

Grange. I have a mind to leave you, friend, at once, if you betray any such weakness. There," she added, "there is a right for you now, enough to put spirit in the heart of any girl who is not dull by nature," and Maud slightly laughed, as if there was not much difficulty in inferring from her words, that she did not consider Aileen a bright specimen of the fair sex, as far as wit was concerned; and looking from the window pointed to a hunting party in the distance, their scarlet jackets discernible through the foliage of the trees, whilst above the baying of the hounds and the boofs of the horses Herbert's voice, singing snatches of a hunting song, might ever and anon be heard.

"Is not that a pretty sight?" exclaimed Maud, as the whole party appeared through an opening in the trees, and then were the next moment lost to sight.

"There, too, goes my concealed brother, Edward," remarked Maud as, book in hand, the latter passed beneath the window. "What a different character to Herbert, who is all life and spirit; whilst he lives as if it were a sin to laugh and make merry!"

"A different character, indeed," said Aileen, looking inwardly that his was a much more estimable one, whilst she added aloud, "I cannot, however, subscribe to the justice of the latter part of your observation, for Edward Cleveland is no Pharisee, nor does he think it a sin to be cheerful."

"I dislike my brother Edward—I positively dislike him!" exclaimed Maud, with passionate vehemence. "I am glad he leaves us to-morrow; if you wish me to consider you as my friend, you will not be so ready to defend him in future."

"So soon! does he leave so soon!" again ejaculated Aileen, with a perfectly absent manner, whilst she sighed deeply, quite unconscious that Maud's large eyes were bent upon her face in an eager penetrating manner, as if there were a secret to learn, for poor Aileen was again in the land of dreams. Looking forward into the misty unfathomable future, reading it as if with the spirit of prophecy with all its vague uncertainty, really certain of one thing only, and that was, that in some dire emergency, some crisis in her fate, Edward Cleveland would stand beside and shield her as a ministering angel.

"Why, what does this mean?" exclaimed Maud, scornfully, as she looked down on Aileen's fearful blushing face, the poor girl's eyes falling beneath her scrutinizing gaze. "I tell you what it is, Aileen, poor spiritless child that you are, I have no doubt you will end your days in the convent of the Pensionnat to which you are about to return. How I do pity you for the sad way in which you have been brought up!"

It so happened that Aileen, who was by no means deficient in spirit, cared about as little for Maud's pity as she did for her threat, that if she defended the brother whom she was now beginning to hate with all the intensity of her passionate, impetuous nature, she should be no friend of hers, and she *naively* exclaimed, not caring whether Maud was pleased or not,

"I think your brother a paragon of excellence, Edward Cleveland; and as to my poor imperfect self, you reckon quite wrongly, in imagining I am about to become a nun. I have never allowed my thoughts to wander in that direction; I only would that I possessed half the virtues which shine in the character of Edward Cleveland."

"Take care, take care, or you will not remain heart whole," replied Maud, again casting on the face of Aileen, a long scrutinizing glance; "it is said 'that pity is akin to love,' and so I take it is admiration. You are not playing a safe card, Aileen Desmond; beware, and do not forget that the object of your ridiculous veneration will soon, if he does not already, hold all earthly love in sovereign contempt."

"Maud, Maud! what words are those you so recklessly utter!" exclaimed Aileen, her face now flushed with virtuous indignation. "By what right or title dare you pretend to read the secrets of my heart, to fancy you know the existence of that of which I myself am ignorant. Besides, it is comendably as well as cruel, Maud, to molest me thus, because you have bitterly quarrelled with your brother."

"And for which I shall not do penance in sackcloth and ashes, and come to him to make my shrift in all humility," derisively exclaimed Maud, "even should his worthy prognostications in my regard be fulfilled. How dare he speak to me as he has done! however, do you forgive him for me, and as you are a little bit sentimental, I will leave you to yourself; first telling you, that if we are to remain as friends, you had best not mention Edward's name to me again."

"Let it be so, Maud," replied Aileen; and, as the former left the room, she relapsed again into her old mooring mood—Maud and her fortunes now bearing their due part therein.

#### CHAPTER III.—THE RELIQUARY.

It was apparent to the whole family that there was some bitter misunderstanding between Maud and her youngest brother, for her irritation settled down into a species of sullenness, which in no wise diminished during the few hours that would yet elapse before the time appointed for them to leave the Grange in company with Father Hugh, a Jesuit Priest belonging to the community, the novice of which he was about to enter.

