

his father's hands, with the character of having been found unfit for the discharge of a duty which any dunce could have got through.

(To be Continued.)

Written for the True Witness.

SKETCHES OF IRELAND.

BY "TIRINA NOË"

WICKLOW—HER ANCIENT GLANS.

(Continued from last week.)

"Aye, stamp away! Can you stamp it out—  
Or how have your brutal arts been baffled;  
You have wielded the power of rope and knot,  
Fire, dungeon, sword and scaffold;  
But still as from each martyr's hand,  
The fiery Cross fell down in fighting;  
A thousand springs to seize the brand  
Our belated fires relighting!  
And once again through Irish nights,  
O'er every dark hill redly streaming,  
And numerous as the heavenly lights  
Our rebel fires were gleaming!  
And though again might fall that flame,  
Quenched in the blood of its devoted,  
Fresh chieftains rose, fresh clansmen came,  
And again the Old Flag floated!"

The grand old halls and the pleasant valleys of Wicklow were lorded over by the kindred sept of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes. The O'Tooles were lords of Ui-Murray, a territory comprising the greater part of the baronies of Talbotstown and Siblelagh. The latter barony derived its name from its being the seat of the O'Gahans, chiefs of the tribe Siol Elach. The sway of the O'Tooles also extended as far as the Hill of Allon, in the County of Kildare. Their chief residence was in the glen of Imaile, and they had also Castles at Carew, Castle Kevin, and other places. The great St. Lawrence O'Toole was son of Murtagh O'Toole of Ui-Murray. The extensive territory called Hy-Bruian Cualan, comprising the barony of Ballinacorr with the Ranelagh, paid tribute to the O'Byrnes, a warlike race, whose deeds are commemorated in Wicklow with legend and with song. At Ballinacorr the O'Byrnes held their principal castle, and they were also termed Lords of Ranelagh. For three hundred years after the English invasion, these two warlike races, followed by all their kindred clans, fought with the foreigner for land and life. From their mountain strongholds they swept down upon the dire enemy of their country, driving them even to the walls of Dublin. The English settlers in that unfortunate city, which has been the resting place of every invader, dreaded the onslaught of the Wicklow neighbors

"On the mountain bare and steep,  
Snatching short but pleasant sleep,  
Then ere sunrise from his eyrie  
Swooping on the Saxon quarry."

Such was the life of the O'Byrne or the O'Toole. Unpurchasable, unconquerable they held their hills for God and Country, and Saxon dames trembled at the sight, while they frightened their noisy children by whispering the names of the gallant men of Imaile and Hy-Bruian Cualan. Their conflicts, whenever contending in fair fight, were crowned with success, and even in cases where their own truthfulness exposed them to the arts of the foreigner, if they could possibly recover before the trap had entirely caught them, they taught their foes the prowess of their arms. In the year 1553 the O'Byrnes, at the head of the Glenmalur sept, commanded by Edmond Oge O'Byrne, took possession of Dublin Castle, and liberated the Irish prisoners confined there. It is needless to state that they carried off an immense booty. In the State Papers we are told that "Edmonde Oige O'Brynnne hath kept warre to th' Englishhe night thys yere commytting infynite burnynges, prayes, spoyles and manslaughter, and within this 5 wikes intred with force in the nyght-tyme in the Kingis Castell of Dublin, whiche is the strongest holde in Ireland, and led with him prisoners at his pleasur and cattails; whiche enterpryse hath more discouraged the Kingis subjects there than the losses of £2,000 of their goodes; inso much as nyghtly sethens great watche is in the citie of Dublin fearing that the same shulde be pylferred, prostrate and destroyed whereof they never dreid somache." At Arklow, which is about eleven miles south of the town of Wicklow, stand the ruins of a Monastery and castle. Theobald Fitzwalter, fourth Butler of Ireland, founded a Dominican Monastery there. In the thirty-fifth of Henry VIII, the friary, with a garden, six cottages, two parks, and three flagons and a half of every brewing of ale, for sale in Arklow, was granted with other possessions to John Travers. At Ballykine, Ballyglass, Donard-Donnachard, and in the town of Wicklow were religious houses, all of which were despoiled by the English deforiners; but it is to Glendalough that the steps of the tourist turn, and it is to Irish hearts the most dear, for there it was that their Kevin lived, and near to there Fiach Mac Hugh O'Byrne routed De Grey, Elizabeth's deputy. Under the invocation of Peter, the first Pope, and Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, the holy Kevin founded the Abbey, around which a city of saints grew. Five times the Danes plundered this sacred place, and twice the English adventurers laid it waste, and still, in mournful state it is true, it stands an eternal protest against wrong, and an undying affirmation of the faith of Wicklow. Who is it that has been in Ireland and has not visited Glendalough of the seven churches. A solemn stillness seizes the soul when one traverses this holy place. Crosses are strewn around, tombs of chiefs of a thousand years are there, desecrated, but enough remains to tell their antiquity, their faith and civilization. From Glendalough eminent men went forth to the world, spreading the confession of Christ, and now the ruins afford but shelter to birds of night. The old psalm is not chanted there now; but the chanters sing in Heaven. The poor come not now to receive consolation from the holy monks; instead, they are now imprisoned in the foreign structure, absurdly

