

the lower border of the lake, where its waters were confined by a massive dam.

These trees being just in front of us as we looked towards the building, the great breadth of shade formed by the partly opaque mass, and the shadows flung on the grassy bank and the stony bed below the dam, brought out in soft and bright relief the green velvety carpet of the lawn on which we were reclining to enjoy the view.

And what a lovely effect was produced in the clump of trees by the transparent yellowish green, where the thinner screen of leaves allowed the rays to pass through, contrasted with the dark stems shooting up till lost in the thicker foliage overhead.

The extensive new stables and garden had begun to occupy the castle side of the stream before this time, but I love rather to dwell on the old picture formed by the smooth turf slopes and the great trees, that stood here and there.

Having passed down the lawn and across the bridge, our friend Redmond left us to give some report to his chief in the new garden, while we took the gravelled walk across the lawn on the north of the castle, and down the path in the thick fir-grove that leads to the bridge and mill.

Edward being urged to commence his tale, took heart of grace at last, and began the recital as we leisurely trod the skirting walk of the lawn, with the golden light of evening around us, and then passed into the dark grove, where the walk was thickly strewn with withered fir leaves, if leaves they may be called.

CHAPTER IV.—EDWARD COMMENCES HIS STORY.

I had been about a year in my new employment, when, after closing my little seminary one evening, I joined Mr. Jenkins' family in the harvest field. I found the usual group, enlarged by the presence of a young girl of middle size, well formed, and presenting in features the usual type of Irish comeliness, large soft eyes, full lips, cheeks well colored, and hair of a chestnut hue.

One Sunday evening as she and I, and some of the younger folk, were on a walk to visit a sick neighbor, Mr. Jenkins' eldest son and a companion of his darted out from behind a tree, and so startled us that Eliza gave a scream, and flew to the other side of the road; and the young man I mentioned sprang over, and secured her society for the rest of the walk.

I am not able to tell how she contrived to remove this disagreeable sensation, but removed it was; and thenceforward I lost no opportunity of assisting her in her occupations when I fancied that my doing so would not be remarked, or of purchasing some trifling present for her, such as a ribbon or a little pocket book.

One Saturday afternoon, finding that Mrs. Jenkins had gone into town, accompanied by her daughter and Eliza, I walked in the same direction, and by good fortune met them on the point of returning home; and we managed, without much appearance of contrivance, to walk together for a good part of the way back.

I shall never forget that evening; it was just such a calm sunny one as this, the most of the road being in shadow, and the tops of the hedges, and the trees, and the fields on the other side of the Slaney, smiling in the evening sun light.

All the sounds audible were of a happy, pleasing character; the distant bark of a dog, the rambling of a car on the road, the gurgling of the Slaney, and the lowing of cows returning from pastures. Our companions kept a little in advance, or rather we kept a little in the rear; and the low murmuring sound of my dear one's voice, the loving character of the conversation, the occasional glimpses of her mild, sweet face, and a loving pressure of her hand when it could pass unnoticed, produced a state of pure, deep enjoyment such as I had never felt till then.

Up to this time the exhibition of our feelings towards each other was of an uncertain though interesting and tender character, but afterwards our discourse and demeanour to each other were those of declared lovers. The only bitter ingredient now was the difference to our religious, but on one occasion, when the subject was started, she promised me that in case we were ever to be united, there should be only one path to our dwelling.

This state of happiness was not appointed to endure. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins began to suspect our attachment, and judging that a union between us was not desirable, but yet not willing to use any avoidable harshness, procured a situation for Eliza with their son-in-law, who lived convenient to Carrick Ruadh; and sent her hither during one of my temporary home visits. When I returned and found her place vacant, I felt as a wayfarer who has been leisurely straying through lovely sun-lighted scenery, when he enters on a boundless waste, with a lead-colored sky over him. The day now seemed endless, and ordinary occupations intolerable; and after a month's endurance, I determined that, come what might, I would once more gaze on that loved form and face; so, taking a temporary leave of my pupils, I started on a foggy winter's morning for her residence.

