

ENNISCORTHY AND WEXFORD.

(From the Sydney 'Freeman's Journal'.)

In a few minutes after leaving Ferns station we come to Enniscorthy, on the winding river Slaney and under the shadow of historic Vinegar Hill. We could not pass a spot so full of glorious memories and patriotic prestige, so we sauntered slowly up the steep side till we reached the summit of Vinegar Hill, and there looked around on a scene of rare and charming loveliness. But our mind unconsciously wandered back to that bright summer's morning in June, when the hardy sons of Enniscorthy and Wexford, led on by the noble Bagenal Harvey, the daring Michael Dwyer, and encouraged by the patriotic Father Murphy, made a desperate and heroic stand to have happy homes and altars free. Though victory after victory crowned the struggles of the "wild rebels," still they were vastly outnumbered, and in the end, after as brave and gallant fighting as is recorded in the annals of war, the Irish had to yield. Then commenced those cold-blooded massacres that took place in the windmill on the Hill, on the Bridge, and in the Market-house of Enniscorthy. The recent atrocities in Bulgaria pale in cruel enormity and savage butchery to the crimes committed by British soldiers and officers on the unprotected and unarmed Irish peasantry in the memorable year of '98.

Leaving Enniscorthy, we follow along the banks of the meandering Slaney, which widens gradually till it empties itself into the sea at Wexford. This is a very old town, as its narrow streets can testify. To give you an idea of the width of its main street, opposite White's Hotel, where I stay, two vehicles cannot pass each other. The town, or rather city of 13,000 people, is handsomely situated on a fine open bay, but unfortunately, owing to the sandy bar, ships are often "stuck in the mud" for days till a high tide floats them into the deep waters. Wexford has good reason to remember the treacherous and bloody Cromwell for in the large open space between Commercial Quay and Main street, known as the Bull-ring, he put to death, in cold blood, over two hundred human beings, principally females. This is the model Champion of your wind-bags, Buchanan and Pastor Allen. His next step was to plant his cannon on the rocky hills below the Faythe, and level every church in the town, with the exception of one which he used as a stable for his horses. This church is now belonging to the Franciscans. For over two hundred years it was the only one that could be used for celebrating the great mystery of Calvary; but now the town can boast of two newly-built churches owing to the almost superhuman exertions of the Very Rev. Father Roche, a real genuine type of the dear old Soggarth Aroon. I was much surprised to see about a dozen grave yards scattered through the very centre of the town. Within three miles of Wexford is Johnstown Castle, one of the country seats of the great Catholic nobleman, the Earl of Granard.

ERIONACH.

THE SACRED HEART.

The Sacred Heart, therefore, is adorable, because it is the heart of a Divine Person. It is more than this—it is at once the symbol and the home of infinite charity that the Eternal Father in Heaven brought from all eternity to the Son; that the Son returned from all eternity to the Father; that took personal form, if I may use the word, in the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity; that infinite love found its home in the heart of Jesus Christ, God made man. What wonder, therefore, that we should find that Sacred Heart the most susceptible that ever throbbed in a human bosom to all that was gentle, and at the same time strong! Oh, how gentle, yet how strong, was that Divine Heart of my Lord! The sacred writer tells us He was moved—not only touched, but moved and agitated—with His pity and compassion for the woman who came to wash His sacred feet with penitential tears, and to wipe away her sins at that divine fountain of mercy; and not only was He moved with pity and compassion, but also with a manly desire to defend this woman from those who would sneer upon her, and in the hour of her glory cast upon her the imputation of her past sin. Another is brought before Him covered with her shame—yet impenitent, but with eyes cast down, not daring to look upon the face of man, for she had been caught in her sin—and even here the Sacred Heart is moved with pity. "Oh, woman! If no one else condemns thee, I surely will not condemn thee." Yet how strong is this Heart that is so gentle; oh, how strong to act and to suffer! Think, when the multitude was famishing in the desert, how that Heart so gentle was yet so strong—the Heart of the Omnipotent God—as to cause the five little loaves to be multiplied into food for four thousand men. That Heart was moved to gentleness and compassion when the widow was weeping for her son; but immediately gave forth the omnipotent voice of God: "I say to thee, oh, dead man, arise;" and he that was dead arose: He took him and gave him to his mother. That gentle Heart was moved, until from the fountain of its compassion welled up the tears that fell from the divine eyes of God made man upon the head of Mary, as she stood bowed down, breaking her heart in her sorrow, by the grave of her brother; but presently the awful voice is heard: "Lazarus, I say to thee, come forth," and he that was dead and rotting in his grave rose up and came forth at the voice of God.

Father Burke.

At a time Russia plays bug-bear in Europe, it may not be inopportune to glance at her available power as a combatant. The times have changed since Inkermann and Balaclava, and great as has been our own advance, it is doubted whether our Northern contemporary has not kept equal pace with the necessities of the time. It has been estimated by a writer in the 'Echo' that with fair opportunity Russia could produce an army of 535,000 infantry and 93,000 cavalry, with 1,600 field guns.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Diocese of Ferns, which embraces the whole of Wexford county, has been remarkable for the decided stand there taken in the temperance cause. The late Bishop, Dr. Furlong, established the diocesan regulation in accordance with which Sunday closing is practically carried out in every town and village in the district. The present Bishop, Dr. Warren, seems determined to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor. His first Pastoral Letter is an earnest appeal on the subject of intemperance, proclaiming a novena for the suppression of the vice, pointing out that the regulation above alluded to is in full force, and showing the degraded condition of the drunkard. There can be no doubt that in this his Lordship has the active assistance not only of his clergy, but of his people.