called the workhouse. Kings of Brinn no longer visit the sanctuary, but their children, digging drains, are wont to look upon the old home of religion and—sigh. Oh, Blessed Faith of Ireland, Faith of Wicklow, in all the gloom Thou hast been to us the solace, the hope. We know that beyond the illimitable leagues of space before the Throne our fathers are. In our glens and deep-wooded vales, hunted for our attachment to Thee, we have learned to cherish the names of those who for us have prayed. The blood of our saints has been the seed of our attachment to the centre of unity; the blood of our warriors has been the seed from which springing, in renewed effort, from sire to son, the tree of freedom has lived and still lives. Tourists of America, tourists of Europe, visit Ireland and forget not Wicklow. Visit it and view it with unprejudiced eyes, and you will see that by Danube or Rhine there exist not monuments more worthy of your attention. Go amongst the people; they will not meet you as strangers, but in the excess of hospitality they will treat you as friends. But do not bring tracts there; do not in the glibness of ignorance use remarks disparaging to their name, for remember their fathers taught yours, and if you deplore their present position, ascribe it not to their faith as its cause, but rather to their attachment to that faith, which they value still, thank God, as more than all that earth can give. And when you return to your home tell your friends that you have been amongst a people sober, chaste, imbued with reverence for sacred things, honoring God and loving His holy Mother; amongst a people whose virtues are their own and whose faults are the results of base dealing and hideous misgovernment; amongst a people whose memories are of the free and who are determined to be free; amongst a people of primitive purity, generous and good.

LIGHT LITERATURE: WHAT BOOKS ARE FIT TO READ?

(From the London Tablet.)

It is not true that the Church is opposed to the cultivation of the lighter graces of life, to social relaxation, to the fine arts, to poetry, to painting, to sculpture, to classic elegance, to the play of wit and humour. Divinely sublime, she is no less tenderly human. The religion of innocence, she is also the religion of happiness. Her sacred strictness has no touch of sullenness. She is like her day of rest and her altar, where duty is linked with contentment and love; and the radiance of lights, and the sheen of gold and glittering gems, and the breathings of soft and elevating music, and the odours of sweet flowers are combined to honour the Holy of Holies, and the ineffable mysteries of God. Men have called her joyousness levity. They have also called her sobriety oppression. For they have not known how gladness can be a part of temperance, and accustomed to contrast the pleasant with the good, have not understood how she, presented to earth by heaven, finds her office in conciliating nature with grace.

But just as the Church encourages every natural virtue and every innocent inclination, applying and consecrating them, like the frankincense of the censor or the water of the font, to the service of their Giver, so does she watch with more than a mother's jealousy that the serpent enter not into the Eden, that the fruits and flowers and bright things of the Maker's bounty are not perverted to the Maker's dishonour and the creature's ruin. It is in this two-fold aspect that the Church must be contemplated, if her action is to be comprehended and her wisdom felt. All evil, she knows, is but perverted good, and she seeks to destroy the evil by preserving the good and preventing its perversion.

