

'Well, the next day was pretty much like other days. There had been very heavy falls of snow for a week past, you see, your worship, and it made the roads very bad for driving, and it was a long way to Leenside; so all day I was wondering to myself like how Captain Laurence was going to catch the night train, and I was thinking how the old justice would dance round when he came to find Miss Lena gone.

'Poor young lady! sure she looked ill and nervous all that day; and no wonder; for what with the old gray-haired lord a-dancing after her in doors, and be thinking of her drive through miles of snow out of doors, it was just enough to turn her crazy.'

'Well, I must make my story short, or I shall tire your worship entirely.'

'The night afterwards I was kicking my heels up in the snow, trying not to feel cold, and wondering when the last of the lights were to be put out. At last it went out, and half-an-hour afterwards the front door was slowly and quietly opened, and Miss Lena stepped out.'

'Are you there, Pat?' whispers she, as she pulled the door, without making any sound.

'Deed but I am, my lady,' I whispered in return; and we went quietly and quickly down the drive. 'You have not far to go, my lady, and the captain is waiting,' says I, to encourage her like for I saw her trembling like a leaf.

'Oh, Pat,' says she, bursting into tears.—'And, bedad, the sound of their made me a thousand times colder than the coldest night. 'Oh, Pat, I hope I am not very wrong.'

'Not a bit of it, Miss Lena,' says I.

'I am sorry to go,' says she—'sorry to have to go; for it is not straightforward and honest for any girl to steal away like a thief from her home. But, oh, I am sure it would be far more wrong and wicked to stay and be married to a man I hate.'

'In course, Miss Lena,' says I. 'Sure and the justice will forgive you when it's all over, and you are Mrs. Captain Laurence.' And I tried my best to comfort her, your worship; but if I did not do it very well, it was all along of next door to crying myself.

'We soon got to the Hollow Pond—you see it was a pond in a hollow, your worship, that was why it went by that name—and sure enough there was the captain with his carriage—a sleigh—as he said; and, bedad, it was the rummest thing I ever set my two eyes upon. It had no wheels at all, and I was puzzled to see how it could go at any rate. Sleight, indeed, I thought Miss Lena would be slayed before she reached Leenside, your worship, trusting to such a skittish thing. And when I begged her not to trust herself to such an unnatural coach, she laughed at me. Well, the captain put her in as tenderly as if she was wax, and wrapped her up in a fur sort of blanket, until she was as warm as a slice of toast.

'Good-bye, Pat,' says she, 'do not forget me entirely.'

'Forget her! Bedad, who could forget such sunshine as she was? The captain, he shook hands with me, he did, indeed, your worship, and asked me not to forget to delay the chase, when he jumped in and drove off. I say drove off; but if I said flew off, I should be nearer the mark. Your worship, if I did not stand in the middle of the road staring like something crazy. 'Bedad,' says I to myself, as I had nobody else to say it to, 'if these two go that pace all night, sure they will reach Australia in the morning.' While I stood thunder-struck, the snow began to fall, and that put an idea into me; I ran to the tool-house and took a spade, and walked knee-deep through the snow, about half of the road to Leenside—then I worked.

'You see, your worship, the roads were uncommon narrow, and my notion was just to raise a barricade right across the roadway, so as to put a stop to the justice's following Miss Lena; and I worked at it till I was as hot as a baked potato. I threw the snow out of the fields on each side, and heaped it up so high that I knew it would delay some hours to send back for men and get the way cleared. Och, but it was a fine snow drift, and laughed all the way back as I thought how I had stumped the justice.'

'At six o'clock the next morning Justice Morgan came tearing into the stables, and told me to put the horses in quick.

'Indeed, justice,' I told him, 'you'll not get the horses along through this heavy snow.'

'Silence, man,' cried he. 'Do as I bid you, and no words.'

'And I did as I was told. The snow had fallen all through the night, and I knew that long ago the marks of a spade would have been covered over on my drift; so I got the carriage out, and the justice got in, and told me to drive like mad to Leenside Station. It was easier said than done, and we went like a bear. After a time we came to the mighty drift, when I got down and touched my hat.

