

## IRISH NEWS.

## DISTRESS IN THE WEST.

The cry of famine still comes across the ocean from Ireland. We find our excellent cotemporary, the *Irishman* of Dublin, crowded with the responses of the people, to the appeals of Father Lavelle and others, for money to save their flocks. It is indeed cheering to find so much heart among the workingmen of Ireland, England, and Scotland; while there is such coldness and silence among those who feed their hounds and horses to repletion, but let men die at their doors for want of bread.

We notice that a few men in America are beginning to move in the good work. One gentleman, the Rev. James Henry, of St. Louis, has called a meeting. Will every Irish priest in the land follow his example? Let it be done quickly, if at all. Let not the money raised to give bread to the starving be held back so long, that when it reaches Ireland it can be only used for burying the corpses of those whom it should have saved alive.

## OPINIONS OF NATIONAL PRIESTS.

## CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION A NATIONAL DISASTER.

To the Rev. Jeremiah Vaughan, P. P.

MY DEAR FATHER VAUGHAN: If you feel surprised at my applying to Lord Naas to come to the rescue of a famine-stricken people by some imperial intervention, I, on the other hand, wonder somewhat that you have not better appreciated my motives.

I wrote to the Irish Chief Secretary, not, I confess, with any hope of success, for I had not the slightest doubt but the fact of my application would be the secret means of preventing relief, were such even contemplated—but to leave on record another and a newer instance of the neglect, contempt, and complete disregard with which our unhappy people are always treated by alien masters.

I distinctly notified to his lordship that I did not apply in *forma pauperis*—that I applied as for a strict right, and that the Government would be wanting in its primary duty if it did not interpose. This you will see next week, when I publish the correspondence. In the meantime, I would not have it gone abroad that I appeared as a *suppliant* before heartless masters. I have often declared, and I now repeat my declarations, that from praying and petitioning, from crouching and sycophancy, no good can ever come to this unhappy country. The American war it was that wrested the first concession for centuries, not from her sense of justice, but from her fears. The eighty thousand volunteers, with their cannon bearing the motto, "Free Trade or —," obtained independence. The French Revolution suggested further concessions still. The fear of an imminent civil war and not the moral-force agitation of O'Connell, most disastrously effected what is called Catholic Emancipation, but what has proved national disaster. Ever since we have been on our knees, whining and praying, and our "most humble" approaches are spurned with disdain, which the servile attitude of unmanly slaves ever deserves.

With this knowledge, and the convictions resulting thereupon in my mind, I, to repeat it, addressed myself to Lord Naas, not in the hope of being favorably heard, but in the certainty, which is realized, of obtaining further illustration for our fellow-countrymen and the world, of how Irishmen are treated in their native soil. Yours, my dear Father Vaughan, truly,  
PATRICK LAVELLE.

## FREEDOM THE HANDMAID OF TRUE RELIGION.

Father Vaughan to Father Lavelle.

MY DEAR FATHER LAVELLE: During the four years of famine, Ireland exported four quarters of grain for every one quarter imported, and with speculators' profits to the helpless starving consumers.

Recollect during the whole time this heartless, blasphemous policy of the government in snatching food from the hungry mouth was going on, the people were breathing the odor of the grave and falling to the earth like autumn leaves.

Now, dear Father Lavelle, in the face of such things how can you or I, or any man with a heart and honest convictions, be quiescent?

It was not considered a crime for the great Augustin of Ireland, and J. K. L., and his noble prototype the Bishop of Hippo, to stand up boldly in vindicating the poor of Christ; whilst for you and myself 'tis a crime. We are held in derision by certain parties, and those men are deservedly held up to the admiration of mankind; not that we are equal to go in their wake, but I am bold to say, we are as earnest in the cause of the broken-hearted poor.

God knows at this hour, had I been satisfied that the poor afflicted people of Ireland were well fed and clothed, and secured from the iron heel of oppression, I would never be known outside the limits of my parish as a nationalist or patriot priest.

*Advocate, as you do, nationality and freedom, because I believe there can be no social happiness, no lasting prosperity, where there is not freedom. I go the length of saying that freedom flings a brilliant halo on religion, which loses half her beauty without such an alliance.*

*Freedom imparts self-reliance, energy, and, consequently, sustenance to a people, when slavery shrouds them in rags, ignorance, and vice; for, mind, there is more crime engendered by grinding poverty than all the combined evils afflicting humanity.*

As a proof of this, see Father Vincent's report of the Liverpool prisoners, where it came out that out of 4,227 committed to prison from the 1st of January, to 30th of September, 1864, 2,537 were poverty-stricken Irish. The picture drawn by the eloquent philanthropic Bishop of Toronto is still more revolting, when, after laying the statistical details of their imprisonment in the Canadian jails, he concludes by saying that multitudes of the exiled broken-hearted children of Erin "from Quebec to New Orleans were the pariahs of society."

