

his sword and his crozier should be at his Majesty's service, be that Majesty worldly or satanic, or both.

He was found dead—so the rumour ran—his body stretched along the flagged way of the covered passage between the cathedral and the palace.

All this inquisition took up a long time, so that when his informants were all dismissed, and when he had delayed to make some necessary notes, for his further guidance, the night fell, the sexton locked the great door, his lordship walked away towards his palace, and the moon arose quite opportunely at his lordship's service.

The sexton's way to his home, at the top of the great flight of steps leading from the street to the church, was by an opposite and distant gate; so it was concluded that when he and the bishop parted, the latter must have suddenly fallen and died, and so remained until discovered upon the following morning.

The colony, civil and secular, that Whammond had transplanted from England as seedlings to the new Reformation, was greatly concerned as to their prospects and deposits, for they well knew that the next ecclesiastical dignitary would import his own peculiar priests and people and leave them only as outsiders in all emoluments and places.

But this was a perfectly harmless state of party feeling compared with that which followed on its heels after a few consecutive hours. For then a new report came down from the cathedral and the round tower on the hill. It was a horrid whisper which set men's hair on end—a rumour that roused the devil in some wicked souls, and set all peace-loving lighers a-start and a-stare, for in those days intolerance always had the start, and justice usually came in after the fair, with prayers on her lips, and her balance very suspiciously adjusted.

The report and the rumor amalgamated and became fact. And that fact was that when the dead bishop's body was being washed, and otherwise prepared to be transferred into its sumptuous coffin, a little blue mark was observed over his heart. A blue mark? Had he been lewitched? Send for the leech. A skillful leech was accordingly summoned—a gloomy man, with great goggles on his eyes, and heavy snows flowing over his temples.

The leech, however, was no ignoramus in his line. He looked at the azure stain, pronounced it "a solution of continuity," and running a probe into it, found it reached the heart and its arteries, that it was a punctured wound, by a sharp, thin blade; that the hemorrhage was internal, and (what was best understood) that the man had either committed suicide or had been murdered. Nobody believed in suicide; there was no reason for its probability of it, and therefore the cry was, "murder most foul," "who murdered the king's bishop?" "Who dared to murder him?" Thus, the worst elements of the crowd were aroused.

The Papal burghers, of course, were set down as the criminals, and of course, too, it followed, that it was merely a question of time until all the king's transplanted English subjects met the same fate.—Therefore, there was terrible commotion in the "Marble City." The foreign settlers and the foreign troops made common cause for their mutual protection, and exhibited so threatening a display that the citizens, too, prepared themselves for the defensive, or for war.

And when trumpets blew, and fife and drums clattered away a piercing din to arms, and the great Tholsel-bell rang tumultuously in the wind, bellying of death, calamity and danger, the burghers profited, also, of the timely warning, and the rallying cry of their natural enemies, and seized their cross-bows, quarter-staves, and ready skenes, as fully prepared to protect their homes, their altars, and their lives.

The city gates were closed and barred and guarded, and the conscript fathers of the day assembled in the common council-room to determine upon such measures of retaliation and revenge as the great cause before them demanded at their hands.

When King Hal found that the Irish people perpetually refused to supersede the Pope and adopt himself in his stead, he affected to believe that the monasteries, abbeys, and spiritual lords of the land were the causes of the disaffection, and accordingly dismantled, plundered, and appropriated all before them. So, too, the magistrates of the Marble City, taking a leaf out of the book of their lord and master, unanimously decided that the rich burghers and landowners of Kilkenny and its vicinity were the instigators of the murder of the illustrious divine, and that it was their bounden duty to muster all the physical forces, civil and military, and to swoop down upon, dispossess, empty out, impoverish, beggar, and disinherish all such contumacious Popemen; and having put the proceeds in their pockets, to draw up such a deed and representation of the whole matter as would call down upon their heads the plaudits of the King, Lords and Commons of Reformed England.