'Justice Morgan,' says I, 'it's a drift right across the road, and I can go no further.' Then he swore, and stamped, and fumed; but the drift never minded it, and I was used to it.

'What shall I say to the earl when he come to-day?' said he to himself.

'Sure and it's myself will drive him over to look at, if you wish, your honor, says I. 'The old gentleman would not see a drift like that in a hurry.'

'And, oh, how he swore at me, and then ordered me to drive back. He sent men to clear the way; but against we got to Leenside the captain and my lady had time to have been married fifty times over.'

'Well, your worship, they wrote and wrote, but the justice would never forgive them; and he has never set eyes on Miss Lena since.'

'Sometimes I think I should have done better to have let well alone, as the saying is. The future can only tell the result.'

'Well, but, Pat, what became of the earl and Mrs. Morgan?' I asked.

'The earl went away, out of sight entirely, I think, for he has not been near Mainowen since, and Mrs. Morgan is dead. She died when Miss May was born.'

'Miss May?' said I. 'Is that another daughter?'

'It is, your worship; it is nigh upon seventeen years now since my lady's death.'

'The justice must be an old man?' I said.

'Getting near seventy, your worship, and as lonely and miserable a man as ever could be.—Sure, it's his conscience which troubles him, I think. Indeed, and it's a long while to look back upon. I should think Miss Lena must be thirty-four, or thereabouts, herself; maybe she has a family of olive shoots about her as the parson says.'

'Is Justice Morgan blind?' I asked.

'Blind, your worship?' 'Deed no. What for should he be?'

'You said something about blind people not seeing sunshine.'

'Faith, and it's because he won't see it that he is blind. It is the worst to have your eyes open and not see, and that is what the old justice is given to.'

'We talked a little more about Mainowen and Justice Morgan, and then I took up my candle and went to bed, after thanking mine host for having made one evening, at least, less dull than the rest.'

PART II.

I was destined to know more of Mainowen before I was many days older, and in a way that had so little of the human will in it, that I always think of it as one of those events in life upon which hinge so much for the hand of the Future to unravel. How often it happens—how often it has happened to us—that the most trivial event or circumstance has changed the whole current of a life. Truly it has been said,

There are no trifles in this world of ours.

A few days afterwards, while the snow was still deep, and the clouds heavy, I had out my horse, and took a ride in the direction of Mainowen. I can never account to myself satisfactorily why it was that I turned my horse head in that direction; suffice it to say that I did so, and that some little time afterwards I found myself quietly riding through the grounds, as if they belonged to me. When I awoke from a sort of dream into which I had fallen, it came to me that perhaps the justice might not be inclined favorably towards strangers taking a wince's view of his domain, pretty though it was—and I was just turning the old Marquis' round to make my retreat, when there was a stunble, a rapid view of all the colors of the rainbow, all the fireworks that gunpowder ever made, and I remember no more.

When I regained my consciousness, and could open my eyes, I saw at once that I was not lying in my small homely room at Pat Doolan's 'Blue Boar,' and the effort to move myself made me groan with intense pain.

'Are ye after comin' to yerself, poor man?' asked the harshest of voices, as an old witch I beg her pardon, but that was my first impression) stooped over me, and tickled my face with the gigantic frills of her stiff white cap, in her endeavor to see me. In fact, as she told me to the broadest of brogues, I was at Mainowen, and likely to be for a long time to come, with a broken leg and dislocated shoulder.

It seems that the Marquis' put his foot upon afox's hole or some hollow place of the sort, and fell, throwing me; and in the frantic endeavors to regain his feet he must have kicked my shoulder, for it was greatly injured.

Oh, those first weary days of pain at Mainowen, with no one to speak to except my witch. She used to try to amuse me in her way by telling me how 'Biddy Cregan' was bringing home the 'wash' when she found me lying in the snow; and they brought me in and laid me there, and how she ead 'tended' me ever since.

After the first few days it grew pleasanter for me, for the justice would come and sit with me every day; and though he did not talk much, yet it was a relief to have something else to look at besides the white starched cap of the witch.

