

(Well, there is no further use for me here. I have tried my utmost and have not succeeded. God wills it so! There is nothing left for me but to pray.)

Reaching again for her supporting staff, she drew the new key out of the hands of the dumbfounded tenant, and in its stead placed a piece of silver on the table. Then she cast one more look at the knight near the window, and without another word she disappeared in the dark night; deep convulsive sobs, like those of a dying person, were heard for a minute, and then all was silent.

This scene had stirred the knight's rage to its highest pitch, and suddenly drawing his sword, he rushed like a maniac towards the door. Hans Netter ran after him to keep him back—but there he stood rooted to the ground, the song of the old Witch was heard, its musical and melodious notes ran from the ravine of Oakdale towards the Mindal valley. The clock of Ursberg had struck eleven, and the song of the mysterious woman answered to its silvery chime.

Sigmund Gassler tottered back into the room and covered at the chimney to banish the icy chillness which, like a fever, had spread all over his body. Then he forced a loud laugh and exclaimed:

"Cursed be the phantoms of my disturbed mind. As sure as my name is Sigmund Gassler, she is nothing but an hateful old witch. Don't you think so, you black-bearded and pious Kuno?"

"I confirm it," returned he with a trembling voice, "but then we can't say anything bad about the woman. On the contrary, people relate nothing but good of her; of the latter I had positive proof myself."

Hans Netter with his men and the hunters took off their caps and silently said their evening prayer, while Sigmund haughtily stirred the blazing fire in the chimney and muttered a curse into his black beard.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FROUDE ON IRELAND.

(From the Dublin Nation.)

The second and third volumes of Mr. Froude's work, "The English in Ireland," will certainly not attract so much attention from any class of persons as did the first. That came upon most people with a sort of surprise. Its key-note, struck even in its opening sentences, jarred so strangely upon the public ear, the principles those propounded were so much at variance with all the ordinary notions of moral right and justice, that a feeling either of astonishment, or of indignation, or of both, was at once awakened in the mind of every reader, as a consequence of which the work obtained an immediate notoriety, and became the subject of prompt and passionate discussion. But Mr. Froude cannot now renew the sensation. The public know his trick; they have taken his measure, and they are not in the least likely to trouble themselves much about his performances. The lines upon which his thoughts will run in dealing with any portions of Irish history are familiar with every reader of his first volume; so also are the arts by which he will strive to produce the effect he desires. In the very commencement of this work he set out with the principle, plainly expressed, that in the dealings of nations and peoples with each other, might is right. Bearing that fact in mind, the reader has a guide to the views which Mr. Froude will take of the course of Irish affairs. Another fact explanatory of his writing is, that his hatred of the Catholic religion is as deep and as constant as that of Beelzebub himself. These things being so, it will at once be understood that the Irish people can find no favour at his hands. With him they are always in the wrong, and are either to be crushed as barbarians or persecuted as Catholics. They refused to lie down quietly as a conquered people under the heels of England—therefore they should have been beaten to the ground every time they dared to claim for themselves any political rights; they refused to conform to the faith England manufactured for herself in the sixteenth century—therefore they should have been exterminated. That is the lesson inculcated in three volumes of laborious writing by Mr. Froude. He does not at all contend that England has ruled the Irish people wisely—far from it. He sees in the course of her dealings with them far too much of conciliation and concession. She struck them hard, and struck them down, but she did not follow up her blows with sufficient energy for Mr. Froude's taste, and was not sufficiently careful to keep them in the dust when she had them there. She slept, and allowed them to creep up again. Sometimes she gave ear to their plaints, and some degree of trust to their protestations—then she made some small concessions, which increased their strength without satisfying their desires, and naturally encouraged them to clamor for more. She should have believed nothing they said, expected no sort of good from them, and yielded to them nothing whatever, if Mr. Froude's word is to be taken for it. They were Catholics, incorrigible and unpardonable. When they were not doing anything wrong in Ireland, their co-religionists were doing wrong in France, or in Spain, or in Italy, in consideration of which they deserved to be either loaded with disabilities, or hunted out of the country. England's grand mistake, according to Mr. Froude, was in the relaxation of the penal laws. She should have steadily maintained them, and inflexibly acted up to them until the Catholic clergy had been rooted out of Ireland, and the Catholic faith had disappeared, and she should have liberally encouraged and aided her Protestant colonists until they grew to be the Irish nation. Not having had the wisdom to take this course, her intermittent severities, which were insufficient to destroy the Irish people, failed to impose tranquility on them, and the result is that, at this day, she is face to face with an Irish difficulty out of which she does not see her way. Such is the philosophy of Irish history according to Mr. James Anthony Froude. Its bearings were laid down in his first volume; they are continued in the two just published; the story would be just the same if he were to pen a half-a-dozen more on the same subject.