There are 11,333 blind men and 8,977 blind women in the United States. A Southern exchange states that there is an urgent demand for almost every description of farm labour especially throughout Mississippi, North Alabama, and Tennessee. In Mississippi there is still an extensive area of cotton yet ungathered, most of which it is feared, will be left to rot in consequence of the mere lack of hands required to do the picking.

ERIN ENCOURAGED.

O, Erin, how long, like the mist on thy mountains, The cloud of affliction hath saddened thy brow; For centuries blood hath ensanguined thy fountains— Oh, may it have ceased to entangle them now.

'Twas thine in the shade of depression to languish While nations quitted thee, were forsaking in flight; Scarce a glimmer relieved the deep gloom of thy night; Thy religion seemed doomed to perpetual night.

And yet, had thy sons never figured in story, The laurels of peace or of war never won? Had none ever stood in the niches of glory, That thou shouldst seem fated to struggle and mourn?

Are rich as the veins their own native hills nourish? Their genius in Eloquence, Science and Art; And fresh as the flowers in their green vales that flourish; The fragrance of feeling that breathes from their heart.

But, Erin, take courage—a glorious morrow May burst the last bonds that thy spirit enslave; Though buried so deep in the waters of sorrow, Though shalt all the brighter emerge from the wave.

Will industry thrive 'neath Encouragement's sun; Once more will thy minstrels recline by thy fountains, Attuning their strains to the streams as they run.

THE PENAL CODE IN IRELAND. A Protestant writer, Mr. Lecky, in his "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland" describes as follows the condition of Irish Catholics under the Penal Laws at the birth of O'Connell:— "By this code the R. Catholics were absolutely excluded from the Parliament, from the magistracy from the corporations, from the bench, and from the bar. They could not vote at Parliamentary elections or at vestries. They could not act as constables, or sheriffs, or jurymen, or serve in the army or navy, or become solicitors, or even hold the position of game-keeper or watchman. Schools were established to bring up their children as Protestants; and if they refused to avail themselves of these they were deliberately consigned to hopeless ignorance, being excluded from the university, and debarred under crushing penalties from acting as schoolmasters, as ushers, or as private tutors, or from sending their children abroad to obtain the instruction they were refused at home. They could not marry Protestants; and if such a marriage were celebrated it was annulled by law, and the priest who officiated might be hung. They could not buy land, or inherit or receive it as a gift from Protestants, or hold life annuities, or leases for more than thirty-one years or any lease on such terms that the profit of the land exceeded one-third of the rent. If any Catholic leaseholder so increased his profits that they exceeded this proportion, and did not immediately make a corresponding increase in his payments, any Protestant who gave the information could enter into possession of his farm. If any Catholic had secretly purchased his old forfeited estate, or any other land, any Protestant who informed against him might become the proprietor. The few Catholic landholders who remained were deprived of the right which all other classes possessed, of bequeathing their lands as they pleased. If their sons continued Catholic it was divided equally between them. If, however, the eldest son consented to apostatize, the estate was settled upon him, the father from that hour becoming only a life-tenant, and losing all power of selling, mortgaging, or otherwise disposing of it. If the wife of a Catholic abandoned the religion of her husband, she was immediately free from his control, and the chancellor was empowered to assign her a certain proportion of her husband's property. If any child, however young, professed itself a Protestant, it was taken from its father's care, and the chancellor could oblige the father to declare upon oath the value of his property, both real and personal, and could assign for the present maintenance and future portion of the converted child such of that property as the court might decree. No Catholic could be guardian either to his own children or those of any other person; and therefore a Catholic who died while his children were minors had the bitterness of reflecting upon his deathbed that they must pass into the care of Protestants. An annuity of from twenty to forty pounds was provided as a bribe for every priest who would become a Protestant. To convert a Protestant to Catholicism was a capital offence. In every walk of life the Catholic was pursued by persecution or restriction. Except in the linen trade he could not have more than two apprentices. He could not possess a horse of more than the value of five pounds and any Protestant upon giving him five pounds could take his horse. He was compelled to pay double to the militia. He was forbidden, except under particular conditions, to live in Galway or Limerick. In case of a war with a Catholic power the Catholics were obliged to reimburse the damage done by the enemy's privateers. The legislature, it is true, did not venture absolutely to suppress their worship, but it existed only by a doubtful connivance, stigmatised as if it were a species of licensed prostitution, and subject to conditions which if they had been enforced, would have rendered its continuance impossible. An old law which prohibited it, and another which enjoined attendance at the Anglican worship, remained unrevoked, and might at any time be revived; and the former was in fact enforced during the Scotch rebellion of 1715. The parish priests, who alone were allowed to officiate, were compelled to be registered, and were forbidden to keep curates, or officiate anywhere except in their own parishes. The chapels might not have bells or steeples. No crosses might be

