

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONSECRATION OF THE MOST REV. DR. M'GABE.—Some months since we were the first to announce to the Catholics of Ireland that the Rev. Dr. M'Gabe had been selected by the Sovereign Pontiff to fill the vacant diocese of Ardagh, and we have now the gratification to state that his lordship was consecrated, on last Sunday, in the Irish College, Paris, by the Apostolic Nuncio residing in that city.

MIRIAM IN CAVAN.—The Anglo Celt says.—The good Redeemer's Father is amongst us, and this is a season of peace. They have come to exhort the Catholic people of Cavan to have recourse to prayer to the Bestower of all good gifts; to lift up their hearts to God, and call to their minds the mercies he has shown them, and the still more abundant mercies he has in store for them.

The Catholic Church was founded here by St. Patrick, who was sent by Pope Celestine, and it has been always in communion with Rome to the present day. St. Patrick preached and taught the Catholic faith just as it is preached to day by our bishops and priests. He celebrated the mysteries of that sacred and venerable faith, as they are now celebrated, and shall be for all time.

The Irish people were Catholics at the time of the so called Reformation. If they were not, why did they reject the new faith? Why did they go to the mountain side, the cavern and the wood to hear mass when they had Protestant ministers of the new creed to preach to them in houses of worship? If they were Protestants, why did they not embrace the new made Church of the chaste and 'saintly' Henry, and his mild and 'blessed' daughter, Elizabeth? Because it was a false creed a departure from the truth, and opposed to the word of God.

THE IRISH CHURCH.—The London Weekly Register (Catholic organ) says it is reported that within a day or two of the meeting of Parliament, Mr. Gladstone will bring forward a motion respecting the Irish Church, which must try the strength of the two great parties in the House.

THE 'FREEMAN'S' CHURCH COMMISSION.—We publish the Fourteenth Report from 'Our Church Commissioners.' It deals with the United Dioceses of Limerick and Ardagh and Agadoo. The report develops some peculiar features connected with the 'conversion' to Anglicanism of the population of these dioceses. The 'conversion' was not effected by bishops, by parsons, by curates, by catechists, or by readers, but by a general officer: the head of a large army, who adopted the rapid and simple process of calling before him those whom he desired to 'convert,' and ordering them to take the Oath of Conversion, or the consequence of 'high treason.'

MR. BRIGHT ON IRISH POLITICS.—Mr. Bright's speech at Birmingham on Tuesday night on Irish questions fills four columns of the morning papers. He began by criticising Lord Stanley's speech at Bristol. The noble lord had deprecated the calling in of quacks because the doctors could not agree; but considering that the disease to be dealt with is more than a hundred years old, Mr. Bright thinks if the doctors have not already found out anything about it, or what will cure it, it may even be wiser to try a quack.

Laws.—If laws had been promulgated to recompense good actions, as they have been established to punish crimes, the number of the virtuous would surely have been more increased by the attraction of promised benefit, than the number of the wicked are diminished by the rigour of punishments with which they are menaced.—Louis XIV of France.

their right to protest against it, and their right to seek for restoration of their Parliament, if they think it would be advantageous to them, has not been, and cannot be, destroyed. Mr. Bright, for his own part, will never consent to any measure that would disturb legislative union till it is proved that in England Ireland that right and justice have failed to influence mankind. There is nothing that a Parliament in Dublin can do that the Imperial Parliament cannot do if it tries to do it.

In dealing with the land question Mr. Bright would begin by giving the tenants the ballot, to protect them from the domination of their landlords at elections, but the real great want of Ireland is this, that the Irish people should by some means or other be put in a position gradually—rapidly if you can—of becoming the possessors and the cultivators of their own soil. You want to create a great farmer proprietary class in Ireland. Well how are you to do it? First of all, if you are any laws upon your statute book which artificially prevent the dispersion of the land, all the of vice accumulation of land as in active operation, but you have those which retard the action of all the forces which would counteract these to a certain extent, and enforce or produce a dispersion of the land.