It is needless, therefore, for us to follow this unscrupulous defamer through the two volumes which are now before us. Our readers will understand, without our telling them, that he labors to blacken the character of every Irishman who was in any way prominent in the struggle for the rights of the oppressed people, or who had any place in their affections. Early in his second volume he finds himself under the necessity of making reference to the case of the Rev. Mr. Sheehy, parish priest of Ologheen, who on a trumped-up charge of being accessory to the murder of a supposed informer—who was not murdered at all, but had left the country—was unjustly convicted, and hanged and quartered on the 15th of March, 1766. Mr. Froude, of course, adapts the course that he was guilty, he stands by the evidence of the hired witnesses who were got to swear against the innocent priest; he stands by the evidence of the prostitute, Mary Dunlop, alias Brady, alias Butler, who swore against him for the money and the whiskey with which she was supplied by "the Crown;" he disregards all the testimony

brought forward in proof of the priest's innocence, and he stigmatises him as a murderer, and one who had died over with his dying breath. Mr. Froude writes:—"If treason and murder are crimes at all in Ireland, Father Sheehy was as deep a criminal as ever swung from a crossbeam. He died as others had died, keeping the oath of secrecy which he had sworn as a Whiteboy, and going out of the world with a lie upon his lips, to leave a doubt of the justice of his sentence as a stain upon the law, which had condemned him."

That is Mr. Froude's characteristic way of treating the legal murder of Father Sheehy, a good and virtuous priest who was done to death by his malignant enemies, because he sympathized with his persecuted people, and refused to betray them into the hands of their relentless oppressors. Yet the actual facts of the case stand out plainly enough in history, and it is only so prejudiced and so reckless a writer as Mr. Froude who, at this time of day, could so grossly misrepresent them. Father Sheehy, during nearly the whole time of his administration, was hunted by the bloodthirsty Ascendancy faction and the officials of the government in his part of the country. Several times did they grapple with him; they had him arrested on various charges under the penal statutes; but, failing in their persecutions on these grounds, they determined that they would never rest content until, on one pretence or another, they had brought him to the gallows. They felt pretty sure of their game, when, in the early part of 1766, a reward of £300 was offered for his capture, as one of these concerned in an attack on a party of soldiers who were conveying prisoners to Clonmel jail. Conscious of his innocence, Father Sheehy wrote to the government, declaring his willingness to surrender and take his trial, if that trial would be granted him in Dublin, and not in Clonmel, where he would be in the hands of a faction who thirsted for his blood. Mr. Froude's way of accounting for this offer is that the priest felt "secure of the fidelity of those whose evidence could alone convict him." But, if this were so, Father Sheehy would have been quite as willing to be tried in Clonmel as in Dublin, unless he believed that in Clonmel he would not get a trial according to the evidence, and would be convicted without proof of guilt. That was, in fact, the thing he did believe, and in a right good reason. Clonmel, he knew, would be a fatal spot for him, should he be put to trial there on any serious charge, no matter how false and monstrous it might be; the anti-Catholic squires of the place, his sworn enemies, knew it too, and therefore they were determined that on his trial in that place they would have him, if not on the present charge of treason, then upon some other, and at an early date.