"I told you I had a little souvenir for you, Aileen," said Edward, pressing into her hand the cross which Maud had broken on the previous day, and which he had himself taken to the neighboring town in order that it might be repaired before his departure. "Value it, Aileen," he added, "for it encloses a piece of the true cross; and when you look upon it, pray for those whose vocation takes him to far distant lands." Reverently kissing the cross, Aileen placed it next her heart, and with eyes swimming with tears clasped the hand which for one short moment rested within her own; the next instant he had gone; and to conceal her emotion she withdrew to one of the windows which commanded a view of the grounds, and waved her hand in token of adieu, as he reined in his horse to take a last

look of the old building in which his boyish years had been passed.

"We shall assuredly meet again," but where, when, and under what circumstances, she asked herself; "time alone will show; but it will not be at Alverley Grange, of that I feel convinced."

"The human heart is unfathomable, what can the silly girl want," said the Squire to Aileen, a few days after Edward had left the Grange. "You will not give Herbert any encouragement to hope that even after your return from France you will become his wife," said the old Squire, irritated by Aileen's rejection of his eldest son. "Here, I have a letter from your father approving of the match, and expressly saying, that in case you receive his addresses you are not to return to the Pensionnat; and you run counter to all our wishes, when I have been hoping for some time past that you would become the mistress of Alverley, you, the daughter of my old friend, Gerald Desmond, whom I would have loved as my own child." And the eyes of the good but simple old man became humid as he spoke.

"But, my dear sir," replied Aileen, with a mingled expression of sorrow as well as something akin to mirth at the ludicrous position in which she felt herself placed: "my dear sir, you would not surely have me marry your son when I feel I do not love; to do this would bring no earnest of happiness to any of us. Let Herbert look farther, dear old friend, and let Aileen return to France: he will have ceased to care for me long ere the year shall have expired, rest assured of that."

"You are disappointing me in my fondest hopes, my child," replied the old man, with a deep sigh; "but be it so: you had best then prepare for your journey to France, and I will myself take you thither agreeably to my promise to your father."

Aileen was glad enough when the conversation terminated, and anxiously awaited the coming of the day fixed for her departure, far better pleased to see her father's whim gratified by her return to the Pensionnat for the next year, than to remain at the Grange, and hold out 'he slightest hope that she would ever ally herself to the son of Squire Cleveland.

(To be Continued.)

#### THE IRISH CHURCH AND THE IRISH PEOPLE

The Irish Church will be made the question for and against which all parliamentary politicians will throw themselves upon their country and their constituents. It is a very good cry, no doubt, within reasonable limits; but it may be carried too far, and in sooth it is already. That it should be a question and not the question on which representatives should appeal for the suffrages of their constituents, we contend. In England and Scotland the cry of the Irish Church is the mouth of a Liberal representative would probably at this time be as good, if not better, than some other one; but in Ireland this endorsement cry reminds us of the Irish proverb of 'Great cry and little wool'—a saying attributed to the Devil when he was shearing a pig.

What good will accrue to the Irish people at large in having the Irish Church shorn of its revenues we would like to know. A standing injustice in name will be swept away; an unjust impost will, as far as it is an Act of the English Parliament, be repealed, but we might vainly seek and wearily wait for the answer—How is that revenue, obtainable on the disendowment of the Irish Church to be applied for the future benefit of Ireland?

The benefits that Ireland is promised are perfectly illusory. We will venture to say that the educational facilities for the poor man's child will be no better. We would like to know, were the Government prepared to give parliamentary grants for the better education of Irish Catholic teachers and chaplains in various poor houses, reformatories, industrial schools, and hospitals over the kingdom? We ask, are the Government prepared to appoint and pay Catholic chaplains, for the army and navy, wherever they are required? We ask, is the Government prepared to do these things unconditionally, without claiming the right to interfere with the religious instruction of Catholics. To ask the questions is somewhat easy, but to get an answer in the affirmative there exists not the least chance. For our part, we would prefer to see these things completely under the control of the English Government. We are no advocates for Government control over any of our National institutions, save so far as making their bad management amenable to public opinion and the laws if abuse should crop up injurious to the liberty of the subject or to society at large.