It had been up to that time unwilling to write for fear the message might come into the wrong hands; and, besides, the receipt of a letter by a young girl in her sphere of life would be sure to awaken all sorts of surmises and inquiries. So I waited for an unwitnessed interview to whatever

influence watches over lovers, I pushed briskly forward, but with a disagreeable beating of my heart at times. I came into Enniscorthy through the lovely scenery that spreads on the west bank of the Slaney below the town; but the season being winter, and the sky overclouded, and my mind terribly pre-occupied, I was not much enlivened by the prospect.

I took a hurried breakfast in the neighborhood of the finely preserved castle built by Gerald de Prendergast, but I bestowed very little thought upon his wars, his loves, or his griefs; nor reflected that in some years hence my present anxiety would be as little remembered as his fame has been for seven hundred years past.

Resuming my journey, I descended the steep castle hill, crossed the old bridge, and went up the bye way by Shell's well, with its ever icy-cold water, gave a backward glance at the grey castle-walls and the well sheltered garden and flat green island above the bridge, the rushing waters of the river, the hilly, irregular streets, with the grey and red roofs and white walls of the houses, and the morning smoke struggling up through the leaden atmosphere, and thought of the hundreds of hearts and heads within these walls, some waking up to enjoyment, and many others to anxiety and sorrow.

Vinegar-hill, of bloody memory, with its wind-mill tower, in which no grain was ever ground, was now passed on my left hand, and for three long hours I was trudging through strange villages, along myrty roads, and amid scenery interesting enough in my present frame of feeling. I passed Clondaw, the chapel of Boalavogue, the Harrow, and Clorogue chapel, the rugged Carrick Ruadh still acting as my landmark. Having arrived within half a mile of my goal, I seduced an urchin to go forward and privately acquaint Eliza that a friend of hers wished to speak to her. Now there were ten chances to one that her mistress might get the message instead of herself, or that she might be watched, or might be absent. How can I give you an idea of the state of my mind while waiting on fates decree under a rueful hedge, and in a drizzling shower?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LETTER OF OUR HOLY FATHER POPE PIUS IX.

INVITING THE SCHEMATIC BISHOPS OF THE ORIENT TO ATTEND THE COMING OECUMENICAL COUNCIL OF THE VATICAN.

POPE PIUS IX. To all the Bishops of the Churches of the Eastern Rite who are not in communion with the Apostolic See.

Placed by the hidden design of Divine Providence, although without any desert of our own, in this exalted Chair as heir of the Blessed Prince of the Apostles, who, by the prerogative granted to him by God, is the firm and solid rock on which the Savior hath built the Church, and urged by the solicitude of the burden laid upon us, we long and strive most earnestly to extend our care to all, whatever region of the earth they inhabit, who bear the name of Christians, and to call them to the embrace of our soul, neglect any portion of the Christian people which, as having been redeemed by the precious blood of our Savior, and added to the Lord's flock by the sacred waters of Baptism, rightfully claims all our watchfulness. Wherefore, as we are bound to bend unceasingly all our thoughts and desires to procure the salvation of all who know and adore Jesus Christ, we turn our eyes and Fatherly thoughts to those Churches, which of yore, when united in the bonds of unity with the Apostolic See, flourished in such credit for sanctity and heavenly learning, and produced rich fruits of Divine glory and of the salvation of souls; but which now, by the nefarious arts and devices of him who first stirred up schism in heaven, exist to our great grief in a state of separation and division from the communion of the Holy Roman Church which is spread over the whole world.

For this reason, at the very beginning of our Supreme Pontificate, we spoke to you words of peace and charity with our whole heart's love. And, although our words did not have the desired result, still we have never lost the hope that our humble and fervent prayers would be graciously listened to by the most mild and benignant Author of peace and salvation, who worked out salvation upon earth, and who, as the Orient on high, plainly showing forth the peace which He loves, and which He wishes to be loved by all, announced it at His rising to men of goodwill, by the ministry of angels, and while sojourning among men taught it by his word, and preached it by His example.