The government accepted the conditions offered by the hunted priest. He surrendered, came up to Dublin, was tried, and triumphantly acquitted. And then, when the poor persecuted clergyman thought to return to his home a free man, he found that in trusting to the honor of the government he had placed himself in a trap, out of which there was no escape, and that he was now a doomed man. Before he could leave the dock, while the sound of the verdict of acquittal was yet in his ears, he was informed that there was now against him a charge of murder, for the trial of which he was sent back from Dublin to Clonmel.

Mr. Froude quietly remarks that the promise made to Father Sheehy when he surrendered to the authorities "had been observed to the letter; it was, perhaps, broken in the spirit when he was sent back, to be tried for murder, from Dublin to Clonmel." "Perhaps?" Mr. Froude, apparently, does not feel quite certain whether there was not a gross breach of faith in the case, and he therefore slips a gentle "perhaps" into his sentence. But if it had been a party of Irish Catholics that had been guilty of the treachery, Mr. Froude would know what to say of it. His choice of words all through his description of this case is worthy of attention, as illustrative of his method of writing history. Father Sheehy's acquittal in Dublin, he says, was owing to "insufficient evidence." He undertakes to say "the Lords Justices were certain of his guilt, though, as often happens in Ireland, they could not produce their proofs." At the trial in Clonmel, where Father Sheehy was charged with having been accessory to the murder of an informer named Bridges, "witnesses came forward to swear that he (Bridges) had left the country." But "it was proved," Mr. Froude says, that there had been a conspiracy to murder him, and that the Sheehys knew it. Thus, the evidence on one side was evidence merely, with Mr. Froude, but the evidence on the other was proof. Again: "A Mr. Keating, described as a gentleman of property in the county, offered to prove that Father Nicholas was at his house on the night when, if ever, the murder was committed; but Mr. Hewston, a clergyman and an active magistrate, rose in court and said that he had a charge against Keating for being present at the killing of the soldiers. Keating's evidence was refused; and he was committed to the goal at Kilkenny." This illegal and extraordinary proceeding—the rejection of the evidence of an important witness, a gentleman of property and reputation, because of a person's standing up in court and saying he had a charge against him—evokes not a word of condemnation from Mr. Froude. Neither does he mention the fact that when Mr. Richard Keating was tried at Kilkenny, on the charge referred to, he was acquitted. He is equally careful to avoid the character of the witnesses on whose unborne testimony Father Sheehy was found guilty. He does not tell his readers that the chief "witness" against Father Sheehy was a woman of infamous character, whom that priest had to publicly censure, or excommunicate, some time previously in consequence of the scandal she was giving. In his parish; neither does he tell them that of the other witnesses one was a villain who was taken out of Clonmel jail on a charge of thievery, and another was a young ruffian of about sixteen years of age, known to be the worst character in the neighborhood, and that he also was brought out of jail to do the job. He omits also to mention the remarkable fact that these very witnesses, on whose evidence Father Sheehy was condemned at Clonmel, had sworn against him with equal directness on the trial at Dublin, when their testimony was discredited by the jury, and the prisoner acquitted. All these things Mr. Froude keeps out of view, because he wishes to murder the memory of the priest, as Hewston and Toler and their gang murdered his body in the year 1766. It is clear to us that amongst the fanatical and bloodthirsty crew who hunted Father Sheehy to death there was not a more bitter priest-hater or more determined enemy of the Irish race than Mr. James Anthony Froude is at the present day; nor was there a more reckless speaker of untruths among the bribed and perjured witnesses who swore away his life—not excepting even Molly Dunlea.

REPEAL V. FEDERALISM.

To the Editor of the Irishman.

DUBLIN, May 27, 1874.