In this discussion about the Irish Church there is such a cloud of dust created that Irishmen are for the time being prone to forget the most important and primary question on which depends Ireland's real welfare; and that question is the land. While Ireland is subject to English rule, there is no question that we wot of, the passing of which can do her any essential service, except a legislation upon the land. Religions may rise and fall, sects may wrangle, and systems of Government split in twain, when the successor of Pío Nono, and his successor again shall have breathed their last in the Vatican, and the Irish Church have become a legend of the past; even then the real union of Ireland with England will be as distant as the poles are asunder. If England wishes in the meantime to do a practical good for the Irish people she will first legislate upon the land question.

It is worth while, however, for the Irish people to listen to the voice of the London Times, as it is heard on the hustings in the person of Mr. Walter. The great question on which the Liberal party so lately described by one of its distinguished members as a 'disorganised rabble' had united as a disciplined and compact phalanx, was the Irish Church. (Hear, hear.) That was the question on which the Government was now going to the country, after sustaining upon it a series of tremendous defeats in the House of Commons. It was perfectly understood among all parties that the great question of the Irish Church was to be determined by the new and enlarged constituencies. Now, that question touched very deeply another which he was sure was dear to every person present—viz., civil and religious liberty. He could hardly conceive how men who had struggled as men had done in this country for the enjoyment of their own religious privileges could shut their eyes to the necessity of honestly dealing in a bold and comprehensive spirit with the question of the Irish Church. When they considered that now, for 300 years, from the reign of Henry VIII. down to the present time, they had been attempting in Ireland to force the Church of the conquering race on the conquered, and that, in spite of the legislative union of the two countries, that was still their present policy—when they also considered the chronic disaffection which existed in Ireland, and which had lately exhibited itself in the frightful and monstrous form of Fenianism, which, after all, was only a symptom of the disease, he thought they would agree that the time had come when all ardent statesmen must feel it their imperative duty no longer to allow that question to remain unobscured. (Cheers.) If it

were asked why should the question of the Irish Church be dealt with now, the answer was easy. There were those who said it was taken up as a mere political manoeuvre—as an expedient for uniting the Liberal party. If that were true—if there were no better ground than that for dealing with the Irish Church, then a more wicked or outrageous policy could not be adopted. That such an institution should be sacrificed merely to suit the convenience of parliamentary leaders would be an iniquitous and almost a diabolical act. But that was far from the true state of the case. The fact was there had been no time since the Union at which the question of the Irish Church had not weighed on the minds of great statesmen of all parties; Mr. Pitt, under whose auspices the Union was brought about, would have effected a compromise with the Irish Roman Catholic clergy but for the obstinate bigotry he had to contend with. The Duke of Wellington, at the period of Emancipation, was confronted by equal obstacles Lord Russell, and the late Sir George Lewis—then a wiser and more enlightened statesman never lived—had each entertained the project of redistributing, in some way, the revenues of the Irish Church, so as to satisfy the wants of the Roman Catholic as well as the Protestant clergy. But the political circumstances had thwarted the wishes of those statesmen; and they all knew Conservatism was so deeply ingrained in the English mind that it was very difficult to find a convenient time for grappling with great questions. For 70 years the question of Free Trade slumbered, or from the days of Adam Smith to the days of Sir R. Peel; and it was only the Irish potato famine of 1846, which at last converted that Minister, and compelled him, contrary to the whole policy of his previous life, to give up Protection and admit corn duty free. (Hear.) So now he believed it was only the outbreak of Fenianism and the occurrence of another great Irish crisis which could compel our statesmen earnestly to face the question of the Irish Church, and grapple with it in a bold and comprehensive spirit. It was premature now to go into details. All that the House of Commons had pledged itself to was the disestablishment of the Irish Church. What was to become of the money thus to be obtained was no doubt a difficult point on which many parliamentary battles would be fought, and he should be sorry then to pledge himself to any particular mode of dealing with that money. (Hear, hear.) Although the question of the Irish Church was the great question and almost the only one on which men would have to say yes or no, and take a decided line, there were several others pressing for solution, and which would probably be dealt with in the next Parliament.

