

This testimony of her enemies regarding the universal love and honor in which Joan was held at home, is nobler and more beautiful than if the wild birds of the forest had indeed come and perched crumbs from her lap.

(To be Continued.)

ST. PETER'S PENGE—PASTORAL OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Paul, by the Grace of God and the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland and Delegate of the Apostolic See.

To the Catholic Clergy of the Diocese of Dublin.

The rulers of Sardinia, aided and encouraged by the anti-Catholic and crooked policy of French and English politicians, have sacrilegiously stripped our Holy Father of nearly all the dominions given to his predecessors by the piety of past ages. To carry out their plans of spoliation and robbery, in compassing the destruction of the Pope's temporal authority, all justice, human and divine, have been set at naught, and the sacred rights of property, and the laws of nations trampled under foot.

Such are the results of the revolutionary movements principally directed against the Papal authority; such is the state of things brought about by the enemies of our holy religion, where they have established their sway.

Whist the enemies of the Holy See are stained by every crime, the victim of their iniquities, His Holiness, Pius IX., presents to the world in his sufferings an admirable example of patience and resignation to the holy will of God, of fortitude in his trials, and confidence in the promises of Christ, and in the final triumph of justice and religion.

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No sincere Catholic can consider the attempts now made to deprive the Holy See of its temporal possessions, without being filled with alarm for the future prospects of the Church. Indeed, as the Pope, in the quality of successor of St. Peter, and Christ's Vicar on earth, has to guide and feed the vast fold of his Divine Master, to send pastors and missionaries to distant regions of the earth, to protect the sacred deposit of the faith and watch over the purity of Christian morals, he necessarily requires great assistance in so extensive an administration, and were he deprived of the temporal means required for carrying on the works of religion, how could the exigencies of conscience, and the spiritual affairs of two hundred millions of Christians be properly provided?

Besides, the experience of past ages shows us, that in order to preserve the free action of the Pope in the administration of ecclesiastical affairs, it is necessary that he should be independent of every temporal prince. In the early ages of the Church under the Pagan emperors, the Popes were frequently persecuted, driven from their See, or obliged to conceal themselves in the catacombs, and thus spiritual functions were often altogether suspended.

When the successor of St. Peter is now in distress, would we not be wanting in gratitude, were we to forget past services, were we to look on with listlessness whilst the Holy See, to which we owe the preservation of our faith, is assailed, and insulted, and subjected to the most grievous wrongs? And, let me ask, is not the Catholic faith the true glory of our country, the most noble emblem of our nationality, the only valuable treasure we possess, the foundation of all our hopes, the source of all the spiritual blessings we enjoy?

I shall now merely add, that when promoting the objects of the Confraternity of St. Peter's Pence, we make an act of faith in the vitality of the words of our Redeemer; addressed to St. Peter, and in him to his successor—Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church; feed my lambs, feed my sheep; we protest against violence, treachery, sedition, and infidelity, leagued together against the Pope, and we raise our voices in favor of justice, the rights of property and of authority, of virtue and religion, all of which are identified with the success of his cause; we perform an act of filial piety by assisting our spiritual Father, Christ's vicegerent on earth, an act which will be received by Christ as done to himself; and we repay to a small extent, a debt of gratitude, due to the Holy See for the innumerable benefits conferred on us in past times.

Though the prospects of religion are at present unfavorable, and the horizon is dark and menacing yet we can entertain no fear as to the final triumph of the successors of St. Peter. There is a God in Israel who watches over the pastors of his people, and vindicates their cause at the proper time. In past ages the Popes passed through trials as severe as those to which Pius IX. is now subjected, without suffering any diminution of their power or their influence. Their enemies exulted as they do now—crying out—Babylon is fallen, the Popedom is at an end; but their frantic joy was short-lived, and their hopes soon vanished, like phantoms of the night.

What the condition of his Holiness would be, were he placed at the mercy of the Sardinian rulers, we may conjecture from the treatment of the Bishops now placed under their sway. Several of those distinguished Prelates are now languishing in exile or prison; their churches have been profaned, their seminaries suppressed, their property confiscated, and the secular clergy and religious orders subjected to the severest trials. Indeed nothing is omitted to promote immorality and impiety; books of the most corrupting tendencies are published to poison the public mind; improper pictures are exposed in the

streets, disgraceful scenes are enacted in the theatres, whilst a ban is placed upon everything connected with the true Church. Undoubtedly, this war is carried on so actively by the fomenters of revolution, and the agency of secret societies, that the actors in it appear desirous to banish religion and justice from the world, and to establish the reign of brute force, violence, despotism, and corruption.