publicly erected. Pilgrimages to the holy wells were forbidden. Not only all monks and friars, but also all Catholic Archbishops, Bishops, deacons, and other dignitaries, were ordered by a certain day to leave the country, and, if after that date they were found in Ireland, they were liable to be first imprisoned and then banished, and after that banishment they returned to discharge their duties in their dioceses; they were liable to the punishment of death for facilitating the discovery of offences against the code, two justices of the peace might at any time compel any Catholic to appear before them to declare where and when he had heard mass, what persons were present, and who omitted? and if he refused to give evidence they might imprison him for twelve months, or until he paid a fine of twenty pounds. Any one who harboured ecclesiastics from beyond the seas was subject to fines which for the third offence amounted to the confiscation of all his goods. A graduated scale of rewards was offered for the discovery of Catholic Bishops, priests and schoolmasters; and a resolution of the House of Commons pronounced the prosecuting and informing against papists 'an honorable service to the Government.'

"WATCH AND WAIT." Watch and wait, an adverb often given to the Irish people, has the rare merit of one that can bear repetition. When a Nation has the will, but not the strength, to assert its own, the best thing it can do is to cherish that will and wait patiently for the requisite strength. It needs no logic to prove that the weakness of one of two contending parties is the strength of the other. When O'Connell gave voice to the truism—"England's weakness is Ireland's strength"—England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity—he only uttered an unquestionable fact, which the whole history of British rule in Ireland proclaims. And when he had the courage and honesty to assure her present Majesty in the dawn of her reign, "that the people of Ireland know and feel that they have a deep and vital interest in the weakness and adversity of England," he did all that a good subject could do to enlighten his Sovereign on a matter of the utmost importance. Has any change in that feeling taken place since the great O'Connell gave it utterance? He knows little of public opinion among us who would answer—Yes. It is notorious that indications of weakness and decay on the part of England carry with them to the Irish heart "no other feelings," to use O'Connell's words, "than those of satisfaction and hope." Perhaps history furnishes no instances of one nation being so deeply interested in the weakness of another as is seen in the case of Ireland and the English. Since the commencement of the unnatural connexion the Celt never experienced a kind act at the hand of the Saxon, save when the latter happened to be immersed in extreme difficulties. The policy of the Briton from the very outset was—just as at present could it be enforced—to crush by brute force Irish aspirations for liberty—to shut up against the natives every honorable path to wealth and competence—to deprive them of every stimulus to virtuous action—to trample their national pride in the dust, and make it criminal to work for the amelioration of Fatherland. How far that policy succeeded history amply testifies. And history, too, eloquently shows the hideous tyranny, bad faith and cruelty employed in the furtherance of that essentially vicious policy. The Treaty of Limerick, on the faith of which the Irish laid down their arms, is a monument of British perfidy, ruthless barbarity, and disregard of solemn engagements. The King, Lords, and Commons of England, as soon as released from the fear of the Irish army, violated every article of that treaty. Public faith and honour could not be more vilely, more basely and outrageously trampled upon than in the case under consideration, and to this hour those who have inherited the disgrace without making restitution in any shape have the hardihood to talk of gratitude for favors conferred. As before remarked, history gives no account of a concession to Irish wants and wishes on the part of England save and except when compelled by the force of circumstances. Our grandfathers petitioned for liberty to worship their Creator in the manner they thought most pleasing to Him, and were contemptuously told that they could not be allowed an opinion on a matter of such moment, but that under the heaviest pains and penalties they should worship as England dictated. While they were becoming their miserable condition Burgoyne was sent to the right about at Saratoga. America broke her chain. The Dutch and Spaniards assumed a threatening