So speaks Mr. Walter, the principal proprietor of the Times. Scarcely in many more words he is willing to hide their Toryism under this Liberal call during their electioneering canvass. So after all 'it was only the outbreak of Fenianism and the occurrence of another great Irish crisis which could compel our statesmen earnestly to face the question of the Irish Church, and grapple with it in a bold and comprehensive spirit.' Mr. Walter does not suggest what this other great Irish crisis is likely to be. He does no more than hint that something is imminent. After all, then, 'that wretched Stephens' has achieved a something, and that bugbear of Fenianism was powerful for good.

Mr. Walter prides himself on being an independent Liberal. It would be hard to say what opinions are consistently held by the organ of his inspiration. Everything by turns and no hiccups very long, is the best description we can give of the principles of the Times. Of course, Mr. Walter is not responsible for the opinion of that intractable as well as unscrupulous organ. That paper is an institution; the proprietor is but an individual. In the sanctum of Printing House-square, the great editorial W.E. is all powerful; but in the Town Hall of Wokingham the personal pronoun speaks for itself. In the Elysian dream of a secured seat in Berks, the ghosts of the buried dead who are 'Gone with a vengeance' are forgotten, and the 'enraptured ruffians' who would have shriven them if they could are spoken of with reverence. But how long shall this illusion last? This Irish Church question is but a mirage, conveniently arranged, and shot across the political horizon of Ireland; but like the spectre of the Broken reflector, or the distance will disappear in the distance, leaving Ireland standing out in the same bold relief of utter isolation and dependence waiting for that other 'great Irish crisis' that is sure to come. —London Universal News.

#### IRELAND'S PART IN HISTORY

Ireland has always played a part in history out of all proportion to its size and population. Isolated by the sea almost as effectually as by a chain of mountains from the Continent, inhabited by a people who for ages were strangers to all the arts of life, subsisting by the most rude and homely agriculture; and rescued only slowly from the depths of social anarchy and political barbarism, it has, nevertheless, produced, within a period of little more than a hundred years: over the widest arena of human enterprise, and in all the highest branches of human knowledge, a notable band of scholars and divines, philosophers and poets, statesmen and warriors, who challenge the admiration of the whole world. It is a singular circumstance, however, that up to a comparatively recent period, nearly all the most distinguished triumphs of Irishmen have been won in foreign lands. In the early ages, and especially from the middle of the sixth to the middle of ninth century, when the lights of the Roman civilization had been all but extinguished, and the oscillations of the human understanding had reached their lowest point, the Irish missionaries swarmed from their convent schools over England, Scotland, France, and Germany, for the conversion of the heathen. It was from this class that Charlemagne gathered round the brightest spot of Western Christendom those learned strangers, eager for metaphysical combat, and foremost in all literary tournaments, who became the supple and powerful instruments of the civilization he sought to promote. Ireland was studied with conventual schools, which preserved the learning of the West but these institutions, including even the great Armagh and Lismore Colleges, to which thousands of youth flocked from the Continent, were evidently only large seminaries for priests, a body possessing even in these days no great learning even in greater communities. The martial glory of the Irish has also been chiefly won upon foreign battle fields. It was the remark of Voltaire that the Irish who showed themselves the bravest soldiers in France and Spain had always been slaves at home. The saint is hardly justified, for their valor at Clontarf, Anghrim, Blackwater, and Limerick, was incontestable, though their most brilliant achievements were reserved for the bloody plains of the Continent. Napoleon might have said of the Irish what he is reported to have said of the Poles—that they formed soldiers more rapidly than other people. Whether they fought for France under Turpin or St Ruth; or for Spain under her finest generals—whether against the Italians or the French or Spanish—no swords out deeper than theirs; and the plains of Rancourt, the Rampart of Lefel, the slopes of Fontenoy, and the fierce battles of Luxara, Guillestre, Emorun, and Gremona, witnessed their fierce onset, and displayed their matchless discipline. The more recent history of war tells how from Assaye to Victoria from Vimiera to Waterloo, from the Crimea to India, they maintained the glory of the English name. Nor can it be denied that no part of the United Kingdom has sent forth men of greater mark in our common history. It was Ireland that gave the Duke of Wellington, Marquis Wellesley Lord Castlereagh, and Lord Palmerston to the State; it was Ireland that gave Moore, Goldsmith, and Edgeworth to literature, Matreedy and Macleis to art, and given Tyndall to science; it was Ireland that sent Burke and Sheridan, Grattan and Plunkett, Shiel

and O'Donnell, to the House of Commons, and a very many more Irishmen who hold the Great Seal of England; while another Irishman fills the viceregal throne in India. We know not by what perversion of fact and reason Ireland is supposed to repudiate any of these glorious names because they are not the names of Celtic Irishmen. As well might Scotland repudiate Burns, Adam Smith, and Watt, because they were not Highlanders. The magnitude of their genius raised these men from an Irish origin to Imperial services and Imperial fame. —Edinburgh Review.

