

not daring to set one foot before the other in the thick darkness. Old Pol advanced into the middle of our troop; the men went before, directing us with voice and gesture; and in this way we descended a path which wound along that frightful precipice, now reminding me, as I look back upon it, of a certain pass in the Bernese Alps. They had to assist my friend and me like two children; the women themselves made their way better than we could.

It took us the best part of an hour to descend that ladder of rocks. On reaching the bottom, we heard some confused noises near, as if of voices calling here and there, which made us judge that our party was more numerous than when we set out.—Our host, who had left us sometime before, now came towards us.

"We have to wait some time," said he, "so you may sit down." This it was scarcely possible to do, as we were almost to our knees in wet sand.

Happily, I lighted on a fragment of rock where Dussaux, and myself sat down, and great need we had of a little rest. I thought we were to spend part of the night in this place, and we began to congratulate ourselves on the comfortable nap we had had, by way of precaution, during the day; but very soon we heard the people round us saying to each other:

"Stand up! it is midnight."

It was no time for troubling our good people with questions; all I could do was to observe attentively what was going forward.

"The sea is rough," said one of the sons of old Pol.

"So much the better," he replied.

This answer was wholly unaccountable to me, when I perceived that we were making straight for the water. Twenty paces farther our men reached out their hands to help us and the women on board a canoe; then they all got together to shove off our little craft, and lo! we are on the water.

At first, every one was busy except Dussaux and myself, for it took all hands to keep the nutshell of a boat steady in such weather. For myself, I was obliged to hold by my bench with both hands, to avoid rolling like a ball at the bottom of the boat as it bounded fearfully over the boiling waves. A furious wind drifted the salt spray full in our faces, and it required the practiced eye of those sea-faring people to see ten paces around us. But the darkness soon cleared away, so as to enable us to distinguish objects; and, following the direction of Pol's quick eye, I soon perceived a boat, then another; and another, struggling like living things amid the waters. Just then, the attention of our chief was turned in another direction.

"Well, Jacques?" said he, addressing the man at the helm.

"It is nothing—yet stay—see there—just below!" and he pointed in a particular direction. I sat up like the others, and saw a sort of flickering light, as it were coming and going; it was a boat rising and falling with the billows. It advanced slowly; all on board was profound silence, and from the preparations which I saw made, I took it for a funeral celebration. But whilst I was attentively observing this strange boat, another manœuvre was rapidly executed around us. The assembled canoes darted hither and thither from one side to the other, and stationed themselves at such a distance from each other that there was no fear of their coming together, the whole forming a circle round the beacon-bark.

By means of the light which it carried, I could see that some preparations were going forward in the fore-part of this boat, to which we were now very near. When the men employed in the work had disappeared, we saw, just under the head-light, an altar covered with a snow-white cloth and surmounted by a crucifix. At the same time an old, gray-haired priest appeared, clothed in the sacerdotal vestments, whose glittering ornaments shone through the darkness; he was assisted by two of these poor fishermen. The priest made the sign of the cross, and at that sight, I fell on my knees, my eyes full of tears, my heart full of gratitude and admiration.—Dussaux pressed my hand. All around us were prostrate in their boats.

Never shall I forget that scene. An hundred human beings kneeling between sky and water; the roaring ocean, yielding once more to the majesty of man's Redeemer; that unsteady altar, which could find no resting-place on French ground; the overhanging lamp which barely served to shew the pale face of the aged priest, and his silvery hair dishevelled by the wind; those pious voices mingling with the noise of the waters; above, the immense dome of heaven, and below the deep sea-wave. Even now, the whole scene is before me, and I think no mortal ever looked on a grander or more magnificent sight. I cannot attempt to describe the time when the sacred Host was elevated in the trembling hands of the old priest, himself supported by his humble assistants. It seemed to me at the moment that the voice of the tempest was no more than a fitting hymn, a strain of music worthy the occasion.

Two or three men from each craft had a little before quitted their oars to hold the boats from striking against each other. One of these, who chanced to be close to my side, leaned over and whispered to old Pol in a tone of alarm:

"A long-boat!"