Would it not be a fearful calamity were the men, whose designs are so wicked and full of malice, whose hands are stained with so many crimes, to bring under their control the sacred person of Christ's Vicar on earth, or to succeed in preventing him from communicating with his children throughout the world? To understand the greatness of such an evil, let us consider the sad condition of religion in countries where it has been totally subjected to temporal rule, and reduced to that condition to which the Sardinian statesmen are anxious to bring the Papal power. We all know what has happened in England. The Anglican Church has become the creature and the slave of the state; it is a mere machine in the hands of politicians. In Constantinople, when the pride of its patriarchs had impelled them to raise the standard of rebellion against the Holy See, they lost all their spiritual influence, and were obliged to yield in everything to the imperial caprice. They remained in the same abject state under the Turkish rulers, being so degraded that they were obliged to refer their controversies on affairs of conscience to a Mahometan mufti or shawsh, just as we have seen the most important questions regarding baptism or the holy Eucharist decided by laymen in England, who had not even the semblance of a pretence to any mission from Heaven. In Russia things proceed in the same way, and a Cossack or a Caimuck general may be the president of an ecclesiastical synod, and inspire all its decisions. The Catholic Church being the work of God, can never be reduced to the state of degradation and slavery to which the churches of England, Greece, and Russia have been brought by heresy and schism; but still the human means at our disposal are to be used in order to avert such fearful evils, and to preserve the rights and the independence of the successors of St. Peter.

There is no sovereignty in Europe so ancient, or founded on such indisputable titles of justice, as that of the Holy See. The Popes were called on to govern and protect the Roman States when the inhabitants were left a prey to barbarians by the emperors of the East. The exigencies of the times, and the voice of the suffering people, compelled them to assume a temporal sovereignty, which far more than a thousand years they exercised in the same spirit in which it was assumed, for the welfare and happiness of their subjects. Every civilized state in the world has repeatedly recognised the temporal authority of the Popes, and guaranteed their dominions as the common property of all Catholics, and necessary for the independent and free administration of religion.

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of Christ, and endure until the end of time. In the words of inspiration, "Whoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whosoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder."—Matt. xxi. 44. Notwithstanding all our reasons for sustaining the cause of the Holy See, it appears there are some few who, though professing to be Catholics, and to look upon the Pope as their spiritual Father, and the Head of their Church, yet protest that they feel no sympathy with him in his present afflictions, and regret not to see him robbed of his possessions, and deprived of the means of freely exercising his spiritual powers, by being made dependent on a hostile sovereign. These professing Catholics seem to think it necessary to despise their own religion and its Spiritual Head on earth in order that they may be considered liberal and independent by the enemies of their faith.

Fortunately the manifestations of public feeling in favor of the Pope, which, within the last three years, were witnessed in every quarter of the globe, and nowhere more than in Ireland—manifestations in which all the bishops of the world, and the clergy and laity vied with each other in uniting—prove that such Catholics are so few and unimportant, that they are scarcely worthy of public notice. However, I would ask them whether their apathy can be reconciled with the doctrines they profess, or with the maxims of the Gospel? Ought they not to think seriously about the position they take, when they see themselves in opposition to the millions of Catholics who constitute the Church of Christ, and leagued with heresy, schism, and infidelity—the allies of all that is wicked and degrading on earth? Ought they not to examine whether their faith is what religion requires it to be? Can they believe the words of Christ, addressed to the prince of the apostles, and yet proclaim a cold—pretended stolid indifference as to the fate and sufferings, and the liberty, of his successor and the interior of all his power? If they are followers of the Gospel, how can they become the friends and allies of the Mazzinis and Garibaldis, and of the writers of an infidel press wagging war on everything sacred in Catholicity?—Let the professing Catholic compare his conduct with that of the early Christians, who were animated with the purest spirit of faith and the most ardent charity. When the Herod of those days cast Peter into prison, were they slow in manifesting their sympathy for him and their anxiety for his welfare? On the contrary, they were filled with grief and dismay, and to prove their filial piety to the prince of the Apostles, "prayer," says the Scripture, "was made without ceasing by the Church unto God for him."—Acts, xii. 5.