#### A REMARKABLE PICTURE.

A correspondent describes a French photograph which was shown to him lately by a young Irish ecclesiastic who had brought it from Paris. This photograph is on a large scale, about sixteen inches by twelve, and has been taken of a magnificent painting completed within the last twelve months for the French Emperor—a painting the importance of which may be estimated by its money value, which is said to be ten thousand pounds. The artist is, we understand, a man of unquestionable genius and occupies a high position in his high art. And what is the subject to which this artist has devoted the time and talent necessary for the production of such a superb painting as this has been described to our correspondent to be? It is 'Ireland'—an allegorical representation of our country—a country not quite forgotten in France, as may be seen by this great picture, and by the works of several distinguished French publicists, foremost of whom is the Abbe Perraud, whose admirable work, 'L'Irlande Contemporaine,' or 'Ireland under English Rule,' as it is named in the English translation, should be in every popular library in Ireland. In the foreground of this picture is a female figure designed to personate Ireland; beautiful as a poet's dream of a fair woman, exquisitely proportioned, and felicitous in attitude: her hair and queenly brow is incircled with an Irish crown; her bright eye, unclouded by the sorrows of the bitter past, is filled with hope for the future, her look is resolute, not haughty, but beaming with a spirit that cannot be conquered. Her robes are of the emerald hue of her own green valleys. With her left hand she repels and intimidates the genius of England, fittingly represented by her ancient cognisance, the Leopard, (for, before England quartered on the Royal Standard the Scottish ensign with its 'ruddy lion rampant on a field of gold,' the leopard was, we believe, her heraldic emblem.) The ferocious beast is cowering before the genius of Erin, eager to spring upon her, as of old, but afraid: 'letting I dare not, wait upon I would, like the poor cat in the adage.' Surrounding the leopard are all the appliances and means of the system of subjugating and governing which England knows well how to use; the means of corruption, gold, is abundantly scattered at the leopard's feet, and around are weapons of warfare and implements of torture, the hangman's halter, &c. Over the cowering beast is the Union Jack—a symbol which the French artist has quite forgot to portray as the object of the enthusiastic and loyal love of Irishmen. The sky over the English portion of the picture is dark and threatening, portentously foreshadowing the storms to come. To the left of the picture is the banner of Erin, the golden harp on a field of green, surrounded by a sunburst. The banner is being raised from its fallen position, the ground where it had lain so long, to

'Stream, like the thunderstorm against the wind.' The ancient Celtic cross is there, and many other emblems peculiar to Ireland, with a profusion of shamrock—the mystic emblem of our national faith which, however trodden on or crushed, springs up perennially in its emerald freshness. The sky over Ireland is bright and glorified by the presence, bending from the propitious heavens, of the figure of the Diety, the Redeemer, and His ever-blessed Virgin Mother, looking benignly upon their ever faithful Erin. It is only within the last four months that the Emperor has allowed photographs of this painting to be published. Our correspondent considers it a significant sign of the times that 'our august ally,' the French Emperor, would cause such a painting, so little gratifying to the amour propre of England and so flattering to Ireland, to be painted for him. Perhaps some of our friends in Paris who have seen the picture itself will favour our readers with a full description of it, for our correspondent, from a hasty inspection of the photograph, can supply only this meagre outline. —Nation.

HALIFAX, August 3.

The publication of the Hon. Joseph Howe's letter in the Morning Chronicle has created a great sensation. It is thought it will have a great effect with the members of the Legislature. The following is the letter:

FAIRFIELD, near Halifax, July 30.