And now by the advice of our Venerable Brethren the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, we have convoked an Oecumenical Council to be held in Rome in the ensuing year, and to be commenced on the 8th day of December, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of Mary the Virgin, Mother of God, we once more address ourselves to you, and, with all the power of our soul, we pray, we admonish, we conjure you to come to this General Council as your predecessors came to the Second Council of Lyons, held by the blessed Gregory, our predecessor, of venerated memory, and to the Council of Florence, celebrated by our predecessor of happy memory Eugene IV., that thus renewing the bonds of ancient affection, and recalling to life that ancient peace, the heavenly and blessed gift of Christ, which in the course of ages, has become lost to us, we may make the serene brightness of longed for Union shine resplendent before all, after being long and sadly clouded, and after the painful darkness of long lived dissension.

May this be the joyful fruit of the benediction which Jesus Christ, the Lord and Redeemer of us all, conveys to His Immaculate and beloved spouse the Catholic Church and wipes away her tears in these times of affliction, that so all divisions being healed, our voices no longer discordant may with perfect unanimity praise God who desires to see no schism between us, but commands us by the voice of His apostles to say and think one and the same thing. May everything thanks be rendered to the Father of Mercies by all His saints, and especially by the glorious ancient Fathers and doctors of the Eastern Churches, when they see from heaven the restoration and re-establishment of the Apostolic See, the centre of truth and union, of that unity which they during their lives strove for with every endeavor and with unflinching labor, both by their teachings and by their example. Let their thanks be paid for the diffusion in their hearts by the Holy Ghost of the love of Him who, by His blood, earned peace and reconciliation for all, and who enjoined that His disciples may be known by their unity, whose prayer to His Father was, I pray, that all may be one even as we are one. Given at Rome at St. Peter's, September 8, 1868. In the twenty-third year of our Pontificate.

God loves to smile most upon His people when this world smiles least. When the world puts its iron chains upon their necks; when the world puts a bitter cup into their hands; then God drops some of His honey—some of His goodness and sweetness into it.

DR. MANNING AND THE GENERAL COUNCIL.