Cardinal Antonelli's ancestors were not nobles, although some of them were wealthy merchants. The anti-Catholic press of Europe has, in some instances, made his humble birth a reproach. What does it prove? Have not the majority of celebrated men risen from the most humble positions in the social scale to reach the most elevated? Demosthenes was the son of a blacksmith; Virgil of a baker; Horace of a freedman; Theophrastes of a salesman; Amyot of a currier; La Moth of a hatter; J. B. Rousseau of a shoemaker; Moliere of an upholsterer; Quinault of a working baker; Flechier of a tallow chandler; Rollin of a cutler; Massillon of a tanner; J. J. Rousseau, Dupont, and Beaumarchais of watch-makers. Was not Homer a mendicant? Francois Arago had a farmer for his father; Canova was attached to the service of the House of Faleri; Columbus was the son of a wool-carder; Cook of a peasant; Copernicus of a baker. D'Alembert, a founding, was reared by a draper; and Franklin and Fulton started from much more miserable positions in life. Jacquard was the offspring of a weaver; Herschel was a street musician; Monge, the son of a hay dealer; Bernard Palissy and Laplace were the children of peasants, and Volta was brought up on charity; Sixtus V. had been a herder of pigs, and Colbert was the son of a cloth merchant.—'Mirror.'

The Protestant correspondent of the St. Louis 'Globe' gives the following statistics of the Church in New York city: "This is one of the great strongholds of Catholicism, being, it is said, the second largest Catholic city in all Christendom. Paris only exceeding it. When it is remembered that we have 43,000 German Catholics, 40,000 Irish, 25,000 French, 15,000 Italians, 10,000 Spanish, and several thousand Portuguese and other Europeans, nearly all of whom are at least nominal Catholics, our Catholic preponderance will not be wondered at. I have doubt, that taking into consideration the luke-warmness and skepticism of many of the Parisians to the national faith, and the general earnestness of the Irish, Germans, Italians, and other foreigners in their creed, it is highly probable that New York contains more determined, downright Catholics than any other capital. The churches here number, it is said, nearly sixty of all kinds, many of them very ordinary, although it is expected that the new Cathedral, in Upper Fifth Avenue, will, when finished, be the finest ecclesiastical edifice in the metropolis. Cardinal McCloskey, the head of the Romanists in this city and country, has no fixed income. Monetarily, the Roman Church here is on an extremely sound basis.

One of the best-known and most-widely respected priests of Cork has just passed away in the person of the Very Rev. Precentor Falvey, P.P., St. Patrick's, in that city, and Vicar-General of the Diocese of Cork. Precentor Falvey, who was in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and the forty-fifth of his priesthood, distinguished himself highly in Maynooth, in the pulpit in Cork that had been adorned by the eloquence of Dr. England, and finally on the political platform as a follower of O'Connell. "He was," says the 'Cork Examiner,' "a powerful foe to the anti-Catholic agitators of the period. On a memorable occasion when John Baptist Noel and Captain Gordon, a Scotchman, held a series of controversial meetings in Cork, Father Falvey was *facile princeps* amongst those who accepted their challenge to a public discussion on points of doctrine, and signally vanquished them. O'Connell and Shiel were in that matter his aids." He developed a special gift of music, which led to his being chosen the first choir-master in Maynooth or, indeed, in Ireland; and the service he rendered the Church in the matter of the ecclesiastical chant, beginning at Maynooth, was continued all through the period of his ministry. His funeral was one of the largest seen in Cork for many years.

California bids fair to rival Spain in the field of raisin production. Last year she sent to the San Francisco market 20,000 20-lb. boxes of raisins. This year she will produce 60,000 boxes, one vineyard of 24 acres alone yielding this season 80 tons of raisins from 240 tons of grapes.

A new industry has sprung into existence in furnishing a substitute for sand or sawdust used in sprinkling the floors of saloons and restaurants. The new material is of paper, and is the cast-off of another industry, namely, the particles accumulating from the process of perforating a heavy paper used in working mottoes for framing, commonly called mats. Instead of being returned to the paper mills, as heretofore, to be re-made for use, it is saved and sold to saloons and restaurants at a profitable though low figure. Being perfectly white, it has a fine, clean appearance, and can be used much longer than sand or sawdust.—'Boston Advertiser.'

The Rev. Isaac Mitchell, Protestant Rector of Kiltloom, made use, at a public meeting lately, of language that deserves to come under the attention of Mr. Gladstone and the others who are so anxious about the loyalty of the Catholics. "Who," says the "Rev." gentleman, "would have thought forty years ago that the Irish Church would have been disestablished, and the Presbyterian Church stripped of her Regium Donum, or that a Monarch would perjure herself in the face of 300,000,000 of her subjects?" Calling the Queen a perjurer is not a habit with at least Catholic clergymen.