

Synod can take place—that is, until they have been submitted to receive the authoritative sanction of the Holy See.—  
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### ADDRESS TO THE BYNOD.—IRISH MISERIES.

The *Limerick and Clare Examiner* publishes the following beautiful appeal from the Rev Mr Sheehan, of Bonistymon, to the prelates assembled in Synod. We perfectly concur in the object of it, and we only hope it may not be deemed beyond the purpose of the august body, to which it has been submitted to take means to give it effect. To our own knowledge, there was few indeed of the laborious body which he illustrates, and honours who did more to alleviate the miseries of his flock in the years of famine, than the Rev. Mr Sheehan.

“**MY LORDS**—An humble priest from the wilds of Clare, fresh from the graves and skeletons of that desolated county, assumes the liberty of throwing out most respectfully a few observations, not by way of dictation, but for the kind consideration of this great council. Ireland, my Lords, is our country; it is the home of our sires and the land of our love. It is a lovely land, blessed by heaven with innumerable advantages.

“**BUT**, my lords it is the land of suffering and of sorrow. A combination of circumstances has operated for its ruin. Its children have been mowed down in thousands, and are dying still under the lawless power which crushed the energies of a nation and robbed it of its pride and independence: Extermination, sanctioned by English law, tyranny unheard of in the annals of earliest suffering—Whig systems, destined to kill and slay our countrymen—have nearly done their worst. Our poor-houses are crowded with the dying and the dead; our towns and hamlets swarm with hopeless victims, huddled from their mountain homes; and the roads and bye-ways are strewn with wailing spectres whose groans and sighs drag a pang from the most callous heart. Oh, my lords, shall not this murderous system have an end? Will not the combined wisdom of this august council, led on by the representatives of the Holy See, influenced by the mighty eloquence of the star of Tuam, his country's pride and his people's treasure, make an effort to arrest our ruin? (The Archbishop of Tuam bowed his acknowledgements.) Oh, this day will form an era in the minds of the Catholic church. My heart averts with delight—my conviction whispers to my mind, that you, my lords, will remonstrate with English power—that you will address royalty itself in behalf of a people that would die for the religion that you adorn and glorify.

“**AND** is it not meet for the heads and pillars of the church to denounce tyranny and oppression? St Ambrose denounced the petty princes of the day; other illustrious divines in former ages have stood between the people and the tyrants who would crush them in the dust. In our day also the people have advocates and friends—they have the noble and revered hierarchy of Ireland. And you the illustrious John of Tuam—you, whose eloquence and immortal name have made tyrants tremble and bigots and fanatics quell—you, who have shed dignity on your country, lustre on literature and honour on yourself—(his Grace again bowed)—let me implore of you and the other distinguished prelates—in the name of our common country—in the name of humanity—in the name of mercy, and in the name of the Lord that made us all, to draw up a remonstrance that will carry conviction, not only to the callous hearts of British statesmen, but to the very foot of the throne.”  
The rev gentleman, after having thanked the prelates and other dignitaries for the patient hearing afforded him—retired amid applause and admiration.