I would also remind lukewarm Christians of the words of the Redeemer—"Who is not with me is against me;" and "You cannot serve God and Belial." Who the chief actors are, in the present war against the Pope, it is known to all: they are the votaries of a corrupt world, leagued with the powers of darkness. If any do not declare against those enemies of God, they become their allies, pass into the camp of Belial, and cease to be the friend of Christ. They deny Christ when they deny Christ's Vicar; they no longer have Christ within them when they cease to feel for his Vicar, and repudiate any connexion with his cause; and for having denied Christ's Vicegerent before men, Christ will deny them before his Father who is in Heaven.

But it is not necessary to insist on these matters in writing to you, you, dearly beloved, have repeatedly proved for the past, that you do not participate in the apathy and listlessness of those who are ashamed to express an interest in their Father's sufferings.—The enthusiasm manifested in your public meetings, your protests against the insults offered to Pius IX., your generous contributions to assist him, constitute a monument that will record your sentiment to all future generations. Though you cannot do much in the present times of distress, yet you will undoubtedly do enough to show the vitality of your faith and your confidence in the promises of Christ; and the little you can give, added to the contributions from other countries, which are acting with true Christian piety and generosity, will show how you are united in feeling and doctrine with the Catholics of the world, and secure for you, your families, and your country, the blessing and protection of the Prince of the Apostles, and a constant adherence to the true faith.

But whether or not we be able to give any temporal assistance to the Successor of St. Peter, as long as the sufferings of the Church continue, whilst the spirits of wickedness appear triumphant, it is our duty to have recourse to the throne of mercy, and to pour forth our hearts in fervent prayer, begging of God to avert the calamities now impending over our Spiritual Father, and indeed over the world, "in all things taking the shield of faith, wherewith you may be able to extinguish all the fiery darts of the most wicked one." Ephes. vi. 16.

It is meet that in our difficulties we should also avail ourselves of the intercession of the most Holy Mother of God, invoking her as the Strength of the weak, the Consoler of the afflicted, and the Help of Christians. May the Holy Virgin obtain peace and happiness for the Church and society, presenting our petitions to her Divine Son, and pleading our cause successfully at His throne; may the protectors of the Church and the special patrons of Rome, St. Peter and St. Paul, intercede for us, "so that being delivered from the hands of our enemies, we may serve the Lord without fear, in holiness and justice before him all our days."—Luke i. 74.

The peace of our Lord Jesus Christ, be with you all, now and for ever more.

PAUL CULLIN, Archbishop of Dublin. Dublin, Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, 1862.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE STATE OF THE WEST.—BEAUMONT.—I have no hesitation in stating that the greatest wretchedness and poverty which I have yet witnessed is to be found amongst the inhabitants of that narrow strip of land known as "The Muller." Towards the north the Muller is about five or six miles wide; but from the town of Beaumont down to the southern extremity of the island it is very narrow, and at one point a few small sand banks alone separate the waters of the Atlantic, which wash its western shores, from those of Ely Harbour, a little creek of Blackpool Bay, on the eastern side. Some stormy night the sea will probably make a clean breach through this frail barrier and divide the Muller into two unequal parts. It is the inhabitants of the southern division of the island who are likely to suffer most during the coming spring. I say this, because they are more numerous and contain amongst them a greater number of wretchedly poor persons than are to be found in other parts of Eris within so small a compass. They are also worse off than the people of any other part of Mayo that I have yet seen with respect to fuel.—There are no bogs, or next to none, in the district. Heretofore the people were in the habit of obtaining their supply of turf from the Island of Achill, but the dearth of fuel which prevails there also has deprived them of that resource. The further removed they are from the mainland the greater will be their distress; and that is the position of the inhabitants of Fallmore, a small village at the extreme southern point of the island, the property of an English clergyman named Palmer, who some two years ago evicted nearly half the village. The people of this place have to travel twelve or fourteen miles to buy an ass load of turf, for which they pay 1s. being treble its price in ordinary years. They economize the turf thus obtained as well as they can by burning it with bits of stick, old bog scraws, and dry sods from the fences wherever they can procure any. The condition to which they are reduced for want of fuel is indeed most pitiable; and it must be remembered that these people are not suffering from any neglect of their own, because there is no bog near them, and they have always had to purchase their supply at a distance. In other respects they appear to be amongst