What I want is that the natural law should act, and that there should be large and middle sized and small estates of every kind, according to the prudence and industry of men, and that there should be no law to prevent persons becoming the owners of large estates or small ones. To effect his object Mr. Bright would establish the machinery which he suggested in his Dublin speech fifteen months ago. 'It was a proposition that we should have a Parliamentary Commission for the purpose of acting as real banks, as in Prussia, not only to help the transaction between the tenant and the landlord when they have agreed upon it, but to go about and negotiate for the purchase of large estates held by absentees, and having purchased them, the sale being voluntary on the part of the owner, then would they offer those estates in separate farms as far as was convenient or proper to the tenants who now occupy them.

Mr. Bright agrees with Lord Stanley that the Irish Question is the great question of the hour, and says that it will be the cause in all probability, of the fall of Ministers, and, it may be, of the dissolution of Parliament. As for the Repeal of the Union, Mr. Bright declares that he will never consent to it till it is proved that in England statesmanship is absolutely dead, and that in Ireland right and justice have failed to influence mankind. There is nothing that a Parliament in Dublin could do that the Imperial Parliament can't do, nothing which Ireland could do for herself which our statement in London can't do for her.

Mr. Bright says, it is worth, £13,000,000. He doesn't think it will be just to take it all into the hands of the State. He thinks that there should be some very small permanent allotment to the Irish Protestant Church out of that property, on condition that it should become absolutely disconnected from the State, and altogether a voluntary institution. A moderate appropriation out of the same fund should be made to the Presbyterians, who would have to give up the Regium Donum, or £40,000 per annum. And the Catholic Church should also have a small appropriation to enable the Catholic Church in certain parishes to have a small glebe and a modest house for the Priest. The condition is (we take for granted) as in the case of the Presbyterians, that the £2,000,000 per annum paid by the State for M'North be surrendered. When £2,000,000, or £3,000,000 had thus been divided between the three Churches, they being all free and independent, and in no wise connected with the State, a great change, Mr. Bright thinks, would take place; the whole sentiment of the people would be altered and the change would work the most wholesome improvement in the sentiments of the Irish people towards the Imperial Parliament and Imperial Connection.

Mr. Bright will do no injustice either to the ministers or members of the Protestant Church, and says that all life interests must of course be cared for and preserved. On the Land Question, Mr. Bright says that he has never been of opinion that any measure for merely compensating tenants, unless it were one far beyond anything that Parliament would accept, or that he would like to recommend, would have any very large influence in tranquillizing Ireland. Still he believes that it would do something and that it would be worth while to do. He would give the tenants of Ireland the security of the ballot at elections, because he thinks that if the tenants voted by ballot, the landlords would grant them leases, which they now refuse because they want to keep the tenants dependent on them in order to control their votes at elections. Perhaps, however—but Mr. Bright does not advert to this—if the tenant by means of the ballot could safely vote against his landlord's wishes the result might be a notice to quit instead of a lease. And the chance seems to us worth taking into account. Next, says Mr. Bright, the great want is a great farmer proprietary class in Ireland, and he recommends a Parliamentary Commission, not only to help tenants to purchase their holdings from their landlords, but to buy up and resell to the tenants the estates of absentees. The process would be gradual, but the change of feeling in Ireland would be instan-

aneous. There would spring up among the people a positive passion to buy their farms, and a loyal and Conservative feeling would at once become established. As for the 105 Irish members of whom Mr. Bright says that they are divided and never act altogether either for the benefit of Ireland or for the United Kingdom, if his proposals were carried out they would work together. Mr. Goldwin Smith and others talk of a craving in Ireland—a positive hunger—for the restoration of an Irish Legislature, but Mr. Bright thinks that if England will do to Ireland that justice which she is anxious to do to herself, irritation will subside, and the Union will become an union of interest and sentiment between England and Ireland.