At the morning service in St. Mary's pro-Cathedral, Moorfields, on Sunday, Dr. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, preached a sermon in relation to the day of supplication for the Pope's General Council. Preaching from the text, 'Of His Kingdom there shall be no end,' he said the intention of the Pope in calling the council is to make inroads for the whole church as spread throughout the world in all its branches, and for the extirpation of heresy—that bitter, serpentine heresy with which the intellect of the world would take the belief in the religion of God. Another intention is to ally schism. One more intention of the head of that great council—scored as it may be by the proud intellects of men—is to interpret the will of God on earth, and disbelieve it as men will, it will leave its mark upon the bigotry of mankind, it will form an epoch in a century of revolution; and more than this, it will paralyze the spirit of heresy. Only a few days ago we were warned that the prospects of his southern people are so dark and so menacing for the Pope himself, that men wonder he has time to think of his children abroad. It is, indeed, a time when he must solicitous for his children throughout the world. We know that Spain, in which he ruled as a Catholic country promising support, has fallen into the hands of revolution. Austria has degenerated from its faith in the Holy See. Italy has stretched from the Pope his provinces. It might be added that Russia is beginning to persecute the Catholic bishops, and to revoke or to dispute the supremacy of the Holy See. Last night brought up fresh tidings of persecution. But do these things discourage us? That man must be a most shallow reader, or he must have a most treacherous memory of what he has read, if for one moment he can despair in the perilous and menacing aspect of that which we see about us when compared with what we have met in century after century for 1800 years. I could show you periods in the history of the church which were storm and tempest compared with the sunshine at this moment. If there be a Pontiff whom Pius the Ninth resembles, it is Gregory the First the restorer of England to the light of the faith. St. Gregory first founded the old hierarchy of England. Pius the Ninth has founded the new. What were the circumstances of the church when first Mgr. Gregory arrived. The whole nation was under the shade of two great errors. The Byzantine emperors were Arians, who persecuted the Church of Rome; the Greek Church was separated from her; Russia was Pagan, Northern Germany was Pagan, Spain was Arian. There is nothing at this moment to compare with the menaces of that period. It is as sunshine to the storm; the sky is clear compared with that; therefore we are not alarmed by the threatening aspect of coming events. We know that of his kingdom there shall be no end. Men ask how it will endure? I say boldly: I cannot tell; that must be left to the power and will of God. This is a reply to which no answer can be made. I know it is a reply that can be answered with ridicule. But I know also, that we can challenge the numbers before the holy God hereafter. Let us consider the present condition of the world—the world so lordly in its estimation of the church. How stands the account between them? I am not a prophet, and do not affect the spirit of prophecy; but this I will say that, while Christian Europe changes again and again, the church passes through mutation and vicissitude; dynasties change, and people fade, until you can scarcely find a trace of them—the throne of the Vicar of Christ stands, as it has stood, unchangeable and unchangeable. Nay, this I will say, it is a throne which contains the spirit of civil power, and the true ultimate basis of the civil order of the world. The spirit of the christian order of the world is to be found in the Holy See. She has the spirit of that unity and universality which belongs to the Catholic Church. And observe that this unity produces an authority. What is it that excludes from the Catholic Church all the controversies, divisions, and subdivisions which we see round about us in this our own country? Because we all hold the faith every day of our lives. The merest child begins with it—the theologian holds it likewise. The heart's and mind's will of the faithful are all under one and the same Divine authority, for the faith wherever it is exercised, has an authority in common. It has an indivisible unity in its eternal faith. From whence comes this authority, but from the faith there is in the light of the authority of the jurisdiction which there is in the spirit of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Therefore, Rome is the source of the unity and universality of the Church of God. The other day I saw it was asked, 'Of what worth will the great council be? The priests of the church nothing more than the speaking instruments whereby the voice of the Pope is repeated, he hears his own echoes.' It is a mechanical contrivance whereby the universal church echoes back the voice of its own head. Well it is a mechanical contrivance; it is a masterpiece of skill. It stands alone in the history of the world. Of all the machinists who ever accomplished any great achievement, none have ever yet reached to such perfection as this. Let me hear that the voice which goes from Canterbury can be re-echoed in its integrity in Natal, or that that from York can be re-echoed in Canton. I take it that God, and God only, has instituted this system of perfect unity of faith. No human power has yet been able to construct anything even similar in kind. I will go further, and say it is the will of God that the spiritual and civil powers of the world should be united together. What we hear of the union of church and state, in the ordinary popular and inexact phrase, but little represents the truth. The Kingdoms and states of the world were committed to the Church of God. The words of the prophet that the kingdoms of this world should become the kingdoms of God, were verified. What reproduced the civilized order of the world from the corruption which at one period prevailed? Why, the Pontiffs of Rome. Kingdom after kingdom were bound together in one holy family. Christian unity was the offspring of the Holy See. Unless there be laws and limitations to the individual wills of kings and princes they would have in their hands control over the consciences of men, and could interfere with their religious belief. Wherever kings and princes—as in Russia at this moment, as in Constantinople of old, and in Sweden and Denmark now—wherever kings and princes have interfered in matters of religion, their immediate despotism has been the result. Such was for centuries going on in our country. It is possible to be a pontiff and also a king, but it is impossible to be a king and to be a pontiff without introducing despotism. And here let me allude to what is called establishment. The Catholic Church cannot be established. The genius, nature, and Divine origin of the Catholic Church all alike refuse establishment. The Catholic Church will be treated as a monument of God on earth, and will accept its relation with civil powers; but to be established—never. It is degrading to the mind, the heart, and the spirit, to admit that a work of this nature, is independent on a superior power, and cannot stand alone. What is the meaning of Church Establishment? It means a Church which rests for its support on the Crown or the Legislature—the Crown may make laws even as to its ritual discipline and doctrines—a church from whose judgment even in spiritual things there is an appeal to civil power. It is bondage, not establishment; and in the whole Canon law of the Catholic Church there can be found no words equivalent to the words 'Established Church.' It was an invention of Henry the Eighth. It was a formula of the tyranny which arose where the spiritual and civil power were in one hand. The English people has gradually emancipated itself from that bond. Two-thirds of the population have extricated themselves from the confusion of things. It is not the English people that are established by authority. The English people never rejected the Catholic Church. They were deprived of it by the tyranny of royalty and the corruption of a court—they who plundered the sacred house and sanctuary of the Church of God, they it was who robbed the