Sir—I am very sorry to see two Irish patriots of the highest character and eminence, such as are the Dowager Lady Queensberry and Mr. P. J. Smyth, persisting in efforts to break up the Home Rule organisation. It is only by uniting and organizing themselves, so as to take somewhat the form and attitude of a nation—a disunited nation demanding back the rights of which it has been robbed—that the patriotic Irish people can hope to prevail in their long and sore struggle, and win peace, honor, and prosperity for Ireland. And now such a patriotic union seems steadily growing, such a national attitude is being steadily taken; now a voice, which our Eng-

lish oppressors must recognize as the voice of the Irish nation, declares in the Imperial Parliament the desire and determination of Ireland to recover her National Parliament, now a League is formed in which all parties of Irish nationality, of all the various parties are already joined—League of which Mr. Smyth himself is, or was, a member, and which Lady Queensberry has added by her good word and by her purse. Since the accused Union was passed, never has there been before so promising an organization for the great work of recovering the national rights of which the Union robbed our country. And it is those two most respected Irish patriots, both of whom, I do believe, would give their lives for Ireland, are exerting their great personal influence to undo all that holy work of national union and organization, and let our country become again a helpless anarchy—"a heap of uncemented sand." Alas! Surely it is only overwhelming convictions of duty that can justify or explain conduct calculated to produce such disastrous results. I cannot doubt but that conviction of duty impel both those Irish patriots. But I do not share those convictions; I have carefully considered the published letters of both the Marchioness and Mr. Smyth, and I find no arguments in them to convince me, or that ought to convince any reasonable person, that the Home Rule scheme, as expressed in the resolutions adopted at the Conference, is not such a scheme for the settlement of our national quarrel with England as the Irish people may honorably and wisely adopt. I have already stated my views upon the question, in a letter which appeared in your paper a few weeks since, and I shall not now engage in further discussion. Let Nationalists read and consider the Conference resolutions for themselves, and see for themselves whether Mr. Smyth interprets the Home Rule scheme fairly and truly.

I am rejoiced that the Conference adopted that scheme. I am rejoiced that the Irish constituencies have elected fifty Parliamentary representatives to tell England that the Irish people demand back their National Parliament, and to offer that Federal arrangement to remove the fears of England as to separation. I am rejoiced that the Irish people, of all the various Nationalist parties, seem resolved to support the League and the Home Rule Parliamentary representation—both the work of the people. I trust we are grown too wise—wise from bitter experience—to divide and array ourselves in faction-fights in face of the enemy, while the enemy with possible delight clap hands and cheer us on. I trust the Irish people will not let even Mr. Smyth's daring rhetoric drive common-sense out of their minds. Let us all respect devoted patriots, such as are Lady Queensberry and Mr. P. J. Smyth, even in their unwise caprices, but let us not go astray, at their unwise caprices, from the practicable and safe path of patriotism.

The National Roll has been made the subject of some fierce, denunciatory rhetoric from a correspondent who signs himself *Dathi* (I am glad he has the grace to withhold his real name). The scheme of the National Roll is one for enabling the mass of the patriotic people easily and effectually to assist the Home Rule Movement both with their numbers and with their money contributions. I trust the scheme will before long be universally adopted by the people.—I am, sir, yours truly,

JOHN MARTIN.

THE HON. CHARLES G. DUFFY'S EXPECTED RETURN TO IRELAND.