aspect. England's difficulty arrived, and the Catholic Petition that had been ignominiously kicked out of the House of Commons some months before, was picked up and graciously treated. It was only when beaten, humbled, and stricken with well-grounded fear that England had an ear for Irish complaints. In '82 the cloud again thickened. The French fleet swept the Channel—England's difficulty was in the ascendant. The Irish Volunteers said none save the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland had a right to make laws on Irish soil, and England at once acquiesced. Some ten years after this, when danger appeared at a distance, Catholic claims were voted a nuisance, and further concessions were sternly refused. But while this was the state of affairs in Ireland, clouds were gathering in another direction. Dumouriez conquered at Gemappes; England's difficulty loomed in the distance, and large concessions were immediately made to the slavishly loyal and foolishly conflicting Catholics. In fact, there is no instance on record, when England in a state of prosperity did not plunder and oppress. She never conceded anything, save under the influence of pressing difficulties. The phrase, then "Watch and Wait," carries a salutary lesson to the Irish mind. Since English power became dominant in this country confiscation, massacre, and outlawry flourished, so that at the present hour, it is a matter for learned disputation among historians whether murder and robbery were more encouraged under the Stuarts or the Tudors, by the moonraker worthy William of Nassau or the republican pet of Judge Keogh, Oliver Cromwell. But there is no questioning the fact, no concessions were ever made to Ireland when England had the power to withhold them. Before the time of the Volunteers of '82, the Parliament of Ireland was the mere echo of the English Senate. A creature of the Crown corrected at his pleasure, and put his veto according to his whim upon the Acts passed this side the Channel? Why so? Because, as the Volunteers demonstrated, the national will was not called into action; the spirit of poor, pulling provincialism nurtured and fed by an alien aristocracy prevailed rather than sound patriotism. The taxes, then as now, imposed on Ireland, were not for Irish wants and according to Irish wishes. They were levied, then as now, because the oppressor wished and exacted; because the nation, owing to the incubus saddled on her, could not offer an effective resistance. It was only in the short end of '82, in the hour of England's weakness, that the slightest change in her policy was permitted. We shall see by and bye how she struggled to undo the good she was then forced to countenance. According as she gained strength she extended her exactions. Every thing that increased her stores tended to diminish Ireland's. The richer she grew the poorer grew her victim, and so must this dreful process last while the present relations exist. Is it any wonder then that every check to British power abroad—every combination in Europe that bodes calamity to her should bring no other feelings to Ireland "than those of satisfaction and hope,"—Mayo Examiner.

Some Obisense have obtained naturalization papers at San Francisco, and politicians are beginning to count up the Chinese vote.

UNVEILING GRATTAN'S STATUE.

GRATTAN'S STATUE. The unveiling of Henry Grattan's statue was a magnificent demonstration. The statue of Henry Grattan was unveiled with magnificent ceremony in Dublin, on January 6, by the Lady Laura Grattan in the presence of the Lord Mayor, Lord Gort, the members of the Corporation, several clergymen, Parliamentary representatives, and an immense multitude from the city and country. The ceremony was one of the most imposing as well as interesting ever witnessed that capital of memorable demonstrations. Every display of civic pride and of public sentiment was appropriate for the occasion of a people's gratitude and warm united desire to make the occasion a monthly tribute to the great Irishman. The statue, which stands in the middle of the great square, is a masterpiece of art, and is the work of the sculptor, Mr. John Wheeler. The statue is a full-length figure of Henry Grattan, standing in the attitude of a man of letters, with his hands in his pockets, and his eyes directed towards the people. The statue is a masterpiece of art, and is the work of the sculptor, Mr. John Wheeler. The statue is a full-length figure of Henry Grattan, standing in the attitude of a man of letters, with his hands in his pockets, and his eyes directed towards the people. The statue is a masterpiece of art, and is the work of the sculptor, Mr. John Wheeler.