Church of England of the unity of authority; but could they think the heart of the people passed from the Catholic Church? I have lived long among them, and have been among the working men, and I think that, apart from the prejudice and perversion which have been introduced into their minds, there does not exist in the noble and large-hearted people of this country any opposition to that Church of God which they know to exist throughout the world. We were told the other day by an authoritative voice that national churches are on their trial. If a bishop of the Catholic Church had said that—If I had said it here to day—I know with what rebuke I should have been met to-morrow. It was a bishop of the Anglican Church who said it, and with perfect truth. Now, the national church was not introduced by Jesus Christ. True, the Church of Israel was perfect; but it was a type, and it passed to us here. It is perfectly true that the national churches are upon their trial. The Church of England has been for three hundred years upon its trial and in that trial has lost the people of England. Half the people of England had tried it and found it wanting. The next generation will put the Church of England on its trial, and will give its verdict. Even in our day we see changes which we could not have thought of ten years ago. Rome is a source of faith, and maintains the principles of order in every civilized state in the world. Now the pastors of the world are to assemble together to see what are the spiritual necessities of the church, and also to see what the church can do to heal the running sores of human society, tainted, poisoned and plague-stricken as it is. This great council will leave its mark on the Christian world. Pius IX has invited all Protestants—has invited all those who are not Catholic. In words of love and charity, he has called on them as his children. I am confident, said Dr. Manning, in concluding, that the loving words of the Holy Father will strike at the root of many an error, and will draw towards him the people of this country. He reminded them that rebellion and anarchy are sins against God, and endeavor to persuade and convince others, they should work with all charity, and having the perfect light of the truth and confidence in God, of whose kingdom there is no end.

MR. DISRAELI'S ADDRESS.

The Times of Monday morning has a leader on the Premier's address to his constituents, 'Mr. Disraeli (the Times remarks) can scarcely suppress his astonishment that services so splendid and successes so unexampled (rendered by the Conservative Government) should be required with a sudden demand, compliance with which would be fatal not only to the Government and the Conservative party, but to the Constitution and the Throne to Church and State, to Protestantism to religion, to property, to security, to conscience, to social order, and to the British people and the empire. This array of terrible consequences happens to be too wide for consistency. For the matter of Church and State, there is no Church that can claim the undivided allegiance of the British nation. There are in England not far from 10,000,000 Protestants dissenting from the Church of England, who have a right to be heard on this question. Do the Dissenters of England think that the cause of British Protestantism requires the endowment and establishment of a handful of Church people in Ireland, the remaining seven-eighths being left to shift as they can? But Protestantism Mr. Disraeli would hardly leave to the fate of such an issue. It is a fundamental law of the empire he says, which Mr. Gladstone has suddenly proposed to annul. But what sort of announcement is this for the 5,000,000 of Roman Catholics among us in the two islands? Are they to be told that they are not of the empire, but are in fact aliens, intruders, and heterogeneous. Mr. Disraeli boasts, and boasts truly, that he has done more than any other man living to make one man as good as another in the Constitution and government of this country. He boasts that to the people he has entrusted the institutions, establishments, interests, principles, and conscience of this great empire. In that boasted commission is necessarily included the property held by the State for the Church in Ireland, and in its disposal Roman Catholics count for 5,000,000 head of electors. The work, be it sacrilegious or not, is already done.—These consecrated properties are already in the charge of the constituencies, augmented beyond precedent by Mr. Disraeli himself. Not half that constituency is interested in the present appropriation. They will do what they please in the matter, and who will venture to gainsay them? Let Mr. Disraeli count the votes he has himself created, and he will find the ones have it.'

The other papers which noticed Mr. Disraeli's address on Saturday continue their comments. The Standard says the address is accepted as the manifesto of the Conservative party. The Premier has lifted his cause out of the arena of partisan animosities, and placed it in the keeping of the nation. In his pronouncement the loss and injury of the Protestant Church will be the gain and advancement of Popery. He has struck a keynote which will vibrate in the heart and the conscience of millions of his fellow-countrymen.

The Herald says that a perusal of the Prime Minister's straightforward and manly declaration of principle will show that the challenge of Mr. Gladstone has been accepted at all points. The Conservative party will avail themselves of no subterfuge, nor have they provided themselves with any scheme of compromise as a last resource.