In the face, then, of such continuous revolting misrule, evidenced by such facts, is it not sickening to hear men with religion on their lips, tell the poor afflicted people of Ireland not to protest against intolerable evils that are not willed but condemned by God?

Such was never the teaching of Doyle, Maginn, and your great patriarch of the West.

Will you kindly convey to him the sincere expression of my esteem and gratitude for coming to our relief in this historic county on many a sore and trying occasion, and say before the autumn passes I will have the great happiness of visiting him as well as yourself.

Good-by, my dear Father Lavelle. Go on—nobly on—and prosper. Yours, etc.,  
JEREMIAH VAUGHAN, P.P.  
Rev. P. Lavelle.

## DISCHARGE OF A FENIAN.

The Captain O'Brien mentioned below is, we believe, from Troy, N. Y. He is a *soldier* and a *gentleman*, in the best sense of both these terms, what, we are sorry to confess, could not be said of all who went to Ireland as *officers*. That they would all fight, their services in the American war is sufficient guarantee. Their actions as citizens, however, in many cases brought discredit on the Irish-American character. Captain O'Brien, by his bearing, whether before our countrymen, or before the perjured English judges, won for himself and for the Fenian cause, the respect of all true men. His case shows up the *hollowness* of those who rule the destinies of America at present, more fully than any case that has come before us. He served with distinguished honors through the late war. He visited Ireland, and on mere suspicion was arrested and incarcerated in a British dungeon. He has been in prison for some eighteen months, without the shadow of an accusation being brought against him. He has appealed to those dead bodies, Seward and Johnson, time and again, as an American citizen, to have them demand his liberation, or force their English friends to try him. His appeals were in vain; and now after pining for eighteen months in prison, he was to leave Ireland on *conditions*. Surely the Irish people owe those men who lock the doors on their brothers in Ireland, for it is the American officials, and not the English, that do this; and if they are true to Ireland and liberty, they will give the administration such a rebuke that future officials will not trifle with the right of citizenship:

Captain O'Brien, a young Irish American who had served in the 88th Regiment, Meagher's Brigade, through the greater part of the American campaign with some distinction, left Queenstown for New York by the Inman steamer. Captain O'Brien, in the latter end of the year 1865, came over to this country, as he alleged, for the benefit of his health, but the Fenian excitement which arose caused his arrest as well as every other Irish American, of whom there was any suspicion. He was detained for a short time and released, but by the additional power placed in the hands of the authorities in the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, Captain O'Brien was again arrested and placed in prison under the Lord Lieutenant's warrant. His release after a few months' confinement was offered to him, provided that he would leave the country, but he would not consent to the terms, preferring to await the chance of the warrant under which he was detained being removed, and be discharged unconditionally. However, having suffered a long imprisonment, and probably seeing no likelihood of being discharged on the terms he would wish, he took his release on the condition that he would leave the country. He was taken on board the steamer in charge of a Dublin policeman.—*Examiner*.

Arrests and trials for Fenianism still continue. General Fariola, who was lately arrested, still denies that he is the man. An Italian named Thomasini, who keeps a hotel in Cork, it seems, has turned informer. He was looked upon as being favorable to the cause; and many of our American officers stopped at his house. How long he may have been giving "comfort to the enemy" it is hard to say. It is getting to be pleasant amusement, this thing of turning informer in Ireland. You are well paid and run no risks, unless some old fishwomen catch you out of an evening. Oh, this pious, revolutionary business is an exceedingly nice thing. It is. It would be a sin, you know, to kill those vipers, and they must get time to do penance. It was said that Stephens was in his company, at, or near, the time of his arrest. General Fariola and all others, must keep out of *bad company*.

## THE CLERGY TRYING ON THE ENGLISH LIVERY.

The Dublin *Irishman* says in regard to this new move of "Trying on the livery," that it is what some ill-natured people will be tempted to exclaim when they hear of a certain proceeding about to be adopted in the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin. The popular clergy of the diocese are to be compelled under pain of suspension, to rehearse before Mass the peculiar prayer for the royal family. Now, we have no objection whatever to anyone who likes praying for the sovereign and family, but we may safely prophesy that if this scheme be adopted the popular clergy will be popular no longer. If the design is to give Fenianism a footing in the diocese, it has been skillfully devised; but if the idea is to make the people loyal, they have begun at the wrong end. It will only lessen the influence of the priest, and alienate his flock, because they will look upon it that he is bidding for State hire, as that subject has now been mooted, and they will not believe in the sincerity of official prayers.

## BISHOP MORIARTY AND MAX.

A Requiem Mass for the soul of the late Emperor Maximilian was on Thursday sung at the Church of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, London, and it is no exaggeration to say that few more interesting and important occurrences have recently taken place in the history of the Church in England. The royal family of England, the royal family of Italy, the diplomatic circle, the nobility of England were all represented on this most mournful occasion. The sermon preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, President of the Kingdom of Kerry Anti-National Plusquam Eternal

Hot Gridiron Association, was listened to with wrapt attention, and was a noble piece of public oratory, in every way worthy of his lordship's reputation, of his illustrious auditory, and of him whose greatness and whose virtues it celebrated.