At a banquet given in Melbourne on St. Patrick's Day, the Hon. Charles G. Duffy referred thus to his contemplated return to Ireland:—

He said,—"I am here, to-night, gentlemen, notwithstanding that I found it necessary to decline invitations of a like character from other friends I am going back for a time to the old world, and to the old land that we love, and you are entitled to expect that I would come to you for leave of absence, or if the parting was to be a final one, come to say a cordial good-bye. You have read, I dare say, in the newspapers from time to time, stories of my particular purpose in going home so precise and circumstantial, that if they were only a little accurate there would be nothing left for me to tell you (laughter). In truth, I am going home mainly because I want leisure and repose to recruit my health and have won the right to enjoy them by long years of hard work. But this is too simple an explanation for some ingenious persons. At one time it was said that I was going to occupy a political office, and the very office and the Administration with which I was to be associated were confidentially named. Let me relieve the minds of these anxious critics by assuring them that I have no more desire or intention of occupying any office whatever, on the other side of the equator, than of becoming Shah of Persia or King of Aethiopia (cheers). The only office that would have any temptation for me is not now in existence, though some day or other it will be created. I won't mention its title, but perhaps you could guess when I say that its functions would be performed partly on Cork Hill, in a dingy old castle, which is prodigiously in need of a little moral whitewashing and ventilation, and partly in a stately classic edifice which stands opposite the site for Henry Grattan's statue in College-green (cheers). In the meantime I am a candidate for no office whatever that the old world has to bestow, from parish constable upwards or downwards. It was next said that I was hurrying home before the general election to secure a seat in the House of Commons as a Home Ruler. There was no particular need of hurrying, I believe, for some of the men with whom I was associated of old, when they heard of my coming, were good enough to propose to have me elected in my absence (cheers). But I could not consent to rush back into public life in feeble health, and with the imperfect knowledge of men and things so long an absence creates. An old soldier is apt to make inquiries about the state of discipline, the condition of the stores and commissariat, and above all, the plan of campaign, before he buckles on his sword as a volunteer, however much he loves the cause. A seat in the House of Commons *per se* has no attraction for me. When I had a seat there before I threw it up, because I found it impossible to accomplish the purpose that induced me to seek it. I found the position of an Irish member, who meant to do his duty honestly, and not to mount the cockade of Whig or Tory, among the most painful and onerous that a man can occupy; and I fully believe that the best Irishmen sent to Westminster since the Union died of wounds that bled inwardly—of suppressed wrath, for example, and disappointed hope (cheers). I will never volunteer to re-enter the House of Commons, and I will never consent to re-enter it, unless I have a party strong enough, capable enough, and upright enough to create a public opinion of their own in the midst of that hostile assembly, and sufficiently in accord with respect to means and agencies to entitle them to hope for success in a difficult enterprise. And even then I would rather be a spectator than an actor. Not that I mean to be idle. A man with any facility for work can no more be idle than a stream can cease to flow till its sources be dried up. But a stream need not always turn the mill-wheels of some practical purpose—flowing freely through pastures and corn fields. It may also be performing its appointed task. It is strange that the telegraph has not sent us the name of a single Irish member elected to the new Parliament. It may be that the Irish people have seized the occasion of the dissolution to send a compact disciplined body of representatives to London, able to make their claims formidable and urgent. If so, I can promise you one Irish-Australian traveller will look on from the Speaker's gallery at their labours with cordial sympathy, and without the slightest desire to replace any man in his seat.

DISTRESS IN CONNEMARA.

The following document was issued from a Conference of the Clergy of the Deanery of Clifden, Ardrishose of Tuam, held on the 18th of May, 1874.

"To parade before the eyes of the destitution of individuals or of districts is an employment humiliating alike to the people and to their clergy."

"But, witnessing in our daily rounds through our respective parishes the utter prostration from want of food of many of the people, we feel that we have arrived at a crisis, when even modest and patient silence would degenerate into crime."

"We do therefore inform the government again that there are of utter want throughout Connemara at present, as any that have destituted the people during the years of famine. The only difference is that the calamity is not as general now as then."

"This is the third bad successive season in the West. Distinctly we repeat, that in numerous cases the condition of the people is extremely wretched. There is no such thing as credit—the previous two bad seasons put an end to that."

"Early last April we had a conference with the union poor law-board. The guardians, with becoming spirit, passed a solemn resolution apprising the government of the approach of dire distress, and asking them to adopt timely measures to prevent the ravages of the old calamity."