It was one of those short afternoons at the beginning of December; I was feeling very weary—and lying propped up with pillows for days is not calculated to add to the flow of one's spirits in any way—I had been tracing the dying sun's light as it slowly moved round the darkening room until it sank. Othello's occupation gone, I closed my eyes so that my witch might not talk to me, when

Sweet, low, and soft, there fell upon the still air the sound of distant music.—The instrument was an organ, touched by a master hand; but the voice that rang out in clear, sweet tones, was that of a child; and I—who had lingered spell-bound in the dim aisles of St. Peter's at Rome—lay entranced.

To be Continued.)

THE CHURCH AND CHRISTIANITY.

The following extract from the Church (Anglican) Herald is the Catholic doctrine of the Church, minus the Visible unity under a Visible head:—

Words and names in common use have all a tendency to lose their proper definite signification, and to be used so as to include other meanings not strictly connected by the term employed. The natural result of this is, that the ideas of those who use the words become clouded and misty; and other notions entering into the mind, the original meaning of the term is positively lost. This is the case with the word 'Church.' Formerly this word had a very definite and exact signification; it meant a certain society instituted and founded by our Lord, with its proper Officers, Rites and Creed into which persons were admitted by one Sacrament, and maintained their position and privileges thereof by other Sacraments, and by possessing a common Faith: its essential outward and visible form was unity, preserved by confessing the common Faith, and participation in the common Sacraments. It was a necessary idea that the Church is one, and that one instituted by our Lord, that no other association or community has any claim to this title: no voluntary society founded and formed by man could be a Church, even though such association professed to hold the true Creed, and claimed to administer rites imitating the true Sacraments.

Now, however, a different meaning is attached to the word. It is now made to mean, not the community instituted by our Lord, but systems of theology; the word Churches, in the plural is used, not as in the New Testament to signify particular congregations of the faithful, in various towns and countries, all in communion with one another, and portions of one Catholic Church, but separate bodies having their own particular forms of belief and fashion of worship. In fact, the idea of One Catholic Church is ignored, and Christianity substituted for it. Very many persons have altogether ceased to believe in the Church of Christ, and have substituted a belief in Christianity in its place. They look for salvation through believing in a theological system, in the place of union and communion with Christ through His Body, the Church. In a word, a philosophical and theological system is put in the place of the one Spiritual Body, the Church of Christ. The idea upon which this way of speaking is founded is this: that the Bible is not only the source and origin of all doctrine, but that all doctrine and all the faith is contained in its pages; and that this volume is given to the world that men may gather from it all they are to believe; and still further, that each reader of the Bible is both authorized and competent to extract this doctrine for himself without any external guide or teacher. In other words, that God has made His revelation to men by means of a Book, and by that Book only; which Book each person is not only at liberty, but also is bound, to interpret for himself.

This notion involves in it the necessary conclusion that truth is entirely Subjective and not Objective. It is not that revealed Truth is one, and we are required to receive it as coming from God; but that we are to search it out for ourselves, draw it from the Bible by a system of induction, in like manner as so entiffen men draw conclusions respecting pre-historic times by inspecting and comparing flint and bronze implements of the primitive inhabitants of a country, and the bones of extinct animals, which are found in caves, kitchen-middens, and later dwellings. For since we have no Creed in the Book, we have no summary of objective truth laid down, nor does this seem to have been the purpose of the writers of the New Testament: the contrast between the Creeds of the Catholic Church and the New Testament is too obvious to need pointing out.

Nowhere is objective truth categorically stated; nowhere is the doctrine of the Holy Trinity defined; nowhere is consubstantiality of the Son and the Holy Ghost with the Father expressly affirmed. The nearest approach to a Creed is that given by S. Paul (I. Cor. xv. 3); yet this goes not into such doctrines as the above—it only states certain facts in the life of our Lord.

Even S. John's Gospel, the most doctrinal of the Four, never directly asserts either of the primary truths respecting the Holy Trinity—for the Arians as well as the Catholics accepted his Gospel—nor were they defined or laid down as necessary to salvation until the Council of Constantinople, A.D., 381.