IRISH OCCUPIERS AND THE GOVERNMENT.—Mr. Moosell, M.P., excusing himself from attending a meeting of the Limerick, Clare, and Tipperary Farmers Club, expresses his hope that those present would 'disavow those projects so lately attributed to Irish occupiers of land by an influential member of the Government (Lord Stanley) Mr. Gavin, M.P., and Mr. Russell, M.P., being also absent, the speaking devolved upon Mr. Sycam, M.P., who asked how could agricultural prosperity exist where there was threatened a war of classes? If Government and Parliament remained inactive, the suspension of the Constitution in Ireland might become perpetual. Had the demands of the people abated under repression? No, they had increased, and what would have been accepted two years ago was now scornfully rejected. Recent circumstances compelled him to admit that the Government did not intend to deal with the questions during the coming session. One of the coldest intellects, but one of the ablest men in the cabinet in his speech at Bristol, had excused them for their course by speaking of 'unruly Parliament,' but as a woman is never more dangerous than when she protests her love too much, so a 'Party statesman' is never so near great changes as when he protests loudly against them. On the eve of the late Reform Bill, when they protested against lowering or debasing the franchise, they called it they had determined to debate it to household suffrage. Might it not be the same with the Irish difficulty? Lord Stanley has been followed by the political Sir Benjamin Brodribb of the day who had veered about to every point of the compass (Mr. Roebuck). He reminded him of Shakespeare's Welshman, Fluellen, who said Henry was born in Monmouth, past which a river ran; Alexander was born in Macedonia, past which a river ran also. There was no analogy between tenants-at-will in England and in Ireland. He (Mr. Sycam) wished that the organ of public opinion in England, such as the Times and Pall Mall Gazette, would not follow in the wake of Mr. Roebuck. Among the subjects which he would wish dealt with was reform of the grand jury laws. While, however, they were right in seeking an amendment of laws, he would say:—

How small of all the ills that we endure The part that kings or laws can cause or cure. They must secure success by industry, self-reliance, economy, and energy. 'If the people of Scotland have turned their rocky rivers into first-class ports, and their heathery mountains into mines of agricultural wealth, why should not Irishmen do the same with their fruitful rivers, their noble barboours, and their fertile land?' The following, like the above, is from the Pall Mall Gazette. The chairman of the Munster Bank, an esquire at having its head-quarters in Cork, has ignited at the meeting of the company that the directors were desirous (nothing political being in the pro-ect) of assisting small farmers to become owners of their farms through friendly purchases from their landlords, by advancing money to the buyers in such cases, from the funds left in their hands for permanent investment. It occurred to him (Mr. Shaw) that this could be done through the machinery supplied by the Record of Title Act and the Land Debiture Act of Ireland. By these acts it was possible to make cheaply an indefeasible security, and to issue debentures that would be transferable from hand to hand with coupons attached. These, he thought, would become one of the most popular securities ever introduced by Act of Parliament. Mr. N. D. Murphy, M.P. for Cork, warmly supported the proposal.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.—The London correspondent of the New York Times says: Talking of prisons &c, remind me of the great Mr. Train, who has been giving great lectures at Cork, and persuading the credulous Irishmen of that city that he will be the next President of the United States. They believed him. The young ladies gave him little presents, G. F. Train read them some verses (made out of his own head) about his heart and old Ireland. The first lecture went off pretty well; at a second the audience consisted of a low and disorderly crowd; at the third the excellent patriots present pulled up the gaspipes and the benches, and left G. F. Train to pay the expenses. Of course he was liable for all damages done to the hall in which he gave his lecture. Under these circumstances, your readers will readily anticipate his next proceeding—It was to take to his heels. He 'skedaddled' from Cork without stopping to play any more tunes upon the Irish lyre. The game did not pay. I fear this may make the Train turn upon Ireland and then it will be indeed a sad prospect for the Emeralds. To one young lady in Cork, who was deputed to give him a cup-a-nightcap (?)—he broke out in the following most beautiful strains:—'Irishmen, Americans, let me say to this young lady—

'Lovely in form peerless in debate, Who follows you, Miss, takes the Train too late! Whereupon the whole assembly burst into tears and tried to fall upon Mr. Train's neck. The unfortunate man thought it was going to last like this forever, and that he had at last got into a state of existence which far surpassed a Mahomedan's Paradise. Alas! in three days the crowd broke into his lecture-room without paying, and left him with a heavy bill to settle. He settled in the way I have described.