The Daily News remarks that the address begins like a Queen's speech, and ends like a Papal allocution. It quotes passages in proof of this. As to Mr. Disraeli's defence of the Established Church as the necessary bulwark against Roman Catholicism, what is that but to clothe again Protestantism in Ireland with its old and odious character?—[Dundalk Democrat.]

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF THE VERY REV. PETER DALY, P. P.—The announcements we already made must have prepared the public for the intelligence which it is now our painful duty to communicate. On September 30, the Rev. Father Daly, who has been associated with Galway for the past half century, breathed his last, surrounded by his relations and fortified by all the consolations of our holy religion. His death will cause a vacuum in the higher special circles of Galway, for the rev. deceased was undoubtedly one of the most hospitable gentlemen connected with our city. Probably no stranger of any distinction ever visited the City of the Tribes without calling upon him and receiving a right good Irish welcome. He delighted in liberally discharging the duties of host and never seemed to feel more happy than on such occasions. His life would form an interesting biography; and it must be said, whatever difference of opinion might exist as to the means adopted, his every aspiration tended to the progress of Galway. He completed his education at Maynooth, and was ordained so far back as 1815; so that he was in the fifty-fourth year of his priesthood. During all that time he was in this diocese, and for the past forty years, up to about three months ago, took a very active part in the management of our public boards and in the politics of the town. A public man must necessarily expect opposition, and Father Daly had his admirers and his opponents that he had not his faults in only to say that there is no human perfection. He was, however, in private life, a pure minded old man, proud of, and devoted to his calling. A very impressive preacher, and a man of great energy of character, he was just the man to acquire popularity and to become a leader of public opinion. In church-building and convent-building he has left behind him enduring monuments of his

piety and energy. He was also a man of thorough business habits, and accumulated, comparatively, a very large fortune, a great portion of which, we understand, he has left for charitable purposes. He had reached the patriarchal age of 84 years; and, up to his last illness always enjoyed the best of health. His death was tranquil and most edifying. When he found his end was approaching, he sent for the Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, and the reconciliation between the deceased and his lordship was most complete—and the Rev. Father Daly evidently derived the greatest consolation from the circumstance. His remains were interred in the Chapel of Bushy Park, on Friday, 21st instant, after solemn High Mass and Office for the Dead at the Pro-Cathedral of St. Nicholas. R. I. P.—Galway Vindicator.

DEDICATION OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, GLENMISH, FERMANAGH.—This fine chapel, which has been recently completed, and built under the direction of Rev. P. O'Garra, P. P., was dedicated for divine worship on Sunday last by the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Lord Bishop of Clogher. The sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Father Sebastian. The parish of Glenmish is situated about 4 miles from Enniskillen, and a chapel was very badly required, and has just been completed.—Northern Star Correspondent.

ON OCT 3 Mr. Andrews, Q. C., closed the electoral lists for the borough of Sligo. As anticipated, the result has proved entirely satisfactory to the Liberal party.

GOES WITH A VENGEANCE.—The scaffold for the execution of criminals had been removed from the front of the Newgate Jail. The same has been done in all other prisons in Ireland as there are to be no more public executions in the United Kingdom.

KNIGHTHOOD.—The Earls of Mayo and Erne are, it is said to be installed Knights of St. Patrick in the room of the late Marquis of Downshire and Lord Farnham.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH POLICE.—A few nights since a police patrol, consisting of two men, was on duty at a place called Carrybeg, parish of Errigle county Monaghan and were encountered by a body of men numbering about twenty, some of whom were armed. A policeman seized a gun from one of the party the whole of whom then pressed round the two policemen and forced them to deliver up the gun and also attacked them for the purpose of wresting their arms from them but the police resisted with great determination, and their assailants seeing it was hopeless to disarm them, ultimately ran away without doing any mischief.

There are no less than ten barrister candidates in Ireland for Parliamentary distinction!

SUDDEN DEATH.—A respectable man, named John Cahill, of Wexford, fell in the porch of the Immaculate Conception, where he was going to attend Mass, and died suddenly.