This brings us to inquire what did our Lord teach? and what do the Gospels teach?

According to modern notions, our Lord was the Founder of Christianity, of a religious and theological system; but we look in vain throughout our Lord's teaching to find any such system, nor does the New Testament ever speak of such a system as we call Christianity. Our Lord taught His disciples to believe in Himself, Himself as God Incarnate, as having died and risen, and who will come to judge the world. He taught belief in a Person, not in a system; in certain acts, not certain words, and this teaching the Apostles carried out. They taught 'Jesus and the Resurrection.' S. Paul proclaimed to the Athenians that 'God hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained, whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead.' This belief in our Lord's Person involved of course, a belief in His being the Son of God in some wonderful but unexplained manner, for we do not find that He ever alluded to, much less explained, the Mystery of the Incarnation; He spoke of His Death, His Resurrection, and His Coming to Judgment. Our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, His Parables and Discourses were not the laying down the doctrines of a new religion—of Christianity—but were chiefly pointing out the line of conduct, the mode of life, which would ensure His favour in this world, and a place in His future Kingdom. It is on what He did, far more than on what He said, that the salvation of mankind hangs. He wrought out salvation in His own Person in His Life, in His Death, His Resurrection, and His Ascension. But He did something more: He founded a Kingdom of Grace, by means of which these acts of His become so far the property, as it were, of each individual member, that they procure His salvation. Our Lord did not found Christianity, by believing which man is saved; He founded the Church, as a Kingdom of Grace, in which union and communion with Him is attained, and the members of that Kingdom participate in His acts and life. This Kingdom is essentially, necessarily a Kingdom of Grace; it is the means of communion with Himself, and union among the members. Accordingly he instituted four (?) Sacraments in His Church as means of communicating grace to the members in general, and one to constitute Priesthood in particular: Baptism, Absolution, the Eucharist, Unction of the Sick; for all; Holy Orders to constitute the Ministry—each Sacrament with its peculiar grace attached to it; they were to be the means by which His own acts, done for the salvation of mankind, were to be communicated to the faithful. Our Lord's teaching was chiefly taken up with enforcing Faith, Obedience, Charity.