Philosophy, the drama, the epic or the lyric muse, all may tend to corrupt and demoralize, just as all things may tend to dignify and to refine. Their natural destination is for good. The Church, which recognizes the danger that flows from every misuse, ceaselessly warns her children against consequences which may be so disastrous. Is poetry good and beautiful? Certainly. Is a certain book of poetry, the production of some particular author good? Unfortunately, it may not be. Nightshade and wild strawberry are both berries of the forest. But the one is deadly: of it, therefore, shall you not eat. This wise solicitude, this loving prudence of the Church, is what men, in other respects sensible and circumspect, denounce as iniquity and intolerance, and they so much disapprove intolerance in every shape that often they will not tolerate Catholicity.

We are recalled to these considerations by reflection on the state of so much of the literature of the day, and on the dangers to Catholic purity and morality which underlie it. We shall not speak of dramatic literature. It is enough to say that it is not on the contemporary stage that *Athalia* can hope for companion-pieces. Neither need the poets be dwelt upon. There are not many of them even in name, and it is easy to shun the pages for which our civilization ought to blush. There is another class of literary compositions, however, which demand more than a passing attention. Who requires to be told of the importance of the novel? SCOTT, DICKENS, THACKERAY, probably the greatest English literary names of our century, were novelists. Distinguished Catholic writers have often chosen the novel as the aptest medium for the telling of heartfelt truth in the most charming style. The good novel is a universal teacher. It makes history easy, clothes with vitality and flesh the dry bones of the past, and can make us march with the Lion Heart against the myriads of the Moslem, and face wit SEBASTIAN the fury of the pagan tyrant. It is the best of all works of local and popular description. It can make us feel, what statistics never can, the very air and surroundings of what is being depicted for us. The chateaux and hamlets of Brittany, refuge of a noble simplicity peaceful and pure, the gracious landscapes of the south, the peasant life of Munster, nowhere assume such a naturalness and consistency as they do in the

well-told novel or tale. Is it not almost a personal experience to have followed RENÉ into the forests of his meditative wanderings? A novel can be a charity sermon. It can be an ode to patriotism. It can be more brilliant than a brilliant conversation. It can also have worse faults than heaviness or prolixity or stupidity. It is to be regretted that too many of the novels which have appeared for some years back have these worst faults in painful abundance and intensity.

Here we approach the question with which we headed our article: What books are fit to be read? The question is especially momentous in the case of those young female members of the Catholic community, those Catholic girls whose charming modesty is the most precious ornament of our society, and who, just returned from their convent-school or growing up under the eyes of an exemplary mother, are yet too often exposed to have their good dispositions endangered by the seductive influences of mischievous but unsuspected novels. These are not times when Catholic ladies can afford to be ignorant of the best part of the progress and civilization which surrounds them, and in which they will be called to take their place. A knowledge of the works of modern or contemporary masters of thought is as necessary as of the *Divina Commedia* or *Polyeucte*, the *Cid* or *Telmague*. Besides the necessities of study, there will be frequent occasions where the perusal of the last new novel—provided that the last new novel deserves to be perused—the perusal of some novel or other that is really at once able in composition and correct in tone, could not but be recommended as a most healthy and most instructive relaxation. As a rule novels are certain to be desired, and as a rule are certain to be obtained. People are pretty much the same in every age. The *Chateaux* and his *dame*, in his Norman keep, with their daughters, givers of the prizes in many a knightly tournament, used to listen to chanson and lay from *trouvere* or *troubadour*. We have no longer *trouvere* or *troubadour*. The novelist has taken their place.

But how to know what books are fit to read? The ordinary reviews are seldom to be implicitly trusted, or rather they are generally to be implicitly distrusted. They have a knack of calling ugliness by nice names. Coarseness is "vigour"; immorality, "realism"; and so on. The Catholic papers could not, amid their multifarious duties, review a tithe of the books which appear. At best the reviews are scattered over weeks and months, perhaps years. Without even the general notions derivable from the press to guide her, how is the pure-minded Catholic mother to advice her daughter? Is she to read everything that is published in order from personal experience to be able to guide her child? Besides the task being impossible, the study of improper books could not but be the less repulsive to her delicacy, because maternal feeling has prompted her to undergo the ordeal. A Catholic girl will not read a bad book deliberately. But if she knows nothing of the book previously, it may easily happen that she will not always close it at once at the first well-told blench. She will often be ashamed to know nothing of a work which all the papers say is so clever. Could she but answer on good authority, that it was such a work as she would not read, the case would be very different.