DEATH BY DROWNING.—A young man named Vincent Murphy, who resided at 34 George's quay, was in a shop near his residence, buying some things with a friend, with whom he had been drinking previously, when he left the shop and did not return. It appeared that he went down the steps leading to the river, and fell in. Two brothers named Murphy, who reside in Poolbeg street, and a man named Geraghty, saw the occurrence and succeeded, after about five minutes, in bringing Murphy on shore from a depth of about five feet of water. They brought him to Mercer's Hospital, where it was found that life was extinct.

An inquest was held by Thomas Izod, Esq., county coroner, on the body of a respectable woman named Mary Kelley, residing at Minawin, near Stoneford, who dropped dead whilst milking cows in her own yard.

LIMESTONE.—The County and City members—Major Gavin and Councillor Synan—have left town for the seaside. This confirms the belief that neither county or city will be disturbed by a contest. When the sitting members and their conducting agents are now found at the seaside, it is looked upon as a foregone conclusion that there is no sign of an enemy.

AN IRISH MODEL LANDLORD.—Blm Park, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Orlinara, has been the scene of great festivities during the past week. On Tuesday last the numerous and respectable tenantry were entertained at the Castle to a ball and supper. The health and prosperity of the tenantry having been drunk by Lord Orlinara, he addressed them in a speech appropriate to the occasion, which was heartily responded to amid loud and enthusiastic cheering. On Thursday the festivities were renewed when the numerous workers on the estate, with their families, amounting to nearly 200, were entertained by the Hon. Hugh Massy to a grand dinner. These and many other tokens of kindly feeling and sympathy by the noble lord and his amiable family have endeared them to all classes on the estate. Lord Orlinara is not one of the landlords who stints the exertions of the farmer, as an improver of the soil, by increasing his rent as his farm becomes more valuable, and what is more, to us the words of some of his own tenantry, 'this lordship's word is as sacred a bond as any lease.' If more of the landlords in Ireland followed his example, the cry for tenant right would soon cease or never have been raised in the land.—[Cork Examiner.]

DISPERSED MURDER IN THE COUNTY DOWN.—A man named Henry Daveys was found murdered about one mile from the town of Ballinabich on the road to Hillsborough. He and his only brother, James, attended the market of Ballinabich. Having a horse and cart between them, they occasionally acted as carriers, and attended the several markets and fairs in the neighborhood in search of business of this sort. On Thursday they had obtained a load in Ballinabich to carry to Dromore, about seven miles distant, and were seen leaving the former place about the hour of nine o'clock. Near ten o'clock, a man named Gillespie galloped into Ballinabich on the Daveys' horse, to inform the police that, when passing along the road, he had discovered the dead body of Henry Daveys, and his brother in a half drunken state bleating and with several marks upon him, indicating that he had been recently engaged in a severe hand-to-hand conflict. The police were immediately on the spot, accompanied by a doctor, who, upon examination of the body of the murdered man, found he had been killed by the stab of a knife in the right groin. James Daveys was at once arrested, and upon being questioned as to the manner of his brother's death, stated that he could not give any information as to how it occurred, or even how he received the injuries himself. He was not dully sober, but there is a suspicion that affected to be more intoxicated than he really was, and another suspicious circumstance is that, on being searched, it was found that he had a knife in his possession, although it is known that he had one late on that day. The deceased and his brother James held a small farm jointly, and resided with an aged father about four miles from Ballinabich, and it is rumored that a good feeling had not existed between the brothers for some time.

SCENE AT THE OPERA IN DUBLIN.—Rather an exciting incident occurred on Monday night at the close of Les Huguenots. Signor Mongini had just fallen in the last act, and the opposing soldiers were brandishing their spears above his prostrate person, when a dagger in some way caught the signor in front of the right ear. The wound bled very profusely, and Signor Mongini swooned from exhaustion. Miss Tildes came to the footlights and called for medical aid, when Dr. J. R. Fogarty, F. R. C. S. I., Blessington street and Dr. Moore F. R. C. S. I., Stephen's green, promptly gained the stage. Having examined the wound, which they pronounced not dangerous, the hemorrhage was stopped, and the puncture immediately dressed. A great deal of fright was caused by the mishap. But Dr. Fogarty and Dr. Moore soon restored Signor Mongini to confidence and the ladies to ease of mind. Half an hour after the accident the great tenor left the theatre little the worse for what rumor had exaggerated into a terrible affair.