THE PROCESSION ON TRADES. The coal-labourers had 1000 men in line, headed by their President, Mr. Joseph Courcy; the coopers had 500 men, headed by their President, Mr. Patrick Higgins; the shipbuilders had 200 men, led by their President, Mr. Wm. Gregory; the coach-builders had 500 men, under their President, Mr. John Wheeler; the bakers had 500 men, under their President, Mr. Nicholas Keenan; the silk-weavers had 200 men; the stonecutters had 200 men; the painters had 350 men; the bricklayers had 500 men; the cabinetmakers had 100 men; the order of Foresters had 600 men. Besides these were the carmen's association, the carriers the chimney cleaners, the home rulers, the tenantry of Lady Grattan Bellew, and the citizens generally. The banners and devices carried by the trades were magnificent, and the procession was most imposing.

Special seats had been reserved on the platform for members and connexions of Henry Grattan's family, the principal among whom present were—Lady Laura Grattan, widow of Grattan's eldest son; Lady Esmond, Mrs. Grattan Bellew, and Mrs. Edmund Dease, granddaughters of Henry Grattan; Sir Henry Grattan Bellew, Miss Bellew, Thomas Henry Grattan Esmond and Lawrence Grattan Esmond. Several other ladies occupied seats on the platform, including the Lady Mayoress, and Misses Butt, etc.

The members of the Grattan Committee present were—Lord Gort, the Hon. J. P. Vereker, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P., and Mr. F. Lombard, J. P., treasurers; Dr. Webb and Mr. Michael Crean, secretaries; Sir W. Carroll, J. P.; Mr. T. D. Sullivan, Mr. George Delaney, Mr. Cotter Kyle, Mr. P. McCabe Fay, Dr. Ingram, F. T. C. D. An immense number of representative and distinguished persons were present, including noblemen, gentry, Catholic priests, Protestant ministers, Professors, lawyers, physicians, Members of Parliament, etc., and all the Corporation of Dublin.

LORD GORT'S PATRIOTIC SPEECH. Lord Gort was elected chairman, amid great applause. When silence was restored, he said:—GENTLEMEN.—I feel very great satisfaction at being called to preside. I have, gentlemen, a hereditary interest in the great name of Grattan. When he first began his Parliamentary career the first of my name—Lord Gort, then Prendergast—supported him in all the contests that took place in the House of Commons (hear hear). In the new Parliament, when Grattan took up the question of the Union, the second Lord Gort, then Colonel Vereker supported him again by his vote and speech. In the year 1800, on the memorable introduction of Lord Castlereagh's resolutions, Colonel Vereker spoke against them with so much ability and zeal that Grattan personally complimented him for the noble honesty and good sense with which he fought the question. When the great division took place, Col. Vereker was one of the tellers on Grattan's side, and it is a curious circumstance that on the very last occasion when Grattan spoke in Parliament on a matter connected with Irish taxation, the third Lord Gort, my father, spoke in the same debate on Grattan's side (applause). Therefore, remembering that my three predecessors had manfully supported Grattan, you can understand that I feel a deep interest in appearing before you to day (hear, hear). But, even if it were otherwise—if my family had always opposed, not supported Grattan—I hope I possess too much patriotism not to come here to day to do honor to Grattan's memory (applause). Gentlemen, what distinguishes this ceremony from many others in other lands is the true patriotism in which it has been brought forward. The able and famous man Mr. Sullivan, who started it made it an absolute condition that there must be no question of politics, or creed, or race introduced (hear, hear, and applause). Nobly this has been adhered to, and I hope it will be so to the end of this great day (hear, hear). I am charmed to think I have the power of meeting here to day my fellow countrymen of every creed, of every shade of politics, all assembled to do public honor to the memory of an illustrious Irishman (loud applause).