"Impossible!" said the old man, rising. "I see nothing." And he dropped on his knees again, for the ceremony was drawing to a close; but the same man laid his hand heavily on his shoulder: "I tell you—"

A sheet of flame dazzled my eyes, and, being suddenly hurled to the bottom of the boat, I saw or heard nothing for some minutes; save the discharge of fire-arms, fearful cries, and bodies rolling over me. I raised my head as soon as I could, and saw,

by the glare of the flashing powder, the boats broken and dispersed, men swimming around, and women with their hair dishevelled.

"Surrender!" cried a voice from the enemy's craft, "we will fire no more."

I cast my eyes at this moment towards the altar. The priest turned calmly round, and, extending his arms, said in a deep, sonorous voice:

"*Ita missu est!*"

"*Deo gratias!*" responded the assistants.

It struck me at the same time that the bark was slowly sinking, and too sure it was, for several voices cried out, "she is going down. . . . Save him—save the priest!"

The bark, riddled with bullets, was, in fact, sinking; a huge wave quickly swallowed her up. The priest, holding by the altar, raised himself up, gave us his final benediction, then vanished from our eyes, and another volley of musketry passed over his moving tomb.

On seeing this, old Pol cried out, "Turn the boats, boys!—let us board them!"

The order was scarcely given when it was executed by the hardy fishermen. Braving the deadly fire from the enemy's boat, they leaped on board, followed by our two friends. A desperate struggle ensued; the crew was not numerous, they were defeated and cast into the sea.

A single foe remained; it was the young man who had directed the friends to Pol's cottage. Olivier recognised him, and would fain have kept him from falling into the hands of Pol, who was the first to discover him; but the old man, exasperated by the death of his two sons, who lay lifeless at his feet, was so enraged against him, that he scarcely had him in his grasp when he was a dead man.

"It was he—the wretch!—it was he that sold us!—he was neither more nor less than a villainous spy!" and with that he hurled the body into the sea.

They then proceeded to collect their dead and wounded, and when all were placed on board the canoes, they set fire to the long-boat. It was by the light of the flames that they went about gathering up the women from the bottom of the barks, and the men who were still in the water.

Although the losses were perhaps not so numerous as had been at first thought, yet, while this mournful search continued, there was nothing heard but cries and lamentations.

At length we re-embarked, and the rising sun began to light up that scene of desolation. Immediately on landing, all those worthy people rushed forward to look at each other, to see who was missing, and to embrace the survivors with sorrowing gratitude. With pale face and tearful eyes, each one sought a parent, a friend, a neighbor—now was heard a burst of joy, and again a heart-rending cry of sorrow. It was a scene of mourning, at which no one could assist without anguish.

Stoical even in his misery, old Pol, after superintending the landing, approached the two friends, and said abruptly:

"After what has happened, gentlemen, we can no longer entertain you as we would wish; but if you wish to assist at the burial of my sons, it will be an honor—"

He could go no farther; the tears would make their way do what he would not keep them in.

The young men could not think of accepting his invitation; they feared to be a burden at that time of mourning, and, therefore, declined his offer, not without every manifestation of friendly sympathy.

"Well, then," said the unhappy father, holding out his hand, "here is my last son; he will conduct you to Keroulaz. You need have no fears as to trusting him—he, at least, will not betray you.—Farewell! beware of spies for the future, and never forget to say your prayers!"

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE APPROACHING SYNOD IN TUAM.—The Synod of the Prelates of this province will be opened on the 15th of August, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, in the Metropolitan Church of this town, with all the imposing ceremonies prescribed by the Roman ritual. His Grace the Archbishop will, we understand, preach the opening sermon on the above day, and the other Bishops of the province will preach during the octave of the continuance of the Synod. The importance of the auspicious occasion and the soul-stirring solemnities with which it will be accompanied, as well as the instruction to be derived from those eminently gifted Prelates whom the Holy Ghost has chosen to rule and to teach this faithful portion of God's fold in Connaught, will, no doubt, insure the largest congregations ever yet assembled within the walls of our magnificent cathedral.—*Tuam Herald.*