In another point of view, a great benefit, extending beyond the Catholic communion, might easily be imagined to result from its being generally known that indelicate sensationalism was certain of public arrest and exposure on the frontiers of Catholic society. The book from which the Catholic maiden was bid to turn with contempt and indignation could not but bear a certain brand and stigma of disgrace which would surely produce its effects. Catholic influence is great and is increasing. It would not be a slight incidental profit that the same measures which had preserved Catholic families from the breath of contamination, had also a chastening influence outside the Catholic pale. At present, not a month, hardly a week, passes which does not add its quota to the mass of widely read and deeply corrupted and corrupting novels. It is high time that something should be done.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE MOST REV. CYRIL BENHAM BENNI, SYRIAC ARCHBISHOP OF MOSSUL (NINEVEH), AT SS. MICHAEL AND JOHN'S, DUBLIN.—The Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated on a recent occasion at the Church of SS. Michael and John, according to the ancient Syrian rite, by this venerable prelate. The congregation was large, and all appeared deeply impressed with the solemnity of the divine service.

NEW CHURCH IN TRALEE.—On Thursday the bishop of Kerry dedicated the splendid new church of the Holy Cross, erected by the Dominicans, in Tralee.

The Most Rev. Dr. Conroy, Bishop of Ardagh, begs to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the sum of one thousand pounds, the magnificent contribution of Thomas Maxwell, Esq., Ballymahon, towards the foundation of a convent in that town.

THE CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN.—ATHLONE UNION.—Pursuant to notice of motion given at a previous meeting on the last board day, Mr. W. Walsh proposed that the yearly salary of the Rev. J. Monahan, Catholic Chaplain of the Union, be raised from £50 to £70. Mr. M. Keogh seconded the proposition. Ultimately the resolution was put and carried by the large majority of twenty.

DUNDALK CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—We are glad to learn that Mr. John Martin, M.P., has kindly promised to deliver a lecture to the members of this very useful society, on Tuesday evening, the 10th of October. We have not as yet learned what will be the subject of the lecture, but we have no doubt that it will be one of an interesting

nature, and we are sure Mr. Martin will treat it with his well-known ability. The society richly deserves the warm support of the public. The members have formed it to increase useful knowledge amongst themselves, and to promote the practice of religion in their ranks. They are not, however, satisfied with all this; for they have a night school, in which boys, who are at work during the day, are instructed in reading, writing and arithmetic; and many a hard-working lad has been able to learn much after his day's labour, which will enable him to advance his prospects in life. Such an institution deserves the cordial support of the public, and we sincerely trust that the lecture will be numerously attended.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL AT MONAGHAN.—This work when completed will be the largest building designed for Catholic worship which has yet been attempted in any country district. It has already cost upwards of £16,000 and is nearly ready for the roof. The roofing, it is calculated, will require £5,000 more, which sum has been subscribed by the Catholic clergy of the diocese of Clogher. The design and plans are by J. J. McCarthy, Esq., a gentleman whose name is well known in connection with Gothic architecture.

The relatives of the informer Talbot, who was shot and killed several months ago by a man named Kelly, have preferred a claim for £3,000 against the City of Dublin, as compensation for his death at the hands of the assassin.

THE LORD LIEUTENANCY.—The *Globe* says:—The possible retirement of Lord Spencer from the Lord Lieutenantacy of Ireland is freely canvassed in Dublin, where, indeed, it is thought to be immediately pending. The *Standard* correspondent states that the desire of his excellency to be relieved of his responsibility has long been notorious, and that what is likely to precipitate the event is the Irish policy which the Government have resolved upon adopting in the next session of Parliament.

THE STATE OF TIPPERARY.—At the annual dinner of the Tipperary Agricultural Society, on last Tuesday night, Mr. Denis Caulfield Heron, Q. C., M. P., dwelt at some length on the prosperity and freedom from crime of the county Tipperary. This he attributed to a great measure to the number of resident landlords. He quoted the enormous prices recently given in different parts of Ireland for cattle, and urged on the tenant farmers of Tipperary, where the land was so fertile, to imitate the example of those residing in less favoured districts.