the most miserable of human beings. Poverty is apparent in the furniture of the houses, their patched and ragged garments, their listless, hopeless, woe-begone aspect. Their cottages, situated close beside the sea, are built of huge blocks of red granite, but whilst the walls are strong and firm, the thatch appears to have long been in a decaying state, and to afford but a poor protection against the cold and rain. Their beds consist of a few sticks laid across two piles of stones and covered with a bundle of straw. The bed clothing is scanty and of the most wretched kind, often consisting of an old thin quilt, without any blankets. In every house I saw either a pig, a cow, or a donkey. In two of the houses into which I went men were lying sick, and the fires that smouldered on the hearth could not afford much warmth or comfort to the poor invalids. In another house a pale hollow-eyed woman, having a sickly-looking infant in her arms, and surrounded by a troop of ragged, hungry-looking children, addressed my companion in Irish, with an energy of gesticulation and a fluency of speech that I am sure must have been full of eloquence, for it was the passionate pleading of a mother for her children. My companion told me that she said she and her children would go into the workhouse, but they would not be received unless her husband went in also, and he did not like to give up the bit of land. I thought it would be difficult to find another community exceeding in wretchedness of appearance the village of Fallmore; but I had not proceeded far when my attention was directed to a collection of hovels, such as I should think is not to be found elsewhere in Ireland. These were the abodes built by some of the persons evicted from Fallmore. They are composed of large pieces of granite found on the beach and rudely placed together. The roofs are very nearly flat, and each hovel is so low that an ordinary man cannot stand upright in it, and so small, that it can hardly contain three or four persons at the same time. In attempting to enter another of these extraordinary dwellings my head came in unpleasant contact with a stone over the doorway, a circumstance which compelled me to retreat from such a scene of misery. These people each cultivate half an acre or so of poor sandy soil, from which they have obtained as much potatoes as will last them for another month or so. After that I do not know how they are to exist, for they do not appear to have any stock, and I am sure they have no money.

THE HOME OF THE EVIEN.—There is still another strange assemblage of huts also situated on the margin of the sea, about midway between Fallmore and Belmullet. This place is known as Sebastopol, an ironical name given to it by the inhabitants themselves, for what reason I am unable to say. The occupants of these wretched sod cabins (for such is the material of which they are built), had been from time to time evicted from different properties. They squatted here, and rent small patches of land on which they grew potatoes. They also keep some pigs and fowl, and the women endeavour by begging to add to the resources of the family. I saw a pit opened in which one of those families had their potatoes stored. Some of them had rotted in the pit, and the sound ones in general were not larger than ordinary-sized gooseberries. Your readers can judge for themselves whether such a crop can supply these people with food much longer? For my part, I have no doubt that many of the persons living in the three places which I have attempted to describe must, if not otherwise assisted, seek relief within the walls of the workhouse. Most fortunately, the season, though wet, has hitherto been mild and favourable. The poor are getting through the winter much better than could have been reasonably expected in the month of November. Had we anything like the piercing frosts and heavy falls of snow which prevailed during December and January, 1861, the sufferings of the people in this remote district would have been appalling, and death in many instances the inevitable consequence. The comparatively warm weather with which we have been blessed here saved us from witnessing such scenes, and a dry spring and summer, accompanied, as we may anticipate, by a more than usual amount of agricultural employment, will, I trust, enable the people generally to encounter the food difficulty with equal success. A committee, of which the Protestant and Catholic clergymen are the leading members, was formed some time ago in Belmullet, for the purpose of relieving distress, and they have obtained subscriptions to the amount of £70. Up to the present, however, they have not expended any of this money, thinking it advisable to reserve all their resources for the relief of the greater amount of distress which they apprehend in the coming spring.—Saunders's Special Correspondent.