CARRIGAHOLT.—CONVERSION OF A BIBLE-READER.—On Sunday last the Rev. Mr. O'Dwyer preached a most affecting sermon in Carrigaholt, on "Final Perseverance." On that day the mission was closed. The Right Rev. Doctor Vaughan arrived from Miltown. There was no room in the chapel for half the congregation. A Bible-reader of Henry Kean's, a very intelligent young man, was publicly received by the Rev. Bishop. The young man had more pay than the rest; he was, in fact, head man over them. It made a great impression on the people. There was a line of boys and girls in white in a procession from the altar to the front door, the most of whom were singing with the Priests. The Rev. Messrs. Bermingham, Kennedy, Mahony, and Magee, accompanied the Bishop.—*Correspondent of the Munster News.*

ILLNESS OF THE IRISH LORD CHANCELLOR.—The *Dublin Evening Mail* of Monday night contains the following:—"We regret to state that the Lord Chancellor was attacked yesterday evening with a sudden fit of illness, which, however, owing to prompt medical attendance, was speedily got under; but his lordship was unable to take his seat in his court to-day. On inquiry this afternoon, we are glad to learn there is every reason to believe that his lordship will, in a day or two, be enabled to resume his judicial duties."

The Registrar General of Marriages for Ireland has issued his report for the years 1852 and '53. The report does not include all the marriages that have taken place in Ireland during these years, but only so many as were registered under the act. The statistics are interesting. We were struck by the results presented by the column headed "signed with marks," with respect to the four provinces. In Ulster the number of those who could not sign their names is full 80 per cent.; in Connaught 60; in Munster 40; and in Leinster 36; showing that the Protestant province is the most ignorant of the four. Out of the 6,713 persons married in Ulster, in 1852, 5,634 could not write their names; and out of 7,423 registered in the same province in 1853, 6,252 could not write their names. And in the three most Protestant counties of Antrim, Down, and Armagh, the proportion of ignorance is greater.

Lord John Russell states that the Maynooth Commissioners will not be able to make any report this session, in consequence of having to obtain evidence from abroad. The report therefore, cannot be printed and circulated until parliament shall meet again.—The noble Lord has also announced that in consequence of the state of public business, Mr. Headlam will not proceed further this session with the Mortmain Bill.

The law of landlord and tenant must remain unchanged in Ireland at least for another year. The discussions in both houses of parliament, which took place towards the close of last week, do not indeed augur much for a satisfactory settlement of the vexed question. Mr. Lucas's happy reply to the sneers of those who taunt his party with having a selfish interest in the continuance of agitation will be read with pleasure. Lord John Russell indeed exempts the members of the Tenant League from any unworthy imputation, but he—good easy man—is depending in his views for the future. It is rather trite to say, but the truth cannot be too frequently insisted on, that until an honest Irish party, sufficiently strong and energetic, can be placed in the House of Commons, no valuable legislation need be expected by the people. Next to tenant right comes religious equality; and on Wednesday evening the bill of Mr. Serjeant Shee—which went only a little way towards abating the nuisance of the Church Establishment in Ireland—was scouted by an overwhelming majority—117 to 31. All this takes place under the rule of that Liberal ministry whose advent to power was the precursor of so many beneficent reforms.—*Wexford People.*

Maclise, of Cork, the famous Irish painter, has this year again, carried off the annual prize of the Royal Academy, by his noble historical picture of the "marriage of Strongbow and Eva," daughter of Mac-Murrough, King of Leinster.

The Belfast, Ulster, and National Banks are now above the circulation authorised by certificate.