The Dundalk and Newry Steam Packet Company's labours during the past half year have been the most successful and profitable which they have experienced since 1854. After paying a large dividend they will be able to carry several thousand pounds to the reserve fund. The traffic is enormous, and from what we have learned, promises to continue so. The boat which sailed last night was crammed with goods and cattle, and about half a cargo of sheep, swine and goods was left behind. The 101 shares are now selling at 87, and we have no doubt they will advance still higher.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

CORK, Oct. 2nd.—A collision between the police and the Fenians here yesterday was the result of illegal drilling by organized bands of Fenians, a number of whom were arrested. Some of these were found to have Snyder rifles in their possession. The discovery caused considerable excitement among the police, and there was active searching for the violators of the law, which resulted in the dispersion of several bands and the arrest of a few more Fenians, and the capture of their weapons.

THE TYRONE ORANGEMEN AND THE DUNGANNON INVESTIGATION.—The Orangemen of Castle Caulfield and Pomeroy have memorialized the Lord Lieutenant with regard to the Dungannon investigation. They commence by coolly saying they received no official intimation of the enquiry, otherwise they would have been able by hard swearing to put another complexion on the whole affair. They end well however;—"Having heard that the Commissioners at Dungannon had declared unhesitatingly that the law could be enforced against all processions and other assemblies which may be at variance with public order, the memorialists conclude by respectfully, but firmly, demanding that the law may be enforced in all parts of the country."

The *London Examiner* takes a liberal view of the subject of Home Rule.

"Ireland is far more of a colony than Canada or Victoria; but Canada and Victoria have their local parliament subject to the control of the Crown, while Ireland is governed by the British Parliament, and the votes of its representatives therein are altogether swamped by the votes of Englishmen and Scotchmen. Surely it will be well to consider whether it may not be better to accede to the demand for Home Rule than to foment disaffection by such policy as found favour in Parliament last session, and is intemperately advocated by the leading English newspapers. The establishment of a Separate Parliament for Ireland would afford painful evidence of the division between the two Islands, but as it would give promise of much more thorough healing of that division than can in any other way be attained, it might be granted."

One of the Fenians arrested in Cork on Sunday for illegal drilling, has been committed for trial. The others have been remanded for further examination.

THE BURTON ESTATE, COUNTY CARLOW.—This large and valuable estate is about to be disposed of by the owner, William Burton, Esq. The main portion of it is situated in Palatine, about four miles from the town of Carlow, on which is erected a very handsome chateau. It is rumored that Lord O'Hagan has made an offer for the entire estate.

PAINFUL CASE.—An inquest was held last week, by Mr. Moore, coroner, at Fermoy, on the body of a private of the 18th Regiment, who was drowned while bathing in the Black-

water. Two of the deceased's comrades alleged that two civilians in a boat were quite close to the deceased when he sank, and might have saved him, had they not waited to land two ladies who were with them before going to his assistance. The occupants of the boat, however, denied that there had been any reluctance or hesitation on their part to go to the rescue of the drowning man, and the ladies swore that so far from yielding to any sentiment of false delicacy, they would themselves have been glad to help him had they been able. The jury found that no blame was attachable to the civilians.

The *Dundalk Democrat* thus contrasts Catholic with Orange processions, and "of the two which is to be considered the more truly national? which the more deserving of suppression by an honest government?"

As they march along no cries are raised by any one, of scorn or contempt towards this or that potentate or chief. The tunes played are not known as "The Catholic Boys," "We'll kick King Billy before us," or "Orange lie down." The *Telegraph* must admit all this to be true of the Dublin processions. They were national; representing all creeds and classes in Ireland; their flags were national; and their music was of the same character. But if we turn to Ulster what do we find? Why, thousands of Orangemen parading for no purpose, except to excite bad feelings, and insult their neighbors. Their flags are of a party hue; their tunes are, "We'll kick the Pope before us;" "The Protestant Boys;" and "Croppies lie down;" and their cry is, "To be—h—l with the Pope!" We ask the *Telegraph* which is the national procession, and which is the sectarian and factious one? Which is the loyal, and which the disloyal one? Which deserves to be protected, and which should be put down with a strong and heavy hand? Let there be no quibbling. We ask our contemporary which of the processions deserves censure, and which should be treated with scorn and reprobation? Let him not talk of nonsensical republicanism or anything like that, for the Dublin processions displayed nothing of the kind.

