them if he 'gave in at the last moment, and 'didn't die like a man.' Fortunately for his own eternal welfare, young Grace had been brought to a sense of his condition before God, and when he appeared on the gallows with the priest by his side: 'While breathless silence chained the lips, and touched the hearts of all,' he spoke in a clear, firm, manly voice, and expressed his heartfelt sorrow for the awful crime which he was now to expiate with his life, asking God's pardon and the pardon of all good Christians, and, moreover, warning all who heard him to beware of the evil course which had brought him to that untimely and ignominious end. This was a stunning blow to his late associates, but to his nearest and dearest, and to all pious Christians, it was both joy and triumph, the triumph of religion over irreligion and impiety. But just as the young man ceased to speak, and the priest withdrew from the lapboard, one wild scream of heart-piercing anguish rose from the outskirts of the crowd, then a shriek of maniac laughter, and people were seen to carry away a fair young girl whose wild gestures and wilder cries, mingled with strange fits of laughter, told too plainly that there, indeed, was 'a mind o'erthrown.' It is hardly necessary to say that this unhappy young creature was the affianced bride of Patrick Grace.

and arrived just at the fatal moment. And she is— Mad Mabel—you may judge what her beauty must once have been when you see how much of it still remains. Poor thing, said Lord Effingham in a tone of sincere compassion, 'poor thing! what a hard fate is hers—a young life and a loving heart so early blighted!' It was very sad, sighed Mr. Goodchild, 'very sad, indeed!' and he refreshed himself with a pinch of snuff. 'It was worse than sad,' said Mrs. Pakenham rising, 'it was horrible, and I'm sure I don't know how you could sit to hear it out, my lord! I hope, Miss Markham, when you next undertake to tell us a story, it will be of a more entertaining kind. Now let us go to supper.' 'But what about the promised revenge?' said the Earl to Harriet, as he gave his arm to the elder lady who was looking her loftiest at the moment. 'That is a tale in itself, my lord, and one more tragical even than this. It would be the death of Mrs. Pakenham to hear it.' 'Pray, do not tell it, then?' said the chaplain as he offered his arm, with a very low bow, and they all proceeded to the supper-room. (To be continued.)

PARTRY EVICTIONS—DUBLIN JURIES.

(From the Weekly Register.) The remark of Sir John Davies that no people in the world admired equal justice more than the Irish, has been often quoted to the credit of that people, and as applicable to our own time as it was in the distant day when it was written. But equal justice, or justice in any proportion, is unfortunately what the Irish have seldom had an opportunity of practically comprehending and appreciating; and in default of the justice of the law, they have too frequently been driven to seek what another celebrated English lawyer has termed, "the wild justice of revenge." In this respect the Irish have been peculiarly unfortunate. An Englishman boldly stands upon his rights as guaranteed by the law; he fears no consequence from coming into collision with the power of the Crown, or the pride, passion, or self-love of the greatest in the land; for he feels that he is protected by what has been well designated the Pillar of British Liberty—Trial by Jury. But in Ireland trial by jury has a thousand times over been the curse of the people. There the forms of law and the semblance of freedom have been for ages the aptest instruments of tyranny and oppression, and the fœdus source of cruel wrong.—Partisan judges, partizan sheriffs, and packed juries have, time out of mind, been the ready and unflinching machinery by which the Irish people were subjected to the terrorism of a ferocious faction, and ground down by an insolent ascendancy. In the investigation by a Committee of the House of Commons of the circumstances connected with the acquittal of the persons charged before a Dublin jury with the offence of making an attempt upon the life of Lord Wellesley when Viceroy, in the theatre, it was admitted by either Alderman King or Sheriff Thorpe that in any case where party spirit was evoked they could always make sure of a verdict in favour of the side which the corporation patronised. And on a later occasion we remember that Sir David Roose incurred the bitterest resentment of the Orange faction and was roughly-dashed with the abuse of their press, because in the celebrated case of Magarahan v. Maguire he refused as High Sheriff of Dublin to pack an Orange jury, and, by discharging his duty honestly and conscientiously, secured the ends of justice by the acquittal of the Priest of an intamously concocted offence, and thus deflected as vile a conspiracy as was ever hatched to destroy a clever Catholic controversialist who had committed the unpardonable crime—in Orange eyes—of coming triumphant out of a polemical conflict. Need we remind the reader of the scandalous incidents connected with the memorable trial of O'Connell and others, which extorted from the Lord Chief Justice of England the remark that prosecutions so conducted and convictions so secured, allowed no other conclusion than this, that "in Ireland trial by jury was a delusion, a mockery, and a snare." This tremendous censure was pronounced upon the conduct of Dublin sheriffs and a Dublin jury, and its force was immensely increased by the judgment of the House of Lords, which upset the unjust verdict that had been illegally obtained by the Crown through the instrumentality of an Orange jury, guided by the one-sided charge of the Chief Justice of the day, whose conduct upon the occasion won for him the sobriquet of the Irish Scroggins.