REVOLTING CRUELTY TO A CHILD IN IRELAND.—A case of cruelty has been brought before the Dublin magistrates. In the top room of a house in Dalphino's Barr, the police discovered an unfortunate little boy, only four years old, lying in a corner on the bare boards, naked, in a disgusting state of filth, and perishing through hunger and neglect. He was almost a skeleton, and when food was offered to him he devoured it with a voracity which showed that it had long been a stranger to him. He is the son by a former husband of a woman who, with her present husband the child's stepfather, was brought before the magistrates. They are in comfortable circumstances, and the house in which the child was found is the free hold property of his mother. The child was too weak to be brought out of hospital and his unnatural guardians were remanded.

LONDON, Feb 21.—The Oconnor's Jury have concluded their investigation of the explosion at the Clerkenwell House of Detention, and to day rendered their verdict. They bring a charge of murder against the prisoners Barrett, English, O'Keefe, Mullaney, two D'smonds, the woman Ann Justice, and others whose names have not yet been made known. Doubt is expressed as to the complicity of Allen, who was recently discharged, but has been re-arrested. The verdict concludes by severely censuring the Metropolitan Police in Clerkenwell District for lack of activity and vigilance.

A consiler of powder, containing, it is stated, about 8lb., was placed against one of the gates of the establishment of Messrs. Keatinge, bacon curers Cork, on Saturday night, and exploded with a tremendous noise. The gate was shattered, the lock torn off, the iron bars which had been placed for additional security driven from their places, and some of the people broken in. Fortunately, no person sustained any injury. It is supposed that the object was to try the effect of certain quantities of powder upon strong gates. Several similar consilers have been found in other parts of the neighbourhood.

resses were lavished on me by Mrs. Emslie, and that I never knew the want of a real mother's indulgent fondness; and believing myself an orphan, I repaid her love with the affection of a child. I was a precocious girl; my southern maternal ancestry accounted for this. I was little more than sixteen, when, being on a visit for the benefit of sea-air with a relative of Mrs. Emslie's, I met with an individual who soon addressed me in the language of love. I listened to him as you listened to Francis Capel, and no dissentient voice was raised to check the progress of our young love dream. No, on the contrary, I was esteemed a thrice-fortunate girl, to have won the regard of one whose great worldly advantages were more than equalled by his superiority of mind and person. Ah! those were brilliant days! Happy days! when life was in its spring—when Philip's merry laugh won a smile from the aged, as a dim remembrance of their own sunny days floated before them; for Philip's laugh was to me as the tone of many harps, or like the 'sounds of many waters,' thrilling through my soul, and calling up never dying echoes in my ears. He was my first, my only love dream. I will not describe him, because such descriptions are futile, and evidences of woman's weakness. I set up an idol for myself, and knelt down to worship it. Of Philip's abundant wealth I never thought; of his overweening pride of heart, I did; and more particularly, because he told me that he was considered to resemble his mother both in disposition and appearance. She had been left a young widow with this infant son, and after the lapse of years, she had married a second husband, whom she had accompanied to the East, from whence their return was shortly expected, laden with honors and treasure. Philip was his mother's only child, and he spoke of her with rapturous exultation.—She was the sole female representative of a long line of ancient name, and her beauty and fascinations had been the theme of every tongue. I felt jealous of this beloved and beautiful mother. Philip saw it, and smiled, and his assurances of her tenderness calmed me. Philip said she had a mother's heart, and would be sure to take the orphan girl of his choice to her maternal bosom. 'But, Philip,' I asked timidly, for wild forebodings unaccountably filled my heart, 'do her eyes flash haughtily like yours—does her proud lip curl so contemptuously when she is angered?' My lover smiled, and declared that his mother's eyes would beam ever tenderly on me, and that her sweetest, honeyed words, flowing forth from her ruby lips, would ever welcome me. Hope whispered a flattering tale, and we both listened and believed. It was a bright and fleeting dream—so bright and divine, that the memory comes to me in visions of sleep even now, and I forget the dark dread abyss. It comes to me with murmurs of Paradise music—heard far away, yet clear, soft, and distinct, and it is the certainty of that better land beyond the grave that sustains and has sustained me through the weary pilgrimage of latter years.'