Again, our Lord did not write a book or command His disciples to write books, which should contain a Theological system and enunciate certain doctrines which were to be believed and accepted, and by believing and accepting which salvation would be attained. He did not order a book to be written and flung among mankind for them to gather the true Doctrine of Himself and of the way of salvation. On the contrary, He commissioned a certain order of men; He gave them Divine gifts, and endowed them with supernatural powers, and said, 'Go ye into the world, and make converts of all nations; administer My Sacraments, and teach them to observe all My precepts.' He instituted His Church. He did not institute a theological system which we now call Christianity. Contrast this with the Protestant idea of Christianity, as that instituted and taught by our Lord—the notion that all the means of salvation are comprehended in holding a certain set of doctrines, believing in a certain form of words. It is the substitution of an intellectual process of the mind, for the spiritual one of the grace of God acting on the soul; one whereby man honours his own Saviour by evolving in his own consciousness his scheme of salvation, in the place of a spiritual union and communion with the Head of the Body, the Church. This Protestant spirit, the substituting of intellectual for spiritual, the putting of a system in the place of Christ, is that against which S. Paul so strongly warns the Colossians, that of being 'vainly puffed up by their fleshy mind, and not holding the Head, from which all the body, by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God.' In a word, it is that system of Gnosticism which is so continually denounced by S. Paul, and which was the bane of the Church in her earliest days.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Most Rev. Dr. Conaty, Lord Bishop of Killmore arrived from Rome in Cavan by the half-past eight train on May 28, to the great joy of the diocese. His Lordship is in the enjoyment of excellent health, and presided on May 29 at a charity sermon preached by the Very Rev. John Maguire, P.P., V.G., Glenfarnie, in aid of the Christian Brothers' schools. The Diocese of Drogheda has just lost one of its oldest and most venerable priests by the death of the Very Rev. Wm. O'Brien, V.G., P.P., Lurgan, which took place at the parochial house in that town at an early hour on May 31. The deceased gentleman was born in 1796, and entered the college of Maynooth in 1816. He was ordained to the holy order of priesthood in 1822, and was at once appointed to the curacy of Lurgan. He was appointed parish priest of the same mission on the 6th Sept. 1824, two years after his ordination. The Very Rev. Father O'Brien was also Vicar-General of the diocese for a period extending over twenty years. Died, on May 10, in the Monastery, Clara, in the 101st year of his age, Brother Lewis M. Delahanty. That long life he spent in the service of God and the good of his neighbor. From an early age, despising the allurements of the world, he declared himself for virtue. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, KINGSTOWN.—For many years strangers visiting Ireland for the first time observed with much surprise the utter usefulness of this parochial church for a place so important as Kingstown, and the disproportioned edifice, which had been added to from time to time to meet the requirements of a rapidly increasing congregation, was regarded generally as a reproach not only to the Catholics of Kingstown but also of the metropolis, and indeed of the entire of Ireland, because of its being frequented by persons from all parts of the Kingdom; and as it stood on a place most prominent, in a locality where the visitor to this country first landed, and where his first impressions of the operation of the voluntary system would be anything but favorable if they were, as they were likely to be, influenced by the external or internal appearance of the Church of St. Michael. The Very Rev. Monsignor McCabe, who at once saw the absolute necessity of enlarging the church and decorating it, so as to make it in some way worthy of the sacred uses to which it had been applied, determined that the entire reconstruction of the building was a matter that should be accomplished, and after some unavoidable delay, plans were obtained from Mr. J. J. McCarthy, architect, and Mr. Michael Meade having been declared the contractor, the works were commenced about nine months since. According to the plans, the main walls of the nave were to be removed, and in their places the chancel stones were to be sustained by buoys of arches resting on pillars of Aberdeen polished granite, with richly foliated capitals, carved in Caen stone. These arches were to divide the nave from two aisles, each seventy feet long by eighteen feet wide. The old roof of the nave and transepts, as well as the tawdry ceiling, was to be removed and an increased pitch of twenty-five feet given to a bold open woodwork roof. The old Puritanical-looking south front was also to be removed, and a new one built fifteen feet beyond that on which the old one stood. The design for this front is extremely beautiful, and of its class, when completed, it will be one of the most perfect things in Ireland. It will be decorated Gothic, and will be flanked at either sides with pinnacled towers, which will produce a most charming effect. The unsightly gallery at the south end of the nave was to be removed, and a suitable organ-loft erected of proper proportions, beautifully finished and highly decorated porches, were to be erected at the entrances to the aisles and transepts. In fact a new and beautiful church was to be built over one of the most unsightly and ill proportioned structures as could come under the observation of any person having any knowledge of or taste for architecture. The arches and aisle at the western side are now completed, and the eastern wall and a portion of the south front have been removed. In a few months the general appearance of the church will be totally changed, and it is most devoutly to be hoped that the Queen Anne-looking tower, which resembles the pinnacled lime-kiln at Irishtown, will be replaced by a tower and spire worthy of God's house and a Christian people. The rebuilding of the Church of St. Michael was a most arduous work, and was undertaken by the venerated pastor in the full hope and assurance that his efforts would be nobly aided by not only the people of his parish, but also by Catholics all over Ireland, as the new church would be as much for the service of the thousands of persons who visit Kingstown in the summer and autumn seasons as for those who reside in the locality. All the funds at the disposal of the building committee have been exhausted, and for the purpose of realising means for carrying on the work to completion, a grand bazaar and fancy fair will be held in Kingstown in the month of July; and those who will purchase tickets for the several prizes which will be offered, will contribute directly for the glory of God, the advancement of religion, and the enduring welfare of all. Ladies in every part of Ireland are most earnestly requested to employ some of their leisure in making articles suitable for prizes at the bazaar, and there are none so poor as not to be able to give some practical assistance for the building up of a suitable temple for the sovereign worship of God, and a monument to the ancient and national faith, in a locality where it shall stand an honor to priests and people from generation to generation. Articles in Berlin and croquet work netting, fancy needle work, flower and landscape painting, &c., could be well produced by ladies in their leisure hours and sent to the Kingstown bazaar committee, and those who will thus apply their tastes and accomplishments will use them for the best and holiest purpose to which they can be applied. The rich and opulent should send in prizes suitable to their means and station, and worthy of the munificence and charity of those who have received so many blessings from Him, in whose honor the church of St. Michael is being rebuilt.—Freeman.