LADY GRATTAN UNVEILS THE STATUE. The Chairman then said—Lady Laura Grattan will now uncover the statue of the great man whose name she bears. Lady Laura Grattan stood forward, and with a graceful movement, withdrew the covering from the statue, which then stood revealed—a noble and striking effigy of Henry Grattan. Ringing plaudits testified the satisfaction of the multitude at the appearance of the figure, and repeated cheers were given for Lady Laura Grattan, who repeatedly bowed in acknowledgment.

Mr. Gibson, M.P., moved the dedication of the statue to the Irish nation in a eloquent speech; and Mr. Mitchell Henry, M.P., seconded the resolution, and delivered an address that was received with great enthusiasm. He said:—

THE MEMORY OF GRATTAN IS THE COMMON POSSESSION OF THE WHOLE IRISH RACE, WITHOUT DISTINCTION OF CREED OR POLITICS. This hero of ours was Ireland's most perfect orator; he was the boldest of her courageous sons. This was the statesman who would that Ireland should be a great nation; and we know how nearly, through his daring patriotism that cherished dream came to be an abiding reality. This was the man who first labored that Catholic and Protestant should share the equality of a common citizenship; and we know how near these labors were to their fruition when they were interrupted by his untimely death; but more than all, this was the man who first conceived that all Irishmen might be brothers, and who first invoked that sweet spirit of Christian concord, without which a nation is but a collection of warring elements and of jarring interests—powerless to defend its natural rights an easy prey to the aggressions of its enemies (hear, hear, hear). Well, it is too, that the form of Grattan should stand near the forms that Foley has given us of two other Irishmen, whose lives and labors are a precious heritage to their country and to humanity—Goldsmithe, the poet, whose refined humor and graceful imagination has charmed the world—Burke, the philosopher and politician, whose writings constitute the best study of the statesman. Let us say here to-day that we are proud of them all! They represent the character

of Irish genius—the flower and fruit of Irish intellect, of Irish imagination, and of the Irish courageous heart. We revere their memories—we revere their fame—we revere in and prize the products of their work. Yes, these sentiments may make all Irishmen feel that they still have some attributes of a nation, for they still have left their common heritage to their noble dead. Those spirits yet live on earth to quicken and enlighten, and to beautify ourselves, and the soil of Ireland were for ever sunk. The world is known to distinct days, the land that gave to the world the precious possession of these three spirits, the beautiful poet, the philosopher, politician and orator, and the man who combined the qualities of both—the remaining patriot, of the unparalleled orator, and of the heroic statesman, Henry Grattan (applause).

THE CHAIRMAN THEN PUT THE MOTION THAT THAT statue of Henry Grattan be dedicated to the Irish nation, and it was passed by acclamation. Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P., who was warmly greeted, seconded the resolution in a thrilling speech. He said:—Come here, Irishmen, if you be peasant or artisan, behold the figure of a man who born in the highest sphere of society, had a heart that felt for the humblest person on an Irish hillside (applause). Come here, Catholic, and if any man press to you the hateful creed of religious fanaticism, bring him to the feet of Grattan and tell him that where else this hideous spirit of religious discord may find a home, it cannot find a place in the land whose generous sons have raised to-day the figure of a Protestant patriot (prolonged cheers). And Irishman, if ye be Protestant, and if any man would teach you—and no man can now be found to preach such a gospel—to feel a hostile thought for the masses of your fellow countrymen who may bow before a different altar from your own, come here to College Green and behold in the statue to Henry Grattan, your immortal co-religionist, this splendid Irish Protestant who was the most generous protector of the liberties of his Catholic fellow-countrymen. I have the fond and proud ambition this day, the happiest in my life (cheers), that the scene of this day may hasten the growth of that feeling of conciliation, of confidence, and of concord between the peers, the peasants, the mercantile classes, the Catholics, the Protestants, and Dissenters of Ireland (cheers).