We have been led into these reflections by the report of a trial which took place in the Irish Court of Exchequer on Saturday last, in an action for damages brought by a poor man named Cavanagh against the Rev. James Fowler, a Clergyman of the Established Church, for a libel published by the defendant in the *Mayo Constitution*. The case originated in the notorious proceedings of Lord Plunket, Anglican Bishop of Tuam, &c., for the purpose of forcing his unfortunate Catholic tenants in Partry to become nominal Protestants. It will be remembered—can it possibly be forgotten?—that the Right Rev. Peer in question ejected a large number of the peasantry from their holdings upon his estate in the midst of winter and to extremely inclement weather, a few years ago. The matter attracted much attention at the time, and the very unchristian conduct of this most Evangelical Bishop was severely censured by a portion of the London Protestant Press. The animadversions of the *Times* were very stinging, and evidently made the noble and tight-revered exterminator and proselytiser write: To whitewash his lordship or at all events to modify the censure to which he laid himself open, became evidently a vital point for himself and his proselytising agents in Connaught. These persons have been drawing large sums every year for many years from England for "the work of the Reformation," as they call it, in Connaught; and it was certain that if some answer were not given to the serious charges against their chief, their occupation would be gone. "Sonperism" must fall for want of funds from England "to keep the pot boiling;" and many of the sower agents had before them no pleasanter prospect than the *Gazette* or the workhouse, according to their grade in society. In this emergency a bold course was indispensable. The "Lord Bishop" must not only be defended, but vindicated, and his evil needs must not only be justified, but so glossed over as to be made the counterfeited presentment of all the cardinal virtues. It must be shown to the people of England that the Right Reverend Baron understood not only the rights but the duties of a landlord, and that in exercising those rights as he did on the occasion referred to, he only performed his duty as a good Bishop and a good citizen. To accomplish this rather difficult task, it was necessary to paint the ejected tenants as incarnate demons, whose extermination was called for by the best interests of society; and this artistic process was facilitated by the poverty of the subjects. To blacken the wretched outcasts was felt to be a safe adventure. What chance was there of such miserable beings "taking the law" of their maligners and bringing their libellers to justice? The path seemed clear of all obstructions, and accordingly a letter was written by Lord Plunket's agent, Mr. Falkner, to the *Times*, in which it was stated that the evictions were not caused by default in the payment of rent (the poor creatures were not in arrears,) but because they

(the ejected tenants) had formed a lawless combination against the landlord and others of the tenants, and because they were identified with a system of outrage, conspiracy, incendiarism, perjury, and murder, Lord Plunket was driven, in justice to the peaceable and well-disposed tenants and for their protection, to evict these parties off his property at Partry." This was turning the tables with a vengeance. The ejected tenants were Thugs, and the Bishop of Tuam, Killala, and Achoury, and Lord of Partry and Peer of Parliament, was society's avenger. No doubt the subscriptions for "the Reformation" poured in more copiously than ever, and "sonperism" rose rapidly from a low discount to a high premium in the market of souls.

But the hapless victims of landlord law—for after all, the law was the greatest criminal in the case for allowing such oppression to be perpetrated—and of Lord Plunket's agent's calumnious libel, were not so destitute of friends as had been supposed. Their Parish Priest took up their cause with energy, and whatever may be thought of Father Lavelle's discretion or indiscretion in other matters, for his conduct in shielding the poor people of Partry from the tyranny of their landlord and the infamous wiles of the Bible-mongers, he deserves the utmost praise.

At his instance proceedings were taken in the name of each of the ejected tenants against Mr. Falkner for the libels upon them in his letter to the *Times*—libels which, by his subsequent conduct, he admitted to be what the law considers "false, scandalous, and malicious," and the defendant compromised the actions by an ample apology and retraction, which we published a few weeks since, and paying certain damages and all the costs. Proceedings were also taken against the *Mayo Constitution* for the publication of the libellous letter, but the proprietor extricated himself from his awkward position by paying costs and giving up the Rev. James Fowler as the person who caused the publication of the letter in his paper.