LORD PLUNKET AND HIS STARVING TENANTS.—With all our knowledge of this Right Rev. and Right Honourable person and his "antecedents" since the eldest of the Hannibals was transferred by the living Hamilcar from the wealthy Deanery of Down to the richer and more exalted Anglican Bishopric of Tuam, we confess we were a little surprised on reading the subjoined letter, addressed to him by the Hon. Secretary of the Tuam Relief Committee with reference to the heavy drain upon their funds for the maintenance of his famishing tenantry. Will it be believed,—can it be credited,—is there an English Peer or Prelate who will not blush with shame at the fact, that in the town and suburbs of Tuam there should be one hundred and forty families, tenants of Lord Plunket,—Protestant Bishop of that wealthy See,—dependent for their existence upon the charity of their neighbours?—that of all the sufferers in that neighbourhood from the prevalent dearth of food and fuel (which the jantty Chief Secretary could not discover from the side of his jaunting-car), one-fourth have for their landlord a Peer of the Realm and a Prelate of the Church by law established, who does not so far recognise the "duties of property" as even to contribute to the charitable fund by which his unfortunate tenants are kept alive?—and that this owner of most valuable and extensive See lands, infamously plundered from the Church of the nation in evil days, while he revels in luxury in his palace, allows his dependents to be saved from starvation by means of an alms-dormitory fund collected by benevolent laymen, without religious distinction, in the town of which he is rapidly making himself the owner by a stern enforcement of the rights of property and an utter disregard of the interests of families, which had been scrupulously and generously respected by his predecessors—Archbishops Beresford and Trench? All this is so startling to English eyes and ears, that if the fact were not placed beyond the reach of controversy by the entire absence of contradiction or explanation, we own we should have hesitated to call attention to the circumstance. But what makes the matter more startling still, and what should, we think, be deemed by Lord Plunket as the most dishonouring humiliation that could befall him, is the additional fact that of the charitable fund, upon which the tenants of this Peer, Prelate, and Privy Councillor are subsisting, a very considerable portion has been contributed by his illustrious neighbour opposite, the Archbishop of Tuam. To have tenants in such a state of destitution in such a place as Tuam, and to refuse to contribute to the relief of his own dependents, to whom we do not hear that any abatement or remission of rent has been made,—to leave them entirely dependent upon the benevolence of others, in a period of severe trial and privation, evidences a state of mind which we are sure there is not in England a man of his cloth, rank or grade, who would envy.—Weekly Register.

When the Catholic Clergy raised the alarm last autumn about the partial failure of the potatoe crop and the almost entire destruction of the ordinary source of fuel supply in various parts of Ireland, in consequence of the wetness of the summer—unprecedented even in Ireland—the warning voice was not only unheeded, but its truth was stoutly contradicted. It could not be denied that Priests possessed greater facilities and better means of becoming perfectly acquainted with the actual condition of the peasantry than anyone else in the Kingdom, but to render their

timely admonition nugatory, salaried officials, who systematically ignore popular discontent and grievances, lest the admission of their existence should disturb their own tranquillity and smiles, and look with evil eyes upon anyone who reminds them of their duty—and a prejudiced Press, which holds it as an article of faith more positive and unquestionable than any of the Thirty-nine that whatever the Priests say must be dictated by unworthy motives, and should not be swallowed with any amount of salt,—should in full chorus a flat denial that there was any real distress or even any ground to fear that there would be any distress. This bold tone had its effect for a time, and when the confident assertions of the policemen and prejudiced journalists were backed up by the flippant harangues of the Chief Secretary on his jaunting-car trip along the Western and Northern Coasts, it did not at all surprise us that many of our contemporaries and especially the Times, although Lord and on the other hand always earnest in stimulating British benevolence to rush to the relief of Irish distress, should have taken up the note of triumph and congratulation which issued from Dublin Castle, and proclaimed the Priests alarmed-mongers and deceivers. Unfortunately for the poor peasantry of Mayo, Galway, Sligo, Donegal, Clare and the other Irish counties where peat constitutes the fuel and potatoes the chief food of the people, the calamity of overwhelming evidence of having misrepresented the true state of affairs; and it is now admitted on all hands that there is in Ireland a fearful amount of destitution and suffering, which a fearful increase of scope and intensity as the year advances, and the scanty stock of turf and potatoes becomes exhausted.—Weekly Register.