SPEECHES WERE MADE BY THE LORD MAYOR, MR. EDMUND DEASE, M.P., MR. MAURICE BROOKS, M.P., ALDERMAN MANNING, AND OTHERS. Mr. Isaac Butt, M.P., was greeted with immense applause, and delivered a brief but powerful address. He said:—"About a month has passed since one hundred years had rolled away from the day when Grattan first ascended those steps opposite as a representative. On the 9th of December, 1775, he took his seat in the Parliament House. A century looks down upon a nation—for the Irish nation is here represented—assembled in this magnificent area to do honor to his memory (applause). May his example animate future generations of Irishmen. May the principles he taught never be forgotten (hear, hear, and applause), and may the patriotism that animated his soul be enkindled in the whole nation—in the peer, the peasant, the lofty and the humble alike (applause). Surely in this splendid demonstration, which extends as far as the eye can reach; in this grand gathering of people, not brought together by any laborious canvass—perhaps a demonstration like this was unexpected by the committee of the statue—in this great assembly of people who came here uninvited, do we not see all the elements that ought to make a nation great, powerful, and free (applause).

A grand Grattan Banquet was given in the evening, in the Asilant Concert Rooms, at which there was an immense gathering of representative Irishmen of all classes and creeds. Mr. Isaac Butt presided; Mr. Brooks, M.P., Major D'Arcy, J.P., and Mr. J. J. Kennedy, T.C. Vice-chairman.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE. DEATH OF AN IRISH NOBLEMAN.—Viscount de Vescei, and Baron Knapton in the Queen's County, died suddenly on the 23rd Dec. at his London residence, aged 73.

THE LANE WAR IN LOUTH.—The *Standard Democrat* announces that the agent of the Cromartin property has instituted proceedings against at least one of the tenants who have refused to comply with his arbitrary demand for an increase of rent.

At a recent meeting of the Court of Examiners of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, Morgan D. O'Connell, son of Dr. O'Connell, Kilmallock, was admitted a licentiate of the college, having passed creditably.

ILLNESS OF MR. REDMOND, M.P.—Mr. W. A. Redmond, M.P., has been suffering for some days from a severe attack of jaundice, but the hon. member is progressing favorably. There is reason to anticipate an early recovery.

The town of Galway is rich in antiquities, but many of the old buildings are fallen and falling into decay through neglect. The Town Commissioners are taking steps to preserve one of these interesting relics, known as Lynch's Gateway, from further ruin.

DEATH OF A PATRIOT PRIEST.—We regret to announce the death of a true patriot, and sterling patriot—Father Wm. Malone, of Heaton Norris, Stockport, England. In the ranks of the English missionary priesthood there was no more devoted and untiring servant of the Church than Father Malone, and Ireland had no son to whom her interests were dearer, or who served her more faithfully.

The Dublin Freeman says.—On Christmas Day his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, read three successive Masses in the Cathedral, attended at High Mass, and preached a short sermon at its conclusion. His Grace appears to be in most perfect health, and did not seem to be in the least exhausted by the protracted and arduous duties which he performed.

THE NATIONAL BANK.—Advancing years and delicacy of health have induced Admiral Sir Burton MacNamara, D.L., to retire from the seat he has so long held with credit to himself and advantage to the shareholders at the Board of the National Bank. A distinguished Irishman of universally known ability, the Right Hon. Viscount Monk, has been selected to fill the place vacated by Admiral Sir Burton MacNamara.

Mrs. D'Esterra died on the 24th ult., at Ballincora, in the suburbs of Limerick. The deceased was the widow of Dr. D'Esterra, of Rossmore, in county Clare, a son of Captain D'Esterra, who fell in the celebrated duel with O'Connell. Mrs. D'Esterra had reached a very advanced age, and was much beloved for her kind and benevolent disposition and actions, especially in relation with her neighbors.

A MEMORIAL OF O'CONNELL.—At the weekly meeting of the Ballinacorney Town Commissioners, Mr. Walsh, organizing agent for a memorial of O'Connell, to be erected on the site of his birth, Lower Carhan, near Cahirciveen, was present and obtained the support of the board for his project. The chairman and each member subscribed handsomely. It is proposed to raise at least £2,000 by penny subscriptions for the memorial.

The Jesuit Fathers (says the *Carlow Post*) of the 18th ult., who had been conducting the Retreat in this town, last week, brought their successful and