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Captain Archdall proposes to add to the return the numbers of grand jurors, distinguishing Roman Catholics from all others.

Sir Patrick O'Brien has signified his intention to extend the table, so as to distinguish the respective number of Roman Catholics, Churchmen, Presbyterians, and other denominations, in the population and in the local magistracy.

THE LAND BILL.—The Irish members, says the Freeman correspondent, who have steadily opposed the Land Bill, on the ground that it will fail to realize the just expectations of the Irish people, do not intend to allow the third reading to pass unchallenged. They will probably say 'non-content' to the third reading, and take a division.

UNION AMONGST IRISHMEN.—The Dublin correspondent of the Echo says:—A large section of the Tory Orange party is at present coquetting with the Nationalists, and on Thursday last an adjourned meeting was held with the ostensible intention of creating a 'National' party which shall be independent of any but 'National' politics, and be untrammelled by any religious system. Mr. Butt was present at both meetings, and took an extremely active, if not a leading, part in the proceedings.

THE LOCAL MAGISTRACY.—Mr. Callan has given notice that he will move for a return as to each county in Ireland, stating the number of its population, according to the Government census of 1861, and distinguishing the number of Catholics from the number of all other denominations; stating the number of its local magistracy; and distinguishing in the like manner the number of Catholics from the number of all other denominations; and stating the names of the lieutenant of each county, and date of his appointment as such.

ROYAL RESIDENCE IN IRELAND.—The Northern Whig states that it is a fact that the Prince of Wales is about to purchase Tollymore Park, Lord Roden's seat, 28 miles south of Belfast, in County Down. We hope that our contemporary is right, for we believe that the occasional residence in Ireland of the Prince and Princess of Wales will do much to allay the jealousy of England and Scotland, which has been felt in the Sister Isle, on account of the continued absence of royalty.

THE LATE ALDERMAN DILLON, M.P.—A portrait of this deeply-grieved friend of Ireland has been presented by a Conservative gentleman, Alderman Manning, to the Corporation of Dublin, and has been placed in the council chamber.

THE TIPPERRARY ELECTION PETITION.—This petition has been rejected, with costs against the petitioners. There does not appear to have been the slightest grounds for the charges upon which their case rested.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.—A meeting has been held in Belfast in consequence of the number of artisans, principally wood-sawyers, who cannot find employment to emigrate to Canada. A gentleman having remarked that the men could get employment as laborers in the name of our common Christianity, I would ask a week in Belfast, where beef and mutton are 8d. to 10d. per lb., when in 19 days steaming, you can, by a little liberality, send them to a country where they can get 6s. a day, and buy good beef and mutton at 2d. a lb.?

On Saturday the Right Hon. Thomas O'Hagan, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, distributed the medals and certificates of merit to the successful competitors at the Belfast and North of Ireland Workmen's Exhibition. The proceedings of the day from before character to the end were of the most auspicious nature. At 10.45 the Lord Chancellor arrived at (Dr. Samuel Browne, R.N.) and the Executive Committee who conducted him through the various sections. The exhibitors were in attendance at their respective cases, and afforded every information to the Lord Chancellor as he proceeded through the Exhibition, with which he again and again expressed himself delighted beyond measure. A complete tour of the different departments having been made, the doors of the hall were thrown open to the public, and soon the area, balconies, and orchestra were thronged with a fashionable assemblage. At 11.55, a procession having been formed in the Mirror Hall, the Mayor conducted the Lord Chancellor to the orchestra, Mr. Edeson meanwhile playing 'The National Anthem' on the Mulholland organ. The proceedings included addresses from the Mayor and other gentlemen, including an eloquent speech from the Lord Chancellor, who at the conclusion left amid loud and long continued cheers. The reception which he received was most cordial and enthusiastic, and must have been highly gratifying to him. In company with a large number of those who were at the lunch he proceeded to the Ulster terminus, where he left by the express train for Dublin, about three o'clock. On the platform of the railway station a large number of those who had accompanied him to the terminus were introduced to the Lord Chancellor.—Evening Post.