It was for this offence that the action was tried in the Court of Exchequer in Dublin on Saturday last. The publication was proved, and no witness was called for the defence, Mr. Macdonagh, who appeared for the defendant, scanned the jury-box, and knowing some at least of its occupants, he told them it was the action of a Priest against a Protestant clergyman—Father Lavelle against Parson Fowler, and sat down with the perfect consciousness that he had judiciously discharged his duty to his client, and that Mr. Fowler was safe for that day at least, under the palladium of our liberties. In his charge to the jury, Baron Fitzgerald called attention to the fact that the ejectments were served in November, 1859, whereas the alleged murder which was stated in the libel to have been the cause of the evictions, did not happen until February, 1860,—nearly four months later. After laying it down that the act of publication was clearly established against the defendant, the learned Judge proceeded as follows:—

"The next question was, whether the letter was a libel on the plaintiff. He was one of the tenants ejected, and it would be for the jury to say, as rational men, whether reading the letter which referred to certain tenants ejected, of whom the plaintiff was one, it could be held not to include the plaintiff. The next question was, whether the letter was a libel. Well, assuming that the letter did apply to the plaintiff, it charged, as a matter of fact, that he combined lawlessly and was identified with a system of outrage, conspiracy, incendiarism, perjury and murder. He did not see how they could possibly come to any other conclusion than that such charges were libellous. If they had found the foregoing questions for the plaintiff, then came the last question—that of damages, which was entirely for themselves.

Here we have as clear and positive a ruling as an impartial judge could possibly deliver in a charge to a jury: that the defendant published the letter,—that the letter was libellous,—that the libel affected the plaintiff, and that he was therefore entitled to damages, the amount of which it was within the province of the jury alone to determine. We give the result from the report in the *Freeman's Journal*:—

The jury then retired to consider their verdict. After an absence of half an hour they returned to court, when the Foreman stated that they could not agree to a verdict. Baron Fitzgerald—Is it upon the evidence? There is hardly any evidence at all in the case. Is it upon any particular issue that you disagree in reference to which I can give you any assistance? The Foreman—Upon the issues, taken generally, my Lord.

Mr J J Butler (one of the jurors)—There is not the slightest chance of our agreeing. Baron Fitzgerald—I must ask you to retire again, gentlemen. The jury retired; in half an hour they came out again, and the Foreman stated that there was no likelihood of their finding a verdict. Baron Fitzgerald said he wished to give them the fullest opportunity of agreeing, because it was better that the case should be decided one way or the other after the parties had gone to the expense of a trial. What was it that they entertained any rational doubt about?

The Foreman said there was no prospect whatever of the jury coming to a conclusion. After being out again at seven o'clock, and repeated that they could not agree, his lordship sent the jury back again, and adjourned the Court till nine o'clock. At that hour his lordship came down, and the jury after having once more stated that they could not agree, his lordship discharged them.

Such is the working of "trial by jury" in Dublin! In this case there was not even an attempt at a defence. The writer of the letter in the *Times* admitted it to be libellous,—retracted, apologised, and paid costs and compromised damages. The publisher of the libellous letter in Castlebar condoned for his offence by paying costs, and giving up the name of the person who deliberately, gratuitously, and perversely led him into the commission of the offence. Lord Plunket's agent, Mr. Falkner had some excuse for rushing into print in defence of his employer; but Parson Fowler was not at all called upon to interfere in the matter, and his interference could have been dictated only by a desire to curry favor with the Bishop of Tuam, who has good benefices in his gift, or the less creditable wish to blacken the character of the poor peasantry of Partry. Yet a Dublin jury could not agree that the defendant, who was proved to have caused the publication of the letter, had caused it to be published,—or that the letter which its author admitted to be a libel, and which the presiding Judge ruled to be a libel upon the plaintiff, was a libel, or a libel upon the plaintiff. Mr. Macdonagh was right in sending to the jury an issue not raised by the pleadings. He asked the Orangemen in the box if they would give damages to a Popish Priest against a Parson, and they answered, as he felt they would, in the negative.

AN EXCAVATION AT DOUAY.

(From the Independent of Douay.) Among the numerous religious communities which the town of Douay possessed before the Revolution of 1793, five important convents founded by our British neighbors were prominent. They were the Great Seminary, or Pope's College, in the Place Saint Jacques; the Scotch, the site of which is occupied by the Sainte-Union; the Irish, at present the hotel of M. de la Grange, Rue des Chapeliers; the English, the Recollet, Franciscans; and lastly, the Benedictines, of the Rue Saint Benoit, who is still perpetuate, in our days, the example of that courageous Catholic reaction provoked by the persecution of Elizabeth.