'Can this creature be avaricious?' thought Dorothy as she wept for sympathy and pity. My faithful guardian, Doctor Emslie, was not slumbering on his post. Vigilant and careful of my welfare, he expected the arrival, which was not long delayed. Philip followed me to my home. I knew that he was closeted with Doctor Emslie, but I had no fears, for he came to ask my guardian's consent to our union when his mother arrived from India, and in the meantime that we might be allowed to correspond as a betrothed pair, and to meet as such. Philip being rich and independent of any control, there was no consent on his side to seek, save that of the dear mother, to whom her son voluntarily deferred in all things. 'My mother does not care for money,' Philip often said to me. 'She does not wish me to seek for a wealthy bride, as I have enough for both. But she requires all you possess, Mathilde,' and then a lover's enumeration ensued. Whilst I sat expecting Philip and Doctor Emslie to enter the apartment immediately, the doctor came alone. His countenance alarmed me; its expression was so disturbed, stoted and philosophical as usually appeared, that I hastily asked what had happened, and where Philip was. 'He has left us, my dear,' replied Doctor Emslie, striving to speak composedly. 'It is better this affair should not proceed until Mr. Philip's mother returns; and he thinks so too.' He thinks so too! Great powers! what has transpired so suddenly to change the ardent, passionate lover of my youth into a cold calculator? There was a terrible mystery I saw at a glance. Doctor Emslie was truth itself, but his lips were sealed; nor could I learn more than that Philip would write to me, and on his mother's arrival, she would be immediately acquainted with the state of affairs; and if her sanction was accorded, all would be well. Doctor Emslie hesitated when he pronounced the word 'if.' An ice bolt shot through my heart—a black, horrible secret, or Philip never would have behaved thus. What man could have done so? To all these miserable and passionate invectives, the doctor listened in silence, but not unmoved; so, for the round tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks as he gazed on me kneeling at his feet. 'My poor one,' he said softly, 'God help thee, for vain is the help of man. Thou art suffering for the sins of others.' He spoke in enigmas. I could not comprehend the drift of his words; the knowledge came to me afterwards. I did not reply to Philip's letter; I would have died first. He wrote to me again when his mother arrived, another short fearful letter—a farewell. She forbade his union with me; that was all I could gather. Pride revolted at the unworthy treatment I had received, and contempt for Philip mingled with all softer memories. But, ah! the bitterness of despair and anguish ere that climax is attained by a confiding, loving woman! No more anger, no more outbursts, but calm, enduring contempt; and with it a slumber of the heart, so to express it, succeeding active agony.—This passive sensation I hailed with gratitude when I heard of Philip's marriage with a protegee of his mother's; I felt thankful that I seemed invulnerable to further shocks. I sat apart from the world in my desolation, commu-