Her Majesty has been pleased to confer a annuity of £200 on Mrs. Dargan, widow of the late William Dargan, Esq.

THE NATIONAL BANK.—Sir Joseph Neave McKenna has published a book of 124 pages, the title of which is 'The National Bank a case with proofs.' It is to be regretted that old sores are kept so long open; but as we understand the question, Sir Joseph has been heartily assailed from several quarters since he resigned his post of manager of the National Bank, and it is only fair to give him permission to reply. We do not mean, in noticing his work, to go into all the issues he has raised. We must leave that to the shareholders, who are more deeply concerned in the question. We have only to state, from our perusal of the book, that we consider Sir J. N. McKenna has fairly vindicated the course he adopted in his management. He resisted greedy shareholders, when they advised the practice of a spurious policy to raise the shares in the market, and would not be a party to practicing any delusion upon any person. The bank owes him a debt of gratitude for all he has done for its welfare.—Dundak Democrat.

A man named McCrocoran, or Cochrane, who was employed as foreman of works at the six mills of Messrs Wallace and Pollock, Douglas, met with a fatal accident on the Cork and Brandon Railway, on Saturday night. It is supposed that the deceased was returning home, and in order to shorten his way followed a pathway along a deep cutting of the line, near Cork, when he fell over and was killed on the spot. He was not found till this morning. When discovered his head proved to be fearfully fractured. The deceased, who was a native of Belfast, was quiet a young man, and leaves a family.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—A few days ago, as a laboring man was engaged in a quarry near the village of Collon, County Louth, he came upon an earthen vessel embedded in the clay, beneath a large hawthorn tree of great antiquity. The side of the vessel only presented itself, but apprehending that he had hit on a crock of the precious metal, he exerted himself energetically until he removed the tree. Digging further down he found a stone slab covering the supposed treasure. Eventually he lifted the crock or urn, and to his surprise and disappointment found it filled with small human bones, measuring from three to seven inches in length. In his anger he dashed the vessel from his hands, and broke it in fragments. This is to be regretted, inasmuch as it was of peculiar workmanship, and profusely ornamented with raised figures both inside and outside; and bore traces of vessels of the kind manufactured several centuries ago. How or when it was placed under the tree is a mystery, but it may be well to remark that a peculiar traditionary superstition has ever attached to this tree, and that the peasantry have been known to break a branch or take a blossom from it in summer. The fragments of the vessel and the bones are in the possession of Dr. Crinion of Collon, and no doubt will prove interesting to antiquarians.—Correspondent of the Express.

DUBLIN, May 20.—The Representative Body of the Irish Church has published its first list of contributions to the Sustentation Fund. It is respectable enough as a beginning, but there is no self-sacrificing prodigality shown in the amount of the donations, although some of them are very liberal. The whole amount acknowledged is over £100,000, and the sums subscribed range from £12,000 (which Sir Arthur Guinness and his brother Mr. Cecil E. Guinness, each contribute) down to 1s., the very fine point to which the sympathy of Irish Protestants is reduced. The giver of this last mentioned donation is distinguished by the appropriate name of Abshples.—Many are withholding their subscriptions from the central body, and vesting them in separate trusts on account of the agitation which has been excited on the subject of ritualistic tendencies, which some few of the clergy are suspected of showing. This agitation has sprung up out of a very slight circumstance in the Dublin diocese, and the fury with which it has been spread through the country indicates the sensitive vigilance of the laity, and the vast majority of the Irish clergy, in guarding against the slightest approach to the practices which have crept into the Church of England.—Times Cor.

A large seizure of arms and ammunition was effected in Cork, on the premises of a publican named Mrs. Covey. A strong armed force of police, acting on information, went and searched the premises, consisting of a yard, stores, stables, &c., and in the loft they discovered several hundred-weight of