"To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle:

"Sir,—The papers inform us that Sir John A. Macdonald and lady, and perhaps Sir G. E. Cartier, are coming down to Nova Scotia, and the editor of an evening paper bespeaks for them, should they come, discourteous treatment, if not rougher handling. I regret to see this spirit manifested. When actual war rages, flags of truce are respected, and the soldiers in the field exchange courtesies across their lines, which lead the grace of civility to the sternest conflicts. Roderick Dhu shared his plaid and his beaver couch with Fitz James, though anxious to cross swords with him in the morning. We have taught the public men of Canada and England, within the past two years, that the people of Nova Scotia are men, and not cravens. Let us show them now that we are gentlemen, and not ruffians. One rude word—one act of discourtesy—would disgrace us all, and bring such discredit on our cause as to make it hopeless hereafter. Nineteen Nova Scotians travelled the Canadas last fall, and sojourned for forty days in the capital of the Dominion though the great majority of them were known to be hostile to the fundamental law under which the Legislature was convened, and not very friendly to the Government; though I and others denounced the acts and the policy of the majority on all suitable occasions, with indignant freedom of speech; yet from the time we entered Canada till we came out of it, we received from all classes of people hospital and courteous treatment. I passed through the crowded corridors of the House of Commons with my bow words ringing in the ears of the people I met, but they never offered me insult; and at three o'clock in the morning I often went to my lodgings alone, as little apprehensive of obstruction or offence as I would have been in the streets of Halifax. Let us hear no more, then, of different treatment of Canadians, high or low, in any part of the Province. If we have lost our constitution, let us preserve our manners. The Secretary of State and the Imperial Parliament have thrown upon the Canadians the responsibility of action in the great controversy which at the present moment perplexes us all. It would appear that its leaders have promptly responded, and will come here to discuss with the Nova Scotians such remedial measures as they may have to propose. We are bound to give them a fair hearing and courteous treatment. Is our cause so bad that we are afraid to discuss it on our own soil with the leading men of Canada? Are we so strong that we can afford to outrage the public sentiment of the whole world by a reckless disregard of all the usages of civilized diplomacy? I think not, and I hasten to say that I should deeply regret if any indiscretion were to sully a course which has hitherto been conducted with a dignity and temper which have challenged the respect even of those to whom we have stood opposed. I am quite sure that, on reflection, the writer to whose article I refer, and whose views it is possible I may have misapprehended,

"Will come to the opinion which I consider it a duty thus frankly to express."

Yours truly,

JOSEPH HOWE.

#### IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON LAFAN. P.P. OASHEL. Oasheil, July 20.—We deeply regret to announce the death of the Venerable Archdeacon Lafan, P.P. Oasheil, who expired on this morning after an illness of a few days. For some time past his health had been failing, and he lately sought, in the neighborhood of Dublin, where he had been spending a few weeks, that relaxation and medical assistance which, if attained at an earlier period, might have proved of advantage; but, too late, for though he returned to his parish apparently greatly improved, he was seized with his death-sickness on the second day after his arrival. He was sixty-six years of age, forty two of which he spent in the sacred ministry. Twenty years of this prolonged and edifying career he spent in Fethard as curate to his distinguished brother. The late Venerable Archdeacon Lafan of Fethard, the pride and glory of the priests of his day, the people of Fethard still remember with gratitude his untiring exertions for the poor during the famine years. In the cholera visitations of '32 and '47 he was day and night to be found at the bedside of the sick and dying, relieving, comforting, consoling. The other twenty-two years of his missionary life were expended by him as parish priest of Holy Cross and then of Oasheil.

Mr. Wyse, of Cork, the eminent whiskey distiller, has contributed £3,000 to make up the sum of £12,000 required to complete the restoration of the cathedral in that city.

DUBLIN, July 31.—All the prisoners who were arrested under the suppression of the writ of habeas corpus in Ireland, and detained without trial have been discharged from custody.

William Richard O'Byrne, Esq., of Cabinteely House, and Glensally, has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor to the commission of the peace, for the county Wicklow, on the recommendation of the Earl of Meath, Lord Lieutenant of the county.

In opening the commission for the county and city of Kilkenny, on Tuesday, Baron Deasy congratulated the grand jurors upon the state of the calendar. There were but two bills of indictment in the county, and not one in the city. The High Sheriff presented his lordship with a pair of white gloves.

A correspondent of the Belfast Newsletter reports the discovery of an oil spring at Clones, county of Monaghan.