"Then, as well as now, the guardians and clergy asked employment, and not alms, for an able-bodied and spirited people."

"Public works of vast importance, such as a railroad from Galway to Clifden, were ready to their hand. The influence of the venerable name and constant solicitude of our patriotic Archbishop, the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, were enlisted in the same cause; but up to this the only result is promised inspection and inquiry, while hundreds of loyal people, male and female, young children and adults, are enduring the pangs of hunger. Yet, in the face of all this, there are professors of economy, but practitioners in social ruin, who preach sermons on loyalty and patience, and pause for a response of a hypocritical amen from a people who are moral and loyal to an extreme, if not to a fault."

"Again we implore (we stoop to the attitude as we are pleading for our faithful flock) the government to open sources of employment, to relieve, nay, to save the people."

"Now, a word or two to the public in explanation of this constantly recurring misery in Connemara. On the top of the sliding scale that indicates and infallibly leads to ruin may be found the active and negative dealings of governments with the people of the West."

"A former paternal (?) government directly ruined the fisheries of the West coast by the withdrawal of the stings, beggarly support which they derived from the state. All subsequent so-called parental governments have perpetuated that ruin by acquiescing in that first cause. No public works, no railroads, no facilities to reach the advantages of distant markets."

"Of landlords we take care to speak in the most moderate terms. British legislation inscribed their rights on the broadest fringes. One foreign society alone owned a property of vast extent, measuring within its boundaries 280 square miles, 300 miles of foreshore, and other appurtenances and other manorial rights of amazing amount. Yet all this vast extent of territory is still almost in a state of nature—no employment, no improvement!"

"Now, let the public diminish the most prosperous district in the empire by 180 square miles, and they can easily judge what outlying *debris*—depopulated and degraded by the crowbar—can be worth!"

"With few exceptions, the landlords of Connemara are absentees. Thus, priests and people are left to rough it during hard seasons. Mr. Mitchell-Henry, M.P., and his truly amiable family, do all they can to mitigate distress by large employment and by the untiring ministrations of Divine charity."

"Mountain land does not improve under the depopulating curse of eviction by the thousand. Such has been the agricultural process through which many of the districts of Connemara have passed. It is a miracle of God's mercy that even a remnant of the people is found on the soil still to bear witness to the huge iniquities perpetrated by and with the sanction of a foreign legislature."

"Again we beg most respectfully to impress on the government that no other work can be so profitable and of such utility as a railroad between Galway and Clifden."

"We are so isolated here that every year that passes we have to record the source of ruin in consequence of the impossibility of safe transit of food from any store either in Galway or Westport—both localities being sixty-two miles (English) from Clifden. During the last three years no boat could leave either harbor—one year for eight weeks, the second year for six weeks, and this current year five weeks; and thus all supplies of food were shut out, and no alternative was left to the people but either to starve or to consume the few potatoes that were left for seed."

(Signed)

PATRICK McMAHON, P.P. of Clifden and Dean of Tuam.

HUBERT FERRIS, C.A., Ballynakill.

M. LAVALLA, C.A., Moyra.

JOSEPH A. MOLONEY, C.A., Roundstone.

JAMES LEE, C.O., Roundstone.

MICHAEL GUARAN, C.O., Clifden.

JOHN P. CANNING, C.O., Ballinrobe.

THOMAS BREWSTER, C.O., Clifden.

PATRICK J. STUBB, C.O., Clifden.

THE COMIC GOSPEL.