The Bishop, in mourning over the failure of that seed of monarchy that was sown in Mexico, under such favorable auspices and with such pious and godly intentions, says:

"How short a time has elapsed since he who stood on the steps of the first imperial throne of the world, who was adorned with all the graces and accomplishments which give splendor to rank, and by those virtues which are oftener found in humbler stations, went forth amidst the prayers and wishes of his own great people, and with the universal acclaim of Europe to form an empire which should be in the new world what his own loved Austria is in the old—the home of honor, of justice and of true Christian civilization. We thought, that as the founder of a new dynasty he would multiply the glories of his ancient and illustrious house; we thought that he would repair the ruins with which anarchy had covered a fair and fertile land; we hoped that, under his patronage, and with the example of his highly cultivated mind, science would rear her peaceful scepter where brute force and successful fraud held sway; we had hoped that a day might dawn when, master of the nation's destinies, he could restore to religion her desecrated altars, and, following the glorious example of his imperial brother, give to the Church that freedom which enables her to save society and protect the crown. These were our hopes, and for his ardent and enthusiastic spirit they were visions all but realized. When we see him, after yielding up his soul, still sustained by the arms of the cross which marked the place of his execution, are we not reminded of that holiest death, to which we all look for life? And in this resemblance do we not find a pledge that to-day he will be in Paradise with Him in whom he had trusted, and through whom he hoped for salvation?"

What of the six thousand Mexicans murdered in cold blood? Have they not written with their hearts' blood their objection to the holy prelate's programme? "Oh, the divinity that doth hedge a king." While the Bishop is preaching over the fall of buccaneering empires the Irish peasantry, each one of whom is as great in the sight of God as Maximilian, are dying for bread. But let them die, they are used to such things, and the Bishop is also used to seeing them die. But it is not every day the world weeps over the smash of a bran new empire, and the death of a bogus Emperor. Let us, Irish slaves, assist the Bishop to weep. Having no dead of our own, worthy of mark, and no cause of weeping whatever, in Ireland, let us run across the channel, and in the presence of all the crowned robbers of England and of Europe, let us raise "the woeful pillatu, och hone, och hone, the devil's youngest hope is dead." *Excunt omnes*, with the episcopal benediction, pronounced by the Right Reverend Fire Spitter of Kerry.

Garibaldi is at Sienna, where, it is said, he is actively engaged in renewing preparation for his movement on Rome.

The Mexican President Juarez has decreed that all who served the Imperial army shall be deprived of the rights of Mexican citizenship until rehabilitated by the general Government—colonels to be imprisoned six years, lieutenant-colonels five years, and captains two years. All foreign privates to be banished, and Imperial Generals and prominent civil officers to be tried for treason.

Immense efforts have been made to stave off the war which is notoriously impending and inevitable between France and Prussia. Both countries are evidently in that feverish state which generally precedes the final and decisive attack. An eminent member of the Corps Legislatif, M. Garnier Pages, recently described the condition of France, in a powerful speech, as extremely unpleasant. The fear of war with Prussia, he said, rests like a nightmare upon all France; the Bourse is feverish; trades utterly stagnant; real estate finds purchasers only with the greatest difficulty; merchants hesitate to replenish their stocks; the yards are idle. In spite of the handshakings and grimaces of the Exhibition the whole country is ill at ease.

A LADY'S OPINION OF A LADY'S MAN.—Mrs. Stephens, in her monthly magazine, gives a certain class of men, the like of whom are seen in every community, the benefit of her opinion, which is as follows: "Our own private opinion on the 'lady's man' is, that he is thoroughly contemptible—a sort of the life hardly worth thinking about—a nutshell with the kernel withered up—a handful of foam drifting over the wine of life, something not altogether unpleasant to the fancy, but of no earthly use. A woman of sense would as soon be put to sea in a man-of-war made of shingles, or take her residence in a card house, as dream of attaching herself to a lady-killer. Women worth the name are seldom deceived into thinking our lady's man the choicest specimen of his sex. Whatever their ignorance may be, womanly intuition must tell them that the men who live for a great object, and whose spirits are so knit that they are able to encounter the storms of life—men whose depth and warmth of feeling resemble the powerful current of a mighty river, and not the pebbles on its surface, who, if they love, are never smitten by mere beauty of form or feature—that these men are more worthy even of occupying their thought in idle moments than the fops and men about town with whose attentions they amuse themselves. If we were to tell him this, he would only laugh; he has no pride about him, although full of vanity; and it matters not to him what we may broadly affirm or quietly insinuate. Soft and delicate though he be, he is as impervious to ridicule as a hod-carrier, and as regardful of honest contempt as a city alderman. Were you to read him this article, he would take it to some social party, and read it aloud in the most mellifluous voice as a homage to his own attractions.