ing with mournful yet holy thoughts; I knew the time had come for lethargy, and that feverish anxiety was over. Time, which had elucidated the mystery of Philip's cruel conduct, and brought the secret to light connected with my brother's destiny and my own, has also fallen heavily on Philip's noble brow; for time has transformed the once innocent and happy youth into the reckless and debased profligate, miserable in his loveless marriage, and flying for refuge from thought to destructive excitement.—Alas! Philip is a confirmed drunkard and gambler. Poor fellow! how earnestly I pity and pray for him now; how sincerely is my perfect forgiveness, even as I pray to be forgiven!—Lightly I must deal with my parent's errors; I shrink even from alluding to them; and I would not, were it possible to express my life's history without. Our true position was unknown to Doctor Emslie, as you are aware, Cousin Dorothy, until my father was on his death-bed; and when Philip came to him as a suitor for my hand, Dr. Emslie believed the stigma of illegitimacy rested on our birth. Never had the sad tale been revealed to Gervase or to me; we imagined ourselves fatherless and motherless, nor had the remotest idea of the supposed truth ever entered our imaginations. Can you wonder then that Philip—the proud highborn Philip—heard with horror and dismay of our tainted origin—that he heard it and fled—fled the contamination of the base-born. He dreaded to meet me again, for well he knew his haughty mother's opprobrious disdain awaited the confession of our engagement. She would have cursed him had he wedded me, such as I was supposed to be.—When Doctor Emslie revealed his knowledge to Philip, it was under the seal of secrecy, that the taint of such information should never sully my mind, never injure my peace. Perhaps he erred in thus concealing the truth; but the good man meant well, and erred righteously. My peace! alas, that was injured irremediably. The truth was divulged too late—too late; the stain was obliterated by the confession of our legitimacy; a dying father did justice to his innocent offspring too late—too late for one of us at least. Too late! words of dread import. The sacrifice was complete. Philip lost, and my heart pierced with a barbed arrow. Then, and then only, did our guardian not hesitate to explain the past, to clear up the mystery which had darkened my existence. The merciful God put into my mind to forgive fully and freely our earthly father for all the evils he had wrought; perhaps if the Doctor had entertained the slightest suspicion that we were not what we were represented to be, he might have appealed to our father's better feelings when Philip sought for his bride. But how could Doctor Emslie entertain the slightest clue to the reality?—reality so far surpassing fiction, that the matter of fact and philosophical mind of our dear guardian had difficulty in digesting it, even when the law acknowledged and ratified our claims. Peace be with our parents' ashes! God's judgments are not as our own judgments. He looks on the thoughts and intents of the heart; and let us remember that we judge not others. Our path through the wilderness is full of pitfalls and snares; let us take heed to ourselves that we slip not. We came to Deepdean, and I found there was trial before me yet. I sought help where it is always found—my prayer is granted, the fortune, is mine, and Gervase, my brother, is saved! Once only have I seen Philip since my doom—the shadow of his former self, the miserable wreck of the noble and spirited lover of my youth. I heard him plead for pardon, and confess the weakness which had led him, in utter recklessness of the future, to wed an unloved and unnamable bride, profaning the sacred altar, and calling down the wrath of offended Heaven on his devoted head. Poor Philip! I yielded no tears to the sweet memory of our early love dream; but I saw him the man, weep—weep when he muttered 'what he had been,' and 'what he was.' And now, my cousin Dorothy Cheyne, can you marvel that I feared for you—feared for Gervase, my only brother? Can you marvel that I rejoice over your decision on the side of love and truth?

Bewildered, and not wishing to offend, Dorothy found difficulty in replying to her own satisfaction. She sincerely pitied Mathilde, so beautiful, so young, and so unhappy; but she could not reconcile the discrepancy of mammon-worship—for had she not heard Mathilde rejoice over the acquisition of fortune?—and the lamentation for lost love. And so Dorothy came to the conclusion in her own mind, that as we are all supposed to be influenced by some ruling passion, the passion of avarice had taken possession of Mathilde, when the stronger, and, according to some folks, the far more evanescent passion of love had evaporated, from having nothing left to feed upon. And yet look on Mathilde, to listen to her, and to realize this, seemed impossible.—Involuntarily Dorothy exclaimed, seizing her cousin's passive hand: 'O Mathilde, would that I could understand you!—you are enigma!'

'To be solved hereafter!' was the grave, kind reply. 'May we all meet in that best land where we shall no longer see as a glass darkly, but face to face.' Dorothy pondered much on all she heard, and the asperity of her manner, consequent on the misgiving of her mind, considerably softened down as the hour of parting approached. At length the farewell day dawned when Mathilde, as heiress to Hardinge, departed to take possession of the mansion of her ancestors, accompanied by her young brother, now the dependent on his sister's bounty. He could not quite forgive Dorothy for her part in the transaction; but he was too lighthearted to bear malice long, and his spirits regained their elasticity even before the travellers arrived at their journey's end.

(To be Continued.) Laws.—If laws had been promulgated to recompense good actions, as they have been established to punish crimes, the number of the virtuous would surely have been more increased by the attraction of promised benefit, than the number of the wicked are diminished by the rigour of punishments with which they are menaced.—Louis XIV of France. If time is money, some people have a good deal more money than they know what to do with.