It appears that for some months past much excitement has been produced in Edinburgh and other towns of Scotland by the singular exercises of a couple of itinerant Americans—Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey. For a very long time no entertainment has been so popular in Edinburgh as that which goes by the name of these gentlemen. It is attended by overflowing audiences. Crowds of enthusiasts follow the performers from one place to another, for it is part of their system to have as much variety as possible, and to hold their meetings in all sorts of different buildings—in town-halls, lecture-rooms, and churches of all denominations. The meetings are held at all hours of the day, and some are for young men, some for mothers, some for fathers, others for young women, clerks, students, or little children. Curiosity is stimulated by huge placards on the walls, and several periodicals command a large sale by describing the performances. The announcement—"At 6.30 p.m., Mr. Moody will preach the Gospel." Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey are Americans from Chicago and we learn from one of their organs that their visit to Scotland was prompted by a feeling that the churches there stood "especially in need of the application of those belated, livelier, more direct modes of appeal which are characteristic of America." Mr. Moody, we are further told, is "not a man of much education or culture; his manner is abrupt and blunt; his speech bristles with Americanisms; his voice is sharp, rapid and colloquial." He is remarkable for his want of sanctimoniousness, and "a play of humor, sprouts out sometimes in his most serious addresses." He interlards his lectures with droll and wonderful stories, or, as the writer puts it, "he has, in his possession, a large number of incidents and experiences well fitted to throw light on the points he employs them to elucidate, and to clinch the appeals which he issues them to enforce." In the intervals of Mr. Moody's lectures, Mr. Sankey sang hymns. "Abhorring the notion of providing musical entertainment merely to please those who are not in the Kingdom of God," he seeks to move "by truth expressed in the most winning tones." It is also "in

subservience to spiritual ends that Mr. Sankey uses the harmonium." "Sankey's 'Sacred Solos' are sold by the thousand, and his example and exhortations are also said to have given a great impulse to the 'trade' in harmoniums. The sort of entertainment which is thus presented may be gathered from the descriptions given by persons who professed to have enjoyed it. 'We are having a very good time now,' writes one, 'Old Formally has got his neck broken.' 'On Friday night,' says another, 'after Moody's solemn words, it seemed to be a great smashing up of the souls.' The audience is alternately moved to laughter and tears. The Gospel is preached not only with the pronunciation, but in a dialect of Chicago; and the result is no doubt something very different from that to which Scotch congregations are accustomed. Jokes, slang stories and sensational exclamations are freely interspersed. Mr. Moody's strange accents and 'sprouts of humor' work up the people into a state of excitement in which it is as easy to cry as laugh. A parable translated into the language of Artemus Ward, and embellished by touches of Yankee wit, is a novel sensation, and the effect is enhanced by a sudden change to startling threats of damnation, and appeals to come and be saved. Then comes Sankey's lively solo, sung in very good style to a melody that might pass for secular in a worldly concert-room but for the words. People who go only to be amused, as most of the audience go, are provided with a curious and racy entertainment, quite as good in its way as the Christy Minstrels. Others of an impressive temperament are thrown into more or less violent paroxysms of hysterical emotion."