In the Rolls Court, Dublin application has been made for leave to substitute service of a legal paper connected with the estate of Lord Avonmore, upon the solicitor of Major Yelverton in Dublin, and his solicitor in Edinburgh, as the plaintiff's attorney, could not learn his address.

RANBRIDGE, July 18.—In some parts of the North the Orangemen appear not to be satisfied with their performance of the 12th and 13th. In Banbridge and its neighborhood a serious conflict between the Orange and Catholic parties was very near taking place yesterday morning, and was only averted by the active exertions of the police, who intercepted the Orangemen on the road marching in a large body and fully armed into the neighborhood of Laurencetown, which is principally populated by Catholics, amongst whom the greatest consternation and alarm has reigned for some days past in the expectation of an onslaught, which, it is quite plain, was intended. Many of the people of this district had fled from their homes to seek protection elsewhere, and those who remained were in such terror of their lives that for several nights they were afraid to go to bed. —Ulster Examiner.

A very serious conflict between the Catholics and Orangemen took place at Dessertmartin, near Magherafelt, county Derry, on July 12, when unhappily two men of the Catholic party were dangerously wounded by the Orange party, who, as usual, were armed to the teeth and blazed away with their wonted venom and recklessness of life. The names of the injured men are Hugh Cullen and Francis Cassidy, and the immediate cause of this disastrous affray was the erection of an orange arch as a point to necessitate the Catholics going to and coming from Mass passing under it, which, of course, greatly exasperated them.

The Northern Whig states that on the 20th July, the Orangemen of Oanlisland, Killyman, Roughan, and Newmillis assembled near the last named place for the purpose of burning Mr. Gladstone in effigy. The effigy of the right hon. gentleman was first placed on a low wall by these enlightened politicians and shot at, after which it was consigned to the flames amidst general groaning.

On the night of July 15 a most melancholy accident took place in Belfast, Lough, resulting in the death of three men and in consequence of a dangerous character to two others. About half past nine, or near ten o'clock an open boat, in which were six persons, was capsized by the schooner Harmony, Belfast, across whose bows she ran, and the occupants were thrown into the water. The three men who were drowned were Mr. John A. Wilson, baker, aged 40 years, corner of May street and Oramac street, Belfast; Mr. W. Grant, baker, 221 York street, Belfast, aged about 35 years; and Mr. Christolm, the son of a respectable farmer residing in the neighborhood of Whiteabbey or Oarmoney. The other occupants of the boat were Mr. Murty, manager in Birkmyre's bakery, Ann street; Mr. Oaitheas, land steward at Abbeylands; and an old man who was steering. Mr. Murty, being a good swimmer, succeeded in saving himself. The other two survivors were picked up after being some minutes in the water, and they now lie in a precarious state at Holywood. —Northern Whig.

The Drogheda Argus says:—There is every prospect in the wheat crop especially, of an early and abundant yield. On the farm of W. Moore, Esq., Julianstown House, county Meath, the grain crops are remarkably luxuriant, and rapidly approaching maturity. We have seen samples of his wheat and barley; the ear is completely filled and heavy with grain; and the stem which is of extraordinary length is already partaking of an autumnal tinge.

On the 14th ult. a man named William Walsh, whilst walking in a hay field near Ballycough, received a slight sunstroke, which, for a short time, rendered him insensible. And on the same day another man, whilst travelling near Malloy, was also struck down by the sun. Such hot and sweltering weather was never before known around Malloy.

The Waterford Citizen of a late date says: An extraordinary large salmon was taken, by net, in the river Blackwater, near Shanally Castle, county Waterford, by John Dea, Dromana, weight 44lbs.—same being disposed of in the Youghal market at a remunerative price. We understand from parties from Villertown and other local districts that this was the largest salmon taken in the Blackwater within the memory of the oldest inhabitant there. It was exhibited in Youghal previous to its being sent to the sister country with a supply of others, and all have pronounced it the largest they ever saw.

On July 11, in the village of Dombeg, parish of Kilmoylan and Oumner, near the town of Tuam, a poor man named Martin Nester, who was turning turf on a bog, with others, ran during a fierce storm, for shelter towards his hut, when he was struck by the electric fluid and instantly killed. He leaves a wife and family to mourn his loss.