FALL IN THE MARKET PRICE OF CORN.—We are informed that several persons who brought quantities of wheat into Galway, for sale at the market to-day, were so dissatisfied at the reduction in the current prices that they brought it back unsold, in the expectation that the war will soon cause prices to advance considerably again. In the expectation we think they are likely to be disappointed, for with the prospect of the forthcoming abundant harvest, it may be fairly expected that prices for the ensuing season will open moderately, and that speculators will act with caution.—*Galway Packet.*

THE HARVEST—THE POTATO CROP.—The potato blight has appeared slightly at Clogher, Coalisland, and Dunganon. In the neighborhood of Clonmel the rain was so heavy as to have lodged several fields of oats.—*Newry Examiner.*

With regard to the potato crop, we regret to say that unmistakable evidence of the appearance of its insidious enemy, the blight, is already too manifest. It is an aggravation of the case that the disease has manifested itself much earlier than usual, and, it is probable, in consequence may prove more injurious. The season is most favorable for the turnip and mangold crops, which are making a rapid and satisfactory progress. Grass also is progressing most favorably.—*Drogheda Argus.*

A correspondent of the *Cork Reporter* writes as follows:—"When the traveller reaches Ballincollig, about five miles from Cork, he will see traces of the potato blight in that locality, so plainly visible as to render inquiry unnecessary. From Ballincollig to Inniscarra, Dripsey, Coachford, Carrigrohilly, and into Macroom, the potato crop looks vigorous, healthy, and luxuriant. There does not appear to be any evidence of blight, and the potato fields, now in full blossom, reminding one of the olden time, when the esculent ripened untainted by disease, give promise of a plentiful return. On arriving in Macroom you find the market there supplied with good sized, dry potatoes, of the quarry and pink species, at 10d. the weight of 22lbs. There is not a particle of disease in those brought into the above named town for sale. Extending your rambles a few miles beyond Macroom, you both hear and see that the blight has fallen in some places on the leaves and stalks of the potato, the tubers being meanwhile as yet unaffected. In some places, even where there has been no blight, the appearance of the potato crop over ground affords no evidence of the return beneath. One would suppose from the vigorous look of the stalks that the potatoes were abundant, but such is not by any means the case."

The *Tipperary Free Press* says:—"In accordance with the directions of the Bishop of this diocese, prayers are now offered up in all the Catholic churches for the weather."

The accounts of the weather from Ireland are various. In some districts heavy rains had fallen, whilst in others the harvest was proceeding without interruption. On the whole, no injury has been sustained by the growing crops.—*Times.*

CURIOUS INCIDENT.—During the late floods a curious incident occurred in the parish of Dunboe. A house situated in Ballyhackett, at the foot of the mountain, was threatened to be inundated. The occupier went to endeavor to avert the stream, but in spite of all his exertions, it flowed on, and in a short time he was horrified at seeing the cradle with his infant child floating out at the door, and sailing fast towards the swollen stream. He made one desperate leap, and fortunately laid hold of it ere it was too late. During the course of the day, the flood subsided, and strange to say, underneath the bed were found three large eels and a fine trout.—*Coleatine Chronicle.*

THE ATTEMPTED ABDUCTION OF MISS ARBUTHNOT.—A correspondent of the *Freeman*, writing from Clonmel on Wednesday, makes the following allusion to this remarkable case:—"Chief Justice Monaghan and Mr. Justice Ball arrived here this evening from Waterford, and will open the assizes for the North Riding of Tipperary to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. The expected trial of Mr. John Carden, of Barnane, for the attempted abduction of Miss Arbuthnot, is exciting the greatest possible interest, and numerous wagers are staked on the result. The town is crowded with the gentry of the county, the members of the circuit bar, &c., and almost the sole topic of conversation is the trial, and speculation is busy as to Mr. Carden's chance. His friends speak in a most confident manner of the probability of his acquittal, and the certainty of a disagreement. The prosecution will be conducted by the Attorney-General, assisted by Mr. George, Q. C., and Mr. John Pennefather, the crown prosecutors for the circuit. The latter gentlemen have arrived, but the Attorney-General is not expected till to-morrow, Mr. Carden will be defended by Messrs. Martley, Q. C.; Rolleston, Q. C.; Lynch, Q. C.; and Shaw, all of which are in town. The bills of indictment to be sent up to the grand jury, it is stated, will charge every offence for which it is possible to expect a conviction, viz., abduction, attempted abduction, conspiracy to commit abduction, and aggravated and common assaults. The case is literally bursting with law points, and that it is that causes Mr. Carden's friends to be so hopeful, calculating that with the legal difficulties in the way good management will save him. The trial was fixed for Friday [yesterday] morning, but the bills will be sent up to the grand jury to-morrow morning, when Mr. Justice Ball, who will preside in the Crown Court, will explain to the jury for their guidance the law applicable to the case."