"It is said to be too soon to estimate the results of the agitation which has been carried on by these expedients; but it is not very difficult to anticipate what, judging from former experience, they are likely to be. It is impossible to imagine anything more unwholesome and debilitating than the sort of morbid excitement and hysterical rapture which is thus cultivated; and in other cases the consequence has invariably been a reaction of a deplorable kind. In the country districts of Scotland revivals have usually left their mark in an increase of drunkenness and a scandalous addition to the Registrar General's statistics of illegitimacy. In Edinburgh the heat and frenzy might be supposed from the extravagant language of the organs of the movement. It can readily be understood that, as one of these papers says, 'hundreds of young persons who were formerly accustomed to go to the theatre, opera, and pantomime, gave up deliberately and from choice and the force of conviction attended the prayer-meetings;' but the explanation in a great measure is no doubt that the prayer meetings were found to be more amusing and stimulating. One of Mr. Moody's most 'screeching hits,' as they say in the play, is a mock representation of a court of law for the trial of Christ. He asks the congregation to consider itself a court of inquiry, and nominates one of the ministers present to be usher and to call in the witnesses, who are then examined with Yankee freedom and jocularly by Mr. Moody. Pilate's wife is called Mrs. Pilate, and among the other witnesses are the Apostles, the angels, and the Deity. This sort of roaring fun goes beyond anything on the stage. It is hard to say whether the treatment of religion in this manner does more harm by bringing sacred things into ridicule, by afflicting some feeble minds with idle agony, or by overbalancing others with the inflation of self-righteous arrogance and conceit. There is not the faintest trace of educated intelligence or spiritual elevation in Mr. Moody's harangues. They are a mere gabble of texts interspersed with grotesque or sensational anecdotes and spiced with vulgar American slang. The most extraordinary feature of the agitation is that it should be committed at and patronized by the clergy of Edinburgh and other towns. It is obvious that, if Moody and Sankey are right in the mode of preaching the Gospel, and if the success of these performances is really a 'great awakening' and the 'Power of the Holy Ghost in Scotland,' the ordinary services of religion must be a melancholly farce. Everybody who has been in Scotland must have been struck with the severe endurance and fortitude with which a Scotch congregation sits out not only a long and dreary sermon, but a series of prayers which are the worst sort of sermons in disguise; and it is not surprising that Scotch laity should be thankful for a little relaxation. But that the ministers themselves should come forward in the manner to proclaim publicly that their whole system is a failure and waste of time is really strange. It must be still more wonderful if, in supporting and recommending Messrs. Moody and Sankey, they do not see that, when they are condemning themselves. Either a great awakening is good for their flocks or it is not; if it is why do they not take measures to bring it about on their own account? The only justification which is offered for the eccentricities and buffooneries of the Yankee propagandists is simply that the end justifies the means and that the great thing is to produce an impression on the public mind no matter how. It would appear, therefore, that sermons had better be abandoned for singing and story-telling, and there is no logical reason why the reform should stop here. The banjo and bones might be substituted for the harmonium, and Mr. Sankey's solos might be occasionally varied by a little dancing. The Fanteo Flip-flap Fandango would be an appropriate accompaniment to Mr. Moody's 'sprouts of humor' and select anecdotes. If it is to be understood that it is the business of Christian churches to compete, as the *British Encyclopaedia* holds with 'the theatre, opera and pantomime,' why is this competition left to the American gentlemen? It is stated that Messrs. Moody and Sankey may shortly be expected in London, but they will perhaps discover that their line of business has already been pretty well worked at the Tabernacle and elsewhere.—*Saturday Review*.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

"The Pope" says the accurate Atlantic cable "has issued a mandate convokeing the Synod of Dublin for the purpose of considering the condition of Catholics in Ireland. The mandate is causing excitement, especially in ecclesiastical circles." Possibly this means nothing more than the usual periodical Conferences of the Irish Prelates. As the news is from London and of an Irish affair it is just possible that the cable is, for once, well informed on this topic. In that case, we presume it refers to a Plenary Council. The last National Council of this kind was held in 1851, at Thurles, under the presidency of His Eminence Cardinal Cullen, then Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, who presided as Apostolic Delegate. He also will preside at the Synod of Dublin. Of the prelates who sat with him as Fathers of the last Synod not many are now living. Of the Archbishops, himself and the Archbishop of Tuam are the sole survivors. Archbishop Leahy was one of the theologians. Of the Bishops there still survive only Bishop Kelly of Derry, and Bishop Delaney of Cork. The Synod of Thurles gave definite shape and form to the agitation against the abominations of Queen's College and Intermediate Education, and showed the English government that even though the national schools were "tolerated" by the Bishops as an experiment, as the best system that could be obtained, and as a security against greater evils, that nevertheless neither Ireland, nor her Bishops or the Pope would stand any further tampering with the faith of her children, through their teachers. We can well imagine that this same question will be dealt with now, with that courage and far-sightedness, which so well becomes the Bishops of Ireland.—*Catholic Review*.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY SENATE.—The adjourned meeting of this body was held in the Examination Hall.