(£200,000), and appropriated to the wants of the military establishments. It was within these walls, that, about the middle of the sixteenth century, the illustrious Cardinal Allen formed a fruitful nursery of heroic Priests. In the space of less than fifty years more than a hundred pupils of that house died victims to their self-devotion and faith; never was there a more devoted or a more glorious Apostolate.

The present edifices of this large college were rebuilt in the reign of Louis XV, thanks to the liberality of several English families, whose armorial bearings, although mutilated, still appear on the interior walls, the noble family of the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk, being amongst the most magnificent of the contributors. The chapel was dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury. Built in the style of architecture peculiar to the Jesuits, it is remarkable only for the thickness of its walls, which support without buttresses the lateral thrust of its semicircular vaulted roof.

The commanding officer of the Engineers lives in what were formerly the apartments of the Vice-President of the College. The apartments of the President are occupied by Engineer store-keepers, or are turned into storerooms. The spacious refectory is become a saddle manufactory. A part of the extensive gardens of the College, covering an area of 55 acres, have been leased for many years past to a sugar-refining factory. Informed of these preliminary items of information about the *ci-devant* English Seminary of Douay, our readers will peruse with greater interest the following particulars of the researches which are being carried on with the friendly authorisation of the Emperor, under the inspection of a committee consisting of M. Antoine, Major of Engineers, M. Key, "verificateur des domaines," and M. Asselin, first alderman of the town, in presence of Mgr. Francis Searle, Administrator of the English foundations, Canon of Westminster, Secretary of His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman; of the Very Rev. Father Placidus Burchall, President General of the English Benedictines, of the Rev. Father Adrian Henkinson, Prior of the College of the English Benedictines in Douay, and of the Rev. Father Thomas M. Margison, Priest of Wrightington Hall, Wigan.

In the midst of the worst days of 1793, before leaving the hospitable asylum which the Faith of our fathers had opened for the persecuted English Catholics, a few pupils of the English seminary preferred enough presence of mind to bury at night in two holes which they had hastily dug, two chests, one of them containing a few sacred vessels and silver plate, the other precious relics, the most remarkable of which was the hair shirt of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and the beretta of Charles Borromeo.

The chief agent in that affecting scene, the venerable Priest, Richard Thompson, died a few days ago in England, having become Vicar General of the Northern District; but the former pupil of Douay seminary did not carry with him to his grave the secret of the precious deposit, in the concealment of which he had taken an active part.

About fifteen years ago the commanding officer of the Engineers showed over the college, now become a military establishment, three Englishmen who had expressed themselves as desirous of exploring the old national Catholic College of England. The strangers were no other than the Very Rev. Fr. Burchall, then Prior of the Douay Benedictines, the Rev. Fr. Swale, procurator of the same college, and the venerable and Very Rev. Richard Thompson himself. The result of the visit was a conviction that the hiding place remained inviolate throughout the vicissitudes which the College had undergone. (It had changed owners several times.) There even still survives in England another aged priest who was an eye-witness of the deposit made in 1793. We allude to the Rev. John Penswick, Chaplain of Sir Robert Gerald, of Gurswood, near Warrington, who in his advanced old age has not forgotten the interesting event of his youth. Unfortunately, his great age did not enable him to travel at the time of the excavation we are about to describe.

After having attentively consulted the documents of the time that might guide their researches, a first trench was dug on the 18th of May, 1863, in one of the former school-rooms, now turned into a cellar; this room seemed, according to the indications given, to contain the plate. But it was soon perceived that from altered arrangements in the room an error had been committed in the true direction to be given to the excavation.

On the 19th of May, 1863, the work was begun again with renewed ardour in another hall, which is now turned into the dining-room of the officers, and this time the search was completely successful.

At half-past twelve, at a depth of two metres thirty centimetres (7ft. 8in.) under the hearthstone of an old chimney, the pickaxe encountered a black mould, which came from a wooden box that had become quite rotten, and immediately there appeared, all mingled together, a considerable heap of silver objects, such as altar crosses, cups, dishes, chafing-dishes, crucifixes, salt-cellars, coffee-pots, copeneuses, buckles, spoons and forks, &c., of the intrinsic value of more than 4,000 francs, (£160).