THE ALLEGED CASE OF ABDUCTION IN CORK.—The young man, John Walsh, who is still in custody for the abduction of Miss Spillane, was removed back to Bridewell, on Monday evening, and, by order of Captain Pollock, transmitted to the city gaol. The prison discipline appears to have had some effect in cooling the ardor of his affection, for an intimation was sent to the magistrates that if the prisoner was discharged from custody, Miss Spillane would be returned to her friends. Since the above was written, Miss Spillane has been discovered and restored to her friends. It is understood that she was residing during her absence at a place called Ballynoekin, near Malaher, and that on Friday night she returned to Cork.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CASE.—In the Dublin Court of Chancery on Thursday, the case of Beamish v. Beamish was proceeded with. The question involved in the proceedings was the legitimacy of the petitioner and other children, whose father, the late Rev. Samuel Beamish, of Cork, was reputed to be. It appeared, from the statements of counsel, that the questions at issue are the following:—"An intimacy arose between a lady named Isabella Frazer and the Rev. Samuel Beamish. That gentleman was for several years (18 we believe) a beneficed clergyman in the diocese of Cork. The result of that intimacy was a family, as to whose legitimacy or illegitimacy the court was now to be informed. In support of the allegation, that the parties had been married, there was the positive statement of the lady herself, and the testimony of a servant named Catherine Coffey, who deposed that she looked through a window, and saw the marriage ceremony performed by the Rev. Samuel Beamish, he being bridegroom and officiating clergyman likewise, and Miss Frazer being the bride. In answer to this, it was stated by the opposing counsel that the case sought to be established by the respondent was that his brother, the Rev. Samuel Beamish was never married to Isabella Frazer, that he carried on an illicit intercourse with her, and had children by her, but that they never lived together as reputed man and wife; on the contrary, that he had repeatedly expressed to some highly respectable persons his great regret that the calamity of the connection between him and Isabella Frazer had ever occurred. Mr. Gayer submitted that a clergyman might administer to himself the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; why not, then, perform the ceremony of matrimony for himself? Lord Chancellor.—The administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper might be a matter of necessity, while it surely was not necessary that a clergyman should marry himself. The court declared its opinion that the validity of the marriage should be tried in an Assize trial."

CHOLERA.—Within our own shores the calamity has made its appearance with unusual terrors, the ill-ventilated and filthy alleys of Belfast and other provincial towns, securing it a congenial home. And surely Dublin has no reason to consider herself exempt from the plague with her putrid water supply, and her famishing artisans. It has been well said by a correspondent, commenting upon the conduct of the Master painters of Dublin in refusing to treat reasonable with the operatives on strike—"I now tell the persons who seek to spread poverty in Dublin, by starving the working people, that they are inviting cholera, typhus fever, and other diseases to our city, at a time when all should be anxious to avert those evils which are at our very doors while I write."—*Nation.*

IRELAND REQUIRES NO MONOPOLY.—If there ever was a nation, which in matters of intellect did not want "protection," to use the political word, it is the Irish. A stupid people would have a right to claim it when they would set up a university; but, if I were you, I would think twice before I paid so bad a compliment to one of the most gifted nations of Europe, as to suppose that it could not keep its ground, that it would not take the lead in the intellectual arena, though competition was perfectly open. If their "grex philosophorum" spread in the mediæval time over Europe in spite of the perils of sea and land; will they not fill the majority of chairs in their own university in an age like this, though those chairs were open to the world? No; a monopoly would make the cleverest people idle; it would sink the character of their undertaking, and Ireland herself would be the first to exclaim against the place of a great school of learning becoming mere pieces of patronage like so many Protestant sees.—*Catholic University Gazette.*

The *Triumph* left Limerick on Monday, for Quebec, with 85 female pauper emigrants; and more will follow in the course of a fortnight—all sent out by the Guardians. Some proselytising tracts were distributed on board the *Triumph*, but were thrown aside when their purport was discovered.