SEVERE CASE OF SHOOTING.—A serious case of shooting occurred at Clonliffe on Sunday. It appears that on that morning between six and seven o'clock David Carroll, living at Ballybough road, went to the residence of his brother-in-law, Henry Grady who resides in Clonliffe, and while in a state of intoxication, created a disturbance there, and broke into his brother-in-law's house. Grady left the house, and took with him a gun, but was pursued by Carroll into a neighbouring field, where the latter tried to commit an assault upon him. Grady, it is alleged, then fired upon Carroll, and wounded him in the left leg. Acting-Inspector Moran and Police Constable Hart, 142 C, were sent for, and took Grady into custody. Carroll was conveyed to the Mater Misericordiarum Hospital, where he was attended by Drs. Burke and Mulvaney, who state that the wound is of so serious a nature that they cannot yet pronounce an opinion upon it. Carroll, when he became sufficiently collected, stated that he took the blame of the whole transaction upon himself, and exonerated Grady from any malicious intention in firing the shot.

THE MAYO COUNTY PRISON.—Application having been made by one of the Catholic clergy to some of the jail officials for leave to copy the observations of the Archbishop of Tuam and refusal, his Grace has been kind enough to supply from memory the substance of his remarks. The words, as should be expected, may somewhat differ from those in which his remarks were made.—Having, in the course of my perambular visit in Castlebar, visited the jail, I do not enter into the important question of the relative advantages or evils of incarceration, now so much discussed in the legislative and benevolent assemblies of every country. For me, I deem it sufficient to observe the salutary correction and not unnecessary punishment should be chiefly kept in view by all who are concerned with carrying out penal legislation. Confining myself, then, to what more immediately comes within the sphere of my duty, I have observed here, with much surprise, the strange approximation of the Catholic Altar and Protestant pulpit, which a passing observer, if not more correctly informed, would not fail to imagine were used by one and the same minister of religion. This anomalous position in one spot of the religious instruments or furniture of opposite creeds must have been in times gone by suggested by a wretched economy, or by a still less creditable feeling much to be deplored, as calculated to impair the solemn reverence which everything connected with religion should inspire. This mixture and confusion in religious teaching and worship, so long and so distastefully insisted on to the great disadvantage of both, is at variance with the spirit of the present age, remarkable for the desire of all Christians, who love sincerity and truth, to have denominational schools as well as denominational churches for education and for worship in conformity with the peculiar faith which they may profess. To strong and sincere religious convictions nothing can be more injurious than this attempt at mixing, only in outward show, creeds that are discordant—an attempt which was first made in Germany, after experiencing the evils which a severance of the one church into conflicting conventicles, brought about by Luther, had effected. As long as men sincerely profess different religious beliefs, it would be an unworthy hypocrisy to adopt any contrivance pretending that their creed is the same. So far from such contrivances of mixed systems tending to promote charity and the public good; on the contrary, those who are most conscientiously attached to their own creed and faithful to its observances, are always those who show the most respectful deference to the religious opinions of others. It is therefore to be hoped that the Board of Superintendence, who, I am happy to hear, are remarkable for a just estimate of what is due to all creeds and classes, will take an early opportunity of removing the anomaly alluded to, and afford to the Catholic and Protestant prisoners and their respective chaplains the just right, claimed and exercised even in the workhouses, of separate and entirely distinct apartments for religious worship.

† JOHS, Archbishop of Tuam.

A glorious opportunity has arisen for the patriotic men of Limerick; and right well they will make use of it. On them now devolves the brunt of the battle for Ireland. Meath has done its duty to the national cause. So has Westmeath. Can Limerick fail? With one voice the Irish people will answer "No." The people of Limerick are called upon to send a representative of their opinions to the British Parliament. The vacancy created in their representation by the death of one of their members must be filled up; there is no escaping from the necessity thus put on them, and the only question is what class of men will they send to speak for them and for Ireland in the House of Commons? They are themselves in no doubt on the subject; there is no hesitation among them; their resolution is taken, their choice is made and declared, and it could not be better. They have selected as their future representative the foremost champion and most able advocate of the Irish national cause—Lance Burt. Other candidates presented themselves, each and all of whom declared in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. This was a striking testimony to the patriotism of the men of Limerick; it showed a widespread knowledge of the fact that no candidate could hope to obtain the moment's attention from the Limerick electors who did not blaze