M. Rey, on the part of the State domains, proceeded without delay to the detailed inventory of this treasure-trove, which will leave a lasting impression on the persons who have had the good fortune to be spectators of this curious search.

We shall mention, among the most interesting objects, a dish mounted in silver, bearing the name of Norfolk and the date of 1701, with an inscription mentioning this gracious gift. On various cups of a tulip form and whose vast size recall the celebrated Flemish *viduomes*, we have observed under various coats of arms the names of Philip Howard of Norfolk 1774, of the Rev. Mr. Daniel, last President of the seminary 1747, of Henry Wilkes 1751, of Thos Giffard of Chillington 1755, and of John Knapp, 1763.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO THE BISHOP OF CLOYNE.—The Right Rev. Dr. Keane, the beloved Bishop of the Diocese of Cloyne, was entertained on the 21st inst., at a complimentary dinner at Queenstown, on the occasion of his coming to reside in that town. The objects of his Lordship's change of residence are said to be the benefit of his health and the superintendance of the building of the new Catholic Church at Queenstown. His arrival among them was availed of by the people of Queenstown as a fitting opportunity of paying to his Lordship a compliment such as was worthy of marking the advent of so good a Prelate. The project of giving him a dinner of welcome was started by the Town Commissioners. The proposal was received with general approval, and the large assembly which greeted his Lordship gave a conclusive proof of the high estimation in which his Lordship is held by the people of this, one of the most important of the sections of his extensive diocese. The company present at the dinner included most of the respectable inhabitants of Queenstown and its neighborhood, Catholic and Protestant. A large number of clergymen were present. The dinner was served in the Town Hall. At one end, over the seat of the chairman, was exhibited in large letters the appropriate motto *Cœd mille fallite*, while at the opposite end was displayed a handsome harp and the device *Erin go Bragh*, worked on a green ground. Dinner was served at six o'clock punctually, at which hour about one hundred gentlemen took their seats. The chair was taken by Dr. M. Power, J.P., Binghamculling House. At the right side of the chairman sat the Right Rev. guest, next whom sat Mr. J. F. Maguire, M.P., Mayor of Cork. At the left of the chair sat the Right Rev. Dr. O'Hea, Bishop of Ross, The vice-chair was occupied by Mr. N. Murphy