What does workhouse relief really mean? To those who are compelled to have recourse to it, it implies the severance of every domestic tie—the sacrifice of all family relations—the complete abandonment of the duties and feelings which as parents and children, they should entertain. When the pressure of want compels a family to seek for this relief, they must resign their homes, renounce their rights as citizens, and appear before the workhouse gates as mendicants, begging the beggar's dole. If admitted within them, the husband must separate from his wife, the parents from their children, and brothers and sisters are forced to bid each other adieu. The sorrows of a parting like this are bitter and poignant in the extreme. Each feels that division of this kind increases their common stock of woes, while graver and heavier looms in the distance. For, the want of moral classification amongst the inmates exposes the virtuous and innocent amongst them to temptations which the peculiar circumstances of their condition render it difficult for them to resist. The frail victim of seduction has her first error stamped in durable characters on her soul by the "unfortunate" whom want or an unholly aim has led to seek a temporary asylum there; and both combine to corrupt the tender minds of the young and unsuspecting amongst their sex, who are thus delivered to a fate worse than that from which these institutions are supposed to relieve them. The children of honest parents, reared to virtuous pursuits, and taught their duties to God and man by those who never incurred, even in poverty, the shame of a disgraced deed, are herded with thieves, and associated with those whom vice claimed from their very infancy as its own. It is in vain that religion seeks by her influence to supply an antidote to these crying evils. The illiberal and intolerant spirit of the Poor Law Guardians, backed by the English magnates who constitute the Board of Commissioners, has ever been fruitful of devices to impede the ministrations of the Catholic chaplains, and take from the celebration of their rites that becoming decency and solemnity with which, to be duly impressive, they should be invested. For, although the faith of the Catholic does not rest on forms, there is something chilling in the appropriation for the mere day of the dining-hall as a Temple of the Most High, which tends to lessen respect for the ceremonies performed in it, and to impress on the minds of the unhappy inmates a sense of inferiority and privation even in matters of religion. The badge they wear is humiliating enough before man—it should not confront them in their appeals to Heaven. As to the physical condition of the poor in workhouses, it is sad to reflect on it. The criminals in our jails are better housed, better fed, and better clothed than they; and no one who has ever seen the sickly inmates of these institutions huddled together in yard or ward, and gazed on their sorrow-stricken and emaciated features, could help feeling that hunger and sickness are still permitted to continue their ravages amongst them. The children are blind or scrofulous, and most of them sink into an early grave. The able-bodied are reduced and feeble, while the old are bowed to the earth with a weight sadder and heavier than that of years. Often as the representations of these and other similar grievances have been made within the last fifteen years, no redress has yet been obtained for them. The constitution of the Board of Commissioners, consisting wholly of Protestants, and with one doubtful exception, of Englishmen, and the peculiar complexion of the Boards of Guardians, in which property influence is supreme, render any modification in the working of the system an impossibility.—Nation.

DISTRESS IN THE WEST.—At a meeting of Poor Law Guardians at Galway on Friday, the Rev. J. D'Arcy, Vicar, the Rev. Mr. Niessen, a Roman Catholic, with Mr. Harrison and Mr. Martin, waited as a deputation on the board to confer as to the best mode of relieving the poor. The following memorandum was read:—"Relief is given in meal to 1,300 families daily, numbering 6,500 individuals, not including about 100 families at Claddagh, who are supplied out of the funds. The consumption is two tons per day, at a loss of £7 being £49 per week. Relief in coal is given to 765 families each day, at ten tons per day, at a loss of £4 10s being £31 10s per week, of £80 for meal and fuel. We would require £7 10s a day to supply 900 families for five weeks, which would amount to £257 10s." The discussion was postponed for a week.

DEATH FROM STARVATION.—The Galway Vindicator publishes details concerning the deaths by starvation of two men, James Murphy, in an entry off Lower Cross-street, and an old man, 70 years of age, in the Claddagh. An old woman had come to Murphy's assistance. She told him to go to the poor house. His reply was "Throw me out in the sink, there; but don't bring me to the poor house." The poor man who died in the Claddagh had lived for some days on potato-skins and water, brought to him by a poor woman.

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.—On Monday a large number of emigrants, amounting to upwards of four hundred, bound for Cork, en route to Queensland, left Tuillamore, Genshill, and the surrounding districts under the care of the Rev. P. Dunne, of Tuillamore. On their arrival in Cork they were received by the Rev. M. Quinn, D. D., of Dublin, and they were conveyed by steamer to the "Erin Go Bragh" at Queens-town. The scenes at their departure from their native towns are described to have been painful in the extreme.

LOSS OF AN EMIGRANT SHIP AND ALL ON BOARD.—At five o'clock on Friday morning, the 7th instant, a large emigrant ship was beat to pieces at Anstown. Her deck was crowded with crew and passengers. It is much to be apprehended every one of them perished. From a paper washed ashore, the vessel is believed to be the Indian Ocean, which sailed from Liverpool for Sydney, New South Wales, on the 27th ult. She was laden with a valuable cargo, of general assortment, with which the coast is strewn. The paper is a printed form, signed for W. Nicol and Co., dated 2nd January, 1861, at Bombay, directing the commanding officer of the Indian Ocean to receive fifty bales of cotton, and give a bill of lading.—Waterford News.