THE CATHOLIC ESTABLISHMENT.—It seems likely that the long reprieve of the Irish Church Establishment is drawing to its term. To discuss certain institutions is to threaten them. This their advocates feel. The very innocent returns which have been printed by the House of Commons on the motion of Mr. Dillwyn, giving the statistics of the 'National' Church in Ireland, have been felt as if they were an indictment. The mere statement of the facts of the case is often the most convincing argument against the condition of things which those facts disclose. It is so with respect to the Irish Church. The sort of reply which has been returned by those who have felt their interests assailed betrays the weakness of their cause. They do not attempt to deny the main features of the case against them. It is indisputable that in Ireland the Established Church, with every advantage upon its side except justice, has during the last twenty-seven years lost ground. In 1824 it counted 883,160 adherents; in 1861 it had only 693,872. But the population of Ireland, as a whole, are we told, has exhibited a corresponding diminution, having fallen from nearly 8,000,000 in 1824 to considerably less than 6,000,000 in 1861. The Roman Catholic church in the same period has suffered a more than corresponding decline. The members of this communion were 4,300,000 in 1824. In 1861 they were only 4,305,415. Thus, while the adherents of the united church have in twenty-seven years diminished at the rate of one-fifth, those of the Roman Catholic church have in the same period decreased at the rate of one-third. This fractional superiority—these two-fifths of an advantage on the side of the Established Church—apparently gave great consolation to its supporters. If the 'fifteenths' were itches they could not be dearer to the clerical affection. If it was a real grievance to the six or seven millions of Catholics in 1824 that a church of 800,000 Protestants should lord it among them, it cannot be a less grievance to the four or five millions of Catholics in 1861 that a church of 7,000,000 Protestants should monopolise the houses and emoluments of the state. It requires a degree of effrontery and even of heartlessness to press the argument of the relatively greater decline of Irish Catholicism in the way in which we have seen it urged in some quarters. The Catholic church has not been in any appreciable degree thinned by conversions from its ranks. It probably has rather gained than lost in the work of proselytising. Emigration at home and starvation at home sufficiently account for the two millions whom it has lost. The same causes have not acted with anything like the same force upon the members of the united church. Consisting chiefly of persons removed from the immediate pressure of distress, its decline must be attributed in a very large extent to the gradual alienation from its communion of those who formerly adhered to it. It is not even holding its own. In the few dioceses in which some little increase is perceptible that increase has gained, we believe, rather from other Protestant denominations than from the Roman Catholic Church. The old saying "a carriage never remains in a Dissenting family for three generations," is probably not less true in Ireland than in the country where it originated. Fashion makes many nominal converts, where the barriers to be crossed are slight, for the one that real conviction makes. With this potent auxiliary on its side the Established Church is slowly but steadily going down in Ireland. An attempt has been made to lighten the vessel by throwing overboard a couple of Archbishops, 8 bishops and some three hundred thousand pounds of annual revenue. But with very little effect. The ship is still sinking, and unless other and more extensive sacrifices are made, she must go to the bottom. At present, the income of the church gives on an average nearly £1 a head for each of its members. In some dioceses the sum is larger. 'Meath,' as the *Times* points out, "with a revenue of £34,828, contains but 16,231 (churchemen); Tuam, with a revenue of £19,150 has but 9,041; Ferns with a revenue of £24,493, has but 14,333; Ossory, with a revenue of £21,251, has 8,256; Limerick and Ardferd have no more than one member for every £2 of revenue; while Cloyne with a revenue of 33,612, musters but 11,716; and Cashel, with a revenue of £21,934, musters 4,721, or less than one member for every £4. What has the Established Church done with these enormous resources? In the first place, it has set itself to a task which it ought not to have undertaken; and in the second place, it has failed in the task. The clergy apparently deemed that their sole or chief business is to convert the Irish population from Roman Catholicism. As we have seen, and as they must themselves acknowledge; they do not succeed in doing so. The work, however, is one which does not belong to them. Government does not endow one sect in order that it may carry on a war of proselytism against another. If it did so, the objection of Archbishop Cullen would be in point.—The existence of an establishment is not easily reconcilable with the teaching of Protestantism, which proclaims the Bible, and nothing but the Bible, as its rule of faith, and grants to everyone the right of thinking and acting as he wishes on religious matters. To this argument no answer can be made. Proselytism is not the duty of a state which tolerates all varieties of opinion in theology. The ground on which Protestant countries an establishment must be defended is that which was laid down, without clear perception, perhaps, of the legitimate scope of his argument, by Lord Palmerston, in the late debate on the prison ministers' bill. Speaking of a Catholic prisoner, he said:—If you want really to afford him religious consolation you must let him have the advice of one who comes with all the advantages of early education, and who professes those religious feelings which have been inculcated into the mind of the criminal when he was capable of receiving any impressions of a religious kind. We know there are numbers of Catholic prisoners who cannot have access to clergymen of their own religion. It is said they don't ask it, but that is not an answer to the complaint. The man most requiring it is the man least likely to ask it, and that is the strongest proof that he stands in need of it. You might as well say that the ignorant boy at school does not ask to say his lesson. The more he wants instruction the more he would like to play. The absence of religious feeling is the reason why a man stands most in need of religious instruction, and that which he receives from a clergyman of his own church is the most likely to touch his heart, impress his mind, and send him forth a better man. This argument has a far wider application than Lord Palmerston gave it. The promotion of morality out of jail is at least as important an object as the reformation of prisoners in it. Religion is the great safeguard to morality; and the only religion which can effect any man or body of men is that which they profess. The morality which is common to all forms of faith alone gives any of them value in the eyes of the state. If, as Lord Palmerston says, we believe the absence of religious feeling is the reason why a man stands most in need of religious instruction, and that which he receives from a clergyman of his own church is the most likely to touch his mind, impress his heart, and send him forth a better man, the endorsement out of the ecclesiastical funds of the nation, at present monopolised by a single sect, of the clergy of all churches, in proportion to the number of the members of each communion, is expedient as well as just. The Irish branch of the United Church must consent to be one of many establishments, if it is to remain an establishment at all.—*Northern Whig*.

THE BLENBROUGH ESTATES.—Eusebius Mc Gillicuddy Bagar, Esq, J.P., Clifton Lodge, has been appointed agent to the Glacbeagh estates, inherited by Hon. Rowland Winn, under the will of the late lamented Lady Headle.—*Tralce Chronicle*.

THE REV. MR. MARSHALL, an English Catholic clergyman, who is a purchaser of property in the Landed Estates Court, has kindly made an abatement of a quarter's rent to his tenantry at Fiddane, near Newport.—*Limerick Paper*.